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THE
Novelists Magazine.

VOL. X.

CONTAINING,

The First, Second, Third, and Fourth,
Volumes of
Sir Charles Grandison.

LONDON:
Printed for Harrison and Co.
No. 18, Paternoster Row.
1783.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publiſhers of the Novelliſt's Magazine flatter themſelves they need make no apology for inſerting, in a work which has received ſuch marks of univerſal approbation, a production which has very deſervedly been eſteemed, by men of the firſt literary and moral characters, the moſt perfect of it's kind that ever appeared in this or any other language.

Nor has the tribute of praiſe to the author of Sir Charles Grandiſon been confined to writers of his own country: his works have been tranſlated into different languages; the ingenious in various parts of Europe have borne teſtimony to his merit; and his reputation has been eſtabliſhed by the concurrent judgments of all who have ever mentioned his writings.

To notice all that has been ſaid in favour of the work before us, would much exceed the limits of an advertiſement; but it would be injuſtice to the memory of it's excellent author, to withold the diſtinguiſhed honour with which it has been mentioned by ſome of the moſt learned and beſt men in the world.

Mr. Warton, in his Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, page 276, ſays, that 'of all repreſentations of madneſs, that of Clementina, in the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon, is the moſt deeply intereſting.—I know not,' continues he, 'whether even the madneſs of Lear is wrought up and expreſſed by ſo many little ſtrokes of nature and genuine paſſion. It is abſolutely pedantry to prefer and compare the madneſs of Oreſtes, in Euripides, to this of Clementina.'

The learned Dr. Johnſon, in No. 97. of the Rambler, ſpeaks of Mr. Richardſon in the following manner. 'He has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the paſſions to move at the command of virtue.'

Lord Lyttelton, whoſe praiſe alone would conſtitute fame, beſtows it on this work with the moſt liberal hand. 'In the character of Sir Charles Grandiſon,' ſays this admirable nobleman, 'is a noble pattern of every private virtue, with ſentiments ſo exalted, as to render him equal to every publick duty.'

The celebrated Rouſſeau, whoſe genius and independent ſpirit have juſtly rendered his memory ſacred, aſſerts, in a letter to the Neſtor of literature, Monſieur D'Alembert, that 'nothing was ever written in any language, equal to Mr. Richardſon's novels, or even approaching them.'

And Diderot, the firſt French dramatick writer of the preſent age, in his Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry, inſtances Mr. Richardſon as a perfect maſter of that art. 'How ſtrong,' ſays this animated writer, 'how ſenſible, how pathetick are his deſcriptions! His perſonages, though ſilent, are alive before me; and of thoſe who ſpeak, the actions are ſtill more affecting than the words.'

But it is unneceſſary to dwell on merit which has been univerſally admitted, or to reiterate praiſe which has been ſo invariably beſtowed; thoſe who read Sir Charles Grandiſon will need no guide to direct them to it's beauties.

THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXV.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of the following Letters takes leave to obſerve, that he has now, in this publication, compleated the plan that was the object of his wiſhes, rather than of his hopes, to accompliſh.

The firſt collection which he publiſhed, intituled PAMELA, exhibited the beauty and ſuperiority of virtue, in an innocent and unpoliſhed mind, with the reward which often, even in this life, a protecting Providence beſtows on goodneſs. A young woman, of low degree, relating to her honeſt parents the ſevere trials ſhe met with from a maſter who ought to have been the protector, not the aſſailer of her honour, ſhews the character of a libertine in it's truly contemptible light. This libertine, however, from the foundation of good principles laid in his early years by an excellent mother; by his paſſion for a virtuous young woman, and by her amiable example and unwearied patience when ſhe became his wife; is, after a length of time, perfectly reclaimed.

The ſecond collection, publiſhed under the title of CLARISSA, diſplayed a more melancholy ſcene. A young lady of higher fortune, and born to happier hopes, is ſeen involved in ſuch a variety of deep diſtreſſes, as lead her to an untimely death; affording a warning to parents againſt forcing the inclinations of their children in the moſt important article of their lives; and to children againſt hoping too far from the faireſt aſſurances of a man void of principle. The heroine, however, as a truly *Chriſtian heroine*, proves ſuperior to her trials; and her heart, always excellent, refined, and exalted by every one of them, rejoices in the approach of a happy eternity. Her cruel deſtroyer appears wretched and diſappointed, even in the boaſted ſucceſs of his vile machinations: but ſtill (buoyed up with ſelf-conceit and vain preſumption) he goes on, after every ſhort fit of imperfect, yet terrifying conviction, hardening himſelf more and more; till, unreclaimed by the moſt affecting warnings and repeated admonitions, he periſhes miſerably in the bloom of life, and ſinks into the grave, oppreſſed with guilt, remorſe, and horror. His letters, it is hoped, afford many uſeful leſſons to the gay part of mankind againſt that miſuſe of wit and youth, of rank and fortune, and of every outward accompliſhment, which turns them into a curſe to the miſerable poſſeſſor, as well as to all around him.

Here the Editor apprehended he ſhould be obliged to ſtop, by reaſon of his precarious ſtate of health, and a variety of avocations which claimed his firſt attention: but it was inſiſted on by ſeveral of his friends, who were well aſſured he had the materials in his power, that he ſhould produce into publick view the character and actions of a man of TRUE HONOUR.

He has been enabled to obey theſe his friends, and to compleat his firſt deſign; and now, therefore, preſents to the publick, in Sir CHARLES

CHARLES GRANDISON, the example of a man acting uniformly well through a variety of trying ſcenes, becauſe all his actions are regulated by one ſteady principle. A man of religion and virtue; of livelineſs and ſpirit; accompliſhed and agreeable; happy in himſelf, and a bleſſing to others.

From what has been premiſed, it may be ſuppoſed that the preſent collection is not publiſhed ultimately, nor even principally, any more than the other two, for the ſake of entertainment only. A much nobler end is in view. Yet it is hoped the variety of characters and converſations neceſſarily introduced into ſo large a correſpondence as theſe volumes contain, will enliven as well as inſtruct: the rather, as the principal correſpondents are young ladies of polite education, and of lively ſpirits.

The nature of familiar letters, written, as it were, to the *moment*, while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears, on events undecided, muſt plead an excuſe for the bulk of a collection of this kind. Mere facts and characters might be comprized in a much ſmaller compaſs; but, would they be equally intereſting? It happens fortunately that an account of the juvenile years of the principal perſon is narratively given in ſome of the letters. As many, however, as could be ſpared, have been omitted. There is not one epiſode in the whole; nor, after Sir Charles Grandiſon is introduced, one letter inſerted but what tends to illuſtrate the principal deſign. Thoſe which precede his introduction will not, it is hoped, be judged unneceſſary on the whole, as they tend to make the reader acquainted with perſons, the hiſtory of moſt of whom is cloſely interwoven with that of Sir Charles.

SONNET.

SONNET.

SWEET moralift! whoſe generous labours tend,
With ceaſeleſs diligence, to guide the mind,
In the wild maze of error wandering blind,
To virtue, truth, and honour, glorious end

Of glorious toils! Vainly would I commend,
In numbers worthy of your ſenſe refin'd,
This laſt great work, which leaves all praiſe behind,
And juſtly ſtiles you of mankind the friend:

Pleaſure with profit artful while you blend,
And now the fancy, now the judgment feed,
With grateful change, which every paſſion ſways;
Numbers who ne'er to graver lore attend,
Caught by the charm, grow virtuous as they read,
And lives reform'd ſhall give you genuine praiſe.

NAMES

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

MEN.

George Selby, Eſq.
John Greville, Eſq.
Richard Fenwick, Eſq.
Robert Orme, Eſq.
Archibald Reeves, Eſq.
Sir Rowland Meredith, Knt.
James Fowler, Eſq.
Sir Hargrave Pollexſen, Bart.
The Earl of L. a Scotch nobleman.
Thomas Deane, Eſq.
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.
James Bagenhall, Eſq.
Mr. Solomon Merceda.
John Jordan, Eſq.
Sir Harry Beauchamp, Bart.
Edward Beauchamp, Eſq. his ſon.
Everard Grandiſon, Eſq.
The Rev. Dr. Bartlett.
Lord W. uncle to Sir Charles Grandiſon.
Lord G. ſon to the Earl of G.

WOMEN.

Miſs Harriet Byron.
Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother by the mother's ſide.
Mrs. Selby, ſiſter to Miſs Byron's father, and wife of Mr. Selby.
Miſs Lucy and Miſs Nancy Selby, nieces to Mr. Selby.
Miſs Orme, ſiſter of Mr. Orme.
Mrs. Reeves, wife of Mr. Reeves, couſin of Miſs Byron.
Lady Betty Williams.
The Counteſs of L. wife of Lord L. elder ſiſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon.
Miſs Grandiſon, younger ſiſter of Sir Charles.
Miſs Eleanora Grandiſon, aunt to Sir Charles.
Miſs Emily Jervois, his ward.
Lady Mansfield.
Lady Beauchamp.
The Counteſs Dowager of D.
Mrs. Hortenſia Beaumont.

ITALIANS.

Marcheſe della Porretta, the father.
Marcheſe della Porretta, his eldeſt ſon.
The Biſhop of Nocera, his ſecond ſon.
Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, his third ſon.
Conte della Porretta, their uncle.
Count of Belvedere.
Father Mareſcotti.
Marcheſa della Porretta.
Signora Clementina, her daughter.
Signora Juliana Sforza, ſiſter to the Marcheſa della Porretta.
Signora Laurana, her daughter.
Signora Olivia.
Camilla, Lady Clementina's governeſs.
Laura, her maid.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LETTER I.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO MISS HARRIET BYRON.

ASHBY-CANNONS, JAN. 10.

YOUR reſolution to accompany Mrs. Reeves to London has greatly alarmed your three lovers: and two of them, at leaſt, will let you know that it has. Such a lovely girl as my Harriet muſt expect to be more accountable for her ſteps than one leſs excellent and leſs attractive.

Mr. Greville, in his uſual reſolute way, threatens to follow you to London; and there, he ſays, he will watch the motions of every man who approaches you; and, if he find reaſon for it, will *early* let ſuch man know *his* pretenſions, and the danger he may run into if he pretend to be his competitor. But let me not do him injuſtice; though he talks of a rival thus harſhly, he ſpeaks of you more highly than man ever ſpoke of woman. Angel and goddeſs are phraſes you have been uſed to from him; and though ſpoken in his humorous way, yet I am ſure he moſt ſincerely admires you.

Mr. Fenwick, in a leſs determined manner, declares, that he will follow you to town, if you ſtay there above *one* fortnight.

The gentle Orme ſighs his apprehenſions, and wiſhes you would change your purpoſe. Though hopeleſs, he ſays, it is ſome pleaſure to him that he can think himſelf in the ſame county with you; and much more, that he can tread in your footſteps to and from church every Sunday, and behold you there. He wonders how your grandmamma, your aunt, your uncle, can ſpare you. Your couſin Reeves's, ſurely, he ſays, are very happy in their influences over us all.

Each of the gentlemen is afraid, that by increaſing the numbers of your admirers, you will increaſe his difficulties: but what is that to them, I aſked, when they already know that you are not inclined to favour any of the three?

If you hold your reſolution, and my couſin Reeves's their time of ſetting out, pray let me know, and I will attend you at my uncle Selby's, to wiſh you a good journey, much pleaſure in town, and a return with a ſafe and ſound heart. My ſiſter, who, poor dear girl, continues extremely weak and low, will ſpare me for a purpoſe ſo indiſpenſable. I will not have you come to *us*. I know it would grieve you to ſee her in the way ſhe is in. You too much take to heart the infirmities of your friends, which you cannot cure; and as your grandmamma lives upon your ſmiles, and you rejoice all your friends by your chearfulneſs, it would be cruel to make you ſad.

* *

Mr. Greville has juſt left us. He dropped in upon us as we were going

to dinner. My grandmother Selby, you know, is always pleaſed with his rattling. She prevailed on him to alight, and ſit down with us. All his talk was of you. He repeated his former *threatenings* (as I called them to him) on your going to town. After dinner, he read us a letter from Lady Frampton relating to you. He read us alſo ſome paſſages from the copy of his anſwer, with deſign, I believe, that I ſhould aſk him to leave it behind him. He is a vain creature, you know, and ſeemed fond of what he had written. I *did* aſk him. He pretended to make a ſcruple of *your* ſeeing, but it was a faint one. However, he called for pen and ink; and when it was brought him, ſcratched over two paſſages, and that with ſo many little flouriſhes, (as you will ſee) that he thought they could not be read. But the ink I furniſhed him with happening to be paler than his, you will find he was not cunning enough. I promiſed to return it.

Send me a line by the bearer, to tell me if your reſolution holds as to the day.

Adieu, my deareſt Harriet. May angels protect and guide you whitherſoever you go!

LUCY SELBY.

LETTER II.

MR. GREVILLE, TO LADY FRAMPTON.

(INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.)

NORTHAMPTON, JAN. 6.

YOUR ladyſhip demands a deſcription of the perſon of the celebrated Miſs Byron in our neighbourhood; and to know whether, as report tells you, love has liſted me in the number of her particular admirers? —*Particular* admirers you will diſtinguiſh; ſince every one who beholds her admires her.

Your ladyſhip confines your enquiries to her *perſon*, you tell me; and you own, that women are much more ſolicitous about the beauties of *that*, than of the *mind*. Perhaps it may be ſo; and that their envy is much ſooner excited by the one than by the other. But who, Madam, can deſcribe the perſon of Miſs Harriet Byron, and her perſon only; animated as every feature is by a mind that beſpeaks all human excellence, and dignifies her in every air, in every look, in every motion?

No man living has a greater paſſion for beauty than I have. Till I knew Miſs Byron, I was one of thoſe who regarded nothing elſe in the ſex. Indeed, I conſidered all intellectual attainments as either uſeleſs or impertinent in women. Your ladyſhip knows what were my free notions on this head, and has rebuked me for them. A wiſe, a learned lady, I conſidered as a very unnatural character. I wanted women to be all love, and nothing elſe. A *very* little prudence allowed I to enter into their compoſition; juſt enough to diſtinguiſh the man of ſenſe from the fool; and that for my *own* ſake. You know I have vanity, Madam: but lovely as Miſs Byron's perſon is, I defy the greateſt ſenſualiſt on earth not to admire her mind more than her perſon. What a triumph would the devil have, as I have often thought when I have ſtood contemplating her perfections, eſpecially at church, were he able to raiſe up a man that could lower this angel into woman!—Pardon me—Your ladyſhip knows my mad way of ſaying every thing that riſes to my thoughts.

Sweetneſs of temper muſt make plain features glow; what an effect muſt it then have upon fine ones? Never *was* there a ſweeter-tempered woman. Indeed, from ſixteen to twenty, all the ſex (kept in humour by their hopes, and by their attractions) are ſaid to be good-tempered; but ſhe is remarkably ſo. She is juſt turned of twenty, but looks not more than ſeventeen. Her beauty, hardly yet in it's full blow, will laſt longer, I imagine, than in an earlier bloſſom. Yet the prudence viſible in her whole aſpect, gave her a diſtinction, even at twelve, that promiſed what ſhe would be at a riper age.

Yet with all this reigning good-nature viſible in her face and manner, there is ſuch a native dignity in all ſhe ſays, in all ſhe does, (though mingled with a frankneſs that ſhews her mind's ſuperiority to the minds of almoſt all other women) that it damps and ſuppreſſes, in the moſt audacious, all imaginations of bold familiarity.

I know not, by my ſoul, how ſhe does this, neither! yet ſo it is. She

jects;

jests; she raillies: but I cannot rally her again. Love, it is said, dignifies the adored object. Perhaps it is *that* which awes me.

And now will your ladyship doubt of an affirmative answer to your second question, Whether love has lifted me in the number of her particular admirers?

He has; and the devil take me if I can help myself: and yet I have no encouragement—Nor any body else; that's my consolation. Fenwick is deeper in, if possible, than I. We had at our first acquaintance, as you have heard, a tilting-bout on the occasion: but are sworn friends now; each having agreed to try his fortune by patience and perseverance; and being assured that the one has no more of her favour to boast of, than the other*. " We have, indeed, bluftered away " between us half a score more of her " admirers. Poor whining Orme, " however, perseveres. But of him we " make no account: he has a watery " head; and though he finds a way, " by his sister, who visits at Mr. Selby's, " and is much esteemed there, to let " Miss Byron know his passion for her, " notwithstanding the negative he has " received; yet doubt we not that she is " safe from a flame that he will quench " with his tears, before it can rise to a " head to disturb us.

" You ladies love men should whine " after you: but never yet did I find, " that where a bluftering fellow was a " competitor, the lady married the " milksop."

But let me in this particular do Miss Byron justice: how she manages it, I can't tell, but she is courteous to all; nor could ever any man charge her either with pride or cruelty. All I fear, is, that she has such an equality in her temper, that she can hardly find room in her heart for a particular love: nor will, till she meets with one whose mind is near as faultless as her own, and the general tenor of whose life and actions calls upon her discretion to give her *leave* to love. " This appre- " hension I owe to a conversation I had " with her grandmother Shirley: a " lady that is an ornament to old age; " and who hinted to me, that her grand- " daughter had exceptions both to Fen- " wick and me, on the score of a *few* " indulgences that perhaps have been " *too* publick; but which all men of " fashion and spirit give themselves; " and all women, but *this*, allow of, " or hate not men the worse for. But " then, what is her objection to Orme? " He is a sober dog."

She was but eight years old when her mother died. She also was an excellent woman. Her death was brought on by grief for that of her husband, which happened but six months before. —A rare instance!

The grandmother and aunt, to whom the girl is dutiful to a proverb, will not interfere with her choice. If *they* are applied to for their interest, the answer is constantly this: the approbation of their Harriet must first be gained, and then their consent is ready.

There is a Mr. Deane, a man of an excellent character for a lawyer; but, indeed, he left off practice on coming into possession of a handsome estate. He was the girl's godfather. He is allowed to have great influence over them all. Harriet calls him Papa. To him I have applied; but his answer is the very same: his *daughter* Harriet must chuse for herself; all motions of this kind must come first from *her*.

And ought *I* to despair of succeeding with the girl *herself*? I, her Greville; not contemptible in person; an air—free and easy, at *least*; having a good estate in possession, fine expectances besides; dressing well, singing well, dancing well, and blessed with a moderate share of confidence; which makes other women think me a clever fellow: she a girl of twenty; her fortune between ten and fifteen thousand pounds only; for her father's considerable estate, on his demise, for want of male heirs, went with the name; her grandmother's jointure not more than five hundred pounds a year. And what though her uncle Selby has no children, and loves her, yet has he nephews and nieces of his own, whom he also loves, for this Harriet is his wife's niece.

I will not *despair*. If resolution, if perseverance, will do, and if she be a woman, she shall be mine—And so I have told her aunt Selby, and her uncle

* The passages in this letter thus marked (") are those which in the preceding one are said to be scratched out; but yet were legible by holding up the letter to the light.

too; and ſo I have told Miſs Lucy Selby, her couſin, as ſhe calls her, who is highly and deſervedly in her favour; and ſo, indeed, have I more than once told the girl herſelf.

But now to the deſcription of her perſon—Let me die, if I know where to begin. She is all over lovelineſs. Does not every body elſe who has ſeen her tell you ſo? Her ſtature; ſhall I begin with her ſtature? She cannot be ſaid to be tall, but yet is ſomething above the middling. Her ſhape—but what care I for her ſhape? I, who hope to love her ſtill more, though poſſeſſion may make me admire her leſs, when ſhe has not that to boaſt of? We young fellows who have been abroad, are above regarding Engliſh ſhapes, and prefer to them the French negligence. By the way, I think the foreign ladies in the right, that they aim not at what they cannot attain. Whether *we* are ſo much in the right to come into their taſte, is another thing. But be this as it will, there is ſo much eaſe and dignity in the perſon, in the dreſs, and in every air and motion, of Miſs Harriet Byron, that fine ſhapes will ever be in faſhion where ſhe is, be either native or foreigner the judge.

Her complexion is admirably fair and clear. I have ſat admiring her complexion, till I have imagined I have ſeen the life-blood flowing with equal courſe through her tranſlucent veins.

Her forehead, ſo nobly free and open, ſhews dignity and modeſty, and ſtrikes into one a kind of *awe*, ſingly contemplated, that (from the *delight* which accompanies the *awe*) I know not how to deſcribe. Every ſingle feature, in ſhort, will bear the niceſt examination; and her whole face, and her neck ſo admirably ſet on her finely-proportioned ſhoulders—let me periſh, if, taking her all together, I do not hold her to be the moſt unexceptionable beauty I ever beheld. But what ſtill is her *particular* excellence, and diſtinguiſhes her from all other *Engliſh* women, (for it muſt be acknowledged to be a characteriſtick of the French women of quality) is, the grace which that people call *phyſiognomy*, and we may call *expreſſion*: had *not* her features and her complexion been ſo fine as they are, that grace alone, that ſoul ſhining out in her lovely aſpect, joined with the eaſe and gracefulneſs of her motion, would have made her as many admirers as beholders.

After this, ſhall I deſcend to a more particular deſcription?—I will.

Her cheek—I never *ſaw* a cheek ſo beautifully turned; illuſtrated as it is by a charming carmine fluſh, which denotes ſound health. A moſt bewitching dimple takes place in each when ſhe ſmiles; and ſhe has ſo much reaſon to be pleaſed with herſelf, and with all about her, (for ſhe is the idol of her relations) that I believe from infancy ſhe never frowned; nor can a frown, it is my opinion, ſit upon her face for a minute. Would to Heaven I were conſiderable enough with her to prove the contrary!

Her mouth—there never *was* ſo lovely a mouth. But no wonder; ſince ſuch roſy lips, and ſuch ivory and even teeth, muſt give beauty to a mouth leſs charming than hers.

Her noſe adds dignity to her other features. Her chin is ſweetly turned, and almoſt imperceptibly dimpled.

Her eyes! ay, Madam, her eyes!—Good Heaven, what a luſtre! yet not a fierce, but a mild luſtre! How have I deſpiſed the romancing poets for their unnatural deſcriptions of the eyes of their heroines! But I have thought thoſe deſcriptions, though abſurd enough in conſcience, leſs abſurd (allowing ſomething for poetical licence) ever ſince I beheld thoſe of Miſs Harriet Byron.

Her hair is a real and unlaboured ornament to her: all natural it's curls; art has no ſhare in the luſtre it gives to her other beauties.

I mentioned her neck—Here I dare not truſt myſelf—Inimitable creature! All-attracting lovelineſs!

Her arm—Your ladyſhip knows my paſſion for a delicate arm—By my ſoul, Madam, your own does not exceed it!

Her hands are extremely fine. Such fingers! and they accuſtomed to the pen, to the needle, to the harpſichord; excelling in all—O Madam, women *have* ſouls! I now am convinced they have. I dare own to your ladyſhip, that once I doubted it, on a ſuppoſition that they were given us for temporary purpoſes only—And have I not ſeen her dance! Have I not heard her ſing! But, indeed, mind and perſon, ſhe is all harmony.

Then for reading, for acquired know-

knowledge, what lady so young—But you know the character of her grandfather Shirley. He was a man of universal learning; and, from his publick employments abroad, as polite as learned. This girl, from seven years of age, when he came to settle in England, to fourteen, when she lost him, was his delight; and her education and instruction the amusement of his vacant hours. 'This is the period,' he used to say, 'in which the foundations of all female goodness are to be laid, since 'so soon after fourteen they leap into 'women.' The dead languages he aimed not to teach her, lest he should overload her young mind; but in the Italian and French he made her an adept.

Nor were the advantages common ones which she received from his lady, her grandmother, and from her aunt Selby, her father's sister, a woman of equal worthiness. Her grandmother particularly is one of the most pious, yet most chearful, of women. She will not permit her daughter Byron, she says, to live with her, for *both* their sakes—for the *girl's* sake, because there is a greater resort of company at Mr. Selby's than at Shirley Manor; and she is afraid, as her grandchild has a serious turn, that *her* own contemplative life may make her more grave than she wishes so young a woman to be; 'Youth,' she says, 'is the season for 'chearfulness:'—for *her own* sake, because she looks upon her Harriet's company as a cordial too rich to be always at hand; and when she has a mind to regale, she will either send for her, fetch her, or visit her at Mrs. Selby's. One of her letters to Mrs. Selby I once saw. It ran thus—'You must spare 'me my Harriet. I am in pain. My 'spirits are not high. I would not 'have the undecayed mind yield, for 'want of using the means, to the de'caying body. *One* happy day with 'our child, the true child of the united 'minds of her late excellent parents, 'will, I hope, effect the cure: if it do 'not, you must spare her to me *two*.'

Did I not tell you, Madam, that it was very difficult to describe the person *only* of this admirable young lady?—But I stop here. A horrid apprehension comes across me!—How do I know but I am praising another man's *future* wife, and not my own? Here is a cousin of hers, a Mrs. Reeves, a fine lady from London, come down, under the cursed influence of my evil stars, to carry this Harriet away with her into the gay world. Woman! woman!—I beg your ladyship's pardon; but what angel of twenty is proof against vanity? The first hour she appears, she will be a toast: stars and titles will croud about her; and who knows how far a paltry coronet may dazzle *her* who deserves an imperial crown? But, woe to the man, whoever he be, whose pretensions dare to interfere (and have any assurance of success) with those of your ladyship's most obedient and faithful servant,

JOHN GREVILLE.

LETTER III.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

SELBY HOUSE. JAN. 16.

I Return you inclosed, my Lucy, Mr. Greville's strange letter. As you asked him for it, he will have no doubt but you shewed it to me. It is better, therefore, if he make enquiry whether you did or not, to own it. In this case he will be curious to know my sentiments upon it. He is sensible that my whole heart is open to you.

Tell him, if you think proper, in so many words, that I am far more displeased with him for his impetuosity, than gratified by his flattery.

Tell him, that I think it very hard, that when my nearest relations leave me so generously to my liberty, a man to whom I never gave cause to treat me with disrespect, should take upon himself to threaten and controul me.

Ask him, What are his pretences for following me to London, or elsewhere?

If I had not had reasons *before* to avoid a more than neighbourly civility to him, he has now furnished me with very strong ones. The threatening lover must certainly make a tyrant husband. Don't you think so, Lucy?—but make not suppositals of lover or husband to him: these bold men will turn shadows into substance in their own favour.

A woman who is so much exalted above what she *can* deserve, has reason to

to be terrified, were she to marry the complimenter, (even *could* she suppose him so blinded by his passion as not to be absolutely insincere) to think of the height she must fall from in his opinion, when she has put it in his power to treat her but as what she is.

Indeed, I both *despise* and *fear* a very high complimenter.—*Despise* him for his designing flattery, supposing him not to believe himself; or, if he *mean* what he says, for his injudiciousness: I *fear* him, lest he should (as in the former case he must hope) be able to raise a vanity in me, that would sink me beneath his meanness, and give him cause to triumph over my folly, at the very time that I am full of my own wisdom.

High-strained compliments, in short, always pull me down, always make me shrink into *myself*. Have I not some vanity to guard against? I have no doubt but Mr. Greville wished I should see this letter: and this gives me some little indignation against *myself*; for does it not look as if, from some faults in my conduct, Mr. Greville had formed hopes of succeeding by treating me like a fool?

I hope these gentlemen will not follow me to town as they threaten. If they do, I will not see them, if I can any way avoid it. Yet, for me to appear to *them* solicitous on this head, or to desire them *not* to go, will be in some measure to lay myself under an obligation to their acquiescence. It is not, therefore, for me to hope to influence them in this matter, since they expect too much in return for it from me; and since they will be ready to found a merit in their passion even for disobliging me.

I cannot bear, however, to think of their dangling after me where-ever I go. These men, my dear, were we to give them importance with us, would be greater infringers of our natural freedom than the most severe parents; and for *their own sakes*: whereas parents, if ever so despotick, (if not unnatural ones indeed) mean *solely our good*, though headstrong girls do not always think so. Yet such, even *such*, can be teazed out of their wills, at least out of their duty, by the men who stile themselves *lovers* when they are invincible to all the entreaties and commands of their *parents*.

O that the next eight or ten years of my life, if I find not in the interim a man on whom my whole undivided heart can fix, were happily over! *As* happily as the last alike important four years! To be able to look down from the *elevation* of thirty years, my principles fixed, and to have no capital folly to reproach myself with, what a happiness would that be!

My cousin Reeves's time of setting out holds; the indulgence of my dearest friends continues; and my resolution holds. But I will see my Nancy before I set out. What! shall I enter upon a party of pleasure, and leave in my heart room to reflect, in the midst of it, that there is a dear suffering friend who had reason to think I was afraid of giving myself pain, when I might, by the balm of true love and friendly soothings, administer comfort to her wounded heart?—No, my Lucy; believe me, if I have not generosity enough, I have *selfishness* enough, to make me avoid a sting so severe as *this* would be, to your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

GROSVENOR STREET,
TUESDAY, JAN. 24.

WE are just arrived. We had a very agreeable journey.

I need not tell you that Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick attended us to our first baiting, and had a genteel dinner ready provided for us: the gentlemen will tell you this, and all particulars.

They both renewed their menaces of following me to London, if I staid above one month. They were so good as to stretch their fortnight to a month.

Mr. Fenwick, in very pathetick terms, as he found an opportunity to engage me alone for a few minutes, besought me to *love* him. Mr. Greville was as earnest with me to declare that I *hated* him. Such a declaration, he said, was all he at present wished for. It was strange, he told me, that he neither could prevail on me to encourage his love, nor to declare my hatred. He is a whimsical creature.

I raillied

I raillied him with my usual freedom; and told him, that if there were one person in the world that I was capable of hating, I could make the less scruple to oblige *him*. He thanked me for that.

The two gentlemen would fain have proceeded farther: but as they are never out of their way, I dare say, they would have gone to London, and there have dangled on, till we should not have got rid of them for my whole time of being in town.

I was very gravely earnest with them to leave us, when we stepped into the coach in order to proceed. 'Fenwick, 'you dog,' said Mr. Greville, 'we '*must* return; Miss Byron looks grave. 'Gravity, and a rising colour in the 'finest face in the world, indicate as 'much as the frowns of other beau-'ties.' And in the most respectful manner they both took leave of me; insisting, however, on my hand, and that I would wish them well.

I gave each my hand; 'I wish you 'very well, gentlemen,' said I; 'and 'I am obliged to your civility in see-'ing me so far on my journey: espe-'cially as you are so kind as to leave 'me here.'

'Why, dear Madam, did you not 'spare your *especially?*' said Mr. Greville.—'Come, Fenwick, let us re-'tire, and lay our two loggerheads to-'gether, and live over again the past 'hour, and then hang ourselves.'

Poor Mr. Orme! The coach, at our first setting out, passed by his park-gate, you know. There was he—on the very ridge of the highway. I saw him not till it was near him. He bowed to the very ground, with *such* an air of disconsolateness!—Poor Mr. Orme!—I wished to have said one word to him when we had passed him, but the coach flew—Why did the coach fly?—But I waved my hand, and leaned out of the coach as far as I could, and bowed to him.

'O Miss Byron!' said Mrs. Reeves, (so said Mr. Reeves) 'Mr. Orme is 'the happy man!'—'Did I think as 'you do,' said I, 'I should not be so 'desirous to have spoken to him:' but, methinks, I should have been glad to have once said, 'Adieu, Mr. Orme!' for Mr. Orme is a good man.

But, Lucy, my heart was softened at parting with my dear relations and friends; and when the heart is softened, light impressions will go deep.

My cousins house is suitable to their fortune; very handsome, and furnished in taste. Mrs. Reeves, knowing well what a scribbler I am, and am expected to be, has provided me with pen, ink, and paper, in abundance. She readily allowed me to take early possession of my apartment, that I might pay punctual obedience to the commands of all my friends on setting out. These, you know, were, to write in the first hour of my arrival: and it was allowed to be to you, my dear. But, writing thus early, what can have occurred?

My apartment is extremely elegant. A well-furnished book-case is, however, to me the most attracting ornament in it—Pardon me, dear pen and ink! I must not prefer any thing to you, by whose means I hope to spend some part of every day at Selby House; and even at this distance amuse with my prattle those friends that are always so partial to it.

And now, my dear, my revered grandmamma, I ask your blessing——yours, my ever-indulgent aunt Selby——and yours, my honoured and equally beloved uncle Selby. Who knows but you will now in absence take less delight in teazing your ever-dutiful Harriet? But yet I unbespeak not my monitor.

Continue to love me, my Lucy, as I shall endeavour to deserve your love: and let me know how my dear Nancy does.

My heart bleeds for her. I should have held myself utterly inexcusable, had I accepted of your kindly intended dispensation, and come to town for three whole months, without repeating to her, by word of mouth, my love and my sympathizing concern for her. What merit does her patience add to her other merits! How has her calamity endeared her to me! If ever I shall be heavily afflicted, God give me her amiable, her almost meritorious patience, in sufferings!

To my cousin Holles's, and all my other relations, friends, companions, make the affectionate compliments of your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER V.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

JAN. 25.

YOU rejoice me, my dear, in the hopes which you tell me, Dr. Mitchell, from London, gives you in relation to our Nancy. May our inceſſant prayers for the reſtoration of her health be anſwered!

Three things my aunt Selby, and you, in the name of every one of my friends, enjoined me at parting. The *firſt*, to write often, *very* often, were *your* words. This injunction was not needful: my heart is with you; and the good news you give me of my grandmamma's health, and of our Nancy, enlarges that heart. The *ſecond*, to give you a deſcription of the perſons and characters of the people I am likely to be converſant with in this great town. And, *thirdly*, beſides the general account which you all expected from me of the viſits I made and received, you enjoined me to acquaint you with the very *beginnings* of every addreſs, (and even of every *ſilent and reſpectful* diſtinction, were *your* words) that the girl whom you all ſo greatly favour might receive on this excurſion to town.

Don't you remember what my uncle Selby anſwered to this?—*I* do: and will repeat it, to ſhew, that his correcting cautions ſhall not be forgotten.

'The vanity of the ſex,' ſaid he, 'will not ſuffer any thing of this ſort 'to eſcape our Harriet. Women,' continued he, 'make themſelves ſo 'cheap at the publick places in and 'about town, that new faces are more 'enquired after than even fine faces 'conſtantly ſeen. Harriet has an ho'neſt, artleſs bloom, in her cheeks; 'ſhe may attract notice as a novice: 'but wherefore do you fill her head 'with an expectation of conqueſts? 'Women,' added he, 'offer themſelves 'at every publick place, in rows, as 'at a market. Becauſe three or four 'ſilly fellows here in the country (like 'people at an auction, who raiſe the 'price upon each other above it's 'value) have bid for her, you think 'ſhe will not be able to ſet her foot out 'of doors, without increaſing the num'ber of her followers.'

And then my uncle would have it, that my head would be unable to bear the *conſequence* which the partiality of my other friends gave me.

It is true, my Lucy, that we young women are too apt to be pleaſed with the admiration *pretended* for us by the other ſex. But I have always endeavoured to keep down any fooliſh pride of this ſort, by ſuch conſiderations as theſe: that flattery is the vice of men; that they ſeek to raiſe us, in order to lower us; and, in the end, to exalt themſelves on the ruins of the pride they either hope to find, or inſpire; that humility, as it ſhines brighteſt in a high condition, beſt becomes a flattered woman of all women; that ſhe who is puffed up by the praiſes of men, on the ſuppoſed advantages of perſon, anſwers *their end* upon her, and ſeems to own, that ſhe thinks it a principal part of *hers*, to be admired by them; and what can give more importance to them, and leſs to herſelf, than this? For have not women ſouls as well as men? and ſouls as capable of the nobleſt attainments as theirs? Shall they not, therefore, be moſt ſolicitous to cultivate the beauties of the mind, and to make thoſe of perſon but of inferior conſideration? The bloom of beauty holds but a very few years; and ſhall not a woman aim to make herſelf miſtreſs of thoſe perfections that will dignify her advanced age? And then may ſhe be as wiſe, as venerable—as my grandmamma. *She* is an example for us, my dear: who is ſo much reſpected, who is ſo much beloved, both by old and young, as my grandmamma Shirley?

In purſuance of the ſecond injunction, I will now deſcribe ſome young ladies and gentlemen who paid my couſins their compliments on their arrival in town.

Miſs Alleſtree, daughter of Sir John Alleſtree, was one. She is very pretty, and very genteel, eaſy, and free. I believe I ſhall love her.

Miſs Bramber was the ſecond. Not ſo pretty as Miſs Alleſtree; but agreeable in her perſon and air. A little too talkative, I think.

It was one of my grandfather's rules to me, not impertinently to ſtart ſubjects, as if I would make an oſtentation of knowledge; or if I were fond of indulging a talking humour: but frankneſs

frankneſs and complaiſance required, he uſed to ſay, that we women ſhould unlock our boſoms, when we were called upon, and were expected to give our ſentiments upon any ſubject.

Miſs Bramber was *eager* to talk. She ſeemed, even when ſilent, to look as if ſhe was ſtudying for ſomething to ſay, although ſhe had exhauſted two or three ſubjects. This charge of volubility I am the rather inclined to fix upon her, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Reeves took notice to me of it, as a thing extraordinary; which, probably, they would have done, if ſhe had exceeded her uſual way. And yet, perhaps, the joy of ſeeing her newly-arrived friends might have opened her lips. If ſo, your pardon, ſweet Miſs Bramber!

Miſs Sally, your younger ſiſter, is very amiable and very modeſt; a little kept down, as it ſeems, by the vivacity of her elder ſiſter, between whoſe ages there are about ſix or ſeven years; ſo that Miſs Bramber ſeems to regard her ſiſter as one whom ſhe is willing to remember as the *girl* ſhe was two or three years ago: for Miſs Sally is not above ſeventeen.

What confirmed me in this, was, that the younger lady was a good deal more free when her ſiſter was withdrawn, than when ſhe was preſent; and again purſed-up her really pretty mouth when ſhe returned. And her ſiſter addreſſed her always by the word *child*, with an air of elderſhip, while the other called her *ſiſter*, with a look of obſervance.

Theſe were the ladies.

The two gentlemen who came with them, were, Mr. Barnet, a nephew of Lady Alleſtree; and Mr. Somner.

Mr. Somner is a young gentleman lately married; very affected, and very opinionated. I told Mrs. Reeves, after he was gone, that I believed he was a dear lover of his perſon; and ſhe owned he was. Yet had he no great reaſon for it. It is far from extraordinary; though he was very gaily dreſſed. His wife, it ſeems, was a young widow of great fortune; and till ſhe gave him conſequence, by falling in love with him, he was thought to be a modeſt, good ſort of young man; one that had not diſcovered any more perfections in himſelf than other people beheld in him; and this gave her an excuſe for liking him. But now he is loquacious; forward; bold; thinks meanly of the ſex; and, what is worſe, not the higher of the lady, for the preference ſhe has given him.

This gentleman took great notice of me; and yet in ſuch a way, as to have me think, that the approbation of ſo excellent a judge as himſelf did me no ſmall honour.

Mr. Barnet is a young man, that I imagine will be always young. At firſt I thought him *only* a fop. He affected to ſay ſome things, that, though trite, were ſententious, and carried with them the air of obſervation. There is ſome degree of merit in having ſuch a memory as will help a perſon to repeat and apply other men's wit with tolerable propriety. But when he attempted to walk alone, he ſaid things that it was impoſſible a man of common ſenſe could ſay. I pronounce, therefore, boldly about *him*: yet, by his outward appearance, he may paſs for one of your pretty fellows; for he dreſſes very gaily. Indeed, if he has any taſte, it is in dreſs: and this he has found out; for he talked of little elſe when he *led* the talk, and boaſted of ſeveral parts of *his*. What finiſhed him with me was, that as often as the converſation ſeemed to take a ſerious turn, he aroſe from his ſeat, and hummed an Italian air; of which, however, he knew nothing, but the ſound of his own voice ſeemed to pleaſe him.

This fine gentleman recollected ſome high-flown compliments; and applying them to me, looked as if he expected I ſhould value myſelf upon them.

No wonder that men in general think meanly of us women, if they believe we have ears to hear, and folly to be pleaſed with, the frothy things that paſs under the name of *compliments* from ſuch *random-ſhooters* as theſe.

Miſs Stevens paid us a viſit this afternoon. She is daughter of Colonel Stevens; a very worthy man. She appears ſenſible and unaffected; has read, my couſin ſays, a good deal; and yet takes no pride in ſhewing it.

Miſs Darlington came with her. They are related. This young lady has, I find, a pretty taſte in poetry. Mrs. Reeves prevailed on her to ſhew us three of her performances. And now, as it was with ſome reluctance that ſhe ſhewed them, is it fair to ſay any thing

about them? I ſay it only to you, my friends.—One was *on the parting of two lovers*; very ſenſible; and ſo tender, that it ſhewed the fair writer knew how to deſcribe the pangs that may be innocently allowed to ariſe on ſuch an occaſion.—One *on the morning dawn*, and ſun-riſe: a ſubject that gave credit to herſelf; for ſhe is, it ſeems, a very early riſer. I petitioned for a copy of this, for the ſake of two or three of my dear couſins, as well as to confirm my own practice; but I was modeſtly refuſed.—The third was *on the death of a favourite linnet:* a little too pathetick for the occaſion; ſince, were Miſs Darlington to have loſt her beſt and deareſt friend, I imagine that ſhe had in this piece, which is pretty long, exhauſted the ſubject; and muſt borrow from it ſome of the images which ſhe introduces to heighten her diſtreſs for the loſs of the little ſongſter. It is a very difficult matter, I believe, for young perſons of genius to rein in their imaginations. A great flow of ſpirits, and great ſtore of images, crouding in upon them, carry them, too frequently, above their ſubject; and they are apt rather to ſay all that *may* be ſaid on their favourite topicks, than what is *proper* to be ſaid. But it is a pretty piece, however.

THURSDAY MORNING.

LADY Betty Williams ſupped with us the ſame evening. She is an agreeable woman, the widow of a very worthy man, a near relation of Mr. Reeves. She has a great and juſt regard for my couſin, and conſults him in all affairs of importance. She ſeems to be turned of forty; has a ſon and a daughter; but they are both abroad for education.

It hurt me to hear her declare, that ſhe cared not for the trouble of education; and that ſhe had this pleaſure, which girls brought up at home ſeldom give their mothers, that ſhe and Miſs Williams always ſaw each other, and always parted, as lovers.

Surely there muſt be ſome fault either in the temper of the mother, or in the behaviour of the daughter; and if ſo, I doubt it will not be amended by ſeeing each other but ſeldom. Do not lovers thus cheat and impoſe upon one another?

The young gentleman is about ſeventeen; his ſiſter about fifteen: and, as I underſtand, ſhe is a very lively, and, it is feared, a forward girl; ſhall we wonder if, in a few years time, ſhe ſhould make ſuch a choice for her huſband as Lady Betty would leaſt of all chuſe for a ſon-in-law? What influence can a mother expect to have over a daughter from whom ſhe ſo voluntarily eſtranges herſelf, and from whoſe example the daughter can receive only hearſay benefits?

But after all, methinks I hear my correcting uncle aſk, 'May not Lady 'Betty have *better* reaſons for her con-'duct in this particular, than ſhe gave 'you?'—She may, my uncle, and I hope ſhe has: but I wiſh ſhe had condeſcended to give thoſe better reaſons, ſince ſhe gave any; and then you had not been troubled with the impertinent remarks of your ſaucy kinſwoman.

Lady Betty was ſo kind as to take great notice of me. She deſired to be one in every party of pleaſure that I am to be engaged in. Perſons who were often at publick places, ſhe obſerved, took as much delight in accompanying ſtrangers to them, as if they were their own. The apt compariſons, ſhe ſaid; the new remarks; the pretty wonder; the agreeable paſſions excited in ſuch on the occaſion; always gave her high entertainment: and ſhe was ſure, from the obſervation of *ſuch* a young lady, civilly bowing to me, ſhe ſhould be equally delighted and improved. I bowed in ſilence. I love not to make diſqualifying ſpeeches; by ſuch we ſeem to intimate that we believe the complimenter to be in earneſt, or perhaps that we think the compliment our due, and want to hear it either repeated or confirmed; and yet, poſſibly, we have not that pretty confuſion, and thoſe tranſient bluſhes ready, which Mr. Greville archly ſays, are always to be at hand when we affect to diſclaim the praiſes given us.

Lady Betty was ſo good as to ſtop there; though the muſcles of her agreeable face ſhewed a polite promptitude, had I, by diſclaiming her compliments, provoked them to perform their office.

Am I not a ſaucy creature?

I know I am. But I diſlike not Lady Betty, for all that.

I am to be carried by her to a maſquerade, to a ridotto; when the ſeaſon comes,

comes, to Ranelagh and Vauxhall: in the mean time, to balls, routs, drums, and so forth; and to qualify me for these latter, I am to be taught all the fashionable games. Did my dear grandmamma, twenty or thirty years ago, think she should live to be told, that to the dancing-master, the singing or musick-master, the high mode would require the gaming-master to be added, for the compleating of the female education?

Lady Betty will kindly take the lead in all these diversions.

And now, Lucy, will you not repeat your wishes, that I return to you with a sound heart? And are you not afraid that I should become a modern fine lady? As to the latter fear, I will tell you *when* you shall suspect me—If you find that I prefer the highest of these entertainments, or the opera itself, well as I love musick, to a good play of our favourite Shakespeare, then, my Lucy, let your heart ache for your Harriet: then be apprehensive that she is laid hold on by levity; that she is captivated by the eye and the ear; that her heart is infected by the modern taste; and that she will carry down with her an appetite to pernicious gaming; and, in order to support her extravagance, will think of punishing some honest man in marriage.

James has signified to Sally his wishes to be allowed to return to Selby-House. I have not, therefore, bought him the new liveries I designed for him on coming to town. I cannot bear an unchearful brow in a servant; and he owning to me, on my talking to him, his desire to return, I have promised that he *shall*, as soon as Mr. Reeves has provided me with another servant.—Silly fellow! But I hope my aunt will not dismiss him upon it. The servant I may hire may not care to go into the country, perhaps, or may not so behave as that I should chuse to take him down with me. And James is honest; and his mother would break her heart if he should be dismissed our service.

Several servants have already offered themselves; but, as I think people are answerable for the character of such as they chuse for their domesticks, I find no small difficulty in fixing. I am not of the mind of that great man, whose good-natured reason for sometimes preferring men no way deserving, was, that he loved to be a friend to those whom no other person would befriend. This was carrying his goodness very far (if he made it not an excuse for himself, for having promoted a man who *proved* bad *afterwards*, rather than as supposing him to be so at the *time*;) since else, he seemed not to consider, that every bad man he promoted ran away with the reward due to a better.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are so kind to me, and their servants are so ready to oblige me, that I shall not be very uneasy if I cannot soon get one to my mind. Only if I could fix on such a one, and if my grandmamma's Oliver should leave her, as she supposes he will, now he has married Ellen, as soon as a good inn offers, James may supply Oliver's place, and the new servant may continue mine instead of James.

And now that I have gone so low, don't you wish me to put an end to this letter?—I believe you do.

Well, then, with duty and love ever remembered where so justly due, believe me to be, my dear Lucy, your truly affectionate.

HARRIET BYRON.

I will write separately to what you say of Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Miss Orme; yet hope to be time enough for the post.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21.

AS to what you say of Mr. Greville's concern on my absence, (and I think, with a little too much feeling for him) and of his declaring himself unable to live without seeing me, I have but one fear about it; which is, that he is forming a pretence, from his *violent* love, to come up after me: and if he does, I will not see him, if I can help it.

And do you, indeed, believe him to be so much in love? By your seriousness on the occasion, you seem to think he is. O my Lucy! what a good heart you have! And did he not weep when he told you so? Did he not turn his head away, and pull out his handkerchief?—O these dissemblers! The hyæna, my

dear, was a *male* devourer. The men in malice, and to extenuate their own guilt, made the creature a *female*. And yet there may be male and female of this ſpecies of monſters. But as women have more to loſe with regard to reputation than men, the male hyæna muſt be infinitely the more dangerous creature of the two; ſince he will come to us, even into our very houſes, fawning, cringing, weeping, licking our hands while the den of the female is by the highway-ſide, and wretched youths muſt enter into it, to put it into her power to devour them.

Let me tell you, my dear, that if there be an artful man in England, with regard to us women, (artful equally in his free ſpeaking and in his ſycophancies) Mr. Greville is the man: and he *intends* to be ſo too, and values himſelf upon his art. Does he not as boldly as conſtantly inſinuate, that flattery is dearer to a woman than her food? Yet who ſo groſs a flatterer as himſelf, when the humour is upon him? And yet at times he wants to build up a merit for ſincerity or plain-dealing, by ſaying free things.

It is not difficult, my dear, to find out theſe men, were we earneſt to detect them. Their chief ſtrength lies in our weakneſs. But however weak we are, I think we ſhould not add to the triumph of thoſe who make our weakneſs the general ſubject of their ſatire. We ſhould not prove the juſtice of their ridicule by our own indiſcretions. But the traitor is within us. If we guard againſt ourſelves, we may bid defiance to all the arts of man.

You know, that my great objection to Mr. Greville is for his immoralities. A man of free principles, ſhewn by practices as free, can hardly make a tender huſband, were a woman able to get over conſiderations that ſhe ought *not* to get over. Who ſhall truſt for the performance of his *ſecond* duties, the man who avowedly deſpiſes his *firſt*? Mr. Greville had a good education: he muſt have taken *pains* to render vain the pious precepts of his worthy father, and ſtill more to make a jeſt of them.

Three of his women we have heard of, beſides her whom he brought with him from Wales. You know he has only affected to appear decent ſince he has caſt his eyes upon me. The man, my dear, muſt be an abandoned man, and muſt have a very hard heart, who can paſs from woman to woman, without any remorſe for a former, whom, as may be ſuppoſed, he has by the moſt ſolemn vows ſeduced. And whoſe leavings is it, my dear, that a virtuous woman takes, who marries a profligate!

Is it not reported that his Welſhwoman, to whom, at parting, he gave not ſufficient for a twelvemonth's ſcanty ſubſiſtence, is now upon the town? Vile man! He thinks it to his credit, I have heard, to own it a ſeduction, and that ſhe was not a vicious creature till he made her ſo.

One only merit has Mr. Greville to plead in this black tranſaction: it is, that he has, by his whole conduct in it, added a warning to our ſex. And ſhall I, deſpiſing the warning, marry a man, who, ſpecious as he is in his temper, and lively in his converſation, has ſhewn ſo bad a nature?

His fortune, as you ſay, is great. The more inexcuſable therefore is he for his niggardlineſs to his Welſhwoman. On his fortune he preſumes: it will procure him a too eaſy forgiveneſs from others of our ſex; but fortune without merit will never do with me, were the man a prince.

You ſay, that if a woman reſolves not to marry till ſhe finds herſelf addreſſed to by a man of ſtrict virtue, ſhe muſt be for ever ſingle. If this be true, what wicked creatures are men? What a dreadful abuſe of paſſions, given them for the nobleſt purpoſes, are they guilty of?

I have a very high notion of the marriage-ſtate. I remember what my uncle once averred, that a woman out of wedlock is half uſeleſs to the end of her being. How, indeed, do the duties of a good wife, of a good mother, and a worthy matron, well performed, dignify a woman! Let my aunt Selby's example, in her enlarged ſphere, ſet againſt that of any ſingle woman of like years, moving in her narrow circle, teſtify the truth of the obſervation. My grandfather uſed to ſay, that families are little communities; that there are but few ſolid friendſhips out of them; and that they help to make up worthily, and to ſecure the great community, of which they are ſo many miniatures.

But yet it is my opinion, and I hope that I never by my practice ſhall diſcredit

credit it, that a woman, who with her eyes open marries a profligate man, had, generally, much better remain single all her life; since it is very likely, that by such a step she defeats, as to herself, all the good ends of society. What a dreadful, what a *presumptuous* risk runs she, who marries a wicked man, even hoping to reclaim him, when she cannot be sure of keeping her own principles!—*Be not deceived, evil communication corrupts good manners*, is a caution truly apostolical.

The text you mention of the *unbelieving husband* being converted by the *believing wife*, respects, as I take it, the first ages of Christianity; and is an instruction to the converted wife to let her unconverted husband see, in her behaviour to him, *while he beheld her chaste conversation coupled with fear*, the efficacy upon her own heart of the excellent doctrines she had embraced. It could not have in view the woman who, *being single*, chose a *Pagan husband*, in hopes of *converting him*. Nor can it give encouragement for a woman of virtue and religion to marry a profligate, in hopes of *reclaiming* him. *Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?*

As to Mr. Fenwick, I am far from having a better opinion of him than I have of Mr. Greville. You know what is whispered of him. He has more decency, however; he *avows* not free principles as the other does. But you must have observed how much he seems to enjoy the mad talk and free sentiments of the other: and that other always brightens up and rises in his freedoms and impiety on Mr. Fenwick's sly applauses and encouraging countenance. In a word, Mr. Fenwick not having the same lively things to say, nor so lively an air to carry them off, as Mr. Greville has, though he would be thought not to want sense, takes pains to shew that he has as corrupt a heart. If I thought anger would not give him consequence, I should hardly forbear to shew myself displeased, when he points by a leering eye, and by a broad smile, the free jest of the other, to the person present whom he thinks most apt to blush, as if for fear it should be lost; and still more, when, on the mantling cheek's shewing the sensibility of the person so insulted, he breaks out into a loud laugh, that she may not be able to recover herself.

Surely these men must think us women egregious hypocrites: they must believe that we only affect modesty, and in our hearts approve of their freedom; for, can it be supposed that such as call themselves gentlemen, and who have had the education and opportunities that these two have had, would give themselves liberties of speech on *purpose* to affront us?

I hope I shall find the London gentlemen more polite than these our neighbours of the fox-chace; and yet hitherto I have seen no great cause to prefer them to the others. But about the court, and at the fashionable publick places, I expect wonders. Pray Heaven I may not be disappointed!

Thank Miss Orme, in my name, for the kind wishes she sends me. Tell her, that her doubts of my affection for her are not just; and that I do really and indeed love her. Nor should she want the most explicit declarations of my love, were I not more afraid of her, in the character of a *jester* to a truly respectable man, than doubtful of her in that of a friend to me; in which latter light I even joy to consider her: but she is a little naughty, tell her, because she is always leading to one subject. And yet, how can I be angry with her for it, if her good opinion of me induces her to think it in my power to make the brother happy, whom she so dearly and deservedly loves? I cannot but esteem her for the part she takes—and this it is that makes me afraid of the artlessly-artful Miss Orme.

It would look as if I thought my duty, and love, and respects, were questionable, if in every letter I repeated them to my equally honoured and beloved benefactors, friends and favourers. Suppose them, therefore, always included in my subscription to you, my Lucy, when I tell you that I am, and will be, *your ever affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

MR. SELBY TO MISS BYRON.

SELBY HOUSE, JAN. 30.

WELL, and now there wants but a London lover or two to enter upon the stage, and *Vanity Fair* will be pro-

proclaimed, and directly opened. Greville every where magnifying you in order to justify his flame for you; Fenwick exalting you above all women; Orme adoring you, and by his humble silence saying more than any of them: propofals, befides, from this man; letters from that! What fcenes of flattery and nonfenfe have I been witnefs to for thefe paft three years and half, that young Mr. Elford began the dance? Single! Well may you have remained fingle till this your twentieth year, when you have fuch choice of admirers, that you do not know which to have. So, in a mercer's fhop, the tradefman has a fine time with you women, when variety of his rich wares diftract you; and fifty to one at laft, but, as well in *men* as in *filks*, you chufe the worft, efpecially if the beft is offered at firft, and refufed; for women know better how to be forry than to amend.

'It is true,' fay you, 'that we young 'women are apt to be pleafed with ad-'miration—' O ho! Are you fo? and fo I have gained one point with you at laft, have I?

'But I have always endeavoured,' [And I, Harriet, wifh you had fucceeded in your endeavours] 'to keep 'down any fooliih pride.'—Then you own that pride you have?—Another point gained! Confcience, honeft confcience, *will* now-and-then make you women fpeak out. But now I think of it, here is vanity in the very humility. Well fay you *endeavoured*, when female pride, like love, though hid under a barrel, will flame out at the bung.

'Well,' faid I to your aunt Selby, to your grandmamma, and to your coufin Lucy, when we all met to fit in judgment upon your letters, 'now I 'hope you will never difpute with me 'more on this flagrant love of admi-'ration, which I have fo often obferv-'ed fwallows up the hearts and fouls 'of you all, fince your Harriet is not 'exempt from it; and fince, with all 'her fpeciouinefs, with all her pru-'dence, with all her caution, fhe (taken 'with a qualm of confcience) owns it.'

But, no, truly! all is right that you *fay*: all is right that you *do!*—Your very confeffions are brought as fo many demonftrations of your diffidence, of your ingenuoufnefs, and I cannot tell what.

Why, I muft own, that no father ever loved his daughter as I love my niece: but yet, girl, your faults, your vanities, I do not love. It is my glory, that I think myfelf able to judge of my friends as they *deferve*; not as being *my* friends. Why, the beft beloved of my heart, your aunt herfelf—you know, I value her now more, now lefs, as fhe deferves. But with all thofe I have named, and with all your relations, indeed, their Harriet cannot be in fault. And why? becaufe you are related to *them*, and becaufe they attribute to themfelves fome merit from the relation they ftand in to you. *Supererogatorians* all of them (I *will* make words whenever I pleafe) with their *attributions* to you; and becaufe you are of their fex, forfooth; and becaufe I accufe you in a point in which you are all concerned, and fo make a common caufe of it.

Here one exalts you for your *good-fenfe*; becaufe you have a knack, by help of a happy memory, of making every thing you read, and every thing that is told you, that you like, your own (your grandfather's precepts particularly;) and becaufe, I think, you pafs upon us as your own what you have borrowed, if not ftolen.

Another praifes you for your *good-nature*.—The deuce is in it, if a girl who has crowds of admirers after her, and a new lover where-ever fhe fhews her bewitching face; who is bleft with health and fpirits; and has every body for her friend, let her deferve it or not; can be *ill*-natured. Who can fuch a one have to quarrel with, trow?

Another extols you for your *chearful wit*, even when difplayed, bold girl as you are, upon your uncle; in which, indeed, you are upheld by the wife of my bofom, whenever I take upon me to tell you what ye all, even the beft of ye, are.

Yet, fometimes, they praife your *modefty:* and *why* your modefty?—Becaufe you have a fkin in a manner tranfparent; and becaufe you can blufh—I was going to fay, whenever you pleafe.

At other times, they will find out, that you have features equally delicate and regular; when I think, and I have examined them jointly and feparately, that all your *takingnefs* is owing to that open and chearful countenance, which gives them a glofs, (or what

fhall

ſhall I call it?) that we men are apt to be pleaſed with at firſt ſight: a gloſs that takes one, as it were, by ſurprize. But give me the beauty that grows upon us every time we ſee it; that leaves room for ſomething to be found out to it's advantage, as we are more and more acquainted with it.

'Your correcting uncle,' you call me; and ſo I will be. But what hope have I of your amendment, when every living ſoul, man, woman, and child, that knows you, puffs you up? 'There goes Mr. 'Selby,' I have heard ſtrangers ſay. 'And who is Mr. Selby?' another ſtranger has aſked. 'Why, Mr. Selby 'is uncle to the celebrated Miſs Byron.' Yet I, who have lived fifty years in this county, ſhould think I might be known on my *own* account, and not as the *uncle* of a girl of twenty.

'Am I not a ſaucy creature?' in another place you aſk. And you anſwer, 'I know I am.' I am glad you do. Now may I call you ſo by your own authority, I hope. But with your aunt, it is only the effect of your *agreeable* vivacity. What abominable partiality? E'en do what you will, Harriet, you'll never be in fault. I could almoſt wiſh—but I won't tell you what I wiſh neither. But ſomething muſt betide you that you little think of; depend upon that. All your days cannot be halcyon ones. I would give a thouſand pounds with all my ſoul, to ſee you heartily in love: ay, up to the very ears, and unable to help yourſelf! You are not *thirty* yet, child; and, indeed, you ſeem to *think* the time of danger is *not over*. I am glad of your *conſciouſneſs*, my dear. Shall I tell Greville of your doubts, and of your difficulties, Harriet? as to the ten *coming* years, I mean? And ſhall I tell him of your prayer to paſs them ſafely?—But is not this wiſh of yours, that ten years of bloom were over-paſt, and that you were arrived at the thirtieth year of your age, a very ſingular one? a flight! a mere flight! Aſk ninety-nine of your ſex out of an hundred, if they would adopt it.

In another letter you aſk Lucy, 'If 'Mr. Greville has not ſaid, that flat-'tery is dearer to a woman than her 'food?' Well, niece, and what would you be at? Is it not ſo?—I do aver, that Mr. Greville is a ſenſible man, and makes good obſervations.

'Men's chief ſtrength,' you ſay, 'lies 'in the weakneſs of women.' Why, ſo it does. Where elſe ſhould it lie? And this from their immeaſureable love of admiration and flattery, as here you ſeem to acknowledge of your own accord, though it has been ſo often perverſely diſputed with me. Give you women but rope enough, you'll do your own buſineſs.

However, in many places you have pleaſed me: but no-where more than when you recollect my *averment*, (without contradicting it, which is a rarity!) 'that a woman out of wedlock is half 'uſeleſs to the end of her being.' Good girl! That was an aſſertion of mine, and I will abide by it. Lucy ſimper'd when we came to this place, and looked at me. She expected, I ſaw, my notice upon it; ſo did your aunt: but the confeſſion was ſo frank, that I was generous; and only ſaid, 'True as the goſ-'pel.'

I have written a long letter; yet have not ſaid one quarter of what I intended to ſay when I began. You will allow that you have given your *correcting* uncle ample ſubject. But you fare ſomething the better for ſaying, 'you unbe-'ſpeak not your monitor.'

You *own*, that you have ſome vanity. Be more free in your acknowledgments of this nature, (you *may*; for are you not a woman?) and you will fare ſomething the better for your ingenuouſneſs; and the rather, as your acknowledgment will help me up with your aunt and Lucy, and your grandmamma, in an argument I will not give up.

I have had freſh applications made to me—But I will not ſay from whom: ſince we have agreed long ago, not to preſcribe to ſo diſcreet a girl, as in the main we all think you, in the articles of love and marrige.

With all your faults, I muſt love you. I am half aſhamed to ſay how much I miſs you already. We are all naturally chearful folks: yet, I do not know how it is, your abſence has made a ſtrange chaſm at our table. Let us hear from you every poſt: that will be ſomething. Your doating aunt tells the hours on the day ſhe expects a letter. Your grandmother is at preſent with us, and, in heart, I am ſure, regrets your abſence: but, as your tender-neſs

derneſs to her has kept you from going to London for ſo many years, ſhe thinks ſhe ought to be eaſy. Her examples go a great way with us all, you know; and particularly with *your truly affectionate* (*though* correcting) *uncle*,

GEORGE SELBY.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON TO MISS SELBY.

TUESDAY, JAN. 31.

I Am already, my dear Lucy, quite contrary to my own expectation, enabled to obey the third general injunction laid upon me at parting, by you, and all my dear friends; ſince a gentleman, not inconſiderable in his family or fortune, has already beheld your Harriet with partiality.

Not to heighten your impatience by unneceſſary parade, his name is *Fowler*. He is a young gentleman of an handſome, independent fortune, and ſtill larger expectations from a Welſh uncle, now in town, Sir Rowland Meredith; knighted in his ſheriffalty, on occaſion of an addreſs which he brought up to the king from his county.

Sir Rowland, it ſeems, requires from his nephew, on pain of forfeiting his favour for ever, that he marries not without his approbation; which, he declares, he never will give, except the woman be of a good family; has a gentlewoman's fortune; has had the benefit of a religious education; which he conſiders as the beſt ſecurity that can be given for her good behaviour as a wife, and as a *mother*; ſo forward does the good knight look; her character unſullied; acquainted with the theory of the domeſtick duties, and not aſhamed, occaſionally, to enter into the direction of the practice. Her fortune, however, as his nephew will have a good one, he declares to be the leaſt thing he ſtands upon; only that he would have her poſſeſſed of from ſix to ten thouſand pounds, that it may not appear to be a match of mere love, and as if his nephew were *taken in*, as he calls it, rather by the eyes than by the underſtanding. Where a woman can have ſuch a fortune given her by her family, though no greater, it will be an earneſt, he ſays, that the family ſhe is of have *worth*, as he calls it, and want not to owe obligations to that of the man ſhe marries.

Something particular, ſomething that has the look of forecaſt and prudence, you will ſay, in the old knight.

O! but I had like to have forgot; his future niece muſt alſo be handſome. He values himſelf, it ſeems, upon the breed of his horſes and dogs; and makes polite compariſons between the *more* noble, and the *leſs* noble, animals.

Sir Rowland himſelf, as you will gueſs by his particularity, is an old batchelor, and one who wants to have a woman made on purpoſe for his nephew; and who poſitively inſiſts upon qualities, before he knows her, not one of which, perhaps, his future niece will have.

Do not you remember Mr. Tolſon, of Derbyſhire? He was determined never to marry a widow. If he did, it ſhould be one who had a vaſt fortune, and who never had a child: and he had ſtill a more particular exception; and that was to a woman who had red hair. He held his exceptions till he was forty: and then being looked upon as a determined batchelor, no family thought it worth their while to make propoſals to him; no woman to throw out a net for him (to expreſs myſelf in the ſtile of the gay Mr. Greville;) and he at laſt fell in with, and married, the laughing Mrs. Turner; a widow, who had little or no fortune, had one child, a daughter, living, and that child an abſolute idiot; and, to compleat the perverſeneſs of his fate, her hair not only red, but the moſt diſagreeable of reds. The honeſt man was grown ſplenetick: diſregarded by every body, he was become diſregardful of himſelf. He hoped for a cure of his gloomineſs from her chearful vein; and ſeemed to think himſelf under obligation to one who had taken notice of him when nobody elſe would. Batchelors wives! Maids children! Theſe old ſaws always mean ſomething.

Mr. Fowler ſaw me at my couſin Reeves's the firſt time. I cannot ſay he is diſagreeable in his *perſon*: but he ſeems to want the *mind* I would have a man bleſſed with to whom I am to vow love and honour. I purpoſe, whenever I marry, to make a very good and

even

even a dutiful wife. [Muſt I not vow obedience? And ſhall I break my marriage vow?] I would not, therefore, on any conſideration, marry a man, whoſe want of knowledge might make me ſtagger in the performance of my duty to him; and who would perhaps command from caprice, or want of underſtanding, what I ſhould think unreaſonable to be complied with. There is a pleaſure and credit in yielding up even one's judgment in things indifferent, to a man who is older and wiſer than one's ſelf. But we are apt to doubt in one of a contrary character, what in the other we ſhould have no doubt about; and doubt, you know, of a perſon's merit, is the firſt ſtep to diſreſpect; and what, but diſobedience, which lets in every evil, is the next?

I ſaw inſtantly that Mr. Fowler beheld me with a diſtinguiſhed regard. We women, you know, [let me for once be aforehand with my uncle] are very quick in making diſcoveries of this nature. But every body at table ſaw it. He came again next day, and beſought Mr. Reeves to give him his intereſt with me, without aſking any queſtions about my fortune; though he was even generouſly particular as to his own. He might, ſince he has an unexceptionable one. Who is it in theſe caſes that forgets to ſet foremoſt the advantages by which he is diſtinguiſhed? While fortune is the laſt thing talked of by him who has little or none: and then, *Love, love, love*, is all his cry.

Mr. Reeves, who has a good opinion of Mr. Fowler, in anſwer to his enquiries, told him, that he believed I was diſengaged in my affections: Mr. Fowler rejoiced at that. That I had no queſtions to aſk, but thoſe of duty; which, indeed, he ſaid, was a ſtronger tie with me than intereſt. He praiſed my temper, and my frankneſs of heart; the latter at the expence of my ſex; for which I leaſt thanked him, when he told me what he had ſaid. In ſhort, he acquainted him with every thing that was neceſſary, and more than was neceſſary, for him to know, of the favour of my family, and of my good Mr. Deane, in referring all propoſals of this kind to myſelf; mingling the detail with commendations, which only could be excuſed by the goodneſs of his own heart, and accounted for by his partiality to his couſin.

Mr. Fowler expreſſed great apprehenſions on my couſin's talking of theſe references of my grandmother, aunt, and Mr. Deane, to myſelf, on occaſions of this nature; which, he ſaid, he preſumed, had been too frequent for his hopes.

'If you have any hope, Mr. Fowler,' ſaid Mr. Reeves, 'it muſt be 'in your good character; and that 'much preferably to your clear eſtate 'and great expectations. Although 'ſhe takes no pride in the number of 'her admirers, yet is it natural to ſuppoſe, that it has made her more difficult; and her difficulties are enhanced, in proportion to the generous confidence which all her friends 'have in her diſcretion. And when I 'told him,' proceeded Mr. Reeves, 'that your fortune exceeded greatly 'what Sir Rowland required in a wife 'for him; and that you had, as well 'from inclination as education, a ſerious turn; "Too much, too much, in "one perſon!" cried he out. As to 'fortune, he wiſhed you had not a ſhilling; and if he could obtain your favour, he ſhould be the happieſt man in 'the world.'

'O my good Mr. Reeves,' ſaid I, 'how have you over-rated my merits! 'Surely, you have not given Mr. Fowler your intereſt? If you *have*, ſhould 'you not, for *his* ſake, have known 'ſomething of my mind before you 'had ſet me out thus, had I even deſerved your high opinion?—Mr. 'Fowler might have reaſon to repent 'the double well-meant kindneſs of 'his friend, if men in theſe days were 'uſed to break their hearts for love.'

'It is the language I do and muſt 'talk of you in, to every body,' returned Mr. Reeves: 'Is it not the lan'guage that thoſe moſt talk who know 'you beſt?'

'Where the world is inclined to fa'vour,' replied I, 'it is apt to *over*'rate, as much as it will *under*-rate 'where it diſfavours. In this caſe, 'you ſhould not have proceeded ſo far 'as to engage a gentleman's hopes. 'What may be the end of all this, 'but to make a compaſſionate nature, 'as mine has been thought to be, if 'Mr. Fowler ſhould be greatly in ear-

'neſt, uneaſy to itſelf, in being obliged to ſhew pity, where ſhe cannot return love?'

'What I have ſaid, I have ſaid,' replied Mr. Reeves. 'Pity is but one remove from love. Mrs. Reeves, (there ſhe ſits) was firſt brought to pity me; for never was man more madly in love than I; and then I thought myſelf ſure of her. And ſo it proved. I can tell you, I am no enemy to Mr. Fowler.

'And ſo, my dear, Mr. Fowler ſeems to think he has met with a woman who would make a fit wife for him: but your Harriet, I doubt, has not in Mr. Fowler met with a man whom ſhe can think a fit huſband for her.'

The very next morning, Sir Rowland himſelf—

But now, my Lucy, if I proceed to tell you all the fine things that are ſaid *of* me, and *to* me, what will my uncle Selby ſay? Will he not attribute all I ſhall repeat of this ſort, to that pride, to that vanity, to that fondneſs of admiration, which he, as well as Mr. Greville, is continually charging upon all our ſex?

Yet he expects that I ſhall give a minute account of every thing that paſſes, and of every converſation in which I have any part. How ſhall I do to pleaſe him? And yet I know I ſhall *beſt* pleaſe him, if I give him room to find fault with me. But then ſhould he for my faults blame the whole ſex? Is that juſt?

You will tell me, I know, that if I give ſpeeches and converſations, I ought to give them juſtly: that the humours and characters of perſons cannot be known unleſs I repeat *what* they ſay, and their *manner* of ſaying: that I muſt leave it to the ſpeakers and complimenters to anſwer for the likeneſs of the pictures they draw. That I know beſt my own heart, and whether I am puffed up by the praiſes given me; that if I *am*, I ſhall diſcover it by my ſupercilioufneſs; and be enough puniſhed on the diſcovery, by incurring, from thoſe I love, deſerved blame, if not contempt, inſtead of preſerving their wiſhed-for eſteem—Let me add to all this, that there is an author (I forget who) who ſays, 'It 'is lawful to repeat thoſe things, though 'ſpoken in our praiſe, that are neceſſary to be known, and cannot 'otherwiſe be come at.'

And now let me aſk, Will this preamble do, once for all?

It will. And ſo ſays my aunt Selby. And ſo ſays every one but my uncle. Well, then, I will proceed, and repeat all that ſhall be ſaid, and that as well to my diſadvantage as advantage; only reſolving not to be exalted with the one, and to do my endeavour to amend by the other. And here, pray tell my uncle, that I do not deſire he will ſpare me; ſince the faults he ſhall find in his Harriet ſhall always put her upon her guard—Not, however, to conceal them from his diſcerning eye; but to amend them.

And now, having, as I ſaid, once for all, prepared you to guard againſt a ſurfeit of ſelf-praiſe, though delivered at ſecond or third hand, I will go on with my narrative—But hold—my paper reminds me that I have written a monſtrous letter—I will, therefore, with a new ſheet begin a new one. Only adding to this, that I am, and ever will be, your affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

P. S. Well, but what ſhall I do now?—I have juſt received my uncle's letter. And, after his charge upon me of vanity and pride, will my parade, as above, ſtand me in any ſtead?—I muſt truſt to it. Only one word to my dear and ever-honoured uncle—Don't you, Sir, impute to me a belief of the truth of thoſe extravagant compliments made by men profeſſing love to me; and I will not wiſh you to think me one bit the wiſer, the handſomer, the better, for them, than I was before.

LETTER IX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, FEB. 2.

THE very next morning Sir Rowland himſelf paid his reſpects to Mr. Reeves.

The knight, before he would open himſelf very freely as to the buſineſs he came upon, deſired that he might have an opportunity to ſee me. I knew nothing of him, nor of his buſineſs. We were

were juſt going to breakfaſt. Miſs Alleſtree, Miſs Bramber, and Miſs Dolyns, a young lady of merit, were with us.

Juſt as we had taken our ſeats, Mr. Reeves introduced Sir Rowland, but let him not know which was Miſs Byron. He did nothing, at firſt ſitting down, but peer in our faces by turns; and fixing his eyes upon Miſs Alleſtree, he jogged Mr. Reeves with his elbow —'Hay, Sir?'—audibly whiſpered he.

Mr. Reeves was ſilent. Sir Rowland, who is ſhort-ſighted, then looked under his bent brows, at Miſs Bramber; then at Miſs Dolyns; and then at me—'Hay, Sir?' whiſpered he again.

He ſat out the firſt diſh of tea with an impatience equal, as it ſeemed, to his uncertainty. And at laſt taking Mr. Reeves by one of his buttons, deſired a word with him. They withdrew together; and the knight, not quitting hold of Mr. Reeves's button, 'Ad's-'my-life, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I hope I am 'right. I love my nephew as I love 'myſelf. I live but for him. He 'ever was dutiful to me his uncle. If 'that be Miſs Byron who ſits on the 'right-hand of your lady, with the 'countenance of an angel, her eyes 'ſparkling with good-humour, and 'blooming as a May morning, the buſineſs is *done*. I give my conſent. 'Although I heard not a word paſs 'from her lips, I am ſure ſhe is all intelligence. My boy *ſhall* have her. 'The other young ladies are agreeable: 'but if this be the lady my kinſman 'is in love with, he *ſhall* have her. 'How will ſhe outſhine all our Caermarthen ladies; and yet we have 'charming girls in Caermarthen!—'Am I, or am I not right, Mr. Reeves, 'as to my nephew's *flame*, as they 'call it?'

'The lady you deſcribe, Sir Rowland, is Miſs Byron.'

And then Mr. Reeves, in his uſual partial manner, let his heart overflow at his lips in my favour.

'Thank God, thank God!' ſaid the knight. 'Let us return. Let us go in 'again. I will ſay ſomething to her to 'make her ſpeak: but not a word to daſh 'her. I expect her voice to be muſick, 'if it be as harmonious as the reſt of 'her. By the ſoftneſs or harſhneſs of the 'voice, let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, 'I form a judgment of the heart, and 'ſoul, and manners, of a lady. 'Tis 'a *criterion*, as they call it, of my 'own; and I am hardly ever miſtaken. 'Let us go in again, I pray ye.'

They returned, and took their ſeats; the knight making an awkward apology for taking my couſin out.

Sir Rowland, his forehead ſmoothed, and his face ſhining, ſat ſwelling, as big with meaning, yet not knowing how to begin. Mrs. Reeves and Miſs Alleſtree were talking at the re-entrance of the gentlemen. Sir Rowland thought he muſt ſay ſomething, however diſtant from his main purpoſe. Breaking ſilence therefore, 'You, la-'dies, ſeemed to be deep in diſcourſe 'when we came in. Whatever were 'your ſubject, I beg you will reſume 'it.'

They had finiſhed, they aſſured him, what they had to ſay.

Sir Rowland ſeemed ſtill at a loſs. He hemmed three times; and looked at me with particular kindneſs. Mr. Reeves, then, in pity to his fulneſs, aſked him how long he propoſed to ſtay in town?

He had thought, he ſaid, to have ſet out in a week; but ſomething had happened, which he believed could not be compleated under a *fortnight*. 'Yet 'I want to be down,' ſaid he; 'for I 'had juſt finiſhed, as I came up, the 'new-built houſe I deſign to preſent 'to my nephew when he marries. I 'pretend, plain man as I am, to be a 'judge, both of taſte and elegance. [Sir Rowland was now ſet a going.] 'All I wiſh for is to ſee him happily 'ſettled. Ah, ladies! that I need not 'go farther than this table for a wife 'for my boy?'

We all ſmiled, and looked upon each other.

'You young ladies,' proceeded he, 'have great advantages in certain caſes 'over us men; and this (which I little 'thought of till it came to be my own 'caſe) whether we ſpeak for our kindred or for ourſelves. But will you, 'Madam,' to Mrs. Reeves, 'will you, 'Sir,' to Mr. Reeves,' anſwer my 'queſtions—as to theſe ladies?—I *muſt* 'have a niece among them. My nephew, though I ſay it, is one whom 'any lady may love; and as for fortune, let me alone to make him, in '*addition* to his own, all clear as the

'ſun, worthy of any woman's accep-
'tance, though ſhe were a ducheſs.'

We were all ſilent, and ſmiled upon one another.

'What I would aſk, then, is, Which
'of the ladies before me—Mercy! I
'believe by their ſmiling, and by their
'pretty looks, they are none of them
'engaged. I will begin with the young
'lady on your right-hand. She looks
'ſo lovely, ſo good-natured, and ſo
'condeſcending!—Mercy! what an
'open forehead!—Hem!—Forgive me,
'Madam; but I believe you would
'not diſdain to anſwer my queſtion
'yourſelf.—Are you, Madam, are you
'abſolutely and *bona fide* diſengaged?
'or are you not?'

'As this, Sir Rowland,' anſwered I, 'is a queſtion I can beſt reſolve, I
'frankly own that I am diſengaged.'

'Charming! charming!—Mercy!
'Why, now, what a noble frankneſs
'in that anſwer!—No jeſting matter!
'You may ſmile, ladies.—I hope,
'Madam, you ſay true: I hope I may
'rely upon it, that your affections are
'not engaged.'

'You may, Sir Rowland. I do not
'love, even in jeſt, to be guilty of an
'untruth.'

'Admirable!—But, let me tell you,
'Madam, that I hope you will not
'many days have this to ſay. Ad's-
'my-life! ſweet ſoul! how I rejoice
'to ſee that charming ſtuff in the fineſt
'cheek in the world! But Heaven for-
'bid that I ſhould daſh ſo ſweet a crea-
'ture!—Well, but now there is no
'going farther. Excuſe me, ladies;
'I mean not a ſlight to any of you:
'but now, you know, there is no
'going farther—and will you, Ma-
'dam, permit me to introduce to you,
'as a lover, as an humble ſervant,
'a very proper and agreeable young
'man? *Let* me introduce him: he is
'*my* nephew. Your looks are all
'graciouſneſs. Perhaps you have ſeen
'him: and if you are really diſengaged,
'you can have no objection to him;
'of that I am confident. And I am
'told, that you have nobody that either
'*can* or *will* controul you.'

'The more controulable for that
'very reaſon, Sir Rowland.'

'Ad's-my-life, I like your anſwer!
'Why, Madam, you muſt be full as
'good as you look to be. I wiſh I
'were a young man myſelf for *your*
'*ſake!* But tell me, Madam, will
'you permit a viſit from my nephew
'this afternoon?—Come, come, dear
'young lady, be as gracious as you
'look to be. Fortune muſt do. Had
'you not a ſhilling, I ſhould rejoice
'in ſuch a niece: and that is more
'than I ever ſaid in my life before.
'My nephew is a ſober man, a mo-
'deſt man. He has a good eſtate of
'his own; a clear 2000*l.* a year. I
'will add to it in my life-time as much
'more. Be all this good company wit-
'neſſes for me. I am no fincher. It
'is well known, the word of Sir Row-
'land Meredith is as good as his bond
'at all times. I love theſe open do-
'ings. I love to be above-board. What
'ſignifies ſhilly-ſhally? What ſays
'the old proverb?—

"Happy is the wooing
"That is not long a-doing."

'But, Sir Rowland,' ſaid I, 'there
'are proverbs that may be ſet againſt
'your proverb. You hint that I have
'ſeen the gentleman: now, I have
'never yet ſeen the man whoſe ad-
'dreſſes I could encourage.'

'O! I like you the better for that.
'None but the *giddy* love at firſt ſight.
'Ad's-my-life, you would have been
'ſnapt up before now, young as
'you are, could you eaſily have re-
'turned love for love. Why, Ma-
'dam, you cannot be above ſixteen?'

'O, Sir Rowland, you are miſtak-
'en. Chearfulneſs and a contented
'mind make a difference to advan-
'tage of half a dozen years at any
'time. I am much nearer twenty-
'one than *nineteen*, I aſſure you.'

'Nearer to twenty-one than *nine-*
'*teen*, and yet ſo freely tell your age
'without aſking!'

'Miſs Byron, Sir Rowland,' ſaid Mrs. Reeves, 'is young enough at
'twenty, ſurely, to own her age.'

'True, Madam; but at twenty, if
'not before, time always ſtands ſtill
'with women. A lady's age once
'known will be always remembered;
'and that more for ſpite than love.
'At twenty-eight or thirty, I believe
'moſt ladies are willing to ſtrike off
'half a dozen years at leaſt.—And
'yet, and yet,' (ſmiling, and look-
ing arch) 'I have always ſaid, (par-
'don me, ladies) that it is a ſign,
'when

'when women are so desirous to conceal their age, that they think they 'shall be good for nothing when in 'years. Ah, ladies!' shaking his head, and laughing, 'women don't 'think of that. But how I admire 'you, Madam, for your frankness! 'Would to the Lord you were twenty-'four!—I would have no woman 'marry under twenty-four: and that, 'let me tell you, ladies, for the following reasons—' Standing up, and putting the fore-finger of his right-hand, extended with a flourish, upon the thumb of his left.

'O, Sir Rowland! I doubt not but 'you can give very good reasons. And 'I assure you, I intend not to marry 'on the wrong side, as I call it, of 'twenty-four.'

'Admirable, by mercy! but that 'won't do, neither. The man lives 'not, young lady, who will stay your 'time, if he can have you at his. I 'love your noble frankness. Then 'such sweetness of countenance,' (sitting down, and audibly whispering, and jogging my cousin with his elbow) 'such dove-like eyes, daring to tell 'all that is in the honest heart!—I 'am a physiognomist, Madam,' (raising his voice to me.) 'Ad's-my-life, 'you are a perfect paragon! Say you 'will encourage my boy, or you will 'be worse off: for,' (standing up again) 'I will come and court you myself. A 'good estate gives a man confidence; 'and, when I set about it—Hum!—' (one hand stuck in his side; flourishing with the other) 'no woman yet, 'I do assure you, ever won my heart 'as you have done.'

'O, Sir Rowland! I thought you 'were too wise to be swayed by first 'impressions: none but the *giddy*, you 'know, love at first sight.'

'Admirable! admirable, indeed! I 'knew you had wit at will; and I 'am sure you have wisdom. Know 'you, ladies, that *wit* and *wisdom* are 'two different things, and are very 'rarely seen together? Plain man as 'I appear to be,' (looking on himself first on one side, then on the other, and unbuttoning his coat two buttons, to let a gold braid appear upon his waistcoat) 'I can tell ye, I have not 'lived all this time for nothing. I am 'considered in Wales—Hem!—But I 'will not praise myself.—Ad's-my-'life! how do this young lady's perfections run me all into tongue!—'But I see you all respect her as well 'as I; so I need not make apology to 'the rest of you young ladies for the 'distinction paid to her. I wish I had 'as many nephews as there are ladies 'of you disengaged: by mercy, we 'would be all of kin!'

'Thank you, Sir Rowland,' said each of the young ladies, smiling, and diverted at his oddity.

'But, as to my observation,' continued the knight, 'that none but the '*giddy* love at first sight; there is no 'general rule without exception, you 'know: every man *must* love *you* at 'first sight. Do I not love you myself? and yet never did I see you 'before, nor any body like you.'

'You know not what you do, Sir 'Rowland, to raise thus the vanity 'of a poor girl. How may you make 'conceit and pride run away with her, 'till she become contemptible for both 'in the eye of every person whose good 'opinion is worth cultivating?'

'Ad's-my-life, that's prettily said! 'But let me tell you, that the *she* who 'can give this caution in the midst of 'her praisings, can be in no danger 'of being run away with by her vanity. Why, Madam! you *extort* 'praises from me! I never ran on so 'glibly in praise of mortal woman 'before. You must cease to look, to 'smile, to speak, I can tell you, if 'you would have me cease to praise 'you!'

'Tis well you are not a young 'man, Sir Rowland,' said Miss Allestree. 'You seem to have the art of 'engaging a woman's attention. You 'seem to know how to turn her own 'artillery against her; and, as your 'sex generally do, to exalt her in 'courtship, that you may have it in 'your power to abase her afterwards.'

'Why, Madam, I must own, that 'we men live to sixty before we know 'how to deal with you ladies, or with 'the world either; and then we are 'not fit to engage with the one, and 'are ready to quit the other. An old 'head upon a young pair of shoulders 'would make rare work among ye. 'But, to the main point!' (looking very kindly on me:) 'I ask no questions about you, Madam. Fortune 'is not to be mentioned. I want you

'not

'not to have any. Not that the lady 'is the worſe for having a fortune: 'and a man may ſtand a chance for as 'good a wife among thoſe who have 'fortunes, as among thoſe who have 'none. I adore you for your frank-'neſs of heart. Be all of a piece now, 'I beſeech you. You are diſengaged, 'you ſay: will you admit of a viſit 'from my nephew? My boy may be 'baſhful. True love is always mo-'deſt and diffident. You don't look 'as if you would diſlike a man for 'being modeſt. And I will come 'along with him *myſelf*.'

And then the old knight looked important, as one, who if he lent his head to his nephew's ſhoulders, had no doubt of ſucceeding.

'What, Sir Rowland! admit of a 'viſit from your nephew, in order to 'engage him in a three years court-'ſhip? I have told you, that I in-'tend not to marry till I am twenty-'four.'

'Twenty-four, I muſt own, is the 'age of marriage I ſhould chuſe for a 'lady! and for the reaſons aforeſaid. 'But, now I think of it, I did not 'tell you my reaſons—Theſe be they.'

Down went his cup and ſaucer! up went his left-hand ready ſpread, and his crooked finger of his right-hand, as ready to enumerate.

'No doubt, Sir Rowland, you have 'very good reaſons.'

'But, Madam, you muſt *hear* them. '—And I ſhall prove—'

'I am convinced, Sir Rowland, that 'twenty-four is an age early enough.'

'But I ſhall prove, Madam, that you 'at twenty, or at twenty-one—'

'Enough, enough, Sir Rowland: 'what need of proof when one is con-'vinced?'

'But you know not, Madam, what 'I was driving at—'

'Well but, Sir Rowland,' ſaid Miſs Bramber, 'will not the reaſons you 'could give for the proper age at twen-'ty-four, make againſt your wiſhes in 'this caſe?'

'They will make againſt them, 'Madam, in general caſes: but in 'this particular caſe they will make 'for me; for the lady before me is—'

'Not in my opinion, perhaps, Sir 'Rowland, will your reaſons make 'for you: and then your exception 'in my favour will ſignify nothing.

'And, beſides, you muſt know, that 'I never can accept of a compliment 'that is made me at the expence of 'my ſex.'

'Well, then, Madam, I hope you 'forbid me, in favour to my plea. 'You are loth to hear any thing for 'twenty-four againſt twenty-one, I 'hope?'

'That is another point, Sir Row-'land.'

'Why, Madam, you ſeem to be 'afraid of hearing my reaſons. No 'man living knows better than I, how 'to behave in ladies company. I be-'lieve I ſhould not be ſo little of a 'gentleman, as to offend the niceſt 'ear. No need, indeed! no need, in-'deed!' looking archly; 'ladies on 'certain ſubjects are very quick—'

'That is to ſay, Sir Rowland,' interrupted Mrs. Reeves, 'that modeſty 'is eaſily alarmed.'

'If any thing is ſaid, or implied, 'upon certain ſubjects, that you would 'not be thought to underſtand, ladies 'know how to be ignorant.'

And then he laughed.

'Undoubtedly, Sir Rowland,' ſaid I; 'ſuch company as this need not 'be apprehenſive that a gentleman 'like you ſhould ſay any thing un-'ſuitable to it. But do you really 'think affected ignorance can be ever 'graceful, or a proof of true delicacy? 'Let me rather ſay, that a woman of 'virtue would be wanting to her cha-'racter, if ſhe had not courage enough 'to expreſs her reſentment of any diſ-'courſe that is meant as an inſult up-'on modeſty.'

'Admirably ſaid again! But men 'will ſometimes forget that there are 'ladies in company.'

'Very favourably put for the men, 'Sir Rowland. But pardon me, if I 'own, that I ſhould have a mean opi-'nion of a man, who allowed himſelf 'to talk, even to *men*, what a woman 'might not hear. A pure heart, whe-'ther in man or woman, will be al-'ways, in every company, on every 'occaſion, pure.'

'Ad's-my-life, you have excellent 'notions, Madam! I wanted to hear 'you ſpeak juſt now: and now you 'make me, and every one elſe, ſilent.— 'Twenty-one! why, what you ſay 'would ſhame *ſixty-one*. You muſt 'have kept excellent company all your 'life!

'life!—Mercy! if ever I heard the 'like from a lady so young!—What 'a glory do you reflect back upon all 'who had any hand in your educa-'tion! Why was I not born within 'the past thirty years? I might then 'have had some hopes of you myself! '—And this brings me to my former 'subject, of my nephew—But, Mr. 'Reeves, one word with you, Mr. 'Reeves. I beg your pardon, ladies; 'but the importance of the matter will 'excuse me; and I must get out of 'town as soon as I can—One word 'with you, Mr. Reeves.'

The gentlemen withdrew together, for breakfast by this time was over; and then the knight opened all his heart to Mr. Reeves, and besought his interest. He would afterwards have obtained an audience, as he called it, of me: but the three young ladies having taken leave of us, and Mrs. Reeves and I being retired to dress, I excused myself.

He then desired leave to attend me to-morrow evening; but Mr. Reeves pleading engagements till Monday evening, he besought him to indulge him with his interest in that long *gap of time*, as he called it, and for my being then in the way.

And thus, Lucy, have I given you an ample account of what has passed with regard to this new servant; as gentlemen call themselves, in order to become our masters.

'Tis now Friday morning. We are just setting out to dine with Lady Betty. If the day furnishes me with any amusing materials for my next pacquet, it's agreeableness will be doubled to your ever affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

SOME amusement, my Lucy, the day has afforded: indeed, more than I could have wished. A large pacquet, however, for Selby House.

Lady Betty received us most politely. She had company with her, to whom she introduced us, and presented me in a very advantageous character.

Shall I tell you how their first appearance struck me, and what I have since heard and observed of them?

The first I shall mention was Miss CANTILLON; very pretty, but visibly proud, affected, and conceited.

The second Miss CLEMENTS; plain, but of a fine understanding, improved by reading; and who, having no personal advantages to be vain of, has, by the cultivation of her mind, obtained a preference in every one's opinion over the fair Cantillon.

The third was Miss BARNEVELT, a lady of masculine features, and whose mind belyed not those features; for she has the character of being loud, bold, free, even fierce when opposed; and affects at all times such airs of contempt of her own sex, that one almost wonders at her condescending to wear petticoats.

The gentlemen's names were WALDEN and SINGLETON; the first, an Oxford scholar of family and fortune, but quaint and opinionated, despising every one who has not had the benefit of an university education.

Mr. Singleton is a harmless man; who is, it seems, the object of more ridicule, even down to his very name, among all his acquaintance, than I think he by any means ought, considering the apparent inoffensiveness of the man, who did not give *himself* his intellects; and his constant good humour, which might intitle him to better quarter; the rather, too, as he has one point of knowledge, which those who think themselves his superiors in understanding, do not always attain, the knowledge of himself; for he is humble, modest, ready to confess an inferiority to every one: and as laughing at a jest is by some taken for high applause, he is ever the first to bestow that commendation on what others say; though it must be owned, he now-and-then mistakes for a jest what is none: which, however, may be generally more the fault of the speakers than of Mr. Singleton; since he takes his cue from their smiles, especially when those are seconded by the laugh of one of whom he has a good opinion.

Mr. Singleton is in possession of a good estate, which makes amends for many defects. He has a turn, it is said, to the well-managing of it; and nobody understands his own interest better than he;

he; by which knowledge, he has opportunities to lay obligations upon many of those, who behind his back think themselves intitled, by their supposed superior sense, to deride him: and he is ready enough to oblige in this way; but it is always on such securities, that he has never given cause for spendthrifts to laugh at him on that account.

It is thought that the friends of the fair Cantillon would not be averse to an alliance with this gentleman: while I, were I his sister, should rather wish, that he had so much wisdom in his weakness, as to devote himself to the worthier Pulcheria Clements, (Lady Betty's wish as well as mine) whose fortune, though not despicable, and whose humbler views, would make her think herself repaid, by his fortune, the obligation she would lay him under by her acceptance of him.

Nobody, it seems, thinks of a *husband* for Miss Barnevelt. She is sneeringly spoken of rather as a *young fellow* than as a woman; and who will one day look out for a *wife* for herself. One reason, indeed, she every where gives, for being satisfied with being a woman; which is, *that she cannot be married to a* WOMAN.

An odd creature, my dear. But see what women get by going out of character: like the bats in the fable, they are looked upon as mortals of a doubtful species, hardly owned by either, and laughed at by both.

This was the company, and all the company, besides us, that Lady Betty expected. But mutual civilities had hardly passed, when Lady Betty, having been called out, returned, introducing, as a gentleman who would be acceptable to every one, Sir HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN. 'He is,' whispered she to me, as he saluted the rest of the company in a very gallant manner, 'a young baronet of a very large 'estate; the greatest part of which has 'lately come to him by the death of a 'grandmother, and two uncles, all very 'rich.'

When he was presented to me by name, and I to him, 'I think myself 'very happy,' said he, 'in being admitted to the presence of a young 'lady so celebrated for her graces of 'person and mind.' Then addressing himself to Lady Betty, 'Much did I 'hear, when I was at the last Northampton races, of Miss Byron; but little did I expect to find report fall 'so short of what I see.'

Miss Cantillon bridled, played with her fan, and looked as if she thought herself slighted; a little scorn intermingled with the airs she gave herself.

Miss Clements smiled, and looked pleased, as if she enjoyed good-naturedly a compliment made to one of the sex which she adorns by the goodness of her heart.

Miss Barnevelt said she had, from the moment I first entered, beheld me with the eye of a lover: and freely taking my hand, squeezed it. 'Charming creature!' said she; as if addressing a country innocent, and perhaps expecting me to be covered with blushes and confusion.

The baronet excusing himself to Lady Betty, assured her, that she must place this his bold intrusion to the account of Miss Byron, he having been told that she was to be there.

Whatever were his motive, Lady Betty said, he did her favour; and she was sure the whole company would think themselves *doubly* obliged to Miss Byron.

The student looked as if he thought himself eclipsed by Sir Hargrave, and as if, in revenge, he was putting his fine speeches into Latin, and trying them by the rules of grammar; a broken sentence from a classick author bursting from his lips; and at last standing up, half on tip-toe, (as if he wanted to look down upon the baronet) he stuck one hand in his side, and passed by him, casting a contemptuous eye on his gaudy dress.

Mr. Singleton smiled, and looked as if delighted with all he saw and heard. Once, indeed, he tried to speak: his mouth actually opened, to give passage to his words, as sometimes seems to be his way before the words are quite ready; but he sat down satisfied with the effort.

It is true, people who do not make themselves contemptible by affectation, should not be despised. Poor and rich, wise and unwise, we are all links of the same great chain. And you must tell me, my dear, if I, in endeavouring to give true descriptions of the

persons

perſons I ſee, incur the cenſure I paſs on others who deſpiſe any one for the defects they cannot help.

Will you forgive me, my dear, if I make this letter as long as my laſt?

'No,' ſay.

Well, then, I thank you for a freedom ſo conſiſtent with our friendſhip: and conclude with aſſurances, that I am, and ever will be, *moſt affectionately yours*,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

IT was convenient to me, Lucy, to break off juſt where I did in my laſt; elſe I ſhould not have been ſo very ſelf-denying as to ſuppoſe you had no curioſity to hear, what undoubtedly I wanted to tell. 'Two girls talking 'over a new ſet of company,' would my uncle Selby ſay, 'are not apt to break 'off very abruptly; not ſhe eſpecially of 'the two, who has found out a fair excuſe to repeat every compliment made 'to herſelf; and when, perhaps, there 'may be a new admirer in the caſe.'

'May there ſo, my uncle? And which 'of the gentlemen do you think the 'man? The baronet, I ſuppoſe, you 'gueſs. And ſo he is.'

Well, then, let me give you, Lucy, a ſketch of him. But conſider, I form my accounts from what I have ſince been told, as well as from what I obſerved at the time.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is handſome and genteel; pretty tall, about twenty-eight or thirty. His complexion is a little of the faireſt for a man, and a little of the paleſt. He has remarkably bold eyes; rather approaching to what we would call goggling; and he gives himſelf airs with them, as if he wiſhed to have them thought rakiſh; perhaps as a recommendation, in his opinion, to the ladies. Lady Betty, on his back being turned, praiſing his perſon; Miſs Cantillon ſaid, Sir Hargrave had the fineſt eyes ſhe ever ſaw in a man. They were manly, *meaning* ones.

He is very voluble in ſpeech; but ſeems to owe his volubility more to his want of doubt than to the extraordinary merit of what he ſays. Yet he is thought to have ſenſe; and if he could prevail upon himſelf to hear more, and ſpeak leſs, he would better deſerve the good opinion he thinks himſelf ſure of. But as he can ſay any thing without heſitation, and excites a laugh by laughing himſelf at all he is going to ſay, as well as at what he has juſt ſaid, he is thought infinitely agreeable by the gay, and by thoſe who wiſh to drown thought in merriment.

Sir Hargrave, it ſeems, has travelled: but he muſt have carried abroad with him a great number of follies, and a great deal of affectation, if he has left any of them behind him.

But with all his foibles, he is ſaid to be a man of enterprize and courage; and young women, it ſeems, muſt take care how they laugh with him: for he makes ungenerous conſtructions to the diſadvantage of a woman whom he can bring to ſeem pleaſed with his jeſts.

I will tell you hereafter how I came to know this, and even worſe, of him.

The taſte of the preſent age ſeems to be dreſs: no wonder, therefore, that ſuch a man as Sir Hargrave aims to excel in it. What can be miſbeſtowed by a man on his perſon, who values it more than his mind? But he would, in my opinion, better become his dreſs, if the pains he undoubtedly takes before he ventures to come into publick, were leſs apparent: this I judge from his ſolicitude to preſerve all in exact order, when in company; for he forgets not to pay his reſpects to himſelf at every glaſs; yet does it with a ſeeming conſciouſneſs, as if he would hide a vanity too apparent to be concealed; breaking from it, if he finds himſelf obſerved, with a half-careleſs, yet ſeemingly diſſatisfied air, pretending to have diſcovered ſomething amiſs in himſelf. This ſeldom fails to bring him a compliment; of which he ſhews himſelf very ſenſible, by affectedly diſclaiming the merit of it; perhaps with this ſpeech, bowing, with his ſpread hand on his breaſt, waving his head to and fro—'By my ſoul, Madam, (or Sir) 'you do me too much honour.'

Such a man is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He placed himſelf next to the country-girl, and laid himſelf out in fine ſpeeches to her, running on in ſuch a

manner, that I had not for some time an opportunity to convince him, that I had been in company with gay people before. He would have it, that I was a perfect beauty, and he supposed me very young—very silly of course: and gave himself such airs, as if he were sure of my admiration.

I viewed him steadily several times; and my eye once falling under his, as I was looking at him, I dare say he at that moment pitied the poor fond heart, which he supposed was in tumults about him; when, at the very time, I was considering whether, if I were obliged to have the one or the other, as a punishment for some great fault I had committed, my choice would fall on Mr. Singleton, or on him. I mean, supposing the former were not a remarkable obstinate man; since obstinacy in a weak man, I think, must be worse than tyranny in a man of sense—if, indeed, a man of sense can be a tyrant.

A summons to dinner relieved me from his more particular addresses, and placed him at a distance from me.

Sir Hargrave, the whole time of dinner, received advantage from the supercilious looks and behaviour of Mr. Walden; who seemed, on every thing the baronet said, (and he was seldom silent) half to despise him; for he made at times so many different mouths of contempt, that I thought it was impossible for the *same* features to express them. I have been making mouths in the glass for several minutes, to try to recover some of Mr. Walden's, in order to describe them to you, Lucy; but I cannot for my life so distort my face as to enable me to give you a notion of one of them.

He might, perhaps, have been better justified in some of his contempts, had it not been visible that the consequence which he took from the baronet, he gave to himself; and yet was as censurable one way as Sir Hargrave was the other.

Mirth, however insipid, will occasion smiles; though sometimes to the disadvantage of the mirthful. But gloom, severity, moroseness, will always disgust, though in a Solomon. Mr. Walden had not been taught that: and, indeed, it might seem a little ungrateful (don't you think so, Lucy?) if women failed to reward a man with their smiles, who scrupled not to make himself a—monkey (shall I say?) to please them.

Never before did I see the difference between the man of the Town and the man of the College, displayed in a light so striking as in these two gentlemen in the conversation after dinner. The one seemed resolved not to be pleased; while the other laid himself out to please every body; and that in a manner so much at his own expence, as frequently to bring into question his understanding. By a *second* silly thing he banished the remembrance of the *first*; by a *third* the *second*, and so on: and by continually laughing at his own absurdities, left us at liberty to suppose that his folly was his choice; and that, had it not been to divert the company, he would have made a better figure.

Mr. Walden, as was evident by his scornful brow, by the contemptuous motion of his lip, and by his whole face affectedly turned from the baronet, grudged him the smile that sat upon every one's countenance; and for which, without distinguishing whether it was a smile of *approbation*, or *not*, he looked as if he pitied us all, and as if he thought himself cast into unequal company. Nay, twice or thrice he addressed himself, in preference to every one else, to honest simpering Mr. Singleton; who, for his part, as was evident, much better relished the baronet's flippances, than the dry significance of the student. For, whenever Sir Hargrave spoke, Mr. Singleton's mouth was open: but it was quite otherwise with him when Mr. Walden spoke, even at the time that he paid him the distinction of addressing himself to him, as if he were the principal person in the company.

But one word, by the bye, Lucy—Don't you think it is very happy for us foolish women, that the generality of the lords of the *creation* are not much wiser than ourselves? Or, to express myself in other words, that *over*-wisdom is as foolish a thing to the full, as *moderate* folly!—But, hush! I have done.—I know that at this place my uncle will be ready to rise against me.

After dinner, Mr. Walden, not chusing to be any longer so egregiously eclipsed by the man of the Town, put forth the scholar.

By the way, let me ask my uncle, if the word *scholar* means not the *learner*, rather than the *learned?* If it originally means

means no more, I would suppose that formerly the most learned men were the most modest, contenting themselves with being thought but *learners*; but, as my revered first instructor used to say, the more a man knows, the more he will find he has to know.

'Pray, Sir Hargrave,' said Mr. Walden, 'may I ask you——You had 'a thought just now, speaking of love 'and beauty, which I know you must 'have from Tibullus. [And then he repeated the line in an *heroick* accent; and, pausing, looked upon us women] 'Which university had the honour of 'finishing your studies, Sir Hargrave? 'I presume you were brought up at one 'of them.'

'Not I,' said the baronet: 'a man, 'surely, may read Tibullus, and Virgil 'too, without being indebted to either 'university for his learning.'

'No man, Sir Hargrave, in my '*humble* opinion,' [with a decisive air he spoke the word *humble*] 'can be well 'grounded in any branch of learning 'who has not been at one of our famous 'universities.'

'I never yet proposed, Mr. Walden, 'to qualify myself for a degree. My 'chaplain is a very pretty fellow. He 'understands Tibullus, I believe,' [immoderately laughing, and by his eyes cast in turn upon each person at table, bespeaking a general smile]—'and of 'Oxford, as you are.'

And again he laughed: but his laugh was then such a one as rather shewed ridicule than mirth; a provoking laugh, such a one as Mr. Greville often affects when he is in a disputing humour, in order to dash an opponent out of countenance, by *getting the laugh*, instead of the argument, on his side.

My uncle, you know, will have it sometimes, that his girl has a satirical vein. I am afraid she has—but this I will say for her, she means no ill-nature: she loves every body, but not their faults; as her uncle in his letter tells her. Nor wishes to be spared for her own: nor, very probably, is she, if those who see her, write *of* her to their chosen friends as she does to hers of them.

Shall I tell you what I imagine each person of the company I am writing about (writing in characters) would say of me to *their* correspondents?—It would be digressing too much, or I would.

Mr. Walden in his heart, I dare say, was revenged on the baronet. He gave him such a look as would have grieved *me* the whole day, had it been given me by one whom I valued.

Sir Hargrave had too much business for his eyes with the ladies, in order to obtain *their* countenance, to trouble himself about the looks of the men. And, indeed, he seemed to have as great a contempt for Mr. Walden as Mr. Walden had for him.

But here I shall be too late for the post. Will this stuff go down with you at Selby House in want of better subjects?

'Every thing from you, my Har-'riet!'——

Thank you! thank you, all, my indulgent friends! So it ever was. Trifles from those we love are acceptable. May I deserve your love!

Adieu, my Lucy——But tell my Nancy that she has delighted me by her letter.

H. B.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'WHAT is *your* opinion, my 'charming Miss Byron?' said the baronet: 'May not a man of for-'tune, who has *not* received his edu-'cation and *polish* [he pronounced the word *polish* with an emphasis, and another laugh] 'at an university, make as 'good a figure in social life, and as 'ardent a lover as if he had?'

I would have been silent: but, gazing on my face, he repeated, 'What say *you* 'to this, Miss Byron?'

'The world, Sir Hargrave, I have 'heard called an university: but is it 'not an obvious truth, that neither a 'learned, nor what is called a *fine* 'education, has any other value than 'as each tends to improve the morals 'of men, and to make them wise and 'good?'

'*The world an university!*' replied Mr. Walden. 'Why, truly,' looking up to Sir Hargrave's face, and then down to his feet, disdainfully, as if he would measure him with his eyes, 'I

'cannot but say,' twisting his head on one side, and with a drolling accent, 'that the world produces very pretty 'scholars—for the ladies!'——

The baronet took fire at being so contemptuously measured by the eye of the student; and I thought it was not amiss, for fear of high words between them, to put myself forward.

'And are not women, Mr. Walden,' resumed I, 'one half in number, though 'not perhaps in value, of the human 'species?—Would it not be pity, Sir, 'if the knowledge that is to be ob-'tained in the *lesser* university should 'make a man despise what is to be ac-'quired in the *greater*, in which that 'knowledge was principally intended 'to make him useful?'

This diverted the baronet's anger: 'Well, Mr. Walden,' said he, exultingly, rubbing his hands, 'what say 'you to the young lady's observation? 'By my soul it is worth your notice. 'You may carry it down with you to '*your* university; and the best scholars 'there will not be the worse for at-'tending to it.'

Mr. Walden seemed to collect himself, as if he were inclined to consider me with more attention than he had done before; and waving his hand, as if he would put by the baronet, as an adversary he had done with, 'I am to 'thank you, Madam,' said he, 'it 'seems, for your observation. And so 'the *lesser* university——'

'I have great veneration, Mr. Wal-'den,' interrupted I, 'for learning, 'and great honour for learned men—'But this is a subject——'

'That you must not get off from, 'young lady.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so, Sir—'but, indeed, I must.'

The company seemed pleased to see me so likely to be drawn in; and this encouraged Mr. Walden to push his weak adversary.

'Know you, Madam,' said he, 'any 'thing of the learned languages?'

'No, indeed, Sir—nor do I know 'which, particularly, you call so.'

'The Greek, the Latin, Madam.'

'Who, I, a woman know any thing 'of Latin and Greek! I know but one 'lady who is mistress of both; and 'she finds herself so much an owl 'among the birds, that she wants of 'all things to be thought to have un-'learned them.'

'Why, ladies, I cannot but *say*, that 'I should rather chuse to marry a wo-'man whom I could teach something, 'than one who would think herself 'qualified to teach me.'

'Is it a *necessary* consequence, Sir,' said Miss Clements, 'that knowledge, 'which makes a man shine, should 'make a woman vain and pragmatical? 'May not two persons, having the 'same taste, improve each other? Was 'not this the case of Monsieur and 'Madame Dacier?'

'Flint and steel to each other,' added Lady Betty.

'Turkish policy, I doubt, in you 'men,' proceeded Miss Clements.—'*No second brother near the throne.* 'That empire some think the safest 'which is founded in ignorance.'

'We know, Miss Clements,' replied Mr. Walden, 'that you are a 'well-read lady. But I have nothing 'to say to observations that are in 'every body's mouth—Pardon me, 'Madam.'

'Indeed, Sir,' said Mr. Reeves, 'I 'think Miss Clements should *not* par-'don you. There is, in my opinion, 'great force in what she said.'

'But I have a mind to talk with 'this fair lady, your cousin, Mr. 'Reeves. She is the very woman that 'I wish to hold an argument with on 'the hints she threw out.'

'Pardon me, Sir. But I will not 'return the compliment. I cannot 'argue.'

'And yet, Madam, I will not let 'you go off so easily. You seem to 'be very happy in your elocution, and 'to have some pretty notions for so 'young a lady.'

'I cannot argue, Sir.'——

'Dear Miss Byron,' said the baronet, 'hear what Mr. Walden has to 'say to you.'

Every one made the same request. I was silent, looked down, and played with my fan.

When Mr. Walden had liberty to say what he pleased, he seemed at a loss himself for words.

At last, 'I asked you, Madam, I 'asked you, (hesitatingly began he) 'whether you knew any thing of the 'learned languages?' It has been

'whispered

'whiſpered to me, that you have had 'great advantages from a grandfather, 'of whoſe learning and politeneſs we 'have heard much. He was a ſcholar. 'He was of Chriſt Church, in our 'univerſity, if I am not miſtaken— 'To my queſtion you anſwered, that 'you knew not particularly which were 'the languages that I called the learn-'ed ones; and you have been pleaſed to 'throw out hints in relation to the '*leſſer* and the *greater* univerſity; by 'all which you certainly mean ſome-'thing—'

'Pray, Mr. Walden,' ſaid I—

'And pray, Miſs Byron—I am 'afraid of all ſmatterers in learning. 'Thoſe who know a little—and ladies 'cannot know to the bottom—they 'have not the happineſs of an univer-'ſity education—'

'Nor is every man at the *univerſity*, 'I preſume, Sir, a Mr. Walden.'

O my Lucy! I have ſince been told, that this pragmatical man has very few admirers in the univerſity, to which, out of it, he is ſo fond of boaſting a relation.

He took what I ſaid for a compliment.—'Why, as to that, Madam—' bowing—'But this is a misfortune *to* 'ladies, not a fault *in* them—But, as 'I was going to ſay, thoſe who know 'little, are very ſeldom found, are 'very ſeldom orthodox, as we call it, 'whether reſpecting *religion* or *learn-'ing*: and as it ſeems you loſt your 'grandfather too early to be well-'grounded in the latter, (in the form-'er, Lady Betty, who is my inform-'ant, ſays, you are a very *good* young 'lady) I ſhould be glad to put you 'right, if you happen to be a little 'out of the way.'

'I thank you, Sir,' bowing, and (ſimpleton!) ſtill playing with my fan. But, though Mr. Reeves ſaid nothing, he did not think me very politely treated. Yet, he wanted, he told me afterwards, to have me drawn out.

He ſhould not have ſerved me ſo, I told him; eſpecially among ſtrangers, and *men*.

'Now, Madam, will you be pleaſed 'to inform me,' ſaid Mr. Walden, 'whether you had any *particular* 'meaning, when you anſwered, that 'you knew not which I called the 'learned languages? You muſt know, 'that the Latin and Greek are of 'thoſe ſo called.'

'I beg, Mr. Walden, that I may 'not be thus ſingled out—Mr. Reeves '—Sir—*you* have had univerſity edu-'cation. Pray relieve your couſin.'

Mr. Reeves ſmiled, bowed his head, but ſaid nothing.

'You were pleaſed, Madam,' proceeded Mr. Walden, 'to mention one 'learned lady; and ſaid that ſhe look-'ed upon herſelf as an owl among the 'birds—'

'And you, Sir, ſaid, that you had 'rather (and I believe moſt men are 'of your mind) have a woman you 'could teach—'

'Than one who would ſuppoſe ſhe 'could teach me—I did ſo.'

'Well, Sir, and you would have 'me be guilty of an oſtentation that 'would bring me no credit, if I had 'had ſome pains taken with me in my 'education? But, indeed, Sir, I know 'not any thing of thoſe you call the 'learned languages. Nor do I take 'all learning to conſiſt in the know-'ledge of languages *.'

'*All* learning!—Nor I, Madam— 'But if you place not learning in lan-'guage, be ſo good as to tell us what 'you *do* place it in?'

He nodded his head with an air, as if he had ſaid, 'This pretty miſs has 'got out of her depth; I believe I 'ſhall have her now.'

'I would rather, Sir,' ſaid I, 'be 'a hearer than a ſpeaker; and the one 'would better become me than the 'other. I anſwered Sir Hargrave, be-'cauſe he thought proper to apply to 'me.'

'And I, Madam, apply to you 'likewiſe.'

'Then, Sir, I have been taught to 'think, that a learned man and a lin-'guiſt may very well be two perſons.'

'Be pleaſed to proceed, Madam.'

'Languages, undoubtedly, Sir, are 'of uſe, to let us into the knowledge 'for which ſo many of the ancients 'were famous—But—'

Here I ſtopt. Every one's eyes were upon me. I was a little out of countenance.

* This argument is reſumed, Vol. VI. Letter LV. by a more competent judge both of learning and languages than Mr. Walden.

In

'In what a situation, Lucy, are we women?—If we have some little genius, and have taken pains to cultivate it, we must be thought guilty of affectation, whether we appear desirous to conceal it, or submit to have it called forth.

'*But*, what, Madam? Pray proceed,' eagerly said Mr. Walden—'*But*, what, Madam?'

'*But* have not the moderns, Sir, (if I must speak) the same advantages which the ancients had, and some which they had not? The first great geniuses of all had not human example, had not human precepts—'

'Nor were the first geniuses *of all*,' (with an emphasis, replied Mr. Walden) 'so perfect, as the observations of the geniuses of after-times, which were built upon their foundations, made *them*; and *they* others. Learning or knowledge, as you chuse to call it, was a progressive thing: and it became necessary to understand the different languages in which the sages of antiquity wrote, in order to avail ourselves of their learning.'

'Very right, Sir, I believe. You consider skill in languages, then, as a *vehicle* to knowledge—Not, I presume, as *science* itself.'

I was sorry the baronet laughed; because his laughing made it more difficult for me to get off, as I wanted to do.

'Pray, Sir Hargrave,' said Mr. Walden, 'let not *every* thing that is said be laughed at. I am fond of talking to this young lady; and a conversation upon this topick may tend as much to *edification*, perhaps, as most of the subjects with which we have been hitherto *entertained*.'

Sir Hargrave took an empty glass, and with it humourously rapped his own knuckles, bowed, smiled, and was silent; by that act of yielding, which had gracefulness in it, gaining more honour to himself than Mr. Walden obtained by his rebuke of him, however just.

'*Now*, Madam, if you please,' said Mr. Walden, (and he put himself into a disputing attitude) 'a word or two with you, on your *vehicle*, and so forth.'

'Pray, spare me, Sir: I am willing to sit down quietly. I am unequal to this subject. I have done.'

'But,' said the baronet, 'you must *not* sit down quietly, Madam: Mr. Walden has promised us *edification*, and we all attend the effect of his promise.'

'No, no, Madam,' said Mr. Walden, 'you must not come off so easily. You have thrown out some extraordinary things for a *lady*, and especially for so young a lady. From *you* we expect the opinions of your worthy grandfather, as well as your own notions. He, no doubt, told you, or you have read, that the competition set on foot between the learning of the ancients and moderns, has been the subject of much debate among the learned in the latter end of the last century.'

'Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of the matter. I am *not* learned. My grandfather was chiefly intent to make me an English, and, I may say, a *Bible* scholar. I was very young when I had the misfortune to lose him. My whole endeavour has been since, that the pains he took with me should not be cast away.'

'I have discovered you, Madam, to be a *Parthian* lady. You can fight flying, I see. You must not, I tell you, come off so easily for what you have thrown out. Let me ask you, Did you ever read *The Tale of a Tub?*'

The baronet laughed out, though evidently in the wrong place.

'How apt are laughing spirits,' said Mr. Walden, looking solemnly, 'to laugh, when perhaps they ought—' There he stopt—[*to be laught at*, I suppose he had in his head.] 'But I will not, however, be laughed out of my question—Have you, Madam, read Swift's *Tale of a Tub?*—There *is* such a book, Sir Hargrave;' looking with an air of contempt at the baronet.

'I know there is, Mr. Walden,' replied the baronet, and again laughed. —'*Have you*, Madam?' to me. 'Pray let us know what Mr. Walden drives at.'

'I have, Sir.'

'Why, then, Madam,' resumed Mr. Walden, 'you, no doubt, read, bound up with it, *The Battle of the Books*; a very fine piece; written in favour of the ancients, and against the moderns; and thence must be acquainted with the famous dispute I mentioned.

'tioned. And this will shew you, 'that the moderns are but pigmies in 'science, compared to the ancients. 'And, pray, shall not the knowledge 'which enables us to understand and 'to digest the wisdom of these immor-'tal ancients, be accounted learning? '—Pray, Madam,' nodding his head, 'answer me that.'

'O how these pedants,' whispered Sir Hargrave to Mr. Reeves, 'strut in 'the livery and brass buttons of the 'ancients, and call their servility learn-'ing!'

'You are going beyond my capa-'city, Sir. I believe what you say is 'very just: yet the ancients may be 'read, I suppose, and not understood. 'But pray, Sir, let the Parthian fly 'the field. I promise you that she 'will not return to the charge. *Escape*, 'not *victory*, is all she contends for.'

'All in good time, Madam—But 'who, pray, learns the language but 'with a view to understand the au-'thor?'

'Nobody, I believe, Sir. But yet 'some who read the ancients may fail 'of improving by them.'

I was going to say something farther; but the baronet, by his loud and laughing applause, disconcerted me; and I was silent.

And here I must break off, till I return from the play: and then, or in the morning early, I will begin on another sheet.

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

NOW, Lucy, will I resume the thread of an argument, that you, perhaps, will not think worth remembering: yet, as I was called upon by every one to proceed, I would not omit it, were it but to have my uncle's opinion whether I was not too pert, and too talkative; for my conscience a little reproaches me. You know I have told him, that I will not unbespeak my monitor.

Mr. Walden told me, I seemed to think, that the knowledge we gather from the great ancients is hardly worth the pains we take in acquiring the languages in which they wrote.

'Not so, Sir. I have great respect 'even for *linguists*: do we not owe to 'them the translation of the sacred 'books?—But, methinks, I could 'wish that such a distinction should be 'made between *language* and *science*, 'as should convince me, that *that* con-'fusion of tongues, which was intend-'ed for a punishment of presumption 'in the early ages of the world, should 'not be thought to give us our greatest 'glory in these *more enlightened* times.'

'Well, Madam, ladies must be 'treated as ladies; but I shall have 'great pleasure, on my return to Ox-'ford, in being able to acquaint my 'learned friends, that they must all 'turn fine gentlemen, and *laughers*, [Mr. Reeves had smiled as well as the baronet] 'and despise the great an-'cients as men of straw, or very short-'ly they will stand no chance in the 'ladies favour.'

'Good Mr. Walden! Good Mr. 'Walden!' laughed the baronet, shaking his embroidered sides, 'let me, let 'me beg your patience while I tell 'you, that the young gentlemen at 'both universities are already in more 'danger of becoming *fine gentlemen* 'than *fine scholars*—'

And then again he laughed; and looking round him, bespoke, in his usual way, a laugh from the rest of the company.

Mr. Reeves, a little touched at the scholar's reference to him, in the word *laughers*, said, it were to be wished, that, in all nurseries of learning, the *manners of youth* were proposed as the principal end. 'It is too known a 'truth,' said he, 'that the attention 'paid to languages has too generally 'swallowed up all other and more im-'portant considerations; insomuch, 'that sound morals and good-breeding 'themselves are obliged to give way to 'that which is of little moment, but 'as it promotes and inculcates those. 'And learned men, I am persuaded, 'if they *dared* to speak out, would not 'lay so much stress upon mere lan-'guages as you seem to do, Mr. Wal-'den.'

'Learning *here*,' replied Mr. Walden, a little peevishly, 'has not a fair 'tribunal to be tried at. As it is said 'of the advantages of birth or degree, 'so it may be said of learning; no one

'despises

'deſpiſes it that has pretenſions to it. 'But proceed, Miſs Byron, if you 'pleaſe.'

'Very true, I believe, Sir,' ſaid I: 'but, on the other hand, may not 'thoſe who have either, or both, va- 'lue themſelves too much on that ac- 'count?'

'I knew once,' ſaid Miſs Clements, 'an excellent ſcholar, who thought, 'that too great a portion of life was 'beſtowed in the learning of lan- 'guages; and that the works of many 'of the ancients were more to be ad- 'mired for the ſtamp which antiquity 'has fixed upon them, and for the 'ſake of their purity in languages 'that cannot alter, (and whoſe works 'are therefore become the ſtandard of 'thoſe languages) than for the lights 'obtained from them by men of ge- 'nius, in ages that we have reaſon to 'think more enlightened, as well by 'new diſcoveries as by revelation.

'I am even tempted to aſk,' con- tinued ſhe, 'Whether the reputation 'of learning is not oftener acquired by 'ſkill in thoſe branches of ſcience 'which principally ſerve for amuſement 'to inquiſitive and curious minds, than 'by that in the moſt uſeful ſort.'

Here Mr. Walden interrupted her; and turning to me, as to the weaker adverſary; yet with an air that had ſe- verity in it; 'I could *almoſt* wiſh,' ſaid he, (and *but* almoſt, as you are a '*lady*) that you, Madam, knew the 'works of the great ancients in their 'original languages.'

'Something,' ſaid Miſs Clements, 'ſhould be left for *men* to excel in. I 'cannot but approve of Mr. Walden's 'word *almoſt*.'

She then whiſpered me; 'Pray, 'Miſs Byron, proceed.' (for ſhe ſaw me a little out of countenance at Mr. Walden's ſevere air)—'Strange,' add- ed ſhe, ſtill whiſpering, 'that people 'who know leaſt how to argue ſhould 'be moſt eager to diſpute! Thank 'Heaven, all ſcholars are not like 'this.'

A little encouraged; 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid I, 'let me aſk one queſtion— 'Whether you do not think, that our 'Milton, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, ſhews 'himſelf to be a very learned man? 'And yet that work is written wholly 'in the language of his own country, 'as the works of Homer and Virgil 'were in that of theirs: and they, I 'preſume, will be allowed to be learn- 'ed men.'

'Milton, Madam, let me tell you, 'is infinitely obliged to the great an- 'cients; and his very frequent allu- 'ſions to them, and his knowledge of 'their mythology, ſhew that he is.'

'His knowledge of their mythology, 'Sir!—His own ſubject ſo greatly, ſo 'nobly, ſo divinely, above that mytho- 'logy!—I have been taught to think, 'by a very learned man, that it was a 'condeſcenſion in Milton to the taſte 'of perſons of more reading than ge- 'nius in the age in which he wrote, to 'introduce, ſo often as he does, his 'alluſions to the Pagan mythology: 'and that he neither raiſed his ſublime 'ſubject, nor did credit to his vaſt ge- 'nius, by it.'

'Mr. Addiſon,' ſaid Mr. Walden, 'is a writer admired by the *ladies*. Mr. 'Addiſon, Madam, as you will find 'in your Spectators,' [ſneeringly he ſpoke this] 'gives but the ſecond place 'to Milton, on comparing ſome paſ- 'ſages of his with ſome of Homer.'

'If Mr. Addiſon, Sir, has not the 'honour of being admired by the *gen- 'tlemen*, as well as by the *ladies*, I dare 'ſay Mr. Walden will not allow, that 'his authority ſhould decide the point 'in queſtion: and yet, as I remember, 'he greatly extols Milton.—But I am 'going out of my depth—Only permit 'me to ſay one thing more—If Homer 'is to be preferred to Milton, he muſt 'be the ſublimeſt of writers; and Mr. 'Pope, admirable as his tranſlation of 'the Iliad is ſaid to be, cannot have 'done him juſtice.'

'You ſeem, Madam, to be a very 'deep *Engliſh* ſcholar. But ſay you 'this from your own obſervation, or 'from that of any other?'

'I readily own that my lights are 'borrowed,' replied I; 'I owe the ob- 'ſervation to my godfather Mr. Deane. 'He is a ſcholar; but as great an ad- 'mirer of Milton as of any of the an- 'cients. A gentleman, his particular 'friend, who was as great an admirer 'of Homer, undertook from Mr. Pope's 'Tranſlation of the Iliad to produce 'paſſages that in ſublimity exceeded 'any in the Paradiſe Loſt. The gen- 'tlemen met at Mr. Deane's houſe, 'where I then was. They allowed me 'to be preſent; and this was the iſſue: 'the

'the gentleman went away convinced, 'that the Engliſh poet as much excelled the Grecian in the grandeur of 'his ſentiments, as his ſubject, founded 'on the Chriſtian ſyſtem, ſurpaſſes the 'Pagan.'

'The debate, I have the vanity to 'think,' ſaid Mr. Walden, 'had I been 'a party in it, would have taken ano'ther turn; for I do inſiſt upon it, that 'without the knowledge of the learned 'languages, a man cannot underſtand 'his own.'

I oppoſed Shakeſpeare to this aſſertion: but wiſhed, on this occaſion, that I had not been a party in this debate; for the baronet was even noiſy in his applauſes of what I ſaid; and the applauſes of empty minds always give one ſuſpicion of having *incurred* it by one's over-forwardneſs.

He drowned the voice of Mr. Walden, who two or three times was earneſt to ſpeak; but not finding himſelf heard, drew up his mouth as if to a contemptuous whiſtle, ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and ſat collected in his own conſcious worthineſs: his eyes, however, were often caſt upon the pictures that hung round the room, as much better objects than the living ones before him.

But what extremely diſconcerted me was a freedom of Miſs Barnevelt's, taken upon what I laſt ſaid, and upon Mr. Walden's heſitation, and Sir Hargrave's applauſes: ſhe profeſſed that I was able to bring *her own ſex* into reputation with her. 'Wiſdom, as I call 'it,' ſaid ſhe, 'notwithſtanding what you 'have modeſtly alledged to depreciate 'your own, when it proceeds through 'teeth of ivory, and lips of coral, receives 'a double grace.' And then claſping one of her manniſh arms around me, ſhe kiſſed my cheek.

I was ſurprized, and offended; and with the more reaſon, as Sir Hargrave, riſing from his ſeat, declared, that ſince merit was to be approved in that manner, he thought himſelf obliged to follow ſo good an example.

I ſtood up, and ſaid, 'Surely, Sir, 'my compliance with the reſt of the 'company, too much I fear at my own 'expence, calls rather for civility than 'freedom from a gentleman. I beg, 'Sir Hargrave—' there I ſtopt; and I am ſure looked greatly in earneſt.

He ſtood ſuſpended till I had done ſpeaking, and then, bowing, ſat down again: but, as Mr. Reeves told me afterwards, he whiſpered a great oath in his ear, and declared, that he beheld with tranſport his future wife, and curſed himſelf if he would ever have another; vowing in the ſame whiſper, that were a thouſand men to ſtand in his way, he would not ſcruple any means to remove them.

Miſs Barnevelt only laughed at the freedom ſhe had taken with me. She is a loud and fearleſs laugher. She hardly knows *how* to ſmile: for as ſoon as any thing catches her fancy, her voice immediately burſts her lips, and widens her mouth to it's full extent.—Forgive me, Lucy, I believe I am ſpiteful.

Lady Betty and Miſs Clements, in low voices, praiſed me for my preſence of mind, as they called it, in checking Sir Hargrave's forwardneſs.

Juſt here, Lucy, I laid down my pen, and ſtept to the glaſs, to ſee whether I could not pleaſe myſelf with a wiſe frown or two; at leaſt with a ſolemnity of countenance, that, occaſionally, I might daſh with it my childiſhneſs of look; which certainly encouraged this freedom of Miſs Barnevelt. But I could not pleaſe myſelf. My muſcles have never been uſed to any thing but ſmiling: ſo favoured, ſo beloved, by every one of my friends; a heart ſo grateful for all their favours—how can I learn now to frown, or even long to look grave!

All this time the ſcholar ſat *uneaſily careleſs*.

In the mean time, Mr. Reeves having ſent for, from his ſtudy, Biſhop Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times, ſaid he would, by way of moderatorſhip in the preſent debate, read them a paſſage, to which he believed all parties would ſubſcribe: and then read what I will tranſcribe for you from the concluſion to that performance.

'I have often thought it a great error 'to waſte young gentlemen's years ſo 'long in learning Latin, by ſo tedious 'a grammar. I know thoſe who are 'bred to the profeſſion in literature, 'muſt have the Latin correctly; and 'for that the rules of grammar are ne-

'ceſſary: but theſe rules are not at all 'requiſite to thoſe, who need only ſo 'much Latin, as thoroughly to under-'ſtand and delight in the Roman au-'thors and poets.

'But ſuppoſe a youth had, either for 'want of memory, or of application, 'an incurable averſion to Latin, his 'education is not for that to be de-'ſpaired of: there is much noble know-'ledge to be had in the Engliſh and 'French languages: geography, hiſ-'tory, chiefly that of our own country, 'the knowledge of nature, and the 'more *practical* parts of the mathe-'maticks, (if he has not a genius for 'the *demonſtrative*) may make a gen-'tleman very knowing, though he has 'not a word of Latin. ["And why, "I would fain know," ſaid Mr. Reeves, "not a gentlewoman?"] 'There is a 'fineneſs of thought, and a nobleneſs 'of expreſſion, indeed, in the Latin au-'thors;' ['This makes for your argu-'ment, Mr. Walden;'] 'that will make 'them the entertainment of a man's 'whole life, if he once underſtands and 'reads them with delight.' ['Very 'well!' ſaid Mr. Walden.] 'But, if 'this cannot be attained to, I would 'not have it reckoned that the educa-'tion of an ill Latin ſcholar is to be 'given over.'

Thus far the biſhop.

'We all know,' proceeded Mr. Reeves, 'how well Mr. Locke has 'treated this ſubject. And he is ſo 'far from diſcouraging the fair-ſex 'from learning languages, that he 'gives us a method, in his Treatiſe of 'Education, by which a mother may 'not only learn Latin herſelf, but be 'able to teach it to her *ſon*. Be not, 'therefore, ladies, aſhamed either of 'your talents or acquirements. Only 'take care you give not up any know-'ledge that is more laudable in your 'ſex, and more uſeful, for learning; 'and then I am ſure, you will, you '*muſt*, be the more agreeable, the more 'ſuitable companions for it, to men 'of ſenſe. Nor let any man have ſo 'narrow a mind as to be apprehenſive 'for his own prerogative from a learned 'woman. A woman who does not 'behave the *better* the more ſhe knows, 'will make her huſband uneaſy, and 'will think as well of herſelf, were ſhe 'utterly illiterate; nor would any ar-'gument convince her of her duty. 'Do not men marry with their eyes 'open? And cannot they court whom 'they pleaſe? A conceited, a vain mind 'in a woman cannot be hidden. Upon 'the whole, I think it may be fairly 'concluded, that the more a woman 'knows, as well as a man, the wiſer 'ſhe will generally be; and the more 'regard ſhe will have to a man of ſenſe 'and learning.'

Here ended Mr. Reeves.

Mr. Walden was ſilent; yet ſhrug-ged up his ſhoulders, and ſeemed un-ſatisfied.

The converſation then took a more general turn, in which every one bore a part. *Plays, faſhion, dreſs*, and the *pub-lick entertainments*, were the ſubjects.

Miſs Cantillon, who had till now ſat a little uneaſy, ſeemed reſolved to make up for her ſilence; but did not ſhine at all where ſhe thought herſelf moſt intitled to make a figure.

But Miſs Clements really ſhone. Yet in the eye of ſome people, what advantages has folly in a pretty wo-man, over even wiſdom in a plain one? Sir Hargrave was much more ſtruck with the pert things ſpoken, without fear or wit, by Miſs Cantillon, than with the juſt obſervations that fell from the lips of Miſs Clements.

Mr. Walden made no great figure on theſe faſhionable ſubjects; no, not on that of the *plays*: for he would needs force into converſation, with a preference to our Shakeſpeare, his So-phocles, his Euripides, his Terence; of the merits of whoſe performances, how great ſoever, no one preſent but Mr. Reeves and himſelf could judge, except by tranſlations.

Sir Hargrave ſpoke well on the ſub-ject of the reigning faſhions, and on modern dreſs, ſo much the foible of the preſent age.

Lady Betty and Mrs. Reeves ſpoke very properly of the decency of dreſs, and propriety of faſhions, as well as of publick entertainments.

Miſs Clements put in here alſo with advantage to herſelf.

Nor would Mr. Walden be exclud-ed this topick. But as the obſerva-tions he made on it went no deeper than what it was preſumed he might have had at ſecond-hand, he made a

worſe

worſe figure here than he did on his more favourite ſubject. He was, however, heard, till he was for bringing in his Spartan Jacket, (I forget what he called it) deſcending only to the knees of the women, in place of hoops; and the Roman Toga for the men.

Miſs Barnevelt broke in upon the ſcholar; but by way of approbation of what he ſaid; and went on with ſubjects of heroiſm, without permitting him to rally and proceed, as he ſeemed inclined to do.

After praiſing what he had ſaid of the Spartan and Roman dreſſes, ſhe fell to enumerating *her* heroes, both ancient and modern. Achilles, the ſavage Achilles, charmed her. Hector, however, was a good *clever* man: yet ſhe could not bear to think of his being ſo mean as to beg for his life, though of her heroick Achilles. He deſerved for it, ſhe ſaid, to have his corpſe dragged round the Trojan walls at the wheels of the victor's chariot. Alexander the Great was her dear creature; and Julius Cæſar was *a very pretty fellow*.

Theſe were Miſs Barnevelt's *ancient* heroes.

Among the moderns, the great Scanderbeg, our Henry V. Henry IV. of France, Charles XII. of Sweden, and the great Czar Peter, who my grandfather uſed to ſay was worth them all, were her favourites.

All this while honeſt Mr. Singleton had a ſmile at the ſervice of every ſpeaker, and a loud laugh always ready at the baronet's.

Sir Hargrave ſeemed not a little pleaſed with the honeſt man's complaiſance; and always directed himſelf to *him*, when he was diſpoſed to be merry.

Laughing, you know, my dear, is almoſt as catching as gaping, be the ſubject ever ſo ſilly: and more than once he ſhewed by his eyes, that he could have devoured Miſs Cantillon for generally adding her affected 'Te-'he!' (twiſting and bridling behind her fan) to his louder, 'Hah, hah, hah!'

What a length have I run! How does this narrative letter-writing, if one is to enter into minute and characteriſtick deſcriptions and converſations, draw one on!—I will leave off for the preſent: yet have not quite diſmiſſed the company (though I have done with the argument) that I thought to have parted with before I concluded this letter.

But I know I ſhall pleaſe my uncle in the *livelier* parts of it, by the handle they will give him againſt his poor niece. My grandmother, and aunt Selby, will be pleaſed, and ſo will *you*, my Lucy, with *all* I write, for the writer's ſake: ſuch is their and your partial love to their and your ever-grateful

HARRIET.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

BY the time tea was ready, Lady Betty whiſperingly congratulated me on having made ſo conſiderable a conqueſt, as ſhe was ſure I had by Sir Hargrave's looks.

She took notice alſo of a gallant expreſſion of his, uttered, as ſhe would have it, with an earneſtneſs that gave it a meaning beyond a common compliment. My couſin Reeves had aſked Miſs Clements if ſhe could commend to me an honeſt, modeſt man-ſervant? 'I,' ſaid Sir Hargrave, 'can; I my-'ſelf ſhall be proud to wear Miſs By-'ron's livery; and that for life.'

Miſs Cantillon, who was within hearing of this, and had ſeemed to be highly taken with the baronet, could hardly let her eyes be civil to me; and yet her really pretty mouth, *occaſionally*, worked itſelf into forced ſmiles, and an affectation of complaiſance.

Sir Hargrave was extremely obſequious to me, all the tea-time; and ſeemed in *earneſt* a little uneaſy in himſelf: and after tea he took my couſin Reeves into the next room; and there made your Harriet the ſubject of a ſerious converſation; and deſired his intereſt with me.

He prefaced his declaration to Mr. Reeves, with aſſuring him, that he had ſought for an opportunity more than once to be admitted into my company, when he was laſt at Northampton; and that he had not intruded himſelf then into this company, had he not heard I was to be there.

He made proteſtations of his honourable views; which looked as if he thought they might be doubted, if he had not given ſuch aſſurances. A ta-

cit implication of an imagined ſuperiority, as well in conſequence as fortune.

Mr. Reeves told him, it was a rule which all my relations had ſet themſelves, not to interfere with my choice, let it be placed on whom it would.

Sir Hargrave called himſelf a *happy man* upon this intelligence.

He afterwards, on his return to company, found an opportunity, as Mrs. Reeves and I were talking at the farther part of the room, in very vehement terms, to declare himſelf to me an admirer of perfections of his own creation; for he volubly enumerated many; and begged my permiſſion to pay his reſpects to me at Mr. Reeves's.

'Mr. Reeves, Sir Hargrave,' ſaid I, 'will receive what viſits he pleaſes 'in his own houſe. I have no permiſſion to give.'

He bowed, and made me a very high compliment, taking what I ſaid for a permiſſion.

What, Lucy, can a woman do with theſe ſelf-flatterers?

Mr. Walden took his leave; Sir Hargrave his: he wanted, I ſaw, to ſpeak to me, at his departure; but I gave him no opportunity.

Mr. Singleton ſeemed alſo inclined to go, but knew not how; and having loſt the benefit of their example by his irreſolution, ſat down.

Lady Betty then repeated her congratulations. 'How many ladies,' ſaid ſhe, 'and fine ladies too, have 'ſighed in ſecret for Sir Hargrave! 'You will have the glory, Miſs Byron, 'of fixing the wavering heart of a man 'who has done, and is capable of doing, a great deal of miſchief.'

'The ladies, Madam,' ſaid I, 'who 'can ſigh in ſecret for ſuch a man as 'Sir Hargrave, muſt either deſerve a 'great deal of pity, or none at all.'

'Sir Hargrave,' ſaid Miſs Cantillon, 'is a very fine gentleman; and ſo 'looked upon, I aſſure you: and he 'has a noble eſtate.'

'It is very happy,' replied I, 'that 'we do not all of us like the ſame 'perſon. I mean not to diſparage Sir 'Hargrave; but I have compaſſion 'for the ladies who ſigh for him in ſecret. One woman only can be his 'wife; and perhaps ſhe will not be one 'of thoſe who ſigh for him; eſpecially 'were he to know that ſhe does.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Miſs Cantillon: 'but I do aſſure you that *I* am 'not one of thoſe who ſigh for Sir 'Hargrave.'

The ladies ſmiled.

'I am glad of it, Madam,' ſaid I. 'Every woman ſhould have her heart 'in her own keeping, till ſhe can find 'a worthy man to beſtow it upon.'

Miſs Barnevelt took a tilt in heroicks.

'Well, ladies,' ſaid ſhe, 'you may 'talk of love and love as much as you 'pleaſe; but it is my glory, that I never knew what love was. I, for my 'part, like a *brave* man, a *gallant* 'man; one in whoſe loud praiſe fame 'has cracked half a dozen trumpets. 'But as to your milkſops, your dough-'baked lovers, who ſtay at home and 'ſtrut among the women, when glory 'is to be gained in the martial field; 'I deſpiſe them with all my heart. I 'have often wiſhed that the fooliſh heads 'of ſuch fellows as theſe were cut off in 'time of war, and ſent over to the heroes 'to fill their cannon with, when they 'batter in breach, by way of ſaving 'ball.'

'I am afraid,' ſaid Lady Betty, humouring this romantick ſpeech, 'that 'if the heads of ſuch perſons were as 'ſoft as we are apt ſometimes to think 'them, they would be of as little ſervice abroad as they are at home.'

'O, Madam,' replied Miſs Barnevelt, 'there is a good deal of lead in 'the heads of theſe fellows. But were 'their brains,' ſaid the ſhocking creature, 'if any they have, made to fly 'about the ears of an enemy, they 'would ſerve both to blind and terrify 'him.'

Even Mr. Singleton was affected with this horrid ſpeech; for he clapt both his hands to his head, as if he were afraid of his brains.

Lady Betty was very urgent with us to paſs the evening with her; but we excuſed ourſelves: and when we were in the coach, Mr. Reeves told me that I ſhould find the baronet a very troubleſome and reſolute lover, if I did not give him countenance.

'And ſo, Sir,' ſaid I, 'you would 'have me do, as I have heard many a 'good woman *has* done, marry a man, 'in order to get rid of his importunity?'

'And a certain cure too, let me tell 'you, couſin,' ſaid he, ſmiling.

We

We found at home, waiting for Mr. Reeves's return, Sir John Allestree: a worthy, sensible man, of plain and unaffected manners, upwards of fifty.

Mr. Reeves mentioning to him our past entertainment and company, Sir John gave us such an account of Sir Hargrave, as helped me not only in the character I have given of him, but let me know that he is a very dangerous and enterprizing man. He says, that laughing and light as he is in company, he is malicious, ill-natured, and designing; and sticks at nothing to carry a point on which he has once set his heart. He has ruined, Sir John says, three young creatures already, under vows of marriage.

Sir John spoke of him as a managing man, as to his fortune: he said, that though he would, at times, be lavish in the pursuit of his pleasures; yet that he had some narrownesses which made him despised, and that most by those for whose regard a good man would principally wish; his neighbours and tenants.

Could you have thought, my Lucy, that this laughing, fine-dressing man, could have been a man of malice; of resentment; of enterprize; a cruel man? Yet Sir John told two very bad stories of him, besides what I have mentioned, which prove him to be all I have said.

But I had no need of these stories to determine me against receiving his addresses. What I saw of him was sufficient; though Sir John made no manner of doubt (on being told by Mr. Reeves, in confidence, of his application to him for leave to visit me) that he was quite in earnest; and, making me a compliment, added, that he knew Sir Hargrave was inclined to marry; and the more, as one half of his estate, on failure of issue-male, would go at his death to a distant relation whom he hated; but for no other reason than for admonishing him, when a school-boy, on his low and mischievous pranks.

His estate, Sir John told my cousin, is full as considerable as reported. And Mr. Reeves, after Sir John went away, said, 'What a glory will it be to you, 'Cousin Byron, to reform such a man, 'and make his great fortune a blessing 'to multitudes; as I am sure would 'be your endeavour to do, were you 'Lady Pollexfen!'

But, my Lucy, were Sir Hargrave king of one half of the globe, I would not go to the altar with him.

But if he be a very troublesome man, what shall I say to him? I can deal pretty well with those who will be kept at arms length; but I own, I should be very much perplexed with resolute wretches. The civility I think myself obliged to pay every one who professes a regard for me, might subject me to inconveniences with violent spirits, which, protected as I have been by my uncle Selby, and my good Mr. Deane, I never yet have known. O my Lucy, to what evils, but for that protection, might not I, a sole, an independent young woman, have been exposed! Since men, many men, are to be looked upon as savages, as wild beasts of the desart: and a single and independent woman they hunt after as their proper prey.

To have done with Sir Hargrave for the present, and I wish I may be able to say for ever: early in the morning a billet was brought from him to Mr. Reeves, excusing himself from paying him a visit that morning, (as he had intended) by reason of the sudden and desperate illness of a relation, whose seat was near Reading, with whom he had large concerns, and who was desirous to see him before he died. As it was impossible that he could return under three days, which, he said, would appear as three years to him, and he was obliged to set out that moment; he could not dispense with himself for putting in his *claim*, as he called it, to Miss Byron's favour, and confirming his declaration of yesterday. In very high strains, he professed himself her admirer: and begged Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's interest with her. One felicity, he said, he hoped for from his absence, which was, that as Miss Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, would have time to consider of his offers; he presumed to hope he should not be subjected to a repulse.

And now, my Lucy, you have before you as good an account as I can give you of my two new lovers.

How I shall manage with them, I know not: but I begin to think that those

thoſe young women are happieſt, whoſe friends take all the trouble of this ſort upon *them*; only conſulting their daughters inclinations as preliminaries are adjuſting.

My friends, indeed, pay a high compliment to my diſcretion, when they ſo generouſly allow me to judge for myſelf; and we young women are fond of being our own miſtreſſes. But I muſt ſay, that to *me* this compliment has been, and is, a painful one, for two reaſons; That I cannot but conſider their goodneſs as a taſk upon me, which requires my utmoſt circumſpection, as well as gratitude; and that they have ſhewn more generoſity in diſpenſing with their authority, than I have done whenever I have acted ſo as to appear, though *but* to appear, to accept of the diſpenſation. Let me add, beſides, that now, when I find myſelf likely to be addreſſed to by mere ſtrangers, by men who grew not into my knowledge inſenſibly, as our neighbours Greville, Fenwick, and Orme, did; I cannot but think it has the appearance of confidence, to ſtand out to receive, as a creature uncontrouled, the firſt motions to an addreſs of this awful nature. Awful indeed might it be called, were one's heart to incline towards a particular perſon.

Allow me, then, for the future, my revered grandmamma, and you my beloved and equally honoured uncle and aunt Selby; allow me, to refer myſelf to you, if any perſon offers to whom I may happen to have no ſtrong objections. As to Mr. Fowler, and the baronet, I muſt *now* do as well as I can with them. It is much eaſier for a young woman to ſay *No*, than *Yes*. But for the time to come I will not have the aſſurance to act for myſelf. I know your partiality for your Harriet too well, to doubt the merit of your recommendation.

As Mr. and Mrs. Reeves require me to ſhew them what I write, they are fond of indulging me in the employment: you will, therefore, be the leſs ſurprized that I write ſo much in ſo little a time. '*Miſs Byron is in her cloſet—Miſs Byron is writing*;' is an excuſe ſufficient, they ſeem to think, to every body, becauſe they allow it to be one to them: but, beſides, I know they believe they oblige you all by the opportunity they ſo kindly give me of ſhewing my duty and love where ſo juſtly due.

I am, however, ſurprized at caſting my eye back. Two ſheets! and ſuch a quantity before!—'Unconſcionable!' ſay; and let me, echo-like, repeat, *Unconſcionable*

HARRIET BYRON.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Letters from Northamptonſhire, by Farmer Jenkins! I kiſs the ſeals. What agreeable things now, has my Lucy to ſay to her Harriet? Diſagreeable ones ſhe cannot write, if all my beloved friends are well.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, FEB. 6.

AND ſo my uncle Selby, you tell me, is making obſervations in writing, on my letters; and waits for nothing more to begin with me, than my concluſion of the converſations that offered at Lady Betty's.

And is it expected that I ſhould go on furniſhing weapons againſt myſelf? It is.

Well, with all my heart. As long as I can contribute to his amuſement; as long as my grandmamma is pleaſed and diverted with what I write, as well as with his pleaſantries on her girl, I will proceed.

'Well, but will you not, my Harriet,' methinks you aſk, 'write with leſs openneſs, with more reſerve, in apprehenſion of the rod which you know hangs over your head?'

Indeed I will not. It is my glory, that I have not a thought in my heart which I would conceal from any one whom it imported to know it, and who would be gratified by the revealing of it. And yet I am a little chagrined at the wager which you tell me my uncle has actually laid with my grandmamma, that I ſhall not return from London with a ſound heart.

And does he teaze *you*, my Lucy, on this ſubject, with reminding you of your *young* partiality for Captain Duncan, in order to make good his aſſertion of the ſuſceptibility of us all?

Why, ſo let him. And why ſhould you

you deny, that you *were* susceptible of a natural passion? You must not be prudish, Lucy. If you are *not*, all his raillery will lose it's force.

What better assurance can I give to my uncle, and to all my friends, that if I were caught, I would own it, than by advising you *not* to be ashamed to confess a sensibility which is no disgrace, when duty and prudence are our guides, and the object worthy?

Your man, indeed, was *not* worthy, as it proved; but he was a very specious creature; and you knew not his bad character, when you suffered *liking* to grow into *love*.

But when the love-fever was at the height, did you make any body uneasy with your passion? Did you run to the woods and groves, to record it on the barks of trees?—No!—You sighed in silence, indeed: but it was but for a little while. I got your secret from you; not, however, till it betrayed itself in your pined countenance; and then the man's discovered unworthiness, and your own discretion, enabled you to conquer a passion to which you had given way, supposing it unconquerable, because you thought it would cost you pains to contend with it.

As to myself, you know I have hitherto been on my guard. I have been careful ever to shut the door of my heart against the blind deity, the moment I could imagine him setting his encroaching foot on the *threshold*, which I think *liking* may be called. Had he once gained entrance, perhaps I might have come off but simply.

But I hope I am in the less danger of falling in love with *any* man, as I can be civil and courteous to *all*. When a stream is sluiced off into several channels, there is the less fear that it will overflow it's banks. I really think I never shall be in love with any body, till duty directs inclination.

Excuse me, Lucy. I do now-and-then, you know, get into a boasting humour. But then my punishment, as in most other cases, follows my fault: my uncle pulls me down, and shews me, that I am not half so good as the rest of my friends think me.

You tell me, that Mr. Greville will be in London in a very few days. I can't help it. He pretends business, you say; and (since that calls him up) intends to give himself a month's pleasure in town, and to take his share of the publick entertainments. Well, so let him. But I hope that I am not to be either his business or entertainment. After a civil neighbourly visit, or so, I hope I shall not be tormented with him.

What happened once betwixt Mr. Fenwick and him, gave me pain enough; exposed me enough, surely! A young woman, though without her own fault, made the occasion of a rencounter between two men of fortune, must be talked of too much for her own liking, or she must be a strange creature. What numbers of people has the unhappy rashness of those two men brought to stare at me! And with what difficulty did my uncle and Mr. Deane bring them into so odd a compromise, as they at last came into, to torment me, as I may call it, by joint consent, notwithstanding all I could say to them; which was the only probable way, shocking creatures! to prevent murder.

But, Lucy, what an odd thing is it in my uncle, to take hold of what I said in one of my letters, that I had a good mind to give you a sketch of what I might suppose the company at Lady Betty's would say of your Harriet, were each to write her character to their confidents or correspondents, as she has done theirs to you!

I think there is a little concealed malice in my uncle's command: but I obey.

To begin, then—Lady Betty, who owns she thinks favourably of me, I will suppose would write to her Lucy in such terms as these: but shall I suppose every one to be so happy as to have her Lucy?

'Miss Byron, of whom you have 'heard Mr. Reeves talk so much, dis-'credits not, in the *main*, the charac-'ter he has given her. We must al-'low a little, you know, for the fond-'ness of relationship.

'The girl has had a good educa-'tion, and owes all her advantages to 'it. But it is a country and a bookish 'one; and that won't do *every* thing 'for one of our sex, if *any* thing. 'Poor thing! she *never* was in town 'before!—But she seems docile; and, 'for a country girl, is tolerably gen-'teel;

'feel: I think, therefore, I shall receive no discredit by introducing her into the beau-monde.'

Miss Clements, perhaps, agreeably to the goodness of her kind heart, would have written thus.

'Miss Byron is an agreeable girl; she has invited me to visit her; and I hope I shall like her better and better. She has, one may see, kept worthy persons company; and I dare say, will deserve the improvement she has gained by it. She is lively and obliging: she is young, not more than twenty; yet looks rather younger, by reason of a country bloom, which, however, misbecomes her not; and gives a modesty to her first appearance, that possesses one in her favour. What a cast away would Miss Byron be, if knowing so well, as she seems to know, what the duty of others is, she should forget her own!'

Miss Cantillon would, perhaps, thus write.

'There was Miss Harriet Byron, of Northamptonshire; a young woman in whose favour report has been very lavish. I can't say that I think her so *very* extraordinary; yet she is well enough for a country girl. But though I do not impute to her a *very* pert look, yet if she had not been set up for something beyond what she is, by all her friends, who, it seems, are *excessively* fond of her, she might have had a more humble opinion of herself than she seems to have when she is set a talking. She may, indeed, make a figure in a country assembly; but in the London world she must not be a little awkward, having never been here before.

'I take her to have a great deal of art. But to do her justice, she has no bad complexion; that, you know, is a striking advantage: but to me she has a babyish look, especially when she smiles; yet I suppose she has been told that her smiles become her, for she is always smiling—so like a simpleton, I was going to say!

'Upon the whole, I see nothing so 'engaging in her as to have made her 'the idol she is with every body—And 'what little beauty she has, it can-'not last. For my part, were I a 'man, the clear Brunette—But you 'will think I am praising myself.'

Miss Barnevelt would perhaps thus write to her Lucy—To *her* Lucy—Upon my word I will not let her have a Lucy—she shall have a brother *man* to write to, not a woman, and he shall have a fierce name.

We will suppose that she also had been describing the rest of the company.

'Well, but my dear Bombardino, 'I am now to give you a description 'of Miss Byron. 'Tis the softest, 'gentlest, smiling rogue of a girl—'I protest, I could five or six times 'have kissed her, for what she said, 'and for the manner she spoke in—'for she has been used to prate; a fa-'voured child in her own family, one 'may easily see that. Yet so *prettily* 'loth to speak till spoken to!—Such 'a blushing little rogue!—'Tis a dear 'girl! and I wished twenty times, as I 'sat by her, that I had been a man for 'her sake. Upon my honour, Bom-'bardino, I believe if I had, I should 'have caught her up, popt her under 'one of my arms, and run away with 'her.'

Something like this, my Lucy, did Miss Barnevelt once say.

Having now dismissed the women, I come to Mr. Singleton, Mr. Walden, and Sir Hargrave.

Mr. Walden (himself a Pasquin) would thus perhaps have written to his Marforio.

'The first lady, whom, as the 'greatest stranger, I shall take upon 'me to describe, is Miss Harriet By-'ron, of Northamptonshire. In her 'person, she is not disagreable; and 'most people think her pretty. But, 'what is prettiness? Why, neverthe-'less, in a woman, prettiness is—'*pretty*: what other word can I so 'fitly use of a person, who, though 'a little *sightly*, cannot be called a 'beauty?

'I will

Stothard del. Angus sculp.

Plate VIII. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Dec. 21, 1782.

'I will allow, that we men are not 'wrong in admiring *modeſt* women for 'the graces of their *perſons*; but let 'them *be* modeſt; let them return the 'compliment, and revere *us* for our 'capaciouſneſs of *mind*: and ſo they 'will, if they are brought up to know 'their own weakneſs, and that they 'are but domeſtick animals of a ſupe-'rior order. Even ignorance, let me 'tell you, my Marforio, is pretty in 'a woman. Humility is one of their 'principal graces. Women hardly 'ever ſet themſelves to acquire the 'knowledge that is proper to men, 'but they neglect for it what more 'indiſpenſably belongs to women. To 'have them come to their huſbands, 'to their brothers, and even to their 'lovers, when they have a mind to 'know any thing out of their way, and 'beg to be inſtructed and informed, 'inſpireth them with the becoming 'humility which I have touched upon, 'and giveth us importance with them.

'Indeed, my Marforio, there are 'very few topicks that ariſe in con-'verſation among men, upon which 'women ought to open their lips. 'Silence becomes them. Let them, 'therefore, hear, wonder, and improve, 'in ſilence. They are naturally con-'tentious, and lovers of contradiction;' [Something like this Mr. Walden once threw out: and you know who, my Lucy—but I am afraid—has ſaid as much] 'and ſhall we qualify them to 'be diſputants againſt ourſelves?

'Theſe reflections, Marforio, are 'not foreign to my ſubject. This 'girl, this Harriet Byron, is applaud-'ed for a young woman of reading 'and obſervation. But there was an-'other lady preſent, Miſs Clements, 'who (if there be any merit to a *wo-'man* in it) appeareth to me to excel 'her in the compaſs of her reading; 'and that upon the ſtrength of her 'own diligence and abilities; which 'is not the caſe with this Miſs Harriet; 'for ſhe, truly, hath had ſome pains 'taken with her by her late grandfa-'ther, a man of erudition, who had 'his education among *us*. This old 'gentleman, I am told, took into his 'head, having no grandſon, to give 'this girl a *bookiſh* turn: but he wiſely 'ſtopt at her mother-tongue; only giv-'ing her a ſmattering in French and 'Italian.

'As I ſaw that the eyes of every 'one were upon her, I was willing to 'hear what ſhe had to ſay for herſelf. 'Poor girl! ſhe will ſuffer, I doubt, 'for her ſpeciouſneſs. Yet I cannot 'ſay, all things conſidered, that ſhe 'was *very* malapert: that quality is 'yet to come. She is young.

'I therefore trifled a little with her: 'and went farther than I generally 'chuſe to go with the reading ſpecies 'of women, in order to divert an in-'undation of nonſenſe and foppery, 'breaking in from one of the company; 'Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; of whom 'more anon.

'You know, Marforio, that a man, 'when he is provoked to fight with an 'overgrown boy, hath every body 'againſt him: ſo hath a ſcholar who 'engageth on learned topicks with a 'woman. The ſex muſt be flattered 'at the expence of truth. Many things 'are thought to be pretty from the 'mouth of a woman, which would be 'egregiouſly weak and ſilly proceed-'ing from that of a man. His very 'eminence in learning, on ſuch a con-'tention, would tend only to exalt 'her, and depreciate himſelf. As the 'girl was every body's favourite, and 'as the baronet ſeemed to eye her with 'particular regard, I ſpared her. A 'man would not, you know, ſpoil a 'girl's fortune.'

But how, Lucy, ſhall I be able to tell you what I imagine Sir Hargrave would have written? Can I do it, if I place him in the light of a lover, and not either underdo his character as ſuch, or incur the cenſure of vanity and conceit?

'Well, but are you ſure, Harriet,' methinks my uncle aſks, 'that the 'baronet is really and truly ſo egre-'giouſly ſmitten with you, as he pre-'tended he was?'

'Why, aye! that's the thing, Sir!'

'You girls are ſo apt to take in ear-'neſt the compliments made you by 'men!'—

'And ſo we are. But our credu-'lity, my dear Sir, is a greater proof 'of *our* innocence, than men's pro-'feſſions are of *their* ſincerity. So, 'let loſers ſpeak, and winners laugh.'

But let him be in jeſt, if he will. In jeſt or in earneſt, Sir Hargrave muſt be extravagant, I ween, in love-ſpeeches. And that I may not be thought wholly to decline this part of my taſk, I will

ſuppoſe him profeſſing with Hudibras, after he has praiſed me beyond meaſure, for graces of her own creation.

" The ſun ſhall now no more diſpenſe
" His own, but Harriet's influence.
" Where-e'er ſhe treads, her feet ſhall ſet
" The primroſe and the violet:
" All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
" Shall borrow from her breath their odours:
" Worlds ſhall depend upon her eye,
" And when ſhe frowns upon them, die."

And what if I make him addreſs me, by way of *apoſtrophe*, ſhall I ſay? (writing to his friend) in the following ſtrain?

" My faith [my friend] is adamantine,
" As chains of deſtiny, I'll maintain;
" True, as Apollo ever ſpoke,
" Or oracle from heart of oak:
" Then ſhine upon me but benignly,
" With that one, and that other pigſnye:
" The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
" Than love or you ſhake off my heart."

'Well, but what, my Harriet, would 'honeſt Mr. Singleton have written, 'had he written about you?'

Why thus, perhaps, my Lucy: and to his grandmother; for ſhe is living.

'We had rare *fun* at dinner; and 'after dinner, my grandmother.

'There was one Miſs *Barnevelt*, a 'fine, tall, *portly* young lady.

'There was Miſs *Clements*; not 'handſome, but very learned; and 'who, as was eaſy to perceive, could 'hold a *good argument* on occa'ſion.

'There was Miſs *Cantillon*; as pret'ty a young lady as one would wiſh 'to behold in a *ſummer's day*.

'And there was one Miſs *Byron*, 'a Northamptonſhire lady, whom I 'never ſaw before in my *born days*.

'There was Mr. *Walden*, a moſt 'famous ſcholar. I thought him very 'entertaining; for he talked of learn'ing, and ſuch like things; which I 'know not ſo much of as I wiſh I did; 'becauſe my want of knowing a little '*Latin* and *Greek* has made my un'derſtanding *look leſs* than other men's. 'O my grandmother! what a *wiſe* '*man* would the being able to talk 'Latin and Greek have made me!—'And yet I thought that now and 'then Mr. Walden made too great a '*juſt* about *his*.

'But there was a rich and noble 'baronet; richer than *me*, as they ſay, 'a great deal; Sir *Hargrave Pollex'fun*, if I ſpell his name right. A 'charming man! and charmingly 'dreſſed! And ſo many fine things 'he ſaid, and was ſo merry, and ſo 'facetious, that he did nothing but 'laugh, *as a man may ſay!* And I 'was as merry as *him* to the full. 'Why not?

'O my grandmother! What with 'the talk of the young country lady, 'that ſame Miſs Byron, (for they put 'her upon talking a great deal;) what 'with the famous ſcholar; who, how'ever, being a learned man, could 'not be ſo merry as *us*; what with 'Sir Hargrave, (I could live and die 'with Sir Hargrave: you never knew, 'my grandmother, ſuch a bright man 'as Sir Hargrave;) and what with 'one thing, and what with another, 'we *boxed it about*, and had rare *fun*, 'as I told you—So that when I got 'home, and went to bed, I did no'thing but dream of being in the ſame 'company, and three or four times 'waked myſelf with laughing.'

There, Lucy!—Will this do for Mr. Singleton? It is not much out of character, I aſſure you.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

THIS knight, this Sir Rowland Meredith!—He is below, it ſeems; his nephew in his hand: Sir Rowland, my Sally tells me, in his gold button and button-hole coat, and full-buckled wig; Mr. Fowler as ſpruce as a bridegroom.—What ſhall I do with Sir Rowland?

I ſhould be ſorry to diſpleaſe the good old man; yet how can I avoid it?

Expect another letter next poſt: and ſo you will if I did not bid you; for have I miſſed one yet? *Adieu, my* Lucy.

H. B.

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY NIGHT, TUESDAY MORN. } FEB. 6 and 7.

SIR Rowland and his nephew, tea being not quite ready, ſat down with my couſins; and the knight, leaving

ing Mr. Fowler little to say, expatiated so handsomely on his nephew's good qualities, and great passion for me, and on what he himself proposed to do for him in addition to his own fortune; that my cousins, knowing I liked not the gentlemen in our neighbourhood, and thought very indifferently of Sir Hargrave, were more than half inclined to promote the addresses of Mr. Fowler; and gave them both room to think so.

This favourable disposition set the two gentlemen up. They were impatient for tea, that they might see me.

By the time I had sealed up my letters, word was brought me that tea was ready; and I went down.

The knight, it seems, as soon as they heard me coming, jogged Mr. Fowler.—'Nephew,' said he, pointing to the door, 'see what you can 'say to the primrose of your heart!— 'This is now the primrose season with 'us in Caermarthen, Mr. Reeves.'

Mr. Fowler, by a stretch of complaisance, came to meet and introduce me to the company, though at home. The knight nodded his head after him, smiling; as if he had said, 'Let my 'nephew alone to galant the lady to 'her seat.'

I was a little surprized at Mr. Fowler's approaching me the moment I appeared, and with, his taking my hand, and conducting me to my seat with an air; not knowing how much he had been raised by the conversation that had passed before.

He bowed. I curtsied, and looked a little sillier than ordinary, I believe.

'Your servant, young lady,' said the knight. 'Lovelier and lovelier, 'by mercy! How these blushes be-'come that sweet face!—But, forgive 'me, Madam, it is not my intent to 'dash you.'

'Writing, Miss Byron, all day!' said Mrs. Reeves. 'We have greatly 'missed you.'

My cousin seemed to say this, on purpose to give me time to recover myself.

'I have blotted several sheets of pa-'per,' said I, 'and had just con-'cluded.'

'I hope, Madam,' said the knight, leaning forward his whole body, and peering in my face under his bent brows, 'that *we* have not been the 'cause of hastening you down.'

I stared. But as he seemed not to mean any thing, I would not help him to a meaning by my own over-quickness.

Mr. Fowler had done an extraordinary thing, and sat down, hemmed, and said nothing: looking, however, as if he was at a loss to know whether he or his uncle was expected to speak.

The cold weather was then the subject; and the two gentlemen rubbed their hands, and drew nearer the fire, as if they were the colder for talking of it. Many hems passed between them; now the uncle looking on the nephew, now the nephew on the uncle: at last they fell into talk of their new-built house at Caermarthen, and the furnishing of it.

They mentioned afterwards their genteel neighbourhood, and gave the characters of half a dozen people, of whom none present but themselves ever heard; but all tending to shew how much they were valued by the best gentry in Caermarthenshire.

The knight then related a conversation that had once passed between himself and the late Lord Mansell, in which that nobleman had complimented him on an estate of a clear three thousand pounds a year, besides a good deal of ready cash, and with supposing that he would set up his nephew, when at age, (for it was some years ago) as a representative for the county. And he repeated the *prudent* answer he gave his lordship, disavowing such a design, as no better than a gaming *propensity*, as he called it, which had ruined many a fair estate.

This sort of talk, in which his nephew *could* bear a part, (and, indeed, they had it all between them) held the tea-time: and then having given themselves the consequence they had seemed to intend, the knight, drawing his chair nearer to me, and winking to his nephew, who withdrew, began to set forth to me the young gentleman's good qualities; to declare the passion he had for me; and to beg my encouragement of so worthy, so *proper*, and so *well-favoured* a young man, who was to be his sole heir; and for whom he would do such things, on my account, as dur-

ing his life he would not do for any other woman *breathing*.

There was no anſwering a diſcourſe ſo ſerious, with the air of levity which it was hardly poſſible to avoid aſſuming on the firſt viſit of the knight.

I was vexed that I found myſelf almoſt as baſhful, as ſilly, and as ſilent, as if I had thoughts of encouraging Mr. Fowler's addreſſes. My couſins ſeemed pleaſed with my baſhfulneſs. The knight, I once thought, by the tone of his voice, and his hum, would have ſtruck up a Welſh tune, and danced for joy.

'Shall I call in my kinſman, Madam, to confirm all I have ſaid, and 'to pour out his whole ſoul at your 'feet? My boy is baſhful: but a little 'favour from that ſweet countenance 'will make a man of him. Let me, let 'me call in my boy. I will go for him 'myſelf;' and was going.

'Let me ſay one word, Sir Rowland '—before Mr. Fowler comes in—be'fore you ſpeak to him——You have 'explained yourſelf unexceptionably. 'I am obliged to you and Mr. Fowler 'for your good opinion: but this can 'never be.'

'How, Madam? Can *never* be!—I 'will allow that you ſhall take time 'for half a dozen viſits, or ſo, that you 'may be able to judge of my nephew's 'qualities and underſtanding, and be 'convinced from his own mouth, and 'heart, and ſoul, as I may ſay, of his 'love for you. No need of time for '*him*. He, poor man! is fixed, im'moveably fixed: but ſay you will 'take a week's time, or ſo, to conſider 'what you *can* do, what you *will* do—'and that's all I at preſent crave, or, 'indeed, Madam, can *allow* you.'

'I cannot doubt *now*, Sir Rowland, 'of what my mind will be a week hence 'as to this matter.'

'How, Madam!—Why, we are all 'in the *ſuds* then!—Why, Mr. Reeves, 'Mrs. Reeves!—Whew!' with a half-whiſtle—'Why, Madam, we ſhall at 'this rate be all *untwiſted!* But,' (after a pauſe) 'by mercy I will not be 'thus anſwered!——Why, Madam, 'would you have the conſcience to 'break my poor boy's heart!—Come, 'be as gracious as you look to be—'Give me your hand!'—[He ſnatched my hand; in reſpect to his years, I withdrew it not] 'and give my boy your 'heart—Sweet ſoul! Such ſenſible, 'ſuch good-natured mantlings!—Why 'you can't be cruel if you would!—'Dear lady! ſay you will take a little 'time to conſider of this matter; don't 'repeat thoſe cruel words, "It can "never be."—What have you to object 'to my boy?'

'Mr. Fowler, both by character and 'appearance, Sir Rowland, is a worthy 'man. He is a modeſt man; and mo'deſty——'

'Well, and ſo he is—Mercy! I was 'afraid that his modeſty would be an 'objection——'

'It cannot, Sir Rowland, with a 'modeſt woman. I love, I revere, a 'modeſt man: but, indeed, I cannot '*give* hope, where I mean not to *en*'*courage* any.'

'Your objection, Madam, to my 'nephew?—You muſt have ſeen ſome'thing in him you diſlike.'

'I do not eaſily *diſ-like*, Sir; but then 'I do not eaſily *like*: and I never will 'marry any man, to whom I cannot be 'more than indifferent.'

'Why, Madam, he adores you—'He——'

'That, Sir, is an objection, unleſs I 'could return his love. My gratitude 'would be endangered.'

'Excellent notions!—With theſe 'notions, Madam, you could not be 'ungrateful.'

'That, Sir, is a riſk I will never run. 'How many bad wives are there, who 'would have been good ones, had they 'not married either to their diſlike, or 'with indifference? Good beginnings, 'Sir Rowland, are neceſſary to good 'progreſſes, and to happy concluſions.'

'Why ſo they are. But beginnings 'that are *not* bad with good people, 'will make no *bad* progreſſes, no *bad* 'concluſions.'

'*No bad* is not *good*, Sir Rowland; 'and in ſuch a world as this, ſhall 'people lay themſelves open to the 'danger of acting contrary to their 'duty? Shall they ſuffer themſelves 'to be bribed, either by conveniences, 'or ſuperfluities, to give their hands, 'and leave their hearts doubtful or 'indifferent? It would not be honeſt 'to do ſo.'

'You told me, Madam, the firſt time 'I had the honour to ſee you, that you 'were abſolutely and *bona fide* diſen'gaged——'

'I told

'I told you truth, Sir.'

'Then, Madam, we will *not* take your denial. We will perſevere. We will *not* be diſcouraged. What a *deuce!* Have I not heard it ſaid, that *faint heart never won fair lady?*'

'I never would give an abſolute denial, Sir, were I to have the leaſt doubt of my mind. If I could balance, I would conſult my friends, and refer to them, and their opinion ſhould have due weight with me. But for your *nephew's* ſake, Sir Rowland, while his eſteem for me is young and conquerable, urge not this matter farther. I would not give pain to a worthy heart.'

'As I hope for mercy, Madam, ſo well do I like your notions, that if you will be my niece, and let me but converſe with you once a day, I will be content with one hundred pounds a year, and ſettle upon you all I have in the world.'

His eyes gliſtened; his face glowed; an honeſt earneſtneſs appeared in his countenance.

'Generous man! Good Sir Rowland!' ſaid I. I was affected. I was forced to withdraw.

I ſoon returned, and found Sir Rowland, his handkerchief in his hand, applying very earneſtly to my couſins: and they were ſo much affected too, that on his reſuming the ſubject to me, they could not help putting in a word or two on his ſide of the queſtion.

Sir Rowland then propoſed to call in his nephew, that he might ſpeak for himſelf. 'My boy may be over-awed by love, Madam; true love is always fearful: yet he is no milkſop, I do aſſure you. To *men* he has courage. How he will behave to *you*, Madam, I know not; for, really, notwithſtanding that ſweetneſs of aſpect, which I ſhould have thought would have led one to ſay what one would to you, (in modeſty I mean) I have a kind of I cannot-tell-what for you myſelf. Reverence it is not neither, I think—I only revererence my Maker—and yet I believe it is. Why, Madam, your face is one of God Almighty's wonders in a little compaſs!—Pardon me—You may bluſh —But *be* gracious now!—Don't ſhew us, that, with a face ſo encouragingly tender, you have a hard heart,'

'O, Sir Rowland, you are an excellent advocate: but pray tell Mr. Fowler——'

'I will call him in——' and was riſing.

'No, don't. But tell Mr. Fowler, that I regard him on a double account; for his own worth's ſake, and for his uncle's: but ſubject me not, I once more entreat you, to the pain of repulſing a worthy man. I repeat, that I am under obligation to him for the value he has for me: I ſhall be under more, if he will accept of my thanks, as all I have to return.'

'My dear Miſs Byron,' ſaid Mr. Reeves, 'oblige Sir Rowland ſo far, as to take a little time to conſider—'

'God bleſs you on earth and in heaven, Mr. Reeves, for this! You are a good man—Why, aye, take a little time to conſider—God bleſs you, Madam, take a little time. Say you will conſider. You know not what a man of underſtanding my nephew is. Why, Madam, modeſt as he is, and awed by his love for you, he cannot ſhew half the good ſenſe he is maſter of.'

'Modeſt men muſt have merit, Sir. But how *can* you, Mr. Reeves, make a difficult taſk more difficult? And yet all is from the goodneſs of your heart. You ſee Sir Rowland thinks me cruel: I have no cruelty in my nature. I love to oblige. I wiſh to match *you* in generoſity, Sir Rowland—Aſk me for any thing but *myſelf*, and I will endeavour to oblige you.'

'Admirable, by Mercy! Why, every thing you ſay, inſtead of making me deſiſt, induces me to perſevere. There is no yielding up ſuch a prize, if one can obtain it. Tell me, Mr. Reeves, where there is ſuch another woman to be had, and we may give up Miſs Byron: but I hope ſhe will conſider of it—Pray, Madam—But I will call in my nephew.' And out he went in haſte, as if he were afraid of being again forbidden.

Meantime my couſins put it to me—But before I could anſwer them, the knight, followed by his nephew, returned.

Mr. Fowler entered, bowing in the moſt reſpectful manner. He looked much

much more dejected than when he approached me at my first coming down. His uncle had given him a hint of what had passed between us.

Mr. Fowler and I had but just sat down, when the knight said to Mr. Reeves, (but took him not by the button, as in his first visit) 'One word 'with you, Sir—Mr. Reeves, one word 'with you, if you please.'

They withdrew together, and presently after Mrs. Reeves went out at the other door; and I was left alone with Mr. Fowler.

We both sat silent for about three or four minutes. I thought I ought not to begin; Mr. Fowler knew not how. He drew his chair nearer to me; then sat a little farther off; then drew a little nearer again; stroked his ruffles, and hemmed two or three times; and at last, 'You cannot, Madam, but ob-'serve my confusion, my concern, my, 'my, my confusion!—It is owing to 'my reverence, my respect, my *reve-'rence*, for you—hem!'—He gave two gentle hems, and was silent.

I could not enjoy the modest man's awkwardness.—Every feature of his face working, his hands and his knees trembling, and his tongue faultering, how barbarous had I been, if I could. —O Lucy, what a disqualifier is love, if such agitations as these are the natural effects of *that* passion!

'Sir Rowland has been acquainting 'me, Sir,' said I, 'with the good 'opinion you have of me. I am very 'much obliged to you for it. I have 'been telling Sir Rowland—'

'Ah, Madam! Say not what you 'have been telling Sir Rowland: he 'has hinted it to me. I must, indeed, 'confess my unworthiness; yet I can-'not forbear aspiring to your favour. 'Who that knows what will make 'him the happiest of men, however 'unworthy he may be, can forbear 'seeking his happiness? I can only 'say, I am the most miserable of men, 'if—'

'Good Mr. Fowler,' interrupted I, 'indulge not a hope that cannot be an-'swered. I will not pretend to say, 'that I should not merit your esteem, 'if I could return it; because, to 'whomsoever I should give my hand, 'I would make it a point of duty to 'deserve his affection: but for that 'very reason, and that I may have no 'temptation to do otherwise, I must be 'convinced in my own mind that there 'is not a man in the world whom I 'could value more than him I chose.'

He sighed. 'I was *assured*, Ma-'dam,' said he, 'that your heart was 'absolutely disengaged: on that as-'surance I founded my presumptuous 'hope.'

'And so it is, Mr. Fowler. I have 'never seen a man whom I could wish 'to marry.'

'Then, Madam, may I not hope, 'that time, that my assiduities, that 'my profound reverence, my unbound-'ed love—'

'O, Mr. Fowler, think me not 'either insensible or ungrateful. But 'time, I am sure, can make no al-'teration in this case. I can only 'esteem *you*, and that from a motive 'which I think has selfishness in it, 'because you have shewn a regard for '*me*.'

'No selfishness in this motive, Ma-'dam; it is amiable gratitude. And 'if all the services of my life, if all 'the adoration—'

'I have a very indifferent notion of 'sudden impressions, Mr. Fowler: 'but I will not question the sincerity 'of a man I think so worthy. Sir 'Rowland has been very urgent with 'me: he has wished me to take time 'to consider. I have told him I *would*, 'if I could doubt: but that I cannot. 'For *your own sake*, therefore, let me 'entreat you to place your affections 'elsewhere. And may you place them 'happily!'

'You have, Madam, I am afraid, 'seen men whom you could prefer to 'me?'

'Our acquaintance, Mr. Fowler, 'is very short: it would be no won-'der if I had. Yet I told you truly, 'that I never yet saw a man whom I 'could wish to marry.'

He looked down, and sighed.

'But, Mr. Fowler, to be still more 'frank and explicit with you; as I 'think you a very worthy man; I will 'own, that were any of the gentlemen 'I have hitherto known, to be my lot, 'it must be, I think, in compassion, '(in *gratitude*, I had almost said) one '(who nevertheless it cannot be) who 'has professed a love for me ever since 'I was a child. A man of honour, 'of virtue, of modesty; such a man

'as

'as I believe Mr. Fowler is. His for-
'tune, indeed, is not so considerable
'as Sir Rowland says yours will be:
'but, Sir, as there is no other reason,
'on the comparison, why I should pre-
'fer Mr. Fowler to him, I should
'think the worse of myself as long as
'I lived, if I gave a preference over
'such a tried affection to fortune only.
'And now, Sir, I expect that you
'will make a generous use of my frank-
'ness, lest the gentleman, if you
'should know him, may hear of it.
'And this I request for *his sake*, as I
'think I never can be his; as for *yours*
'I have been thus explicit.'

'I can only say, that I am the most
'miserable of men!—But will you,
'Madam, give me leave to visit Mr.
'Reeves now and then?'

'Not on my account, Mr. Fowler.
'Understand it so; and if you see me,
'let it be with indifference, and with-
'out expectation from me; and I shall
'always behave myself to you, as to a
'man who has obliged me by his good
'opinion.'

He bowed; sat in silence; pulled out his handkerchief—I pitied him.

But let me ask all you, my friends, who love Mr. Orme, was I wrong? I think I never could love Mr. Fowler, as a wife ought to do her husband—May he meet with a worthy woman who can! And surely so good, so modest a man, and of such an ample fortune, easily may: while it may be my lot, if ever I marry, to be the wife of a man, with whom I may not be so happy, as either Mr. Orme or Mr. Fowler would probably make me, could I prevail upon myself to be the wife of either. —O my uncle! often do I reflect on your mercer's shop.

Mr. Fowler arose, and walked disconsolately about the room, and often profoundly; and, I believe, (*not* Greville-like) sincerely, sighed. His motion soon brought in the knight and Mr. Reeves at one door, and Mrs. Reeves at the other.

'Well! What news? what news?
'—Good, I hope!' said the knight, with spread hands. 'Ah—my poor
'boy! Thus alamort! Surely, Ma-
'dam—'

There he stopt, and looked wistfully at me; then at my cousins—'Mr.
'Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, speak a good
'word for my boy. The heart that
'belongs to that countenance cannot
'be adamant, surely.—Dear young
'lady, let your power be equalled by
'your mercy.'

'Mr. Fowler, Sir Rowland, has
'too much generosity to upbraid me,
'I dare say. Nor will you think me
'either perverse or ungenerous, when
'he tells you what has passed between
'us.'

'Have you given him hope, then?
'God grant it, though but distant hope!
'Have you said you will consider—
'Dear, blessed lady!—'

'O, Sir,' interrupted I, 'how good
'you are to your nephew! How wor-
'thily is your love placed on him?
'What a proof is it of *his* merit, and
'of the goodness of *your* heart!—I
'shall always have an esteem for you
'both!—Your excuse, Sir Rowland:
'yours, Mr. Fowler. Be so good as
'to allow me to withdraw.'

I retired to my own apartment, and throwing myself into a chair, reflected on what had passed; and after a while recollected myself to begin to write it down for you.

As soon as I had withdrawn, Mr. Fowler, with a sorrowful heart, as my cousins told me, related all that I had said to him.

Mr. Reeves was so good as to praise me for what he called my generosity to Mr. Orme, as well as for my frankness and civility to Mr. Fowler.

That was the deuce of it, Sir Rowland said, that were they to have no remedy, they could not find any fault in me to comfort themselves with.

They put it over and over to my cousin, whether time and assiduity might not prevail with me to change my mind? And whether an application to my friends in the country might not, on setting every thing fairly before them, be of service? But Mr. Reeves told them, that now I had opened so freely my mind, and had spoken so unexpectedly, yet so gratefully, in favour of Mr. Orme, he feared there could be no hopes.

However, both gentlemen, at taking leave, recommended themselves to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves for their interests; and the knight vowed that I should not come off so easily.

So much, and adieu, my Lucy, for the

the addreſſes of worthy Mr. Fowler. Pray, however, for your Harriet, that ſhe may not draw a worſe lot.

TUESDAY MORNING.

AT a private concert laſt night with my couſins and Miſs Clements; and again to be at a play this night: I ſhall be a racketer, I doubt.

Mr. Fowler called here this morning. Mrs. Reeves and I were out on a viſit. But Mr. Reeves was at home, and they had a good deal of diſcourſe about me. The worthy man ſpoke ſo deſpairingly of his ſucceſs with me, that I hope, for his own ſake, I ſhall hear no more of his addreſſes; and with the more reaſon, as Sir Rowland will in a few days ſet out for Caermarthen.

Sir Rowland called afterwards: but Mr. Reeves was abroad; and Mrs. Reeves and I were gone to Ludgate Hill, to buy a gown, which is to be made up in all haſte, that I may the more faſhionably attend Lady Betty Williams to ſome of the publick entertainments. I have been very extravagant: but it is partly my couſin's fault. I ſend you incloſed a pattern of my ſilk. I thought we were high in the faſhion in Northamptonſhire; but all my cloaths are altering, that I may not *look frightful*, as the phraſe is.

But ſhall I as eaſily get rid of the baronet, think you, as I hope I have of Mr. Fowler? He is come to town, and, by his own invitation, (in a card to Mr. Reeves) is to be here to-morrow afternoon. What ſignifies my getting out of the way? He will ſee me at another time; and I ſhall increaſe my own difficulties and his conſequence, if he thinks I am afraid of him.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

SIR Hargrave came before ſix o'clock. He was richly dreſſed. He aſked for my couſin Reeves. I was in my cloſet writing. He was not likely to be the better received for the character Sir John Alleſtree gave of him.

He excuſed himſelf for coming ſo early on the ſcore of his impatience, and that he might have a little diſcourſe with them, if I ſhould be engaged before tea-time.

Was I within.—I was.—Thank Heaven!—I was very good.

So he ſeemed to imagine that I was at home, in compliment to him.

Shall I give you, from my couſins, an account of the converſation before I went down? You know Mrs. Reeves is a nice obſerver.

He had had, he told my couſins, a moſt uneaſy time of it, ever ſince he ſaw me. The devil fetch him, if he had had one hour's reſt. He never ſaw a woman before whom he could love as he loved me. By his ſoul, he had no view, but what was ſtrictly honourable.

He ſometimes ſat down, ſometimes walked about the room, ſtrutting, and now and then adjuſting ſomething in his dreſs that nobody elſe ſaw wanted it. He gloried in the happy proſpects before him: not but he knew I had a little *army* of admirers; but as none of them had met encouragement from me, he hoped there was room for him to flatter himſelf that *he* might be the happy man.

'I told you, Mr. Reeves,' ſaid he, 'that I will give you *carte blanche* as 'to ſettlements. What I do for ſo 'prudent a woman, will be doing for 'myſelf. I am not uſed, Mr. Reeves, 'to boaſt of my *fortune*. [Then, it ſeems he went up to the glaſs, as if his *perſon* could not fail of being an *additional* recommendation;] but I 'will lay before you, or before any 'of Miſs Byron's friends, (Mr. Deane, 'if ſhe pleaſes—) my rent-rolls. 'There never was a better-conditioned eſtate. She ſhall live in town, or 'in the country, as ſhe thinks fit; 'and, in the latter, at which of my 'ſeats ſhe pleaſes. I know I ſhall 'have no will but hers. I doubt not '*your* friendſhip.—Mrs. Reeves, I hope 'for *yours*, Madam. I ſhall have 'great pleaſure in the alliance I have 'in view with every individual of 'your family.' As if he would ſatisfy them of his friendſhip, in the near relation, as the only matter that could bear a doubt.

Then he ran on upon the part I bore in the converſation at Lady Betty Williams's—By his ſoul, *only* the wiſeſt, the wittieſt, the moſt gracefully modeſt

deſt of women—*that was all*—Then, Ha, ha, ha, hah, poor Walden! what a ſilly fellow! He had *caught a Tartar!* Ha, ha, ha, ha, hah—Shaking his head and gay ſides: devil take him if he ever ſaw a *prig* ſo fairly taken in! —but I was a ſly little rogue!—He ſaw that—' By all that's good, I muſt ' myſelf *ſing ſmall* in *her* company!— ' I will never meet at hard-edge with ' her—If I did—(and yet I have been ' thought to carry a good one) I ſhould ' be confoundedly gapped, *I can ſee ' that:* [alluding to two knives, I ſuppoſe, gapping each other; and winking with one eye! and, as Mrs. Reeves deſcribed him, looking as wiſe as if he would make a compliment to his *penetration*, at the expence of his *underſtanding:*] ' But,' continued he, ' as ' a woman is more a huſband's than a ' man is a wife's,' [Have all the men this prerogative notion, Lucy? You know it is a better man's.] ' I ſhall have ' a pride worth boaſting of, if I can call ' ſuch a jewel mine. Poor Walden! ' —Rot the fellow!—I warrant he ' would not have ſo knowing a wife ' for the world—Ha, ha, ha, hah! He ' is right: it is certainly right for ſuch ' narrow pedants to be afraid of learn- ' ed women!—Methinks, I ſee the fel- ' low, conjuror-like, circumſcribed ' in a narrow circle, putting into ' Greek what was better expreſſed in ' Engliſh; and forbidding every one's ' approach within the diſtance of his ' wand! Hah, hah, hah!—Let me die, ' if ever I ſaw a tragi-comical fellow ' better handled!—Then the faces he ' made—Saw you ever, Mr. Reeves, ' ſaw you ever in your life, ſuch a par- ' cel of diſaſtrous faces made by one ' man?'

Thus did Sir Hargrave laughingly run on: nor left he hardly any thing for my couſins to ſay, or to do, but to laugh *with* him, and to ſmile *at* him.

On a meſſage that tea was near ready, I went down. On my entering the room, he addreſſed me with an air of kindneſs and freedom. ' Charm- ' ing Miſs Byron!' ſaid he, ' I hope ' you are all benignity and compaſſion. ' You know not what I have ſuffered ' ſince I had the honour to ſee you laſt!' bowing very low; then rearing himſelf up, holding back his head; and ſeemed the taller for having bowed.

' Handſome fop!' thought I to myſelf. I took my ſeat, and endeavoured to look eaſy and free, as uſual; finding ſomething to ſay to my couſins, and to him. He begged that tea might be poſtponed for half an hour; and that, before the ſervants were admitted, I would hear him relate the ſubſtance of the converſation that had paſſed between him and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves.

Had not Sir Hargrave intended me an honour, and had he not a very high opinion of the efficacy of eight thouſand pounds a year in an addreſs of this kind, I dare ſay, he would have ſuppoſed a little more prefacing neceſſary: but, after he had told me, in few words, how much he was attracted by my character before he ſaw me, he thought fit directly to refer himſelf to the declaration he had made at Lady Betty Williams's, both to Mr. Reeves and myſelf; and then talked of large ſettlements; boaſted of his violent paſſion; and beſought my favour with the utmoſt earneſtneſs.

I would have played a little female trifling upon him, and affected to take his profeſſions only for polite raillery, which men call *making love* to young women, who perhaps are frequently but too willing to take in earneſt what the wretches mean but in jeſt; but the fervour with which he *renewed* (as he called it) his declaration, admitted not of fooling; and yet his *volubility* might have made queſtionable the ſincerity of his declarations. As, therefore, I could not think of encouraging his addreſſes, I thought it beſt to anſwer him with openneſs and unreſerve.

' To ſeem to queſtion the ſincerity ' of ſuch profeſſions as you make, Sir ' Hargrave, might appear to you as if ' I wanted to be aſſured: but be pleaſed ' to know, that you are directing your ' diſcourſe to one of the plaineſt-heart- ' ed women in England; and you may ' therefore expect from me nothing ' but the ſimpleſt truth. I thank you, ' Sir, for your good opinion of me; ' but I cannot encourage your ad- ' dreſſes.'

' You *cannot*, Madam, *encourage ' my addreſſes!* And expreſs yourſelf ' ſo ſeriouſly? Good Heaven!' [He ſtood ſilent a minute or two, looking upon me, and upon himſelf, as if he had ſaid, ' Fooliſh girl! knows ſhe ' whom ſhe refuſes?'] ' I have been aſ-

'sured, Madam,' recovering a little from his surprize, 'that your affections are not engaged. But, surely, it must be a mistake: some happy man—'

'Is it,' interrupted I, 'a necessary consequence, that the woman who cannot receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, must be engaged?'

'Why, Madam—As to that—I know not what to say—But a man of my fortune; and, I hope, not *absolutely* disagreeable either in person or temper; of *some* rank in life—' He paused; then resuming—'What, Madam, if you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection? Be so good as to name it, that I may know, whether I cannot be so happy as to get over it?'

'We do not, we *cannot*, all like the same person. Women, I have heard say, are very capricious. Perhaps I am so. But there is a *something* (we cannot always say what) that attracts or disgusts us.'

'*Disgusts!* Madam—*Disgusts!* Miss Byron.'

'I spoke in general, Sir: I dare say, nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured in the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.'

'But *you*, Madam, are the twentieth that I must love: and be so good as to let me know—'

'Pray, Sir, ask me not a reason for a *peculiarity*. Do you not yourself shew a peculiarity in making me the twentieth?'

'*Your* merit, Madam—'

'It would be vanity in me, Sir,' interrupted I, 'to allow a force to that plea. 'You, Sir, may have more merit, than perhaps the man I may happen to approve of better; but—*shall* I say? (Pardon me, Sir) You do not—you do not,' hesitated I, 'hit my fancy—Pardon me, Sir.'

'If pardon depends upon *my* breath, let me die if I *do!—Not hit your fancy*,' Madam! [And then he looked upon himself all round] '*Not hit your fancy*, Madam!'

'I told you, Sir, that you must not expect any thing from me but the simplest truth. You do me an honour in your good opinion; and if my own heart were not, in this case, a very determined one, I would answer you with more politeness. But, Sir, on such an occasion as this, I think it would not be honourable, it would not be just, to keep a man in an hour's suspense, when I am in none myself.'

'And are you, then,' (angrily) 'so determined, Miss Byron?'

'I am, Sir.'

'Confound me!—And yet I am enough confounded!—But I will not take an answer so contrary to my hopes. Tell me, Madam, by the sincerity which you boast; are you not engaged in your affections? Is there not some one happy man, whom you prefer to all men?'

'I am a free person, Sir Hargrave. It is no impeachment of sincerity, if a free person answers not every question that may be put to her, by those to whom she is not accountable.'

'Very true, Madam. But as it is no impeachment of your freedom to answer this question either negatively or affirmatively, and as you glory in your frankness, let me beseech you to answer it; are you, Madam, or are you not, disengaged in your affections?'

'Excuse me, Sir Hargrave; I don't think you are entitled to an answer to this question. Nor, perhaps, would you be determined by the answer I should make to it, whether negative or affirmative.'

'Give me leave to say, Madam, that I have some little knowledge of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville, and of their addresses. They have both owned, that no hopes have you given them; yet declare that they *still* hope. Have you, Madam, been as explicit to them, as you are to me?'

'I have, Sir.'

'Then *they* are not the men I have to fear——Mr. Orme, Madam—'

'Is a good man, Sir.'

'Ah, Madam!—But why then will you not say that you are engaged?'

'If I own I *am*, perhaps it will not avail me: it will still much less, if I say I am *not*.'

'*Avail* you! dear Miss Byron! I have pride, Madam. If I had not, I should not aspire to *your* favour: but give me leave to say,' [and he reddened,

reddened with anger] 'that my fortune, 'my descent, and my ardent affection 'for you, considered, it may not *dis-* 'avail you. Your relations will at least 'think so, if I may have the honour of 'your consent for applying to them.'

'May your fortune, Sir Hargrave, 'be a blessing to you! It *will*, in pro- 'portion as you do good with it. But 'were it twice as much, that *alone* 'would have no charms for me. My 'duties would be increased with my 'power. *My* fortune is an humble 'one: but were it less, it would sa- 'tisfy my ambition while I am single; 'and if I marry, I shall not desire to 'live beyond the estate of the man I 'chuse.'

'Upon my soul, Madam, you *must* 'be mine. Every word you speak adds 'a rivet to my chains.'

'*Then*, Sir, let us say no more upon 'this subject.'

He then laid a title to my gratitude from the passion he avowed for me.

'That is a very poor plea, Sir,' said I, 'as you yourself would think, I be- 'lieve, were one of our sex, whom you 'could not like, to claim a return of 'love from you upon it.'

'You are too refined, surely, Ma- 'dam.'

'*Refined!*' [what meant the man by the word in this place?]

'I believe, Sir, we differ very widely 'in *many* of our sentiments.'

'We will not differ in *one*, Madam, 'when I know yours; such is the opi- 'nion I have of your prudence, that I 'will adopt them, and make them my 'own.'

'This may be *said*, Sir; but there 'is hardly a man in the world that, 'saying it, would keep his word; nor 'a woman, who ought to *expect* he 'should.'

'But you will allow of my visits to 'your cousins, Madam?'

'Not on my account, Sir.'

'You will not withdraw if I come? 'You will not refuse seeing me?'

'As you will be no visiter of mine, 'I must be allowed to act accordingly. 'Had I the least thought of encou- 'raging your addresses, I would deal 'with you as openly as is consistent 'with my notions of modesty and de- 'corum.'

'Perhaps, Madam, from my gay 'behaviour at Lady Betty Williams's, 'you think me too airy a man. You 'have doubts of my sincerity. You 'question my honour.'

'That, Sir, would be to injure my- 'self.'

'Your *objections*, then, dear Madam? 'Give me, I beseech you, some one 'material objection.'

'Why, Sir, should you urge me 'thus?—When I have no *doubt*, it is 'unnecessary to look into my own 'mind for the particular reasons that 'move me to disapprove of the addresses 'of a gentleman whose professions of 'regard for me, notwithstanding, in- 'title him to civility and acknowledg- 'ment.'

'By my soul, Madam, this is very 'comical—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell:
"The reason why, I cannot tell—
"But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

'Such, Madam, seem to me to be your 'reasons.'

'You are very pleasant, Sir. But 'let me say, that if you are in earnest 'in your professions, you could not 'have quoted any thing more against 'you than these humourous lines; 'since a dislike of such a nature as is 'implied by them, must be a dislike 'arising from something resembling a 'natural aversion; whether just or not 'is little to the purpose.'

'I was not aware of that,' replied he: 'but I hope yours to me is not 'such a one.'

'Excuse me, cousin,' said I, turn- ing to Mrs. Reeves: 'but I believe I 'have talked away the tea-time.'

'I think not of tea,' said she.

'Hang tea,' said Mr. Reeves.

'The devil fly away with the tea- 'kettle,' said Sir Hargrave; 'let it 'not have entrance here, till I have 'said what I have farther to say. And 'let me tell you, Miss Byron, that 'though you may not have a dying 'lover, you shall have a resolute one: 'for I will not cease pursuing you till 'you are mine, or till you are the 'wife of some other man.'

He spoke this fiercely, and even rudely. I was disgusted as much at his manner as with his words.

'I cannot,' replied I, 'but con- 'gratulate myself on *one* felicity, since 'I have been in your company, Sir;

'and that is, that in this whole con-
'verſation (and I think it much too
'long) I have not one thing to re-
'proach myſelf with, or be ſorry for.'

'Your ſervant, Madam,' bowing:—'but I am of the *contrary* opinion.
'By Heaven, Madam!' [with anger, and an air of inſolence] 'I think you
'have pride, Madam—'

'*Pride*, Sir!'

'Cruelty—'

'*Cruelty*, Sir!'

'Ingratitude, Madam.'

I thought it was ſtaying to be inſulted. All that Sir John Alleſtree had ſaid of him came into my head. 'Hold, Sir,' (for he ſeemed to be going on) '*pride*, *cruelty*, *ingratitude*, 'are crimes black enough. If you 'think I am guilty of them, excuſe 'me that I retire for the benefit of re-'collection—' And, making a low curtſey, I withdrew in haſte. He beſought me to return; and followed me to the ſtairs foot.

He ſhewed *his* pride, and his ill-nature too, before my couſins, when I was gone. He bit his lip; he walked about the room: then ſitting down, he lamented, defended, accuſed, and re-defended himſelf; and yet beſought their intereſt with me.

He was greatly diſturbed, he owned, that with *ſuch* honourable *intentions*, with ſo much POWER to make me happy, and *ſuch* a WILL to do ſo, he ſhould be refuſed; and this without my aſſigning one reaſon for it.

And my couſins (to whom he again referred on thst head) anſwering him, that they believed me diſengaged in my affections—— D— him, he ſaid, if he could account, then, for my behaviour to him.

He, however, threatened Mr. Orme: who, (if *any*) he ſaid, was the man I favoured. I had acknowledged, that neither Greville nor Fenwick were. My proud repulſe had ſtung him, he owned. He begged that they would ſend for me down in their names.

They liked not the humour he ſeemed to be in well enough to comply with his requeſt; and he ſent up in his own name.

But I returned my compliments; I was buſy in writing: [and ſo I was—to you, my Lucy] I hoped Sir Hargrave and my couſins would excuſe me. I put *them* in to ſoften my refuſal.

This ſtill more diſpleaſed him. He beſought *their* pardon; but he would haunt me like a ghoſt. In ſpite of man and devil, I ſhould be his, he had the preſumption to repeat; and went away with a flaming face.

Don't you think, my dear, that my couſin Reeves was a little too mild in his own houſe; as I am under his guardianſhip? But perhaps he was the more patient for that very reaſon; and he *is* one of the beſt-natured men in England. And then 8000l. a year! —Yet why ſhould a man of my couſin's independent fortune—But grandeur will have it's charms!

Thus did Sir Hargrave confirm all that Sir John Alleſtree had ſaid of his bad qualities: and I think I am more afraid of him than ever I was of any man before. I remember, that *miſchievous* is one of the bad qualities Sir John attributed to him: and *revengeful* another. Should I ever ſee him again on the ſame errand, I will be more explicit, as to my being abſolutely diſengaged in my affections, if I can be ſo without giving him hope, leſt he ſhould do private miſchief to ſome one on my account. Upon my word, I would not, of all the men I have ever ſeen, be the wife of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And ſo much for this firſt viſit of his. I wiſh his pride may be enough piqued to make it the laſt.

But could you have thought he would have ſhewn himſelf ſo ſoon?—Yet, he had paraded ſo much, before I went down, to my couſins, and ſo little expected a direct and determined repulſe, that a man of his ſelf-conſequence might, perhaps, be allowed to be the more eaſily piqued by it.

Lady Betty has ſent us notice, that on Thurſday next there will be a ball at the Opera Houſe in the Hay Market. My couſins are to chuſe what they will be; but ſhe inſiſts, that my dreſs ſhall be left to her. I am not to know what it is to be, till the day before, or the very day. If I like it not, ſhe will not put me to any expence about it.

You will eaſily imagine, upon ſuch an alternative, I ſhall approve of it, be it what it will. I have only requeſted, that I may not be ſo remarkably dreſſed, as to attract the eyes of the company: if I am, I ſhall not behave

have with any tolerable preſence of mind.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY, FEB. 10.

ONE of Mr. Greville's ſervants has juſt been here with his maſter's compliments. So the wretch is come to town. I believe I ſhall ſoon be able to oblige him: he wiſhes, you know, to provoke me to ſay, I *hate* him.

Surely, I draw inconveniences upon myſelf, by being ſo willing to pay civility for eſteem. Yet, it is in my nature to do ſo, and I cannot help it, without committing a kind of violence on my temper. There is no merit, therefore, in my behaviour on ſuch occaſions. Very pretty ſelf-deception! I ſtudy my own eaſe, and (before I conſider) am ready to call myſelf patient, and good-humoured, and civil, and to attribute to myſelf I know not how many kind and complaiſant things; when I ought, in modeſty, to diſtinguiſh between the *virtue* and the *neceſſity*.

I never was uncivil, as I call it, but to one young gentleman; a man of quality, (you know who I mean;) and that was, becauſe he wanted me to keep ſecret his addreſſes to me, for family conſiderations. The young woman who engages to keep her lover's ſecrets in this particular, is often brought into a plot againſt herſelf, and oftener ſtill againſt thoſe to whom ſhe owes unreſerved honour and duty: and is not ſuch a conduct alſo an indirect confeſſion, that you know you are engaging in ſomething wrong and unworthy?

Mr. Greville's arrival vexes me. I ſuppoſe it will not be long before Mr. Fenwick comes too. I have a good mind to try to like the modeſt Mr. Orme the better, in ſpite.

SAT. MORN. FEB. 11.

I SHALL have nothing to trouble you with, I think, but ſcenes of courtſhip. Sir Rowland, Sir Hargrave, and Mr. Greville, all met juſt now at our breakfaſt-time.

Sir Rowland came firſt, a little before breakfaſt was ready. After enquiries of Mr. Reeves whether I held in the ſame mind, or not; he deſired to have the favour of one quarter of an hour's converſation with me alone.

Methinks I have a value for this honeſt knight. Honeſty, my Lucy, is good ſenſe, politeneſs, amiableneſs, all in one. An honeſt man muſt appear in every light with ſuch advantages, as will make even *ſingularity* agreeable. I went down directly.

He met me; and taking my not-withdrawn hand, and peering in my face, 'Mercy!' ſaid he; 'the ſame 'kind aſpect! the ſame ſweet and 'obliging countenance! How can this 'be? But you *muſt* be gracious! You '*will*. Say you will.'

'You muſt not urge me, Sir Row-'land. You will give me pain if you 'lay me under a neceſſity to repeat—'

'Repeat what? Don't ſay a re-'fuſal. Dear Madam, don't ſay a re-'fuſal! Will you not ſave a life? 'Why, Madam, my poor boy is ab-'ſolutely and *bona fide* broken-heart-'ed. I would have had him come 'with me: but, no, he could not 'bear to teaze the beloved of his ſoul! 'Why there's an inſtance of love now! 'Not for all his hopes, not for his 'life's ſake, could he bear to teaze you! 'None of your fluttering Jack-a-dan-'dies, now, would have ſaid this! 'And let not ſuch ſucceed, where 'modeſt merit fails!—Mercy! You 'are ſtruck with my plea! Don't, 'don't, God bleſs you now, don't 'harden your heart on my obſerva-'tion. I was reſolved to ſet out in a 'day or two: but I will ſtay in town, 'were it a month, to ſee my boy made 'happy. And, let me tell you, I 'would not wiſh him to be happy, un-'leſs he could make you ſo—Come, 'come—'

I was a little affected. I was ſilent.

'Come, come, be gracious; be mer-'ciful. Dear lady, be as good as you 'look to be. One word of comfort for 'my poor boy. I could kneel to you 'for one word of comfort—Nay, I '*will* kneel;' taking hold of my other hand, as he ſtill held one; and down on his knees dropt the honeſt knight.

I was ſurprized. I knew not what to ſay, what to do. I had not the courage to attempt to lift him up. Yet, to ſee a man of his years, and who had given himſelf a claim to my eſteem, kneel; and, with gliſtening eyes looking

ing up to me for *mercy*, as he called it, on his *boy*; how was I affected!—But, at laſt, 'Riſe, dear Sir Rowland, 'riſe,' ſaid I: 'you call out for mer-'cy to me; yet have none upon me. 'O how you diſtreſs me!'

I would have withdrawn my hands; but he held them faſt. I ſtamped in tender paſſion, [I am *ſure* it was in *tender* paſſion] now with one foot, now with the other; 'Dear Sir Rowland, riſe; 'I cannot bear this. I beſeech you 'riſe!' [And down I dropt involuntarily on one knee.] 'What can I ſay? 'Riſe, dear Sir; on *my* knee I beg of 'you kneel not to me: indeed, Sir, 'you greatly diſtreſs me! Pray let 'go my hands.'

Tears ran down his cheeks—'And 'do I diſtreſs you, Madam! And *do* 'you vouchſafe to kneel to me?—I 'will *not* diſtreſs you; for the *world*, 'I will not diſtreſs you.'

He aroſe, and let go my hands. I aroſe too, abaſhed. He pulled out his handkerchief, and haſtening from me to the window, wiped his eyes: then turning to me, 'What a fool I am! 'What a mere child I make of my-'ſelf! How can I blame my boy? 'O Madam, have you not one word 'of comfort to ſend by me to my boy? 'Say, but, you will ſee him. Give 'him leave to wait on you: yet, poor 'ſoul!' (wiping his eyes again) 'he 'would not be able to ſay a word in 'his own behalf.—Bid me bring him 'to you: bid us come together.'

'And ſo I could, and ſo I would, 'Sir Rowland, if no other expectations were to be formed than thoſe of 'civility. But I will go farther, to 'ſhew my regard for you, Sir; let me 'be happy in your friendſhip and 'good opinion; let me look upon you 'as my father. Let me look upon 'Mr. Fowler as my brother; I am not 'ſo happy as to have either father or 'brother. And let Mr. Fowler own 'me as his ſiſter; and every viſit you 'make me, you will both, in theſe 'characters, be dearer to me than be-'fore—But, O my father! (already 'will I call you father!) urge not 'your daughter to an impoſſibility!'

'Mercy, mercy! what will become 'of me! What will become of my 'boy, rather!'

He turned from me with his handkerchief at his eyes again, and even ſobbed. 'Where are all my purpoſes, 'irreſiſtible lady!—But muſt I give 'up my hopes! Muſt my boy be told—'And yet, do you call me *father*; 'and do you plead for my indulgence, 'as if you were my *daughter?*'

'Indeed I do; indeed I muſt. I 'have told Mr. Fowler, with ſo much 'regard for him, as an honeſt, as a 'worthy man—'

'Why, that's the weapon that 'wounds him, that cuts him to the 'heart! Your gentleneſs, your open-'neſs—And *are* you determined? *Can* 'there be no hope?'

'Mr. *Fowler* is my *brother*, Sir; 'and *you* are my *father*.—Accept me 'in thoſe characters.'

'Accept you! mercy! Accept you! 'Forgive me, Madam,' (catching my hand, and preſſing it with his lips) 'you do me honour in the appella-'tion; but if your mind ſhould change 'on conſideration, and from motives 'of pity—'

'Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, it 'cannot change.'

'Why, then, I, as well as my ne-'phew, muſt acquieſce with your 'pleaſure. But, Madam, you don't 'know what a worthy creature he is. 'I will not, however teaze you—But 'how, but how, ſhall I ſee Mr. 'Reeves? I am aſhamed to ſee him 'with this baby in my face.'

'And I, Sir Rowland, muſt retire 'before I can appear. Excuſe me, 'Sir,' (withdrawing) 'but I hope you 'will breakfaſt with us.'

'I will drink tea with you, Madam, 'if I can make myſelf fit to be ſeen, 'were it but to claim you for my 'daughter; but yet had much rather 'you would be a farther remove in 'relation: would to God you would 'let it be *niece!*'—

I curtſied, as a daughter might do, parting with her real father; and withdrew.

And now, my Lucy, will you not be convinced, that one of the greateſt pains, (the loſs of dear friends excepted) that a grateful mind can know, is to be too much beloved by a worthy heart, and not to be able to return his love?

My ſheet is ended. With a new one I will begin another letter. Yet a few words in the margin—I tell you not, my dear, of the publick entertain-

tainments to which Lady Betty is continually contriving to draw me out. She intends by it to be very obliging, and *is* so: but my present reluctance to go so very often, must not be overcome, as it possibly would be too easily done, were I to give way to the temptation. If it be, your Harriet may turn gadfly, and never be easy but when she is forming parties, or giving way to them, that may make the home, that hitherto has been the chief scene of her pleasures, undelightful to her. Bad habits are sooner acquired than shaken off, as my grandmamma has often told us.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WHO would have thought that a man of Sir Rowland's time of life, and a woman so young as I, could have so much discomposed each other? I obeyed the summons to breakfast, and entered the room at one door, as he came in at the other. In vain had I made use of the short retirement to conceal my emotion from my cousins. They also saw Sir Rowland's by his eyes, and looked at him, at me, and at each other.

'Mercy!' said Sir Rowland, in an accent that seemed between crying and laughing, 'You, you, you, Madam, 'are a surprizing lady! I, I, I, ne-'ver was so affected in my life.' And he drew the back of his hand cross first one eye, then the other.

'O Sir Rowland,' said I, 'you are 'a good man. How affecting are the 'visible emotions of a manly heart!'

My cousin still looked as if surprized; but said nothing.

'O my cousins,' said I, 'I have 'found a father in Sir Rowland; and 'I acknowledge a brother in Mr. 'Fowler.'

'Best of women! Most excellent of 'creatures! And do you *own* me?' He snatched my hand, and kissed it. 'What pride do you give me in this 'open acknowledgment! If it must 'not be *niece*, why then I will endea-'vour to rejoice in my *daughter*, I 'think. But yet, my boy, my poor 'boy—But you are all goodness: and, 'with him, I say, I must not teaze 'you.'

'What you have been saying to 'each other alone,' said Mrs. Reeves, 'I cannot tell: but I long to know.'

'Why, Madam, I will tell you—if 'I know how—You must know, that 'I, that I, came as an ambassador ex-'traordinary from my sorrowful boy: 'yet not desired; not sent; I came of 'my own accord, in hopes of getting 'one word of comfort, and to bring 'matters on, before I set out for Caer-'marthen.'

The servant coming in, and a loud rap, rap, rap, on the footman's musical instrument, the knocker of the door, put a stop to Sir Rowland's narrative. In apprehension of company, I breathed on my hand, and put it to either eye; and Sir Rowland hemmed twice or thrice, and rubbed his, the better to conceal their redness, though it made them redder than before. He got up, look'd at the glass; would have sung, *Toll, doll*—'Hem,' said he, as if the muscles of his face were in the power of his voice. 'Mercy! all the 'infant still in my eye—*Toll, doll*—'Hem! I would sing it away, if I 'could.'

Sir Hargrave entered bowing, scraping to me, and with an air not ungraceful.

'Servant, Sir,' said the knight, (to Sir Hargrave's silent salute to him) bowing, and looking at the baronet's genteel morning-dress, and then at his own—'Who the deuce is *he!*' whispering to Mr. Reeves; who then presented each to the other by name.

The baronet approached me; 'I 'have, Madam, a thousand pardons 'to ask.'—

'Not one, Sir.'—

'Indeed I have—And most heartily 'do I beg—'

'You are forgiven, Sir.'—

'But I will not be so *easily* for-'given.'

'Mercy!' whispered the knight to Mr. Reeves, 'I don't like'n. Ah, my 'poor boy: no wonder, at this rate?'

'You have not much to fear, Sir 'Rowland,' (rewhispered my cousin) 'on this gentleman's account.'

'Thank you, thank you—And yet 'tis a fine figure of a man!' whispered again Sir Rowland: 'nay, if she 'can

'can withstand *him*—But a word to 'the wise, Mr. Reeves!—Hem! I am 'a little easier than I was.'

He turned from my cousin with such an air, as if, from contrasted pleasure and pain, he would again have sung *Toll, doll.*

The servant came in with the breakfast; and we had no sooner sat down, as before, than we were alarmed by another modern rapping. Mr. Reeves was called out, and returned, introducing Mr. Greville.

'Who the deuce is *he?*' whispered to me Sir Rowland, as he sat next me, before Mr. Reeves could name him.

Mr. Greville profoundly bowed to me. I asked after the health of all our friends in Northamptonshire.

'Have you seen Fenwick, Madam?'

'No, Sir.'

'A dog! I thought he had played 'me a trick. I missed him for three 'days—But,' (in a low voice) 'if you 'have not seen him, I have stole a 'march upon *him!*—Well, I had rather ask *his* pardon than he should 'ask *mine*. I rejoice to see you well, 'Madam!' (raising his voice)—'But 'what!'—looking at my eyes.

'Colds are very rife in London, Sir.'

'I am glad it is no worse; for your 'grandmamma, and all friends in the 'country, are well.'

'I have found a papa, Mr. Greville,' (referring to Sir Rowland) 'since I came to town. This good 'gentleman gives me leave to call him 'father.'

'No *son!*—I hope, Sir Rowland, 'you have no son,' said Mr. Greville; 'the relation comes not about that 'way, I hope.' And laughed, as he used to do, at his own smartness.

'The very question I was going to 'put, by my soul!' said the baronet.

'No,' said the knight; 'but I have 'a *nephew*, gentlemen—a very pretty 'young fellow! And I have this to 'say before you all, (I am downright 'Dunstable) I had much rather call 'this lady *niece*, than *daughter*.' And then the knight forced a laugh, and looked round upon us all.

'O Sir Rowland,' replied I, 'I *have* 'uncles, more than one—I *am* a niece: 'but I have not had for many years till 'now the happiness of a father.'

'And do you own me, Madam, be'fore all this gay company?—The first 'time I beheld you, I remember I call'ed you a perfect paragon. Why, Ma'dam, you are the most excellent of 'women!'

'We are so much convinced of this, 'Sir Rowland,' said the baronet, 'that I don't know, but Miss Byron's 'chusing you for a *father*, instead of an '*uncle*, may have saved two or three 'throats.'

And then he laughed. His laugh was the more seasonable, as it softened the shockingness of his expression.

Mr. Greville and the baronet had been in company twice before in Northamptonshire at the races: but now-and-then looked upon each other with envious eyes; and once or twice were at cross-purposes: but my particular notice of the knight made all pass lightly over.

Sir Rowland went first away. He claimed one word with his *daughter*, in the character of a *father*.

I withdrew with him to the farther end of the room.

'Not *one* word of comfort? not *one* 'word, Madam—to my boy?' whispered he.

'My compliments,' (speaking low) 'to my *brother*, Sir. I wish him as 'well and as happy as I think he de'serves to be.'

'Well, but—well, but—'

'Only remember, Sir Rowland, that 'you act in character. I followed you 'hither, on the strength of your au'thority, as a *father*; I beg, Sir, 'that you will preserve to me that 'character.'

'Why, God in heaven bless my 'daughter, if *only* daughter you can 'be. Too well do I understand you! 'I will see how my poor nephew will 'take it. If it *can* be no otherwise, I 'will prevail upon him, I think, to go 'down with me to Caermarthen for a 'few months—But as to those two fine 'gentlemen, Madam—it would grieve 'me ('tis a folly to deny it) to say I 'have seen the man that is to supplant 'my nephew.'

'*I* will act in character, Sir Row'land: as your *daughter*, you have a 'right to know my sentiments on this 'subject—You have not *yet* seen the 'man you seem to be afraid of.'

'You are all goodness, Madam—'my *daughter*—and I cannot bear it!' He spoke this loud enough to be heard,

heard; and Mr. Greville and the baronet both, with some emotion, rose, and turned about to us.

'Once more, Sir Rowland,' said I, 'my compliments to my *brother*—'Adieu!'

'God in heaven bless you, Madam! 'that's all—Gentlemen, your servant. 'Mrs. Reeves, your most obedient 'humble servant.—Madam,' (to me) 'you will allow me, and my nephew 'too, one more visit, I hope, before I 'set out for Caermarthen.'

I curtsied, and joined my cousins. Away went the knight, brushing the ground with his hat at his going out. Mr. Reeves waited on him to the outward door.

''Bye, 'bye, to you, Mr. Reeves!'—with some emotion, as my cousin told me afterwards—'A wonderful crea-'ture! By mercy, a wonderful crea-'ture!—I go away with my heart full; 'yet am pleased; I know not why, 'neither, that's the jest of it—'Bye, 'Mrs. Reeves, I can stay no longer.'

'An odd mortal,' said the *man of the town*—'But he seems to know on 'which side his bread is butter'd.'

'A whimsical old fellow!' said the *man of the country*—'But I rejoice that 'he has not a *son*; that's all.'

A good many frothy things passed not worth relating. I wanted them both to be gone. They seemed each to think it time; but looked as if neither cared to leave the other behind him.

At last Mr. Greville, who hinted to me, that he knew I loved not too long an intrusion, bowed, and, politely enough, took his leave. And then the baronet began with apologizing for his behaviour at taking leave on his last visit.

Some gentlemen, I said, had one way, some another, of expressing themselves on particular occasions: he had thought fit to shew me what was his.

He seemed a little disconcerted. But quickly recovering himself, he could not indeed excuse himself, he said, for having then called me *cruel*—Cruel he hoped he should not find me—*Proud*—I knew not what pride was—*Ungrateful*—I could not be guilty of ingratitude. He begged me to forgive his peremptoriness—He had hoped (as he had been assured that my affections were absolutely disengaged) that the proposals he had to make, would have been acceptable: and so positive a refusal, without any one reason assigned, and on his first visit, had indeed hurt his pride, (he owned, he said, that he had some pride) and made him forget that he was addressing himself to a woman who deserved and met with the veneration of every one who approached her. He next expressed himself with apprehensions on Mr. Greville's arrival in town. He spoke slightly of him. Mr. Greville, I doubt not, will speak as slightly of Sir Hargrave. And if I believe them both, I fancy I shall not injure either.

Mr. Greville's arrival, I said, ought not to concern me. He was to do as he thought fit. I was only desirous to be allowed the same free-agency that I was ready to allow others.

That could not be, he said. Every man who saw me, must wish me to be his; and endeavour to obtain his wishes.

And then making vehement professions of love, he offered me large settlements, and to put it in my power to do all the good that he knew it was in my heart to do—and that I should prescribe to him in every thing as to place of residence, excursions, even to the going abroad to France, to Italy, and wherever I pleased.

To all which I answered as before; and when he insisted upon my reasons for refusing him, I frankly told him, though I owned it was with some reluctance, that I had not the opinion of his morals that I must have of those of the man to whom I gave my hand in marriage.

'Of my *morals*, Madam!' (starting, and his colour went and came) 'My '*morals*, Madam!—' I thought he looked with malice; but I was not intimidated: and yet my cousins looked at me with some little surprize for my plain-dealing, though not as blaming me.

'Be not displeased, Sir, with my 'freedom. You call upon me to make 'objections. I mean not to upbraid 'you; that is not *my* business; but 'thus called upon, I must repeat—'I stopt.'

'Proceed, Madam!' angrily.

'Indeed, Sir Hargrave, you must 'pardon me on *this* occasion, if I re-'peat that I have not that opinion of 'your morals—'

'Very well, Madam!'

'That I muſt have of thoſe of the 'man on whoſe worthineſs I muſt 'build my hopes of *preſent* happineſs, 'and to whoſe guidance entruſt my '*future*. This, Sir, is a very mate-'rial conſideration with me, though I 'am not fond of talking upon it, ex-'cept on *proper* occaſions, and to *pro-'per* perſons: but, Sir, let me add, 'that I am determined to live longer 'ſingle. I think it too early to en-'gage in a life of care: and if I do 'not meet with a man to whom I can 'give my whole heart, I never will 'marry at all!' [O, how maliciouſly looked the man!]—'You are angry, 'Sir Hargrave,' added I; 'but you 'have no right to be ſo. You addreſs 'me as one who is her own miſtreſs. 'And though I would not be thought 'rude, I value myſelf on my open-'neſs of heart.'

He aroſe from his ſeat. He walked about the room muttering, 'You have 'no opinion of my morals?—By Hea-'ven, Madam!—But I will bear it 'all—Yet, "No opinion of my mo-"rals!"—I cannot bear that.'

He then clenched his fiſt, and held it up to his head; and ſnatching up his hat, bowing to the ground to us all, his face crimſoned over, (as the time before) he withdrew.

Mr. Reeves attended him to the door—'Not like my morals!' ſaid he. 'I have *enemies*, Mr. Reeves.—Not 'like my morals!—Miſs Byron treats 'politely every body but me, Sir. Her 'ſcorn may be repaid—would to God 'I could ſay, with ſcorn, Mr. Reeves! '—Adieu. Excuſe my warmth.—'Adieu.'

And into his chariot he ſtept, pull-ing up the glaſſes with violence; and, as Mr. Reeves told us, rearing up his head to the top of it, as he ſat ſwell-ing. And away it drove.

His menacing airs, and abrupt de-parture, terrified me. I did not re-cover myſelf in an hour.

A fine huſband for your Harriet would this half-madman make!—O Mr. Fowler, Sir Rowland, Mr. Orme, what good men are you to Sir Har-grave! Should I have known half ſo much as I do of his ill qualities, had I not refuſed him? Drawn in by his profeſſions of love, and by 8000l. a year, I might have married him; and, when too late, found myſelf miſerable, yoked with a tyrant and madman, for the remainder of a life begun with happy proſpects, and glorying in every one's love.

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, FEB. 13.

I Have received my uncle's long let-ter; and I thank him for the pains he hath taken with me. He is very good. But my grandmamma and my aunt are equally ſo; and, in the main, much kinder, in acquitting me of ſome charges which he is pleaſed to make upon his poor Harriet. But, either for caution or reproof, I hope to be the better for his letter.

James is ſet out for Northampton-ſhire: pray receive him kindly. He is honeſt; and Sally has given me a hint, as if a ſweetheart is in his head; if ſo, his impatience to leave London may be accounted for. My grand-mamma has obſerved, that young peo-ple of ſmall or no fortunes ſhould not be diſcouraged from marrying: who that could be maſters or miſtreſſes would be ſervants? The honeſt poor, as ſhe has often ſaid, are a very valu-able part of the creation.

Mr. Reeves has ſeen ſeveral foot-men, but none that he gave me the trouble of ſpeaking to till juſt now; when a well looking young man, about twenty-ſix years of age, offered him-ſelf, and whom, I believe, I ſhall like. Mrs. Reeves ſeems mightily taken with him. He is well behaved, has a very ſenſible look, and ſeems to merit a better ſervice.

Mr. Reeves has written for a cha-racter of him to the laſt maſter he lived with; Mr. Bagenhall, a young gen-tleman in the neighbourhood of Read-ing: of whom he ſpeaks well in the main; but modeſtly objected to his hours, and free way of life. The young man came to town but yeſterday, and is with a widow ſiſter, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. I have a *mind* to like him, and this makes me more particular about him.

His name is William Wilſon: he aſks pretty high wages; but wages to a good ſervant are not to be ſtood upon.

upon. What ſignify forty or fifty ſhillings a year? An honeſt ſervant ſhould be enabled to lay up ſomething for age and infirmity. 'Hire him at 'once,' Mrs. Reeves ſays. She will be anſwerable for his honeſty from his looks, and from his anſwers to the queſtions aſked him.

Sir Hargrave has been here again. Mrs. Reeves, Miſs Clements, and I, were in the back room together. We had drank tea; and I excuſed myſelf to his meſſage, as engaged.

He talked a good deal to Mr. Reeves: ſometimes high, ſometimes humble. He had not intended, he ſaid, to have renewed his viſits. My diſdain had ſtung him to the heart: yet he could not keep away. He called himſelf names. He was determined I ſhould be his; and ſwore to it. A man of his fortune to be refuſed by a lady, who had not (and whom he wiſhed not to have) an anſwerable fortune, and no preferable liking to any other man; [There Sir Hargrave was miſtaken; for I like almoſt every man I know better than him:] his perſon not contemptible; [And then, my couſin ſays, he ſurveyed himſelf from head to foot at the glaſs] was very, *very* unaccountable!

He aſked if Mr. Greville came up with any hopes.

Mr. Reeves told him that I was offended at his coming, and he was ſure he would not be the better for his journey.

He was glad of that, he ſaid. 'There 'were two or three free things,' proceeded he, 'ſaid to me in converſation 'by Mr. Greville, which I knew not 'well what to make of; but they 'ſhall paſs, if he has no more to boaſt 'of than I. I know Mr. Greville's 'bluſtering character; but I wiſh the 'carrying of Miſs Byron were to de'pend upon the ſword's point between 'us. I would not come into ſo pal'try a compromiſe with him as Fen'wick has done. But ſtill the im'puting want of *morals* to me ſticks 'with me. Surely I am a better man, 'in point of morals, than either Gre'ville or Fenwick. What man on 'earth doth not take liberties with the 'ſex? Hey, you know, Mr. Reeves! 'Women were made for us; and they 'like us not the worſe for loving them. '*Want of morals!*—and objected to 'me by a *lady!*—Very extraordinary, 'by my ſoul!—Is it not better to ſow 'one's wild oats before matrimony, 'than run riot afterwards?—What 'ſay you, Mr. Reeves?'

Mr. Reeves was too patient with him. He is a mild man; yet wants not ſpirit, my couſin ſays, on occaſion. He gave Sir Hargrave the hearing; who went away, ſwearing that I ſhould be his, in ſpite of man or devil.

MONDAY NIGHT.

Mr. Greville came in the evening. He begged to be allowed but ten words with me in the next room. I deſired to be excuſed. 'You know, Sir,' ſaid I, 'that I never complied with a re'queſt of this nature at Selby Houſe.' He looked hard at my couſins; and firſt one, then the other, went out. He then was ſolicitous to know what were Sir Hargrave's expectations from me. He expreſſed himſelf uneaſy upon his account. He hoped ſuch a man as *that* would not be encouraged. Yet his ample fortune—Woman! woman!—But he was neither a wiſer nor a better man than himſelf: and he hoped Miſs Byron would not give a preference to fortune, *merely* againſt a man who *had* been her admirer for ſo long a time; and who wanted neither will nor power to make her happy.

It was very irkſome to me, I anſwered, to be obliged ſo often to repeat the ſame things to him. I would not be thought affronting to any body, eſpecially to a neighbour with whom my friends were upon good terms: but I did not think myſelf anſwerable to him, or to any one out of my own family, for my viſitors; or for whom my couſin Reeves's thought fit to receive as theirs.

Would I give him an aſſurance, that Sir Hargrave ſhould have no encouragement?

'No, Sir, I will not. Would not 'that be to give you, indirectly, a 'kind of controul over me? Would 'not that be to encourage a hope, 'that I never *will* encourage?'

'I love not my own ſoul, Madam, 'as I love you: I muſt, and will perſevere. If I thought Sir Hargrave 'had the leaſt hope, by the great God 'of heaven, I thought Sir Hargrave, 'days numbered!'

'I am but too well acquainted with your rashness, Mr. Greville. What formerly passed between you and another gentleman, gave me pain enough. In such an enterprize your own days might be numbered as well as another's. But I enter not into this subject—*Henceforth* be so good as not to impute incivility to me, if I deny myself to your visits.'

I would have withdrawn.

'Dear Miss Byron,' (stepping between me and the door) 'leave me not in anger. If matters *must* stand as they were, I hope you *can*, I hope you *will*, assure me, that this Sir Fopling—'

'What right have you, Sir, to any assurance of this nature from me?'

'None, Madam, but from your goodness—Dear Miss Byron, *condescend* to say, that this Sir Hargrave shall not make any impression on your heart. For *his sake* say it, if not for *mine*. I know you care not what becomes of *me*; yet, let not this milk-faced, and tyger-hearted fop, (for that is his character) obtain favour from you. Let your choice, if it must fall on another man, and not on me, fall on one to whose superior merit, and to whose good fortune, I can subscribe. For your own fame's sake, let a man of unquestionable honour be the happy man; and vouchsafe, as to a neighbour, and as to a well-wishing friend only, (I ask it not in the light of a lover) to tell me that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen shall not be the man.'

'What, Mr. Greville, let me ask you, is your business in town?'

'My *chief* business, Madam, you may guess at. I had a hint of this man's intentions given me; and that he has the vanity to think he shall succeed. But, if I can be assured that you will not be prevailed upon in favour of a man, whose fortune is so ample—'

'You will then return to Northamptonshire?'

'Why, Madam, I can't but say that now I am in town, and that I have before-hke a new equipage, and-so-forth—'

'Nay, Sir, it is nothing to me, what you will, or will not do: only be pleased to remember, that as in Northamptonshire your visits were to my uncle Selby, not to me, they will be here in London to my cousin Reeves's only.'

'Too well do I know that you can be cruel if you will: but is it your *pleasure* that I return to the country?'

'My *pleasure*, Sir!—Mr. Greville is surely to do as he pleases. I only wish to be allowed the same liberty.'

'You are so very delicate, Miss Byron! so very much afraid of giving the least advantage—'

'And men are so ready to take advantage—But yet, Mr. Greville, not so delicate as just. I do assure you, that if I were not determined—'

'Determined!—Yes, yes! You can be *steady*, as Mr. Selby calls it! I never knew so determined a woman in my life. I own, it was a little inconvenient for me to come to town just now: and say, that you would *wish* me to leave London; and that neither *this Sir Hargrave*, nor *that other man*, your *new father's* nephew, (what do you call him? Foregad, Madam, I am afraid of these new relations) shall make any impression on your heart; and that you will not withdraw when I come here; and I will set out next week; and write this very night to let Fenwick know how matters stand, and that I am coming down but little the better for my journey: and this may save you seeing your other tormentor, as your cousin Lucy says you once called that poor devil, and the still poorer devil before you.'

'You are so rash a man, Mr. Greville, (and *other* men may be as rash as you) that I cannot say but it would save me some pain.'

'O take care, take care, Miss Byron, that you express yourself so cautiously, as to give no advantage to a poor dog, who would be glad to take a journey to the farthest part of the globe to oblige you. But what say you about this Sir Hargrave, and about your *new brother*?—Let me tell you, Madam, I am so much afraid of those whining, insinuating, creeping dogs, attacking you on the side of your compassion, and be d—n'd to them, (Orme for that) that I *must* have a declaration. And now, Madam, can't you give it with your usual caution? Can't you give it, as I put it, as to a *neighbour*, as to a

'well-

'*well-wisher*, and so forth; not as to 'a lover?'

'Well, then, Mr. Greville, as a '*neighbour*, as a *well-wisher*; and 'since you own it was inconvenient to 'your affairs to come up—I advise 'you to go down again.'

'The devil! how have you hit it! 'Your delicacy ought to thank *me* 'for the loop-hole. The condition, 'Madam, the condition, if I take 'your *neighbourly* advice?'

'Why, Mr. Greville, I do most 'sincerely declare to you, as to a 'neighbour and well-wisher, that I 'never *yet* have seen the man to whom 'I can think of giving my hand.'

'Yes, you have! By Heaven you 'have! (snatching my hand:) you shall 'give it to *me!*'—And the strange wretch pressed it so hard to his mouth, that he made prints upon it with his teeth.

'Oh!' cried I, withdrawing my hand, surprized, and my face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

And, '*Oh!*' said he, mimicking (and snatching my other hand, as I would have run from him) and patting it, speaking through his closed teeth, 'You may be glad you have a hand 'left. By my soul, I could eat you!'

This was your disconsolate, fallen-spirited Greville, Lucy!

I rushed into the company in the next room. He followed me with an air altogether unconcerned, and begged to look at my hand; whispering to Mrs. Reeves; 'By Jupiter,' said he, 'I had like to have eaten up your 'lovely cousin! I was beginning with 'her hand.'

I was more offended with this instance of his assurance and unconcern, than with the freedom itself; because that had the appearance of his usual gaiety with it. I thought it best, however, not to be too serious upon it. But next time he gets me by himself, he shall eat up both my hands.

At taking leave, he hoped his mad flight had not discomposed me. 'See, 'Miss Byron,' said he, 'what you 'get by making an honest fellow des-'perate!—But you insist upon my 'leaving the town? As a *neighbour*, 'as a *well-wisher*, you *advise* it, 'Madam? Come, come, don't be 'afraid of speaking after me, when I 'endeavour to hit your cue.'

'I do *advise* you.'

'Conditions, remember!——You 'know what you have declared—— 'Angel of a woman!' said he again through his shut teeth.

I left him, and went up stairs; glad I had got rid of him.

He has since seen Mr. Reeves, and told him he will make me one visit more before he leaves London. 'And 'pray tell her,' said he, 'that I have 'actually written to my *brother-tor-'mentor*, Fenwick, that I am return-'ing to Northamptonshire.'

I told you, that Miss Clements was with me when Sir Hargrave came last. I like her every time I see her better than before. She has a fine understanding; and if languages, according to my grandfather's observation, need not be deemed an *indispensable* part of learning, she may be looked upon as learned.

She has engaged me to breakfast with her to-morrow morning; when she is to shew me her books, needle-works, and other curiosities. Shall I not fancy myself in my Lucy's closet? How continually, amid all this fluttering scene, do I think of my dear friends in Northamptonshire! Express for me love, duty, gratitude, every sentiment that fills the heart of your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY MORN. FEB. 14.

I Have passed an agreeable two hours with Miss Clements, and am just returned. She is extremely ingenious, and perfectly unaffected. I am told that she writes finely; and is a Madame de Sevigne to her correspondents. I hope to be one of them. But she has not, I find, suffered her pen to run away with her needle; nor her reading to interfere with that housewifry which the best judges hold so indispensable in the character of a good woman.

I revere her for this, as her example may be produced as one, in answer to such as object (I am afraid sometimes too justly, but I hope too generally) against learning in women. Methinks, however,

however, I would not have learning the *principal* diſtinction of the woman I love. And yet, where talents are *given*, ſhould we wiſh them to be either uncultivated or unacknowledged? Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce, that where no duty is neglected for the acquirement; where modeſty, delicacy, and a teachable ſpirit, are preſerved, as characteriſticks of the ſex, it need not be thought a diſgrace to be ſuppoſed to know ſomething.

Miſs Clements is happy, as well as your Harriet, in an aunt that loves her. She has a mother living, who is too great a ſelf-lover, to regard any body elſe as ſhe ought. She lives as far off as York, and was ſo unnatural a parent to this good child, that her aunt was not eaſy till ſhe got her from her. Mrs. Wimburn looks upon her as her daughter, and intends to leave her all ſhe is worth.

The old lady was not very well; but ſhe obliged us with her agreeable company for half an hour.

Miſs Clements and I agreed to fall in occaſionally upon each other without ceremony.

I ſhould have told you, that the laſt maſter of the young man, William Wilſon, having given him in writing a very good character, I have entertained him; and his firſt ſervice was attending on me to Miſs Clements.

Lady Betty called here in my abſence. She is, it ſeems, very full of the dreſſes, and mine in particular: but I muſt know nothing about it as yet. We are to go to her houſe to dreſs, and to proceed from thence in chairs. She is to take care of every thing. You ſhall know, my Lucy, what figure I am to make, when I know it myſelf.

The baronet alſo called at my couſins while I was out. He ſaw only Mr. Reeves: he ſtaid about a quarter of an hour. He was very moody and ſullen, it ſeems. Quite another man, Mr. Reeves ſaid, than he had ever ſeen him before. Not one laugh; not one ſmile: all that fell from his lips was Yes, or No; or, by way of invective againſt the ſex, it was 'The 'devil of a' ſex.' It was a curſed thing, he ſaid, that a man could neither be happy with them, nor without them. *Devil's baits* was another of his compliments to us. He hardly mentioned my name.

Mr. Reeves at laſt began to rally him upon his moodineſs; and plainly ſaw, that to avoid ſhewing more of his petulance (when he had not a right to ſhew any) to a man of Mr. Reeves's conſideration, and in his own houſe, he went away the ſooner. His footman and coachman, he believed, had an ill time of it; for, without reaſon, he curſed them, ſwore at them, and threatened them.

What does the man haunt us for? Why brings he ſuch odious humours to Mr. Reeves's?

But no more of ſuch a man, nor of any thing elſe, till my next. Only, adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY MORN. FEB. 15.

MR. Greville took leave of us yeſterday evening, in order to ſet out this morning, on his return home. He would fain have engaged me for half an hour alone; but I would not oblige him.

He left London, he ſaid, with ſome regret, becauſe of the *fluttering* Sir Hargrave, and the *creeping* Mr. Fowler; but depended upon my declaration, that I had not in *either of them* ſeen the man I could encourage. *Either of them* were the words he choſe to uſe; for, in compliment to himſelf, he would not repeat my very words, that I had not yet ſeen *any man* to whom I could give my hand. Shall I give you a few particulars of what paſſed between me and this very whimſical man?—I will.

He had been enquiring, he ſaid, into the character and pretenſions of my *brother* Fowler; and intended, if he could bring Orme and him together, to make a match between them, who ſhould out-whine the other.

Heroes, I told him, ought not to make a jeſt of thoſe who, on compariſon, gave them all their advantages.

He bowed, and called himſelf my ſervant—And, with an affected laugh, 'Yet, Madam, yet, Madam, I am 'not afraid of theſe *piping* men: though 'you have compaſſion for ſuch *watry-*

'*headed*

'*headed* fellows, yet you have *only* 'compaſſion.'

'Reſpectful love, Mr. Greville, 'is not always the indication either of 'a weak head, or a faint heart; any 'more than the contrary is of a true 'ſpirit.'

'Perhaps ſo, Madam. But yet I 'am not afraid of theſe two men.'

'You have no *reaſon* to be afraid of 'any body, on my account, Mr. 'Greville.'

'I hope not.'

'You will find, Sir, at laſt, that 'you had better take my meaning: it 'is obvious enough.'

'But I have no mind to hang, 'drown, or piſtol myſelf.'

'Mr. Greville ſtill!—Yet it would 'be well if there were not many Mr. 'Grevilles.'

'I take your meaning, Madam. 'You have explained it heretofore. 'It is, that I am a libertine; that 'we have all one dialect; and that I 'can ſay nothing new, or that is wor-'thy of your attention—There, Ma-'dam! may I not be always ſure of 'your meaning, when I conſtrue it 'againſt myſelf?'

'I wiſh, Sir, that my *neighbour* 'would give me leave to behave to 'him as my *neighbour*.'—

'And could you, Madam, ſuppoſ-'ing *love* out of the queſtion, (which 'it cannot be) could you, in *that* caſe, 'regard me as your neighbour?'

'Why not, Sir?'

'Becauſe I believe you hate me; 'and I only want you to tell me that 'you do.'

'I hope, Sir, I ſhall never have rea-'ſon given me to hate any man.'

'But if you hate any one man more 'than another, is it not me?' [I was ſilent.] 'Strange, Mrs. Reeves,' turn-ing to her, 'that Miſs Byron is not 'ſuſceptible either of love or hatred!'

'She is too good to *hate* any body; 'and as for *love*, her time ſeems not 'to be yet come.'

'When it is come, it will come 'with a vengeance, I hope.'

'Uncharitable man!' ſaid I, ſmil-ing.

'Don't ſmile; I can't *bear* to ſee 'you ſmile: why don't you be angry 'at me?—Angel of a creature!' with his teeth again cloſed, 'don't ſmile: I 'cannot bear your bewitching ſmiles!'

'The man is out of his right mind, 'Mrs. Reeves. I don't chuſe to ſtay 'in his company.'

I would have withdrawn. He be-ſought me to ſtay; and ſtood between me and the door. I was angry.

He whimſically ſtamped—'Oblig-'ing creature!—I beſought you to 'forbear ſmiling—You frown—Do, 'God for ever bleſs you, my dear 'Miſs Byron, let me be favoured with 'another frown!'

Strange man! and bold as ſtrange! I would have preſſed to the door; but he ſet his back againſt it.

Theſe are the airs, you know, Lucy, for which I uſed to ſhun him.

'Piſh!' ſaid I, vexed to be hindered from withdrawing.

'Another, another ſuch a frown,' ſaid the confident man, 'and I am 'happy!—The laſt has left no trace 'upon your features: it vaniſhed be-'fore I could well behold it. Another 'frown, I beſeech you; another piſh.'

I was really angry. 'Bear wit-'neſs,' [looking around him] 'bear 'witneſs! once did Miſs Byron en-'deavour to frown: and, to oblige 'whom?—Her Greville!'

'Mr. Greville, you had better—' I ſtopt. I was vexed. I knew not what I was going to ſay.

'How *better*, Madam! Am I not 'deſperate?—But *had* I better? Say, 'repeat that again—*had* I better?—'Better what?'

'The man's mad.—O my couſin, 'let me never again be called to this 'man.'

'Mad!—and ſo I am. Mad for '*you*. I care not who knows it. Why 'don't you hate me?' He ſnatched at my hand, but I ſtarted back. 'You 'own that you never yet loved the man 'who loved you. Such is your gra-'titude!—Say you hate me.'

I was ſilent, and turned from him peeviſhly.

'Why, *then*, (as if I had ſaid I did not *hate* him) 'ſay you love me; and 'I will look down with contempt 'upon the greateſt prince on earth.'

We ſhould have had more of this—but the rap of conſequence gave notice of the viſit of a perſon of conſideration. It was the baronet.

'The devil pick his bones!' ſaid the ſhocking Greville, 'I ſhall not be 'civil to him.'

'He

'He is not *your* gueſt, Mr. Greville,' ſaid I—afraid that ſomething affronting might paſs between two ſpirits ſo unmanageable; the one in an humour ſo whimſical, the other very likely to be moody.

'True, true,' replied he. 'I will 'be all ſilence and obſervation.—But 'I hope you will not *now* be for retiring.'

'It would be too particular,' thought I, 'if I am:' yet I ſhould have been glad to do ſo.

The baronet paid his reſpects to every one in a very ſet and formal manner; nor diſtinguiſhed me.

'Silly, as vain!' thought I: 'handſome fop! to imagine thy diſpleaſure 'of conſequence to me.'

'Mr. Greville,' ſaid Sir Hargrave, 'the town I underſtand is going to loſe 'you.'

'The town, Sir Hargrave, cannot be ſaid to have found me.'

'How can a man of your gallantry 'and fortune find himſelf employment 'in the country, in the winter, I wonder?'

'Very eaſily, when he has uſed himſelf to it, Sir Hargrave, and has ſeen 'abroad, in greater perfection than 'you can have them here, the kind of 'diverſions you all run after with ſo 'keen an appetite.'

'In *greater* perfection! I queſtion 'that, Mr. Greville: and I have been 'abroad; though too early, I own, to 'make critical obſervations.'

'*You* may queſtion it, Sir Hargrave; 'but *I* don't.'

'Have we not from Italy the moſt 'famous ſingers, Mr. Greville; and 'from thence, and from France, for 'our money, the moſt famous dancers 'in the world?'

'No, Sir; they ſet too great a value 'in Italy, let me tell you, upon their 'fineſt voices, and upon their fineſt 'compoſers too, to let them turn 'ſtrollers.'

'Strollers do you call them? Ha, 'ha, ha, hah! *Princely* ſtrollers, as 'we reward them! And as to compoſers, have we not Handel?'

'There you ſay ſomething, Sir 'Hargrave. But you have but one 'Handel in England; they have ſeveral 'in Italy.'

'Is it poſſible!' ſaid every one.

'Let me die,' ſaid the baronet, with a forced laugh, 'if I am not ready to 'think that Mr. Greville has run into 'the fault of people of leſs genius than 'himſelf. He has got ſuch a taſte for 'foreign performers, that he cannot 'think tolerably of thoſe of his own 'country, be they ever ſo excellent.'

'Handel, Sir Hargrave, is not an 'Engliſhman: but I muſt ſay, that, 'of every perſon preſent, I leaſt expected from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen 'this obſervation.'

[He then returned the baronet's laugh, and not without an air of mingled anger and contempt.]

'Nor I this taſte for foreign performances and compoſitions from 'Mr. Greville; for ſo long time as 'thou haſt been a downright country 'gentleman.'

['Indeed,' thought I to myſelf, 'you 'ſeem both to have changed characters. 'But I know how it comes about: let 'one advance what he will, in the 'preſent humour of both, the other 'will contradict it. Mr. Greville 'knows nothing of muſick: what he 'ſaid was from hearſay; and Sir Hargrave is no better grounded in it.']

'A *downright country gentleman!*' repeated Mr. Greville, meaſuring Sir Hargrave with his eye, and putting up his lip.

'Why, pr'ythee now, Greville, thou '—what ſhall I call thee? thou art not 'offended, I hope, that we are not 'all of one mind; ha, ha, ha, hah!'

'I am offended at nothing you *ſay*, 'Sir Hargrave.'

'Nor I at any thing you *look*, my 'dear. Ha, ha, ha, hah!'

Yet his looks ſhewed as much contempt for Mr. Greville as Mr. Greville's did for him. How eaſily might theſe combuſtible ſpirits have blown each other up! Mr. Reeves was once a little apprehenſive of conſequences from the airs of both.

Mr. Greville turned from Sir Hargrave to me: 'Well, Miſs Byron,' ſaid he; 'but as to what we were talk'ing about—'

This he ſeemed to ſay on purpoſe, as I thought by his air, to alarm the baronet.

'I beg pardon,' ſaid Sir Hargrave, turning with a ſtiff air to me: 'I beg 'pardon, Miſs Byron, if I have in'truded—'

'We were talking of indifferent 'things,

'things, Sir Hargrave,' anſwered I: 'mere matters of pleaſantry.'

'I was more in *earneſt* than in *jeſt*, 'Miſs Byron,' replied Mr. Greville.

'We all, I believe, thought you 'very whimſical, Mr. Greville,' returned I.

'What was ſport to you, Madam, 'is death to me.'

'Poor Greville! ha, ha, ha, hah!' (affectedly laughed the baronet:) 'but 'I know you are a joker. You are a 'man of wit.' [This a little ſoftened Mr. Greville, who had begun to look grave upon Sir Hargrave] 'Come, 'pr'ythee, man, give thyſelf up to 'me for this night; and I will carry 'thee to a private concert, where none 'but choice ſpirits are admitted; and 'let us ſee if muſick will not divert 'theſe gloomy airs, that ſit ſo ill upon 'the face of one of the livelieſt men in 'the kingdom.'

'Muſick! Aye, if Miſs Byron will 'give us a ſong, and accompany it 'with the harpſichord, I will deſpiſe 'all other harmony.'

Every one joined in his requeſt: and I was not backward to oblige them, as I thought the converſation bore a little too rough a caſt, and was not likely to take a ſmoother turn.

Mr. Greville, who always enjoys any jeſt that tends to reflect on our ſex, begged me to ſing that whimſical ſong ſet by Galliard, which once my uncle made me ſing at Selby Houſe, in Mr. Greville's hearing. You were not there, Lucy, that day, and perhaps may not have the book, as Galliard is not a favourite with you.

'Chloe, by all the pow'rs above,
'To Damon vow'd eternal love:
'A roſe adorn'd her ſweeter breaſt,
'She on a leaf the vow impreſt;
'But Zephyr, by her ſide at play,
'*Love*, *vow*, and *leaf*, blew quite away.'

The gentlemen were very lively on the occaſion, and encored it: but I told them, that as they muſt be better pleaſed with the jeſt on our ſex contained in it, than they could be with the muſick, I would not, for the ſake of their own politeneſs, oblige them.

'You will favour us, however, 'with your *Diſcreet Lover*, Miſs 'Byron,' ſaid Mr. Greville. 'That 'is a ſong written entirely upon your 'own principles.'

'Well, then, I will give you,' ſaid I, 'ſet by the ſame hand—

"THE DISCREET LOVER.

"Ye fair, that would be bleſt in love,
"Take your pride a little lower;
"Let the ſwain whom you approve,
"Rather *like* you, than *adore*.

"Love, that riſes into paſſion,
"Soon will end in hate or ſtrife:
"But from tender inclination
"Flow the *laſting* joys of life."

Theſe two light pieces put the gentlemen into good humour, and a deal of ſilly ſtuff was ſaid to me, by way of compliment, on the occaſion, by Sir Hargrave and Mr. Greville: not one word of which I believed.

The baronet went away firſt, to go to his concert. He was very cold in his behaviour to me at taking leave, as he had been all the time.

Mr. Greville ſoon after left us, intending to ſet out this morning.

He ſnatched my hand at going. I was afraid of a ſecond ſavage freedom, and would have withdrawn it.—'Only 'one ſigh over it; but one ſigh. Oh—!' ſaid he, an Oh, half a yard long—and preſſed it with his lips—'But remem-'ber, Madam, you are watched: I 'have half a dozen ſpies upon you; 'and the moment you find the man 'you can favour, up comes your 'Greville, cuts a throat, and flies his 'country.'

He ſtopt at the parlour door—'One 'letter, Miſs Byron—receive but one 'letter from me.'

'No, Mr. Greville; but I wiſh you 'well.'

'Wiſhes! that, like a biſhop's bleſ-'ſing, coſt you nothing. I was going 'to ſay *no* for you; but you were too 'quick. It had been ſome pleaſure 'to have denied *myſelf*, and prevented 'the mortification of a denial from '*you*.'

He went away; every one wiſhing him a good journey, and ſpeaking favourably of the odd creature. Mrs. Reeves, in particular, thought fit to ſay, that he was the moſt entertaining of all my lovers: but if ſo, what is it they call entertaining? And what are

those *others* whom they call my lovers?

'The man,' said I, 'is an immoral 'man; and had he not got above 'blushes, and above being hurt by love, 'he could not have been so gay, and so 'entertaining, as you call it.'

'Miss Byron said true,' said Mr. Reeves. 'I never knew a man who 'could make a jesting matter of the 'passion in the presence of the object, 'so very deeply in love, as to be hurt 'by a disappointment. There sits my 'saucebox. Did I ever make a jest of 'my love to you, Madam?'

'No, indeed, Sir: had I not thought 'you most *deplorably* in earnest, you 'had not had any of my pity.'

'Why look you there, now! That's 'a declaration in point. Either Mr. 'Orme, or Mr. Fowler, must be the 'happy man, Miss Byron.'

'Indeed, neither.'

'But why? They have both good 'estates. They both adore you. Sir 'Hargrave I see you cannot have. Mr. 'Greville dies not for you, though he 'would be glad to live with you. Mr. 'Fenwick is a still less eligible man, 'I think. Where can you be better 'than with one of the two I have 'named?'

'You speak seriously, cousin; I 'will not answer lightly; but neither 'of those gentlemen can be the man: 'yet I esteem them both because they 'are good men.'

'Well, but don't you pity them?'

'I don't know what to say to that. 'You hold, that pity is but one remove 'from love: and to say I *pity* a man 'who professes to love me, because I 'cannot consent to be his, carries with 'it, I think, an air of arrogance, and 'looks as if I believed he must be unhappy without me, when possibly 'there may be hundreds of women, 'with any one of whom he might be 'more truly happy.'

'Well, this is in character from 'you, Miss Byron: but may I ask 'you now, Which of the two gentlemen, Mr. Orme, or Mr. Fowler, 'were you obliged to have *one* of them, 'would you chuse?'

'Mr. Orme, I frankly answer. 'Have I not told Mr. Fowler so?'

'Well, then, what are your objections, may I ask, to Mr. Orme? He 'is not a disagreeable man in his person. You own that you think him 'a good man. His sister loves you; 'and you love her. What is your 'objection to Mr. Orme?'

'I don't know what to say. I hope 'I should perform my duty to the man 'to whom I shall give my vows, be 'he who he will: but I am not in haste 'to marry. If a single woman *knows* 'her own happiness, she will find that 'the time from eighteen to twenty-four is the happiest part of her life. 'If she stay till she *is* twenty-four, she 'has time to look about her, and if 'she has more lovers than one, is enabled to chuse without having reason, 'on looking back, to reproach herself 'for hastiness. Her fluttering, her 'romantick age, (we all know something of it, I doubt) is over by 'twenty-four, or it will hold too long; 'and she is then fit to take her resolutions, and to settle. I have more 'than once hinted, that I should be 'afraid to engage with one who thinks 'too *highly* of me beforehand. Nothing violent can be lasting, and I 'could not bear, when I had given a 'man my heart with my hand, (and 'they never should be separated) that 'he should behave to me with less affection than he shewed to me before 'I was his. As I wish not *now* to be 'made an idol of, I may the more reasonably expect the constancy due to 'friendship, and not to be affronted 'with his indifference after I have 'given him my whole self. In other 'words, I could not bear to have my 'love slighted; or to be despised for 'it, instead of being encouraged to 'shew it. And how shall extravagant 'passion warrant hopes of this nature '—if the man be not a man of gratitude, of principle, and a man whose 'love is founded in reason, and whose 'object is *mind*, rather than *person*?'

'But Mr. Orme,' replied Mr. Reeves, 'is all this. *Such*, I believe, is his 'love.'

'Be it so. But if I cannot love 'him so well as to wish to be his, (a 'man, I have heard my uncle, as well 'as Sir Hargrave, say, is *his own*; a 'woman is a *man's*;) if I cannot take 'delight in the thought of bearing my 'part of the yoke with him; in the belief that, in case of a contrariety 'of sentiments, I cannot give up *my* 'judgment, in points indifferent, from 'the

'the good opinion I have of *his*; 'what but a fondneſs for the ſtate, 'and an irkſomeneſs in my preſent 'ſituation, could bias me in favour of '*any* man? Indeed, my couſin, I muſt 'love the man to whom I would give 'my hand, well enough to be able, on 'cool deliberation, to *wiſh* to be his 'wife; and for *his* ſake (with my 'whole heart) chuſe to quit the ſingle 'ſtate, in which I am very happy.'

'And you are ſure that your indif-'ference to Mr. Orme is not, either di-'rectly or indirectly, owing to his ob-'ſequious love of you; and to the *milk-'ineſs of his nature*, as Shakeſpeare 'calls it?'

'*Very* ſure! All the leaning towards 'him that I have, in preference, as I 'think, to every other man who has 'beheld me with partiality, is, on the 'contrary, owing to the grateful ſenſe 'I have of his reſpect to me, and to 'the gentleneſs of his nature. Does 'not my behaviour to Mr. Greville, 'to Mr. Fenwick, to Sir Hargrave, 'compared with my treatment of Mr. 'Orme and Mr. Fowler, confirm what 'I ſay?'

'Then you are, as indeed I have al-'ways thought you, a nonſuch of a 'woman.'

'Not ſo; your own lady, whom you 'firſt brought to pity you, as I have 'heard you ſay, is an inſtance that I 'am not.'

'Well, that's true: but is ſhe not, 'at the ſame time, an example, that 'pity *melts the ſoul to love?*'

'I have no doubt,' ſaid Mrs. Reeves, 'but Miſs Byron may be 'brought to love the man ſhe can pity.'

'But, Madam,' ſaid I, 'did you 'not let pity grow into love, before 'you married Mr. Reeves?'

'I believe I did!' ſmiling.

'Well, then, I promiſe you, Mr. 'Reeves, when that comes to be the 'caſe with me, I will not give pain to 'a man I can like to marry.'

'Very well,' replied Mr. Reeves: 'and I dare ſay, that at laſt Mr. Orme 'will be the man. And yet how you 'will get off with Sir Hargrave, I 'cannot tell. For Lady Betty Wil-'liams, this very day, told me, that 'he declared to her, he was reſolved 'you ſhould be his. And ſhe has pro-'miſed him all her intereſt with you, 'and with us: and is aſtoniſhed that 'you can refuſe a man of his fortune 'and addreſs, and who has many, 'very many, admirers, among people 'of the firſt rank.'

The baronet is at the door. I ſup-poſe he will expect to ſee me.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

SIR Hargrave is juſt gone. He de-ſired to talk with me alone. I thought I might very well decline obliging him, as he had never ſcrupled to ſay to me all he had a mind to ſay before my cou-ſins; and as he had thought himſelf of conſequence enough to behave moodi-ly, and even made *this* requeſt rather with an air of expectation, than of re-ſpect; and I accordingly deſired to be excuſed. He ſtalked about. My cou-ſins, firſt one, then the other, with-drew. His behaviour had not been ſo agreeable, as to deſerve this compli-ance: I was vexed they did.

He offered, as ſoon as they were gone, to take my hand.

I withdrew it.

'Madam,' ſaid he, very impertti-nently angry, 'you would not do thus 'to Mr. Greville: you would not do 'thus to *any* man but me.'

'Indeed, Sir, I would, were I left 'alone with him.'

'You ſee, Madam, that I cannot 'forbear viſiting you. My heart and 'ſoul are devoted to you. I own I 'have pride. Forgive me; it is piqued. 'I did not believe I ſhould have been 'rejected by any lady, who had no 'diſlike to a change of condition, 'and was diſengaged. You declare 'that you are ſo; and I am willing, I 'am deſirous to believe you—And yet 'that Greville—'

There he ſtopt, as expecting me to ſpeak.

'To what purpoſe, Sir Hargrave, 'do you expect an anſwer to what you 'hint about Mr. Greville? It is not 'my way to behave with incivility to 'any man who profeſſes a regard for 'me—'

'Except to me, Madam—'

'Self-partiality, Sir, and nothing 'elſe, could cauſe you to make this 'exception.'

'Well, Madam, but as to Mr. Gre-'ville—'

'Pray, Sir Hargrave—'

'And pray, Miss Byron—'

'I have never yet seen the man who 'is to be my husband.'

'By G—,' said the wretch, fiercely, (almost in the language of Mr. Greville on the like occasion) 'but you 'have—And if you are not engaged 'in your affections, the *man* is before 'you.'

'If this, Sir Hargrave, is all you 'wanted to say to me, and would not 'be denied saying it, it might have 'been said before my cousins.' I was for leaving him.

'You shall not go! I beg, Ma-'dam—' Putting himself between me and the door.

'What farther would Sir Hargrave 'say?' [Standing still, and angry.] 'What farther would Sir Hargrave 'say?'

'Have you, Madam, a dislike to 'matrimony?'

'What right have you, Sir, to ask 'me this question?'

'Do you ever intend to enter into 'the state?'

'Perhaps I may, if I meet with a 'man to whom I can give my whole 'heart.'

'And cannot that man be I?—Let 'me implore you, Madam. I will 'kneel to you.' [And down he dropt on his knees.] 'I cannot live with-'out you. For God's sake, Madam! 'Your pity, your mercy, your grati-'tude, your love! I could not do 'this before any body, unless assured 'of favour. I implore your favour.'

Foolish man! It was plain, that this kneeling supplication was premeditated.

'O Sir, what undue humility!—'Could I have received your address, 'none of this had been necessary.'

'Your pity, Madam, once more; 'your gratitude, your mercy, your 'love!'

'Pray, Sir, rise.'

He swore by his God, that he would not, till I had given him hope.

'No hope can I give you, Sir. It 'would be cheating, it would be de-'luding you, it would not be honest, 'to give you hope.'

'You objected to my morals, Ma-'dam: have you any other objection?'

'Need there any other?'

'But I can clear myself.'

'To God, and to your conscience, 'then, do it, Sir. I want you not to 'clear yourself to me.'

'But, Madam, the clearing myself 'to you, would be clearing myself to 'God and my conscience.'

'What language is this, Sir? But 'you can be nothing to me: indeed 'you can be nothing to me—Rise, Sir; 'rise, or I leave you.'

I made an effort to go. He caught my hand, and arose—Then kissed it, and held it between both his.

'For God's sake, Madam—'

'*Pray*, Sir Hargrave—'

'Your objections? I insist upon 'knowing your objections. My *per-'son*, Madam—Forgive me, I am not 'used to boast—My *person*, Madam—'

'*Pray*, Sir Hargrave.'

'—Is not contemptible. My *for-'tune*—'

'God bless you, Sir, with your for-'tune.'

'—Is not inconsiderable. My *mo-'rals*—'

'*Pray*, Sir Hargrave! Why this 'enumeration to me?'

'—Are as unexceptionable as those 'of most young men of fashion in the 'present age.'

['I am sorry if this be true,' thought I to myself.]

'You have reason, I hope, Sir, to 'be glad of that.'

'My *descent*—'

'Is honourable, Sir, no doubt.'

'My *temper* is not bad. I am thought 'to be a man of vivacity, and of 'chearfulness.—I have *courage*, Ma-'dam—And this should have been 'seen, had I found reason to dread a 'competitor in your favour.'

'I thought you were enumerating 'your *good* qualities, Sir Hargrave.'

'Courage, Madam, magnanimity 'in a man, Madam—'

'Are great qualities, Sir; courage 'in a right cause, I mean. Magna-'nimity, you know, Sir, is greatness 'of mind.'

'And so it is; and I hope—'

'And I, Sir Hargrave, hope you 'have great reason to be satisfied with '*your*-self: but it would be very grie-'vous to me, if I had not the liberty 'so to act, so to govern myself, in es-'sential points, as should leave me as 'well satisfied with *my*-self.'

'This, I hope, *may* be the case, 'Madam, if you encourage my pas-'sion;

'ſion: and let me aſſure you, that no 'man breathing ever loved a woman 'as I love you. My *perſon*, my *for-* 'tune, my *morals*, my *deſcent*, my 'temper, (a man in ſuch a caſe as this 'may be allowed to do himſelf juſtice) 'all unexceptionable; let me die if I 'can account for your—your—your 'refuſal of me in ſo peremptory, in ſo 'unceremonious a manner, ſlap-daſh, 'as I may ſay, and not one objection 'to make, or which you will conde- 'ſcend to make!'

'You ſay, Sir, that you love me 'above all women? Would you, *can* 'you, be ſo little nice, as to wiſh to 'marry a woman who does not prefer 'you to all men?—If you *are*, let me 'tell you, Sir, that you have aſſigned 'a reaſon againſt yourſelf, which I 'think I ought to look upon as con- 'cluſive.'

'I make no doubt, Madam, that my 'behaviour to you after marriage will 'induce you, in gratitude as well as 'juſtice, to prefer me to all men.'

'Your behaviour *after* marriage, 'Sir!—Never will I truſt to that, 'where—'

'*Where* what, Madam?'

'No need of entering into particu- 'lars, Sir. You ſee that we cannot 'be of the ſame mind. You, Sir 'Hargrave, have no doubt of your 'merit.'

'I know, Madam, that I ſhould 'make it the buſineſs, as well as plea- 'ſure of my life, to deſerve you.'

'You value yourſelf upon your 'fortune, Sir—'

'Only as it gives me power to make 'you happy.'

'Riches never yet, of themſelves, 'made any body happy. I have al- 'ready as great a fortune as I wiſh for. 'You think yourſelf *polite*—'

'Polite, Madam!—And I hope—'

'The whole of what I mean, Sir 'Hargrave, is this; you have a very 'high opinion of yourſelf: you may 'have reaſon for it; ſince you muſt 'know yourſelf, and your own heart, 'better than I can pretend to do. But 'would you, let me aſk you, make 'choice of a woman for a wife, who 'frankly owns, that ſhe cannot think 'ſo highly, as you imagine ſhe *ought* 'to think of you?—In juſtice to your- 'ſelf, Sir—'

'By my ſoul, Madam,' haughtily, 'you are the only woman who could 'thus—'

'Well, Sir, perhaps I am. But 'will not this ſingularity convince you 'that I can never make you happy, nor 'you me? You tell me that you think 'highly of me; but if I cannot think 'ſo highly of you, pray, Sir, let me 'be intitled to the ſame freedom in 'my refuſal that governs you in your 'choice.'

He walked about the room; and gave himſelf airs that ſhewed greater inward than even outward emotion.

I had a mind to leave him; yet was not willing to withdraw abruptly, intending, and hoping, to put an end to all his expectations for the future. I therefore, in a manner, aſked for leave to withdraw.

'I preſume, Sir, that nothing re- 'mains to be ſaid but what may be 'ſaid before my couſins.' And, curt- ſeying, was going.

He told me, with a paſſionate air, that he was half diſtracted; and complained of the uſe I made of the power I had over him. And as I had near opened the door, he threw himſelf on his knees to me againſt it, and undeſignedly hurt my finger with the lock.

He was grieved. I made light of it, though in pain, that he might not have an opportunity to flouriſh upon it, and to ſhew a tenderneſs which, I doubt, is not very natural to him.

How little was I affected with *his* kneeling, to what I was with the ſame poſture in Sir Rowland! Sir Hargrave ſupplicated me as before. I was forced, in anſwer, to repeat ſome of the ſame things that I had ſaid before.

I would fain have parted civilly. He would not permit me to do ſo. Though he was on his knees, he mingled paſſion, and even indirect menaces, with his ſupplications. I was forced to declare, that I never more would receive his viſits.

This declaration he vowed would make him deſperate, and he cared not what became of him.

I often begged him to riſe, but to no purpoſe; till I declared that I would ſtay no longer with him: and then he aroſe, rapped out an oath or two; again called me proud and ungrateful; and followed me into the other room to my couſins.

cousins. He could hardly be civil to them; he walked two or three turns about the room: at last, 'Forgive 'me, Mr. Reeves—forgive me, Mrs. 'Reeves,' said he, bowing to them; more stiffly to me—'And you *forbid* 'my future visits, Madam,' said he, with a face of malice.

'I do, Sir; and that for both our 'sakes. You have greatly discom-'posed me.'

'Next time, Madam, I have the ho-'nour of attending you, it will be, I 'hope—' [He stopped a moment, but still looking fiercely] 'to a happier 'purpose.' And away he went.

Mr. Reeves was offended with him, and discouraged me not in my resolution to avoid receiving his future visits. You will now, therefore, hear very little farther in my letters of this Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

And yet I wish I do not see him very soon. But it will be in company enough, if I do: at the masquerade, I mean, to-morrow night; for he never misses going to such entertainments.

Our dresses are ready. Mr. Reeves is to be a hermit; Mrs. Reeves, a nun; Lady Betty, a lady abbess: but I by no means like mine, because of it's gaudiness; the very *thing* I was afraid of.

They call it the dress of an Arcadian princess: but it falls not in with any of my notions of the pastoral dress of Arcadia.

A white Paris net-sort of cap, glittering with spangles, and encircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a little white feather perking from the left-ear, is to be my head-dress.

My mask is Venetian.

My hair is to be complimented with an appearance, because of it's natural ringlets, as they call my curls, and to shade my neck.

Tucker and ruffles, blond lace.

My shape is also said to be consulted in this dress. A kind of waistcoat, of blue sattin trimmed with silver Point d'Espagne, the skirts edged with silver fringe, is made to sit close to my waist by double clasps, a small silver tassel at the ends of each clasp; all set off with bugles and spangles, which make a mighty glitter.

But I am to be allowed a kind of scarf, of white Persian silk; which, gathered at the top, is to be fastened to my shoulders, and to fly loose behind me.

Bracelets on my arms.

They would have given me a crook, but I would not submit to that. It would give me, I said, an air of confidence to aim to manage it with any tolerable freedom; and I was apprehensive, that I should not be thought to want *that* from the dress itself. A large Indian fan was not improper for the expected warmth of the place; and that contented me.

My petticoat is of blue sattin, trimmed and fringed as my waistcoat. I am not to have a hoop that is perceivable. They wore not hoops in Arcadia.

What a sparkling figure shall I make! Had the ball been what they call a subscription-ball, at which people dress with more glare than at a common one, this dress would have been more tolerable.

But they all say, that I shall be kept in countenance by masks as extravagant, and even more ridiculous.

Be that as it may, I wish the night were over. I dare say it will be the last diversion of this kind I ever shall be at; for I never had any notion of masquerades.

Expect particulars of all in my next. I reckon you will be impatient for them. But pray, my Lucy, be fanciful, as I sometimes am, and let me know how you think every thing will be beforehand; and how many pretty fellows you imagine, in this dress, will be slain by *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ.

DEAR MR. SELBY,

FRIDAY, FEB. 17.

NO one, at present, but yourself, must see the contents of what I am going to write.

You must not be too much surprized.

But how shall I tell you the news; the dreadful news!—My wife has been ever since three this morning in violent hysterics upon it.

You must not—But how shall I say, *you*

you muſt not be too much affected, when *we* are unable to ſupport ourſelves?

O my couſin Selby! we know not what is become of our deareſt Miſs Byron.

I will be as particular as my grief and ſurprize will allow. There is a neceſſity for it, as you will find.

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend—But to particulars firſt.

We were laſt night at the ball in the Hay Market.

The chairmen who carried the dear creature, and who, as well as *our* chairmen, were engaged for the night, were inveigled away to drink ſomewhere. They promiſed Wilſon, my couſin's ſervant, to return in half an hour.

It was then but little more than twelve.

Wilſon waited near two hours, and they not returning, he hired a chair to ſupply their place.

Between two and three, we all agreed to go home. The dear creature was fatigued with the notice every body took of her. Every body admired her. She wanted to go before; but Lady Betty prevailed on her to ſtay a little longer.

I waited on her to her chair, and ſaw her in it before I attended Lady Betty and my wife to theirs.

I ſaw that neither the chair, nor the chairmen, were thoſe who brought her. I aſked the meaning; and received the above particulars after ſhe was in the chair.

She hurried into it becauſe of her dreſs, and being warm, and no leſs than four gentlemen following her to the very chair.

It was then near three.

I ordered Wilſon to bid the chairmen ſtop, when they had got out of the crowd, till Lady Betty's chair, and mine, and my wife's, joined them.

I ſaw her chair move, and Wilſon, with his lighted flambeaux, before it; and the four maſks, who followed her to the chair, return into the houſe.

When our ſervants could not find that her chair had ſtopped, we ſuppoſed that, in the hurry, the fellow heard not my orders; and directed our chairmen to proceed, not doubting but we ſhould find her got home before us.

We had before agreed to be carried directly home; declining Lady Betty's invitation to reſume our own dreſſes at her houſe, where we dreſſed for the ball.

We were very much ſurprized at finding her not arrived: but concluding that, by miſtake, ſhe was carried to Lady Betty's, and was there expecting us, we ſent thither immediately.

But, good God! what was our conſternation, when the ſervants brought us word back, that Lady Betty had not either ſeen or heard of her?

Mr. Greville, as I apprehend—

But let me give you all the lights on which I ground my ſurmiſes.

Laſt night Lady Betty Williams had a hint given her, as ſhe informed me at the maſquerade, that Mr. Greville, who took leave of my couſin on Tueſday evening in order to ſet out for Northamptonſhire the next morning, was neither gone, nor intended to go; being, on the contrary, reſolved to continue in town perdue, in order to watch my couſin's viſiters.

He had indeed told her, that ſhe would have half a dozen ſpies upon her; and threw out ſome hints of jealouſy of two of her viſiters.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in a Harlequin dreſs, was at the ball: he ſoon diſcovered our lovely couſin, and, notwithſtanding his former ill-nature on being rejected by her, addreſſed her with the politeneſs of a man accuſtomed to publick places.

He found me out at the ſide-board a little before we went off; and aſked me, if I had not ſeen Mr. Greville there; I ſaid, 'No.'

He aſked me, if I had not obſerved a maſk diſtinguiſhed by a broad-brimmed, half-ſlouched hat, with a high flat crown, a ſhort black cloak, a dark-lanthorn in his hand, holding it up to every one's maſk; and who, he ſaid, was ſaluted by every body as Guido Vaux: that perſon, he ſaid, was Mr. Greville.

I did, indeed, obſerve this perſon; but recollected not, that he had the air of Mr. Greville; but thought him a much more bulky man. But that, as he intended to have it ſuppoſed he had left the town, might be eaſily managed.

Mr. Greville, you know, is a man of enterprize.

He came to town, having profeſſedly no other material buſineſs but to give obſtruction to my couſin's viſiters. He ſaw

ſaw ſhe had two new ones. He talked at firſt of ſtaying in town, and partaking of it's diverſions, and even of beſpeaking a new equipage.

But all of a ſudden, though expecting Mr. Fenwick would come up, he pretended to leave the town, and to ſet out directly for Northamptonſhire, without having obtained any conceſſion from my couſin in his favour.

Laying all theſe circumſtances together, I think it is hardly to be doubted, but Mr. Greville is at the bottom of this black affair.

You will, therefore, take ſuch ſteps on theſe lights as your prudence will ſuggeſt to you. If Mr. Greville is not come down—If Mr. Fenwick—What would I ſay?

The leſs noiſe, however, the affair makes till we can come at certainty, the better.

How I dread what that certainty may be!—Dear creature!

But I am ſure you will think it adviſeable to keep this dreadful affair from her poor grandmother—and I hope your good lady—yet *her* prudent advice may be neceſſary.

I have ſix people out at different parts of the town, who are to make enquiries among chairmen, coachmen, &c.

Her new ſervant cannot be a villain—What can one ſay?—What can one think?

We have ſent to his ſiſter, who keeps an inn in Smithfield. She has heard nothing of him.

I have ſent after the chairmen who carried her to this curſed maſquerade. Lady Betty's chairmen, who had provided the chairs, know them and their number. They were traced with a fare from White's to Berkeley Square.

Something may be diſcovered by means of thoſe fellows, if they were tampered with. They are afraid, I ſuppoſe, to come to demand their but half-earned money. Woe be to them if they come out to be raſcals!

I had half a ſuſpicion of Sir Hargrave, as well from the character given us of him by a friend of mine, as becauſe of his unpolite behaviour to the dear creature on her rejecting him: and ſent to his houſe in Cavendiſh Square, to know if he were at home; and if he were, at what time he returned from the ball.

Anſwer was brought that he was in bed, and they ſuppoſed would not be ſtirring till dinner-time, when he expected company: and that he returned not from the ball till between four and five this morning.

We ſent to Mr. Greville's lodgings. He has actually diſcharged them; and the people think, (as he told them ſo) that he is ſet out for the country. But he is maſter of contrivances enough to manage this. There can be no thought that he would give out otherwiſe to them, than he did to us. Happy, had we found him not gone.

Mr. Greville *muſt* be the man!

You will be ſo good as to diſpatch the bearer inſtantly with what information can be got about Mr. Greville. *Ever, ever yours!*

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. SELBY, TO ARCHIBALD REEVES, ESQ.

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18.

O Mr. Reeves!—Dear ſweet child!—Flower of the world!

But how could I keep ſuch dreadful tidings within my own breaſt?—

How could I conceal my conſternation?—My wife ſaw it. She would know the cauſe of it.

I could not tell her the fatal news—fatal news, indeed! It will be immediate death to her poor grandmother—

We muſt keep it from her as long as we can!—but *keep* it from her!—And *is* the deareſt creature ſpirited away!—O Mr. Reeves!—

I gave my wife your letter. She fainted away before ſhe had read it through.

Maſquerades, I have generally heard ſaid, were more ſilly than wicked: but they are now, I am convinced, the moſt profligate of all diverſions.

Almoſt diſtracted, couſin!—You may *well* be ſo: we ſhall all be *quite* diſtracted—Dear, dear creature! what may ſhe not have ſuffered by this time!

Why parted we with ſuch a jewel out of our ſight!

You *would* not be denied: you *would* have her to that curſed town.

Some

Some damn'd villain, to be ſure!—Greville it is not.

Greville was ſeen, late laſt night, alighting at his own houſe from a poſt-chaiſe. He had nobody with him.

In half an hour, late as it was, he ſent his compliments to us, to let us know that he had left the dear child well, and (in his uſual ſtile) happier than ſhe would make him. He knows that our lives are bound up in hers.

Find out where ſhe is: and find her ſafe and well; or we will never forgive thoſe who were the cauſe of her going to London.

Dear ſoul! ſhe was over perſuaded!—ſhe was not fond of going!

The ſweeteſt, obliging creature!—What is now become of her!—What, by this time, may ſhe not have ſuffered!—

Search every where—But you will, no doubt!—Suſpect every body—This Lady Betty Williams—Such a plot muſt have a woman in it. Was ſhe not Sir Hargrave's friend?—This Sir Hargrave—Greville it could not be. Had we not the proof I mentioned, Greville, bad as he is, could not be ſuch a villain.

The firſt moment you have any tidings, bad or good, ſpare no expence—

* *

GREVILLE was this moment here. We could not ſee him. We did not let him know the matter.

He is gone away, in great ſurprize, on the ſervants telling him that we had received ſome bad news, which made us unfit to ſee any body. The ſervants could not tell him what; yet they all gueſs by your livery, and by our grief, that ſomething has befallen their beloved young lady. They are all in tears—And they look at us, when they attend us, with *ſuch* inquiſitive, yet ſilent grief!—We are ſpeechleſs before them; and tell them our wills by motions, and not by words.

Good God!—After ſo many happy years!—Happy in ourſelves! to be at laſt, in ſo ſhort a time, made the moſt miſerable of wretches!

But this had not been, if—But no more—Good God of Heaven, what will become of my poor aunt Shirley!—Lucy, Nancy, will go diſtracted—But no more—Haſten your next—And forgive this diſtracted letter. I know not what I have written: but I am *yours*,

GEORGE SELBY.

LETTER XXV.

MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION OF LETTER XXIII.

LADY Betty's chairmen have found out the firſt chairmen.

The fellows were made almoſt dead drunk. They are ſure ſomething was put into their liquor. They have been hunting after the footmen, who enticed them, and drank them down. They deſcribe their livery to be brown, trimmed and turned up with yellow; and are in the ſervice of a merchant's relict, who lives either in Mark Lane or Mincing Lane, they forgot which; but have not yet been able to find them out. Their lady, they ſaid, was at the maſquerade. They were very officious to ſcrape acquaintance with them. We know not any body who gives this livery: ſo no lights can be obtained by this part of the information. A curſed, deep-laid villainy!—The fellows are reſolved, they ſay, to find out theſe footmen, if above-ground; and the chairmen who were hired on their failure.

Every hour we have one meſſenger or other returning with ſomething to ſay; but hitherto with nothing to the purpoſe. This has kept me within. O, Mr. Selby, I know not what to direct! I know not what to do! I ſend them out again as faſt as they return: yet rather ſhew my deſpair than my hope.

Surely this villainy muſt be Mr. Greville's. Though I have but juſt diſpatched away my ſervant to you, I am impatient for his return.

I will write every hour as any thing offers, that I may have a letter ready to ſend you by another man the moment we hear any thing. And yet I expect not to hear any thing material, but from you.

We begin to ſuſpect the ſervant (that Wilſon) whom my couſin ſo lately hired. Were *he* clear of the matter, either he, or the chairmen he,

hired, must have been heard of. He would have returned. They could not all three be either murdered or secreted.

These cursed masquerades!—Never will I—

* *

O Mr. Selby! Her servant is, must be a villain!—Sarah, my dear cousin's servant, (my poor wife can think of nothing; she is extremely ill:) Sarah took it into her head, to have the specious rascal's trunk broke open. It felt light; and he had talked, but the night before, of his stock of cloaths and linen to the other servants. There was nothing of value found in it; not of *sixpence* value. The most specious villain, if a villain. Every body liked him. The dear creature herself was pleased with him. He knew every thing, and every body.—Cursed be he for his adroitness and knowledge! We had made too many enquiries after a servant for her.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I AM just returned from Smithfield; from the villain's sister. He comes out to be a villain—This Wilson I mean—A practised villain!

The woman shook her head at the enquiry which I made, half out of breath, after what was become of him. She was afraid, she said, that all was not right: but was sure her brother had not robbed.

He had been guilty, I said, of a villainy that was a thousand times worse than robbery.

She was inquisitive about it; and I hinted to her what it was.

Her brother, she said, was a young man of parts and understanding, and would be glad, she was sure, of getting a livelihood by honest services. It was a sad thing that there should be such masters in the world as would put servants upon bad practices.

I asked after the character of that Bagenhall, whose service her brother last lived in; and, imprudently, I threatened her brother.

'Ah, Sir!' was all the answer she made, shaking her head.

I repeated my question, Who was that Bagenhall?

'Excuse me, Sir,' said she, 'I will 'give no other answer till I hear whether my brother's life may be in dan-'ger or not.' She abhorred, she said, all base practices as much as any body could do; and she was sorry for the lady, and for me.

I then offered to be the making of her brother, were it possible to engage him before any violence was done to the lady. I asked, if she knew where to send to him.

Indeed, she did not. She dared to say, she should not hear of him for one while. Whenever he had been drawn in to assist in any out-of-the-way pranks, [See, Mr. Selby, a practised villain!] he kept away from her till all was blown over. Those who would take such steps, she feared, would by this time have done the mischief.

How I raved!

I offered her money, a handsome sum, if she would tell me what she knew of that Bagenhall, or of any of her brother's employers: but she refused to say one word more, till she knew whether her brother's life were likely to be affected or not.

I left her, and hastened home, to enquire after what might have happened in my absence: but will soon see her again, in hopes she may be wrought upon to drop some hints, by which something may be discovered—But all this time, what may be the fate of the dear sufferer!—I cannot bear my own thoughts!

Lady Betty is inexpressibly grieved.

I have dispatched a man and horse (God knows to what purpose!) to a friend I have at Reading, to get him to enquire after the character of this Bagenhall. There is such a man, and he is a man of pleasure, as Sir John Allestree informs me.—Accursed villain, this Wilson! He could not bear with his master's constant bad hours, and profligate course of life, as he told our servants, and Mrs. Sarah!—Specious impostor!

ONE O'CLOCK.

LADY Betty's chairmen have found out, and they brought with them one of the fellows whom that vile Wilson hired. The other was afraid to come. I have secured this fellow: yet, he seems to be ingenuous; and I have promised, that if he prove innocent, he shall be rewarded instead of punished; and

and the two chairmen, on this promise, are gone to try to prevail upon his partner to come, were it but to release the other, as both insisted upon their innocence.

And now will you be impatient to know what account this fellow gives.

O Mr. Selby! the dear, dear creature!—But, before I can proceed, I must recover my eyes.

TWO O'CLOCK.

THIS fellow's name is Macpherson. His partner's, M'Dermot. This is Macpherson's account of the matter.

Wilson hired them to carry his young lady to Paddington—To Paddington! A vile dog!—

They objected distance and danger; the latter, as Macpherson owns, to heighten the value of the service.

As to the danger, Wilson told him, they would be met by three others of his fellow-servants, armed, at the first fields: and as to the distance, they would be richly rewarded; and he gave them a crown a piece earnest, and treated them besides with brandy.

To prevent their curiosity, and entirely to remove their difficulties, the villain told them, that his young lady was an heiress, and had agreed to go off from the masquerade with her lover: but that the gentleman would not appear to them till she came to the very house to which she was conveyed.

'She thinks,' said the hellish villain, 'that she is to be carried to May 'Fair Chapel, and to be married directly; and that the minister (unseasonable as the hour is) will be there 'in readiness. But the gentleman, 'who is a man of the utmost honour, 'intends first to try whether he cannot 'obtain her friends consent. So when 'she finds her way lengthened,' proceeded the vile wretch, 'she will perhaps be frightened, and will ask me 'questions. I would not for the world 'disoblige her; but here she must be 'cheated for her own sake; and when 'all is over, will value me the more 'for the innocent imposture. But, 'whatever orders she may give you, 'observe none but mine, and follow 'me. You shall be richly rewarded,' repeated the miscreant. 'Should she 'even cry out, mind it not: she is full 'of fears, and hardly holds in one 'mind for an hour together.'

He farther cautioned them not to answer any questions which might possibly be asked of them by the person who should conduct his young lady to her chair; but refer to himself: and in case any other chairs were to go in company with hers, he bid them fall behind, and follow his flambeaux.

Macpherson says, that she drew the curtains close (because of her dress, no doubt) the moment I had left her, after seeing her in the chair.

The fellows, thus prepossessed and instructed, speeded away, without stopping for our chairs. Yet the dear creature must have heard me give that direction.

They had carried her a great way before she called out: and *then* she called three times before they would hear her: at the third time they stopt, and her servant asked her commands. 'Where am I, William?' said she. 'Just at home, Madam,' answered he. 'Surely you have taken a strange round-'about way?'—'We *are* come about,' said the rascal, 'on purpose to avoid 'the crowd of chairs and coaches.'

They proceeded onwards, and were joined by three men, as Wilson had told them they would; but they fancied one of them to be a gentleman; for he was muffled up in a cloak, and had a silver-hilted sword in his hand: but he spake not. He gave no directions; and all three kept aloof, that they might not be seen by her.

At Marybone, she again called out. 'William, William!' said she, with vehemence: 'the Lord have mercy 'upon me! Where are you going to 'carry me? Chairmen, stop! Stop, 'chairmen! Set me down!—Wil-'liam!—Call my servant, chairmen!' Dear soul! Her servant! Her devil!

The chairmen called him. They lifted up the head. The side-curtains were still undrawn; and M'Dermot stood so close, that she could not see far before her. 'Did you not tell me,' said the villain to them, 'that it was 'not far about?—See how you have 'frighted my lady!—Madam, we are 'now almost at home.'

They proceeded with her, saying they had, indeed, mistaken their way; but they were just there; and hurried on.

She then undrew the side-curtain.—'Good God of heaven protect me!'

they heard her ſay—'I am in the midſt 'of fields—!' They were then at Liſſom Green.

They heard her pray! and Macpherſon ſaid, he began then to conclude that the lady was too much frightened, and *too pious*, to be in a love-plot.

But, nevertheleſs, beckoned by their villainous guide, they hurried on: and then ſhe ſcreamed out; and happening to ſee one of the three men, ſhe begged his help, for God's ſake.

The fellow bluſtered at the chairmen, and bid them ſtop. She aſked for Groſvenor Street. She was to be carried, ſhe ſaid, to Groſvenor Street.

She was juſt there, that fellow ſaid. —'It can't be, Sir! it can't be!— 'Don't I ſee fields all about me?—I 'am in the midſt of fields, Sir!'

'Groſvenor Square, Madam,' replied that villain; 'the trees and gar-'den of Groſvenor Square.'

'What a ſtrange way have you 'come about!' cried her miſcreant, and then trod out his flambeau; while another fellow took the chairmen's lantern from them; and they had only a little glimmering ſtar-light to guide them.

She then, poor dear ſoul! ſcreamed ſo diſmally, that Macpherſon ſaid, it went to his heart to hear her. But they following Wilſon, who told them they were juſt *landed*, that was his word, he led them up a long garden-walk by a back-way. One of the three men having got before, opened the garden-door, and held it in his hand; and by the time they got to the houſe to which the garden ſeemed to belong, the dear creature ceaſed ſcreaming.

They too well ſaw the cauſe when they ſtopt with her. She was in a fit.

Two women, by the aſſiſtance of the perſon in the cloak, helped her out, with great ſeeming tenderneſs. They ſaid ſomething in praiſe of her beauty, and expreſſed themſelves concerned for her, as if they were afraid ſhe was paſt recovery: which apparently ſtartled the man in the cloak.

Wilſon entered the houſe with thoſe who carried in the dear creature; but ſoon came out to the chairmen. They ſaw the man in the cloak (who hung about the villain, and hugged him, as in joy) give the raſcal money: who then put a guinea into each of their hands; and conveyed them through the garden again, to the door at which they entered; but refuſed them light, even ſo much as that of their own candle and lantern. However, he ſent another man with them, who led them over rough and dirty bye-ways into a path that pointed London-ward; but plainly ſo much about, with deſign to make it difficult for them to find out the place again.

* *

The other fellow is brought hither: he tells exactly the ſame ſtory.

I aſked of both, what ſort of a man he in the cloak was: but he ſo carefully muffled himſelf up, and ſo little appeared to them, either walking after them, or at the houſe, that I could gain no light from their deſcription.

On their promiſe to be forth-coming, I have ſuffered them to go with Lady Betty's chairmen, to try if they can trace out their own footſteps, and find the place.

How many hopeleſs things muſt a man do, in an exigence, who knows not what is right to be done!

* *

I have enquired of Lady Betty, who it was that told her Mr. Greville was not gone out of town, but intended to lie perdue; and ſhe named her informant. I aſked how the diſcourſe came in. She owned, a little aukwardly. I aſked, whether that lady knew Mr. Greville. She could not ſay whether ſhe did or not.

I went to that lady; Mrs. Preſton, in New Bond Street. She had her intelligence, ſhe told me, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; who had hinted to her, that he ſhould take ſuch notice of Mr. Greville, as might be attended with conſequences; and ſhe was the readier to intimate this to Lady Betty, in order to prevent miſchief.

Now, Mr. Selby, as the intimation that the dark-lantern figure at the maſquerade was Mr. Greville, came from Sir Hargrave, and nobody elſe, and we ſaw nothing of him ourſelves; how do we know—And yet Mr. Greville intended that we ſhould believe him to be out of town—Yet even that intimation came from Sir Hargrave—And furthermore, was it not likely that he would take as much care to conceal himſelf from Sir Hargrave, as from us?—I will go inſtantly to Sir Hargrave's

Hargrave's houſe: he was to dine at home, and with company. If I cannot ſee him—if he ſhould be abſent—But no more till I return.

* *

O Mr. Selby! I believe I have wronged Mr. Greville. The dear ſoul, I am afraid, is fallen into even worſe hands than his.

I went to Sir Hargrave's houſe. He was *not* at home. He *was* at home. He had company with him. He was not to be ſpoken with. Theſe were the different anſwers given me by his porter, with as much confuſion as I had impatience; and yet it was evident to me, that he had his leſſon given him. In ſhort, I have reaſon to think, that Sir Hargrave came not home all night. The man in the cloak, I doubt, was he. Now, does all that Sir John Alleſtree ſaid of the malicious wickedneſs of this deviliſh man, and his arrogant behaviour to our dear Miſs Byron, on her rejecting him, come freſh into my memory. And is ſhe, can ſhe be, fallen into the power of ſuch a man?—Rather, much rather, may my firſt ſurmiſes prove true. Greville is, ſurely, (exceptionable as he is) a better man, at leaſt a better-natured man, than this; and he can have no thoughts leſs honourable than marriage: but this villain, if he *be* the villain—I cannot, I dare not, purſue the thought.

* *

The four chairmen are juſt returned. They think they have found the place; but having gained ſome intelligence, (intelligence which diſtracts me!) they hurried back for directions.

They had aſked a neighbouring alehouſe keeper, if there were not a long garden, (belonging to the houſe they ſuſpected) and a back-door out of it to a dirty lane and fields. He anſwered in the affirmative. The front of this houſe faces the road.

They called for ſome hot liquors; and aſked the landlord after the owners. He knew nothing of harm of them, he ſaid. They had lived there near a twelvemonth in reputation. The family conſiſted of a widow, whoſe name is Awberry, her ſon and two daughters. The ſon (a man of about thirty years of age) has a place in the Cuſtom Houſe, and only came down on a Saturday, and went up on Monday. But an odd circumſtance, he ſaid, had alarmed him that very morning.

He was at firſt a little ſhy of telling what it was. He loved, he ſaid, to mind his own buſineſs; what other people did, was nothing to him: but at laſt he told them, that about ſix o'clock in the morning he was waked by the trampling of horſes; and looking out of his window, ſaw a chariot and ſix, and three or four men on horſeback, at the widow Awberry's door. He got up. The footmen and coachmen were very *buſh*, not calling for a drop of liquor, though his doors were open: a rare inſtance, he ſaid, where there were ſo many men-ſervants together, and a coachman one of them. This, he ſaid, could not but give a greater edge to his curioſity.

About ſeven o'clock, one of the widow's daughters came to the door, with a lighted candle in her hand, and directed the chariot to drive up cloſe to the houſe. The alehouſe-keeper then ſlipt into an arbour-like porch, next door to the widow's; where he had not been three minutes, before he ſaw two perſons come to the door; the one a tall gentleman in laced cloaths, who had his arms about the other, a perſon of middling ſtature, wrapt up in a ſcarlet cloak; and reſiſting, as one in great diſtreſs, the other's violence, and begging not to be put into the chariot, in a voice and accent that evidently ſhewed it was a woman.

The gentleman made vehement proteſtations of honour; but lifted the lady into the chariot. She ſtruggled, and ſeemed to be in agonies of grief; and on being lifted in, and the gentleman going in after her, ſhe ſcreamed out for help; and he obſerved, in the ſtruggling, that ſhe had on, under her cloak, a ſilver-laced habit; [The maſquerade habit, no doubt!] her ſcreaming grew fainter and fainter, and her voice ſounded to him as if her mouth were ſtopped; and the gentleman ſeemed to ſpeak high, as if he threatened her.

Away drove the chariot. The ſervants rode after it.

In about half an hour, a coach and four came to the widow's door; the widow and her two daughters went into it, and took the ſame road.

The alehouſe-keeper had afterwards the curioſity to aſk the maid-ſervant,

an

an ignorant country wench, whither her mistresses went so early in the morning? She answered, they were gone to Windsor, or that way, and would not return, she believed, in a week.

O this damned Sir Hargrave! He has a house upon the forest. I have no doubt but he is the villain. Who knows what injuries the dear creature might have sustained before she was forced into the chariot?—God give me patience! Dear soul! her prayers! her struggling! her crying out for help! her mouth stopt! O the villain!

I have ordered as many men and horses as two of my friends can furnish me with, to be added to two of my own, (we shall be nine in all) to get ready with all speed. I will pursue the villain to the world's end, but I will find him.

Our first course shall be to his house at Windsor. If we find him not there, we will proceed to that Bagenhall's, near Reading.

It would be but losing time, were I to go now to Paddington: and when the vile widow and her daughters are gone from home, and only an ignorant wench left, what can we learn of her more than is already told to us?

I have, however, accepted Lady Betty's offer of her steward's going with the two chairmen, to get what farther intelligence he can from Paddington, against my return.

I shall take what I have written with me, to form from it a letter less hurrying, less alarming, for your perusal, than this that I have written at such snatches of time, and under such dreadful uncertainties, would be to you, were I to send it; that is to say, if I have time, and if I am able to write with any certainty—O that dreaded certainty!

At four in the morning the six men I borrow, and myself, and two of my servants, well armed, are to rendezvous at Hyde Park Corner. It is grievous that another night must pass. But so many people cannot be got together as two or three might.

My poor wife has made me promise to take the assistance of peace-officers, wherever I find either the villain, or the suffering angel.

Where the road parts, we shall divide, and enquire at every turnpike; and shall agree upon our places of meeting.

I am harassed to death; but my mind is the greatest sufferer.

* *

O, my dear Mr. Selby! we *have* tidings—God be praised, we have tidings!—not so happy, indeed, as were to be wished: yet the dear creature is living, and in honourable hands—God be praised!

Read the inclosed letter, directed to me.

'SIR,

'MISS Byron is in safe and honourable hands.

'The first moment she could give 'any account of herself, she besought 'me to quiet your heart, and your 'lady's, with this information.

'She has been cruelly treated.

'Particulars, at present, she cannot 'give.

'She was many hours speechless.

'But don't fright yourselves: her 'fits, though not less frequent, are 'weaker and weaker.

'The bearer will acquaint you who 'my brother is; to whom you owe 'the preservation and safety of the 'loveliest woman in England: and he 'will direct you to a house where you 'will be welcome, with your lady, (for 'Miss Byron cannot be removed) to 'convince yourselves that all possible 'care is taken of her, by, Sir, *your 'humble servant*,

'CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

'FRIDAY, FEB. 17.'

In fits!—Has been cruelly treated!—Many hours speechless!—Cannot be removed! Her solicitude, though hardly herself, *for our ease!*—Dearest, dear creature!—But you will rejoice with me, my cousins, that she is in such honourable hands.

What I have written must now go. I have no time to transcribe.

I have sent to my two friends, to let them know, that I shall not have occasion for their people's assistance.

She is at a nobleman's house, the Earl of L. near Colnebrook.

My wife, harassed and fatigued in mind as she has been on this occasion, and

and poorly in health, wanted to go with me: but it is beſt firſt for me to ſee how the dear creature is.

I ſhall ſet out before day, on horſe-back. My ſervant ſhall carry with him a portmanteau of things, ordered by my wife. My couſin muſt have made a ſtrange appearance, in her maſquerade dreſs, to her deliverer.

The honeſt man who brought the letter, [He looks remarkably ſo; but had he a leſs agreeable countenance, he would have been received by us as an angel, for his happy tidings] was but juſt returned from Windſor, whither he had been ſent early in the morning, to tranſact ſome buſineſs, when he was diſpatched away to us with the welcome letter. He could not, therefore, be ſo particular as we wiſhed him. What he gathered was from the houſe-keeper; the men-ſervants, who were in the fray, [A fray there was!] being gone to town with their maſter. But what we learnt from him, is, briefly, as follows.

His maſter is Sir Charles Grandiſon; a gentleman who has not been long in England. I have often heard mention of his father, Sir Thomas, who died not long ago. This honeſt man knew not when to ſtop in his maſter's praiſe. He gives his young lady alſo an excellent character.

Sir Charles was going to town in his chariot and ſix when he met (moſt happily met!) our diſtreſſed couſin.

Sir Hargrave *is* the villain.

I am heartily ſorry for ſuſpecting Mr. Greville.

Sir Charles had earneſt buſineſs in town; and he proceeded thither, after he had reſcued the dear creature, and committed her to the care of his ſiſter. —God for ever bleſs him!

The vile Sir Hargrave, as the ſervant underſtood, was wounded. Sir Charles, it ſeems, was alſo hurt. Thank God it was ſo ſlightly, as not to hinder him from purſuing his journey to town after the glorious act.

I would have given the honeſt man a handſome gratuity: but he ſo earneſtly beſought me to excuſe him, declaring that he was under an obligation to the moſt generous of maſters to decline all gifts, that I was obliged to withdraw my hand.

I will ſpeed this away by Richard Fennel. I will ſoon ſend you farther particulars by the poſt: not unhappy ones, I hope.

Excuſe, mean time, all that is amiſs in a letter, the greateſt part of which was written in ſuch a dreadful uncertainty, and believe, that I will be *ever yours*,

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, SAT. FEB. 18.

I Am juſt returned from viſiting my beloved couſin. You will be glad of every minute particular, as I can give it to you, relating to this ſhocking affair; and to her protector and his ſiſter. There are not ſuch another brother and ſiſter in England.

I got to the hoſpitable manſion by nine this morning. I enquired after Miſs Byron's health: and, on giving in my name, was ſhewn into a handſome parlour, elegantly furniſhed.

Immediately came down to me a very agreeable young lady; Miſs Grandiſon. I gave her a thouſand thanks for the honour of her letter, and the joyful information it had given me of the ſafety of one ſo deſervedly dear to us.

'She *muſt* be an excellent young 'lady,' anſwered ſhe. 'I have juſt left 'her—you muſt not ſee her yet—'

'Ah, Madam!' ſaid I, and looked ſurprized and grieved, 'I believe—'

'Don't affright yourſelf, Sir. Miſs 'Byron will do very well: but ſhe 'muſt be kept quiet. She has had a 'happy deliverance—She—'

'O Madam,' interrupted I, 'your 'generous, your noble brother—'

'Is the beſt of men, Mr. Reeves: 'his delight is in doing good.—And, 'as to this adventure, it has made him, 'I am ſure, a very happy man.'

'But is my couſin, Madam, ſo ill, 'that I cannot be allowed to ſee her for 'one moment?'

'She is but juſt come out of a fit. 'She fell into it in the relation ſhe 'would have made of her ſtory, on 'mentioning the villain's name by 'whom ſhe has ſuffered. She could 'give only broken and imperfect ac-'counts of herſelf all day yeſterday, 'or

'or you had heard from me sooner. 'When you see her, you must be very 'cautious of what you say to her. 'We have a skilful physician, by 'whose advice we proceed.'

'God for ever bless you, Madam!'

'He has not long left her. He advises quiet. She has had a very bad 'night. Could she compose herself, 'could she get a little natural rest, the 'cure is performed.—Have you breakfasted, Sir?'

'Breakfasted, Madam! My impatience to see my cousin allowed me 'not to think of breakfast.'

'You must breakfast with me, Sir. 'And when that is over, if she is tolerable, we will acquaint her with 'your arrival, and go up together. I 'read your impatience, Sir: we will 'make but a very short breakfasting. 'I was just *going* to breakfast.'

She rang. It was brought in.

I longed, I said, as we sat at tea, to be acquainted with the particulars of the happy deliverance.

'We avoid asking any questions 'that may affect her. I know very 'little of the particulars myself. My 'brother was in haste to get to town. 'The servants that were with him at 'the time, hardly dismounted: he 'doubted not but the lady (to whom 'he referred me for the gratifying my 'curiosity) would be able to tell me 'every thing. But she fell into fits; 'and, as I told you, was so ill, on 'the recollection of what she had suffered—'

'Good God!' said I, 'what *must* 'the dear creature have suffered!'

'—That we thought fit to restrain 'our curiosity, and so must you, till 'we see Sir Charles. I expect him 'before noon.'

'I am told, Madam, that there 'was a skirmish. I hope Sir Charles—'

'I hope so too, Mr. Reeves,' interrupted she. 'I long to see my brother as much as you can do to see 'your cousin—But, on my apprehensions, he assured me, upon his honour, that he was but very slightly 'hurt. Sir Charles is no qualifier, 'Sir, when he stakes his honour, be 'the occasion either light or serious.'

I said, I doubted not but she was very much surprized at a lady's being brought in by Sir Charles, and in a dress so fantastick.

'I was, Sir. I had not left my 'chamber; but hastened down at the 'first word, to receive and welcome 'the stranger. My maid, out of 'breath, burst into my room—"Sir 'Charles, Madam, beseeches you "this moment to come down. He "has saved a lady from robbers;" '(that was her report) "a very fine 'lady! and is come back with her. "He begs that you will come down "this instant."

'I was too much surprized at my 'brother's unexpected return, and too 'much affected with the lady's visible 'grief and terror, to attend to her 'dress, when I first went down. She 'was sitting, dreadfully trembling, 'and Sir Charles next her, in a very 'tender manner, assuring her of his, 'and of his sister's kindest protection. 'I saluted her," continued the lady, "Welcome, welcome! thrice welcome, "to this house and to me!—"

'She threw herself on one knee to 'me. Distress had too much humbled 'her. Sir Charles and I raised her to 'her seat. "You see before you, "Madam," said she, "a strange crea"ture," and looked at her dress; "but I hope you will believe I am an "innocent one. This vile appear"ance was not my choice. Fie upon "me! I must be thus dressed out for a "masquerade: hated diversion! I ne"ver had a notion of it.—Think not "hardly, Sir," turning to Sir Charles, 'her hands clasped and held up, "of "her whom you have so generously de"livered.—Think not hardly of me, "Madam," turning to me; "I am "not a bad creature. That vile, vile "man!—" She could say no more.

"Charlotte," said my brother, "you will make it your first care to "raise the spirits of this injured beau"ty; your next, to take her direc"tions, and inform her friends of her "safety. Such an admirable young "lady as this cannot be missed an "hour, without exciting the fears of "all her friends for her. I repeat, "Madam, that you are in honourable "hands. My sister will have pleasure "in obliging you."

'She wished to be conveyed to 'town; but looking at her dress, I 'offered her cloaths of mine; and my 'brother said, if she were very earnest, 'and thought herself able to go, he 'would

'would take horse, and leave the chariot, and he was sure that I would attend her thither.

'But before she could declare her acceptance of this offer, as she seemed joyfully ready to do, her spirits failed her, and she sunk down at my feet.

'Sir Charles just staid to see her come to herself; and then—"Sister," said he, "the lady cannot be removed. Let Dr. Holmes be sent for instantly. I know you will give her your best attendance. I will be with you before noon to-morrow. The lady is too low, and too weak, to be troubled with questions now. Johnson will be back from Windsor. Let him take her commands to any of her friends.—Adieu, dear Madam!—" [Your cousin, Sir, seemed likely to faint again.] "Support yourself." Repeating, "You are in safe and honourable hands;" bowing to her, as she bowed in return, but spoke not—"Adieu, Charlotte!" And away went the best of brothers.

'And "God Almighty bless him," said I, "wherever he goes!"

Miss Grandison then told me, that the house I was in belonged to the Earl of L. who had lately married her elder sister. About three months ago, they set out, she said, to pay a visit to my lord's estate and relations in Scotland, for the first time, and to settle some affairs there. They were expected back in a week or fortnight: she came down but last Tuesday, and *that* in order to give directions for every thing to be prepared for their reception. 'It was happy for your cousin,' said she, 'that I obtained the favour of my 'brother's company; and that he was 'obliged to be in town this morning. 'He intended to come back to carry 'me to town this evening. We are a 'family of love, Mr. Reeves. We 'are true brothers and sisters—But 'why trouble I you with these things 'now? We shall be better acquainted. I am charmed with Miss 'Byron.'

She was so good as to hurry the breakfast; and when it was over, conducted me up stairs. She bid me stay at the door, and stepped gently to the bed-side, and opening the curtain, I heard the voice of our cousin.

'Dear Madam, what trouble do I 'give!' were her words.

'*Still* talk of trouble, Miss Byron?' answered Miss Grandison, with an amiable familiarity; 'you will 'not forbear—Will you promise me 'not to be surprized at the arrival of 'your cousin Reeves?'

'I do promise—I shall rejoice to see 'him.'

Miss Grandison called to me. I approached; and catching my cousin's held-out hand, 'Thank God, thank 'God, best beloved of a hundred 'hearts!' said I, 'that once more I 'behold you! that once more I see 'you in safe and honourable hands!—'I will not tell you what we have all 'suffered.'

'No, don't,' said she—'You need 'not—But, O my cousin! I have fallen 'into the company of angels.'

'Forbear,' gently patting her hand, 'forbear these high flights,' said the kind lady, 'or I shall beat my charming patient. I shall not think you in 'a way to be quite well, till you *de-'scend*.'

She whispered me, that the doctor had expressed fears for her head, if she were not kept quiet. Then raising her voice, 'Your cousin's gratitude, Mr. 'Reeves, is excessive. You must allow me,' smiling, 'to beat her. 'When she is well, she shall talk of 'angels, and of what she pleases.'

But, my dear Mr. Selby, we who know how her heart overflows with sentiments of gratitude, on every common obligation, and even on but *intentional* ones, can easily account for the high sense she must have of those she lies under for such a deliverance from the brother, and of such kind treatment from the sister, both absolute strangers, till her distresses threw her into their protection.

'I will only ask my dear Miss Byron *one* question,' said I, (forgetting the caution given me below by Miss Grandison) 'whether this villain, by 'his violence—' ['meant marriage,' I was going to say] But interrupting me, 'You shall not, Mr. Reeves,' said Miss Grandison, smiling, 'ask half a 'question, that may revive disagree-'able remembrances. Is she not 'alive, and here, and in a way to be 'well? Have patience, till she is able 'to tell you all.'

My cousin was going to speak.

'My dear,' said the lady, 'you shall not answer Mr. Reeves's question, if it be a question that will induce you to look backward. At present, you must look only forward. And are you not in my care, and in Sir Charles Grandison's protection?'

'I have done, Madam,' said I, bowing—'the desire of taking vengeance—'

'Hush, Mr. Reeves!—Surely!—' smiling, and holding her finger to her lip.

'It is a patient's duty,' said my cousin, 'to submit to the prescriptions of her kind physician; but were I ever to forgive the author of my distresses, it must be for his being the occasion of bringing me into the knowledge of such a lady: and yet, to lie under the weight of obligations that I never can return—' Here she stopped.

I took this as a happy indication that the last violence was not offered; if it had, she would not have mentioned forgiving the author of her distress.

'As to what you say of obligation, Miss Byron,' returned Miss Grandison, 'let *your* heart answer for *mine*, had you and I changed situation. And if, on such a supposition, you can think that your humanity would have been so extraordinary a matter, then shall you be at liberty, when you are recovered, to say a thousand fine things: till when, pray be silent on this subject.'

Then turning to me, 'See how much afraid your cousin Byron is of lying under obligations. I am afraid she has a proud heart: has she not a *very* proud heart, Mr. Reeves?'

'She has a very *grateful* one, Madam,' replied I.

She turned to my cousin. 'Will you, Miss Byron, be easy under the obligations you talk of, or will you not?'

'I submit to your superiority, Madam, in every thing,' replied my cousin, bowing her head.

She then asked me, if I had let her friends in the country know of this shocking affair.

I had suspected Mr. Greville, I said, and had written in confidence to her uncle Selby.

'O my poor grandmamma—O my good aunt Selby, and my Lucy—I hope—'

Miss Grandison interposed, humourously interrupting—'I will have nothing said that begins with *O*. Indeed, Miss Byron, Mr. Reeves, I will not trust you together—Cannot you have patience—'

We both asked her pardon. My cousin desired leave to rise—'But these odious cloaths—' said she.

'If you are well enough, child,' replied Miss Grandison, 'you shall rise, and have no need to see those odious cloaths, as you call them.' I told them Mrs. Reeves had sent her some of her cloaths. The portmanteau was ordered to be brought up.

Then Miss Grandison, sitting down on the bed by my cousin, took her hand; and, feeling her pulse, 'Are you sure, my patient, that you shall not suffer if you are permitted to rise? Will you be calm, serene, easy? Will you banish curiosity? Will you endeavour to avoid recollection?'

'I will do my endeavour,' answered my cousin.

Miss Grandison then rung, and a maid-servant coming up, 'Jenny,' said she, 'pray give your best assistance to my lovely patient. But be sure don't let her hurry her spirits. I will lead Mr. Reeves into my dressing room. And when you are dressed, my dear, we will either return to you here, or expect you to join us there at your pleasure.'

And then she obligingly conducted me into her dressing-room, and excused herself for refusing to let us talk of interesting subjects. 'I am rejoiced,' said she, 'to find her more sedate and composed than hitherto she has been. Her head has been greatly in danger. Her talk, for some hours, when she *did* talk, was so wild and incoherent, and she was so full of terror, on every one's coming in her sight, that I would not suffer any body to attend her but myself.

I left her not,' continued Miss Grandison, 'till eleven; and the housekeeper, and my maid, sat up in her room all the rest of the night.

'I arose before my usual time to attend her. I slept not well myself.

'I did

'I did nothing but dream of robbers, 'rescues, and murders: such an im-'pression had the distresses of this 'young lady made on my mind.

'They made me a poor report,' proceeded she, 'of the night she had 'passed. And, as I told you, she 'fainted away this morning, a little 'before you came, on her endeavour-'ing to give me some account of her 'affecting story.

'Let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, I 'am as curious as you can be, to know 'the whole of what has befallen her; 'but her heart is tender and delicate: 'her spirits are low; and we must not 'pull down with one hand, what we 'build up with the other. My bro-'ther also will expect a good account 'of my charge.'

I blessed her for her goodness. And finding her desirous of knowing all that I could tell her, of our cousin's character, family, and lovers, I gave her a brief history, which extremely pleased her. 'Good God!' said she, 'what a happiness is it, that such a 'lady, in such distress, should meet 'with a man as excellent, and as much 'admired, as herself! My brother, 'Mr. Reeves, can never marry but he 'must break half a score hearts. For-'give me that I bring *him* in, when-'ever any good person, or thing, or 'action, is spoken of. Every body, I 'believe, who is strongly possessed of 'a subject, makes every thing seen, 'heard, or read of, that bears the least 'resemblance, turn into and serve to 'illustrate that subject.'

But here I will conclude this letter, in order to send it by the post. Besides, I have been so much fatigued in body and mind, and my wife has also been so much disturbed in *her* mind, that I must give way to a call of rest.

I will pursue the subject, the now agreeable subject, in the morning; and perhaps shall dispatch what I shall farther write, as you must be impatient for it, by an especial messenger.

Sir Rowland was here twice yesterday, and once to-day. My wife caused him to be told, that Miss Byron, by a sudden call, has been obliged to go a little way out of town for two or three days.

He proposes to set out for Caermarthen the beginning of next week. He hoped he should not be denied taking his *corporal* leave of her.

If our cousin has a good day to-morrow, and no return of her fits, she proposes to be in town on Monday. I am to wait on her, and Sir Charles and his sister, at breakfast on Monday morning, and to attend her home; where there will be joy indeed, on her arrival.

Pray receive for yourself, and make for me to your lady, and all friends, my compliments of congratulation.

I have not had either leisure or inclination, to enquire after the villain who has given us all this disturbance. *Ever, ever yours!*

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM MR. REEVES, TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison went to my cousin, to see how she bore rising, supposing her near dressed.

She soon returned to me. 'The 'most charming woman, I think,' said she, 'I ever saw! But she trembles 'so, that I have persuaded her to lie 'down. I answered for you, that 'you would stay dinner.'

'I must beg excuse, Madam. I 'have an excellent wife. She loves 'Miss Byron as her life: she will be 'impatient to know—'

'Well, well, well! say no more, 'Mr. Reeves: my brother has re-'deemed one prisoner, and his sister 'has taken another; and glad you 'may be, that it is no worse.'

I bowed, and looked silly, I believe.

'You *may* look, and beg, and 'pray, Mr. Reeves. When you 'know me better, you'll find me a 'very whimsical creature: but you 'must stay to see Sir Charles. Would 'you go home to your wife with half 'your errand? She won't thank you 'for that, I can tell you, let her be 'as good a woman as the best. But, 'to comfort you, we give not into 'every modern fashion. We dine

'earlier than moſt people of our condition. My brother, though in the 'main, above ſingularity, will, nevertheleſs, in things he thinks right, 'be governed by his own rules, which 'are the laws of reaſon and convenience. You are on horſeback; and, 'were I you, ſuch good news as I 'ſhould have to carry, conſidering 'what *might* have happened, would 'give me wings, and make me fly 'through the air with it.'

I was about to ſpeak: 'Come, come, 'I will have no denial,' interrupted ſhe; 'I ſhall have a double pleaſure, 'if you are preſent when Sir Charles 'comes, on hearing his account of 'what happened. You are a good man, 'and have a *reaſonable quantity* of *wonder* and *gratitude*, to heighten a common caſe into the *marvellous*. So 'ſit down, and be quiet.'

I was equally delighted and ſurprized at her humourous raillery, but could not anſwer a ſingle word. 'If 'it be midnight before you will ſuffer 'me to depart,' thought I, 'I will 'not make another objection.'

While this amiable lady was thus entertaining me, we heard the trampling of horſes—'My brother!' ſaid ſhe, 'I hope!—He comes! Pardon 'the fondneſs of a ſiſter who ſpeaks 'from ſenſible effects—A father and 'a brother in one!'

Sir Charles entered the room. He addreſſed himſelf to me in a moſt polite manner, 'Mr. Reeves!' ſaid he, 'as I underſtand from below.'—Then turning to his ſiſter, 'Excuſe me, 'Charlotte, I heard this worthy gentleman was with you: and I was impatient to know how my fair gueſt—'

'Miſs Byron is in a good way, I 'hope,' interrupted ſhe, 'but very 'weak and low-ſpirited. She aroſe and 'dreſſed; but I have prevailed on her 'to lie down again.'

Then turning to me, with a noble air, he both welcomed and congratulated me.

Sir Charles Grandiſon is, indeed, a fine figure. He is in the bloom of youth. I don't know that I have ever ſeen a handſomer or genteeler man. Well might his ſiſter ſay, that if he married he would break half a ſcore hearts. 'O 'this vile Pollexfen!' thought I, at the moment; 'could he draw upon, 'has he hurt, ſuch a man as this?'

After pouring out my acknowledgments, in the name of ſeveral families, as well as in my own, I could not but enquire into the nature of the hurt he had received.

'A very trifle!—My coat only was 'hurt, Mr. Reeves. The ſkin of my 'left ſhoulder raked a little,' putting his hand upon it.

'Thank God!' ſaid I: 'Thank 'God!' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'But ſo 'near!—O the villain! what might 'it have been!'—

'Sir Hargrave, pent up in a chariot, had great diſadvantage. My 'reflections on the event of yeſterday, 'yield me the more pleaſure, as I have, 'on enquiry, underſtood that he will 'do well again, if he will be ruled. 'I would not, on any account, have 'had his inſtant death to anſwer for. 'But no more of this juſt now. Give 'me the particulars of the young lady's 'ſtate of health. I left her in a very 'bad way.—You had advice?'

Miſs Grandiſon gave her brother an account of all that had been done; and of every thing that had paſſed ſince he went away; as alſo of the character and excellences of the lady whom he had reſcued.

I confirmed what ſhe ſaid in my couſin's favour; and he very gratefully thanked his ſiſter for her care, as a man would do for one the neareſt and dearеſt to him.

We then beſought him to give an account of the glorious action, which had reſtored to all that knew her the darling of our hearts.

I will relate all he ſaid, in the firſt perſon, as nearly in his own words as poſſible; and will try to hit the coolneſs with which he told the agreeable ſtory.

'You know, ſiſter,' ſaid he, 'the 'call I had to town. It was happy 'that I yielded to your importunity 'to attend you hither.

'About two miles on this ſide Hounſlow, I ſaw a chariot and ſix driving 'at a great rate. I alſo had ordered 'Jerry to drive pretty faſt.

'The coachman ſeemed inclined to 'diſpute the way with mine. This 'occaſioned a few moments ſtop to both. I ordered my coachman to 'break the way. I don't love to ſtand 'upon trifles. My horſes were freſh: 'I had not come far.

'The curtain of the chariot we met 'was

'was pulled down. I saw not who 'was in it; but, on turning out of 'the way, I knew, by the arms, it 'was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's.

'There was in it a gentleman, who 'immediately pulled up the canvas.

'I saw, however, before he drew it 'up, another person, wrapt up in a 'man's scarlet cloak.

"For God's sake! help, help!" 'cried out the person: "for God's "sake, help!"

'I ordered my coachman to stop.

"Drive on!" said the gentleman; 'cursing his coachman: "drive on, "when I bid you!"

"Help!" again cried she; but with 'a voice as if her mouth was half stopt.

'I called to my servants on horse-'back, to stop the postilion of the 'other chariot: and I bid Sir Har-'grave's coachman proceed at his pe-'ril.

'Sir Hargrave called out, on the 'contrary side of the chariot (his 'canvas being still up on that next 'me) with vehement execrations, to 'drive on.

'I alighted, and went round to the 'other side of the chariot.

'Again the lady endeavoured to 'cry out. I saw Sir Hargrave strug-'gle to pull over her mouth a hand-'kerchief, which was tied round her 'head. He swore outrageously.

'The moment she beheld me, she 'spread out both her hands—"For "God's sake!"—

"Sir Hargrave Pollexfen," said I, "by the arms.—You are engaged, I "doubt, in a very bad affair."

"I *am* Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; "and am carrying a fugitive wife—"

"Your *own* wife, Sir Hargrave!"—

"Yes, by G—" said he; "and "she was going to elope from me at a "damned masquerade—See!" draw-'ing aside the cloak, "detected in the "very dress!"

"O no! no! no!" said the lady.

"Proceed, coachman!" said he; 'and cursed and swore.

"Let me ask the lady a question, "Sir Hargrave?"

"You are impertinent, Sir! Who "the devil are you?"

"Are you, Madam, Lady Pollex-"fen?" said I.

"O no! no! no!"—was all she 'could say.

'Two of my servants came about 'me; a third held the head of the 'horse on which the postilion sat. 'Three of Sir Hargrave's approached 'on their horses; but seemed as if 'afraid to come too near, and par-'leyed together.

"Have an eye to those fellows," 'said I. "Some base work is on "foot. You'll presently be aided by "passengers.—Sirrah!" said I to the 'coachman, (for he lashed the horses 'on) "proceed at your peril."

'Sir Hargrave then, with violent 'curses and threatenings, ordered him 'to drive over every one that opposed 'him.

"Coachman, proceed at your pe-"ril!" said I. "Madam, will you—"

"O Sir, Sir, Sir, relieve! help "me for God's sake! I am in a vil-"lain's hands! Trick'd, vilely trick'd, "into a villain's hands. Help! help! "for God's sake!"

"Do you," said I to Frederick, "cut the traces, if you cannot other-"wise stop this chariot. Bid Jerry "cut the reins, and then seize as ma-"ny of those fellows as you can. "Leave Sir Hargrave to me."

'The lady continued screaming and 'crying out for help.

'Sir Hargrave drew his sword, 'which he had held between his knees 'in the scabbard; and then called 'upon his servants to fire at all that 'opposed his progress.

"My servants, Sir Hargrave, have "fire-arms, as well as yours. They "will not dispute my orders. Don't "provoke me to give the word."

'Then addressing the lady, "Will "you, Madam, put yourself into my "protection?"

"O yes, yes, yes, with my whole "heart—Dear, good Sir, protect me!"

'I opened the chariot door. Sir 'Hargrave made a pass at me. "Take "*that*, and be damned to you, for "your insolence, scoundrel!" said 'he.

'I was aware of this thrust, and put 'it by; but his sword a little raked my 'shoulder.

'My sword was in my hand, but 'undrawn.

'The chariot-door remaining open, '(I was not so ceremonious, as to let 'down the foot-step to take the gen-'tleman out) I seized him by the col-

'lar

'lar before he could recover himself 'from the pass he had made at me; 'and with a jerk, and a kind of twist, 'laid him under the hind-wheel of his 'chariot.

'I wrenched his sword from him, 'and snapped it, and flung the two 'pieces over my head.

'His coachman cried out for his 'master. Mine threatened *his* if he 'stirred. The postilion was a boy. 'My servant had made him dismount, 'before he joined the other two, whom 'I had ordered aloud to endeavour to 'seize (but my view was only to ter-'rify) wretches, who, knowing the 'badness of their cause, were before 'terrified.

'Sir Hargrave's mouth and face 'were very bloody. I believe I might 'hurt him with the pommel of my 'sword.

'One of his legs, in his sprawling, 'had got between the spokes of his 'chariot-wheel. I thought that was 'a fortunate circumstance for prevent-'ing farther mischief; and charged 'his coachman not to stir with the 'chariot, for his master's sake.

'He cried out, cursed, and swore: 'I believe he was bruised with the 'fall. The jerk was violent. So 'little able to support an offence, Sir 'Hargrave, upon his own principles, 'should not have been so ready to give 'it.

'I had not drawn my sword: I 'hope I never shall be provoked to do 'it in a private quarrel. I should not, 'however, have scrupled to draw it, 'on such an occasion as this, had there 'been an absolute necessity for it.

'The lady, though greatly terrified, 'had disengaged herself from the man's 'cloak. I had not leisure to consider 'her dress; but I was struck with 'her figure, and more with her terror.

'I offered my hand. I thought not 'now of the foot-step, any more than 'I did before: she not of any thing, 'as it seemed, but her deliverance.

'Have you not read, Mr. Reeves, '(Pliny, I think, gives the relation) 'of a frighted bird, that, pursued by 'a hawk, flew for protection into the 'bosom of a man passing by?

'In like manner your lovely cousin, 'the moment I returned to the chariot 'door, instead of accepting of my 'offered hand, threw herself into my 'arms. —"O save me! save me!" 'She was ready to faint. She could 'not, I believe, have stood.

'I carried the lovely creature round 'Sir Hargrave's horses, and seated her 'in my chariot.—"Be assured, Ma-"dam," said I, "that you are in "honourable hands. I will convey "you to my sister, who is a young "lady of honour and virtue."

'She looked out at one window, 'then at the other, in visible terror, 'as if fearing still Sir Hargrave. "Fear nothing," said I: "I will at-"tend you in a moment." I shut the 'chariot-door.

'I then went backward a few paces, '(keeping, however, the lady in my 'eye) to see what had become of my 'servants.

'It seems, that at their first coming 'up pretty near with Sir Hargrave's 'horsemen, they presented their pistols.

"What shall we do, Wilkins," (or 'Wilson, or some such name, said one 'of Sir Hargrave's men to another, "all three of them on their defence?" —"Fly for it," answered the fellow. "We may swing for this. I see our "master down. There may be mur-"der."

'Their consciences put them to 'flight.

'My servants pursued them a little 'way; but were returning to support 'their master just as I had put the 'lady into my chariot.

'I saw Sir Hargrave at a distance, 'on his legs, supported by his coach-'man. He limped; leaned his whole 'weight upon his servant; and seemed 'to be in agonies.

'I bid one of my servants tell him 'who I was.

'He cursed me, and threatened ven-'geance. He cursed my servant; and 'still more outrageously his own scoun-'drels, as he called them.

'I then stept back to my chariot.

'Miss Byron had, through terror, 'sunk down at the botton of it; where 'she lay panting, and could only say, 'on my approach, "Save me! Save "me!"

'I re-assured her. I lifted her on 'the seat, and brought her to my 'sister—and what followed, I suppose, 'Charlotte,' bowing to her, 'you have 'told Mr. Reeves.'

We were both about to break out in grateful

Stothard del. Walker sculp.

Plate V. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Nov. 30, 1782.

grateful applauſes; but Sir Charles, as if deſigning to hinder us, proceeded.

'You ſee, Mr. Reeves what an eaſy 'conqueſt this was. You ſee what a 'ſmall degree of merit falls to my 'ſhare. The violator's conſcience 'was againſt him. The conſciences of 'his fellows were on my ſide. My 'own ſervants are honeſt, worthy men. 'They love their maſter. In a good 'cauſe I would ſet any three of them 'againſt ſix who were engaged in a 'bad one. Vice is the greateſt coward 'in the world, when it knows it will 'be reſolutely oppoſed. And what 'have good men, engaged in a right 'cauſe, to fear?'

What an admirable man is Sir Charles Grandiſon—thus thinking!—thus acting!

I explained to Sir Charles who this Wilſon was, whom the others conſulted, and were directed by; and what an inſtrument in this black tranſaction.

To what other man's protection in the world, Mr. Selby, could our kinſwoman have been obliged, and ſo little miſchief followed?

Sir Hargrave, it ſeems, returned back to town.

What a recreant figure, my dear Mr. Selby, muſt he make, even to himſelf!—a villain!

Sir Charles ſays, that the turnpike-men at Smallbury Green told his ſervants, on their attending him to town after the happy reſcue, a formidable ſtory of a robbery, committed a little beyond Hounſlow, by half a dozen villains on horſeback, upon a gentleman in a chariot and ſix, which had paſſed through that turnpike but half an hour before he was attacked; and that the gentleman, about an hour and half before Sir Charles went through, returned to town, wounded, for advice; and they heard him groan as he paſſed through the turnpike.

'I ſhould add one circumſtance,' ſaid Sir Charles: 'do you know, 'Charlotte, that you have a rake for 'your brother!—A man on horſeback, 'it ſeems, came to the turnpike-gate, 'whilſt the turnpike-men were telling 'my ſervants this ſtory. "Nothing "in the world," ſaid he, "but two "young rakes in their chariots-and-"ſix, one robbing the other of a lady. "I and two other paſſengers," added 'the man, "ſtood aloof to ſee the iſſue "of the affair. We expected miſchief; "and ſome there was. One of the "by-ſtanders was the better for the "fray; for he took up a ſilver-hilted "ſword, broken in two pieces, and "rode off with it."

'Sir Hargrave,' ſaid Sir Charles, ſmiling, 'might well give out that he 'was robbed, to loſe ſuch a prize as 'Miſs Byron, and his ſword beſides.'

I aſked Sir Charles, if it were not adviſeable to take meaſures with the villain.

He thought beſt, he ſaid, to take as little notice of the affair as poſſible, unleſs the aggreſſor ſtirred in it. 'Maſ-'querades,' added he, 'are not cre-'ditable places for young ladies to be 'known to be *inſulted* at them. They 'are diverſions that fall not in with 'the genius of the Engliſh commonal-'ty. Scandal will have ſomething to 'ſay from that circumſtance, however 'cauſeleſs. But Miſs Byron's ſtory, 'told by herſelf, will enable you to 'reſolve upon your future meaſures.'

So, Sir Charles ſeems not to be a friend to maſquerades.

I think, were I to live a hundred years, I never would go to another. Had it not been for Lady Betty—ſhe has, indeed, too gay a turn for a woman of forty, and a mother of children. Miſs Byron, I dare ſay, will be afraid of giving the lead to her for the future. But, excepting my wife and ſelf, nobody in town has ſuffered more than Lady Betty on this occaſion. Indeed ſhe is, I muſt ſay, an obliging, well-meaning woman: and ſhe alſo declares, (ſo much has ſhe been affected with Miſs Byron's danger, of which ſhe takes herſelf to be the innocent cauſe) that ſhe will never again go to a maſquerade.

I long to have Miſs Byron's account of this horrid affair.—God grant, that it may not be ſuch a one, as will lay us under a neceſſity—But as our couſin has a great notion of female delicacy—I know not what I would ſay—We muſt have patience a little while longer.

Miſs Grandiſon's eyes ſhone with pleaſure all the time her brother was giving his relation.

'I can only ſay, my brother,' ſaid ſhe, when he had done, 'that you 'have reſcued an angel of a woman; 'and you have made me as happy by 'it as yourſelf.'

'I have

'I have a generous ſiſter, Mr. Reeves,' ſaid Sir Charles.

'Till I knew my brother, Mr. Reeves, as I now know him, I was an inconſiderate, unreflecting girl. Good and evil, which immediately affected not myſelf, were almoſt alike indifferent to me. But he has awakened in me a capacity to enjoy the true pleaſure that ariſes from a benevolent action.'

'Depreciate not, my Charlotte, your own worth. Abſence, Mr. Reeves, endears. I have been long abroad: not much above a year returned. But when you know us better, you will find I have a partial ſiſter.'

'Mr. Reeves will not then think me ſo. But I will go and ſee how my fair patient does.'

She went accordingly to my couſin.

'O, Sir Charles!' ſaid I, 'what an admirable woman is Miſs Grandiſon!'

'My ſiſter Charlotte, Mr. Reeves, is, indeed, an excellent woman. I think myſelf happy in her: but I tell her ſometimes, that I have ſtill a *more* excellent ſiſter; and it is no ſmall inſtance of Charlotte's greatneſs of mind, that ſhe herſelf will allow me to ſay ſo.'

Juſt then came in the ladies: the two charming creatures entered together, Miſs Grandiſon ſupporting my trembling couſin. But ſhe had firſt acquainted her, that ſhe would find Sir Charles in *her* dreſſing-room.

She looked, indeed, lovely, though wan, at her firſt entrance; but a fine glow overſpread her cheeks, at the ſight of her deliverer.

Sir Charles approached her, with an air of calmneſs and ſerenity, for fear of giving her emotion. She caſt her eyes upon him, with a look of the moſt reſpectful gratitude.

'I will not oppreſs my fair gueſt with many words: but permit me to congratulate you, as I hope I may, on your recovered ſpirits—Allow me, Madam—'

And he took her almoſt motionleſs hand, and conducted her to an eaſy chair that had been ſet for her. She ſat down, and would have ſaid ſomething; but only bowed to Sir Charles, to Miſs Grandiſon, and me; and reclined her head againſt the cheek of the chair.

Miſs Grandiſon held her ſalts to her.

She took them into her own hands, and ſmelling to them, raiſed her head a little: 'Forgive me, Madam—Pardon me, Sir!—O my couſin,' to me—'How can I—So oppreſſed with obligations!—Such goodneſs!—No words!—My gratitude!—My full heart!—'

And then ſhe again reclined her head, as giving up hopeleſsly the effort ſhe made to expreſs her gratitude.

'You muſt not, Madam,' ſaid Sir Charles, ſitting down by her, 'overrate a common benefit—Dear Miſs Byron, (permit me to addreſs myſelf to you, as of long acquaintance) by what Mr. Reeves has told my ſiſter, and both have told me, I muſt think yeſterday one of the happieſt days of my life. I am ſorry that our acquaintance has began ſo much at your coſt: but you muſt let us turn this evil appearance into real good. I have two ſiſters: the world produces not more worthy women. Let me henceforth boaſt that I have three: and ſhall I not, then, have reaſon to rejoice in the event that has made ſo lovely an addition to my family?'

Then taking her paſſive hand with the tenderneſs of a truly-affectionate brother, conſoling a ſiſter in calamity, and taking his ſiſter's, and joining both; 'Shall I not, Madam, preſent my Charlotte to a ſiſter? And will you not permit me to claim as a brother under that relation?—Our Miſs Byron's chriſtian name, Mr. Reeves?'

'Harriet, Sir.'

'My ſiſter Harriet, receive and acknowledge your Charlotte.—My Charlotte—'

Miſs Grandiſon aroſe and ſaluted my couſin, who looked at Sir Charles with reverence, as well as gratitude; at Miſs Grandiſon with delight; and at me with eyes lifted up: and after a little ſtruggle for ſpeech; 'How ſhall I bear this goodneſs!' ſaid ſhe—'This, indeed, is bringing good out of evil!—Did I not ſay, my couſin, that I was fallen into the company of angels?'

I was afraid ſhe would have fainted.

'We muſt endeavour, Mr. Reeves,' ſaid Sir Charles to me, 'to leſſen the

'ſenſe

'sense *our* Miss Byron has of her past 'danger, in order to bring down to rea-'sonable limits, the notion she has of 'her obligation for a common relief.'

Miss Grandison ordered a few drops on sugar—'You must be orderly, my 'sister Harriet,' said she. 'Am I not 'your elder sister? *My* elder sister makes 'me do what she pleases.'

'Oh, Madam!' said my cousin—

'Call me not *Madam*; call me *your Charlotte*. My brother has given me 'and himself a sister—Will you not 'own me?'

'How can a heart bowed down by 'obligation, and goodness never to be 'returned, rise to that lovely famili-'arity, by which the obligers so ge-'nerously distinguish themselves? My 'lips and my heart, I will be so bold 'as to say, ever went together: but 'how—And yet so sweetly invited. 'My—my—my Charlotte,' (with-drawing her hand from Sir Charles, and clasping both her arms round Miss Grandison's neck, the two worthiest bosoms of the sex joining as one) 'take your Harriet, person and mind! '—May I be found worthy, on proof, 'of all this goodness!'

* *

Lady Betty has just left us. I read to her what I have written since my visit to Colnebrook. She shall not, she says, recover her eyes for a week to come.

The women, Mr. Selby, are ever looking forward on certain occasions. Lady Betty and my wife extended their wishes so far, as that they might be able to call Miss Grandison and our Miss Byron sisters; but by a claim that should exclude Sir Charles as a brother to one of them.

Should Sir Charles—But no more on this subject—Yet one word more: when the ladies had mentioned it, I could not help thinking that this graceful and truly fine gentleman seems to be the only man, whom our cousin has yet seen, that would meet with no great difficulty from her on such an application.

But Sir Charles has a great estate, and still greater expectations from my Lord W. His sister says, he would break half a score hearts, were he to marry—So for that matter would our Miss Byron. But once more—Not another word, however, on this subject.

I staid to dine with this amiable brother and sister. My cousin exerted herself to go down, and sat at table for one half hour: but changing countenance, once or twice, as she sat, Miss Grandison would attend her up, and make her lie down. I took leave of her, at her quitting the table.

On Monday I hope to see her once more among us.

If our dear Miss Byron cannot write, you will perhaps have one letter more, my dear Mr. Selby, from *your ever-affectionate*

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

My servant is this moment returned with your letter. Indeed, my dear Mr. Selby, there are two or three passages in it, that would have cut me to the heart*, had not the dear creature been so happily restored to our hopes.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. REEVES. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY NIGHT, FEB. 20.

I Will write one more letter, my dear cousin Selby, and then I will give up my pen to our beloved cousin.

I got to Colnebrook by nine this morning. I had the pleasure to find our Miss Byron recovered beyond my hopes. She had a very good night on Saturday; and all Sunday, she said, was a cordial day to her from morning till night; and her night was quiet and happy.

Miss Grandison staid at home yesterday to keep my cousin company. Sir Charles passed the greatest part of the day in the library. The two ladies were hardly ever separated. My cousin expresses herself in raptures, whenever she speaks of this brother and sister. 'Miss Grandison,' she says, (and indeed every one must see it) 'is one 'of the frankest and most communi-'cative of women.' Sir Charles appears to be one of the most unreserved of men, as well as one of the most polite. He makes not his guests uneasy

* See Letter XXIV.

with his civilities: but you see freedom and ease in his whole deportment; and the stranger cannot doubt, but Sir Charles will be equally pleased with freedom and ease, in return. I had an encouraging proof of the justness of this observation this morning from him, as we sat at breakfast. I had expressed myself, occasionally, in such a manner, as shewed more respect than freedom. 'My dear Mr. Reeves,' said he, 'kindred minds will be intimate at first sight. Receive me early 'into the list of your friends; I have 'already numbered you among mine. 'I should think amiss of myself, if so 'good a man, as I am assured Mr. 'Reeves is, should, by his distance, 'shew a diffidence of me, that would 'not permit his mind to mingle with 'mine.'

Miss Grandison, my cousin says, put her on relating to her, her whole history; and the histories of the several persons and families to whom she is related.

Miss Byron concluding, as well as I, that Sir Charles would rather take his place in the coach, than go on horseback to town; and being so happily recovered, as not to give us apprehension about her bearing tolerably the little journey; I kept my horse in our return, and Sir Charles went in the coach. This motion coming from Miss Byron, I rallied her upon it when I got her home: but she won't forgive me, if she knows that I told you whose the motion was. And yet the dear creature's eyes sparkled with pleasure when she had carried her point.

I was at home near half an hour before the coach arrived; and was a welcome guest.

My dear Mrs. Reeves told me, she had expected our arrival before dinner, and hoped Sir Charles and his sister would dine with us. I hoped so too, I told her.

I found there Lady Betty and Miss Clements, a favourite of us all, both impatiently waiting to see my cousin.

'Don't be jealous, Mr. Reeves,' said my wife, 'if after what I have 'heard of Sir Charles Grandison, and 'what he has done for us, I run to 'him with open arms.'

'I give you leave, my dear, to love 'him,' replied I; 'and to express your 'love in what manner you please.'

'I have no doubt,' said Lady Betty, 'that I shall break my heart, if Sir 'Charles takes not very particular no-'tice of me.'

'He shall have my prayers, as well 'as my praises,' said Miss Clements.

She is acquainted with the whole shocking affair.

When the coach stopped, and the bell rung, the servants contended who should first run to the door. I welcomed them at the coach. Sir Charles handed out Miss Byron, I Miss Grandison. 'Sally,' said my cousin, to her raptured maid, 'take care of Mrs. 'Jenny.'

Sir Charles was received by Mrs. Reeves, as I expected. She was almost speechless with joy. He saluted her: but I think, as I tell her, the first motion was hers. He was then obliged to go round; and my cousin, I do assure you, looked as if she would not wish to have been neglected.

As soon as the ladies could speak, they poured out their blessings and thanks to him, and to Miss Grandison; whom, with a most engaging air, he presented to each lady; and she, as engagingly, saluted her sister Harriet by that tender relation, and congratulated them, and Miss Byron, and herself, upon it; kindly bespeaking a family relation for herself through her dear Miss Byron, were her words.

When we were seated, my wife and Lady Betty wanted to enter into the particulars of the happy deliverance, in praise of the deliverer; but Sir Charles interrupting them, 'My dear Mrs. 'Reeves,' said he, 'you cannot be too 'careful of this jewel. Every thing 'may be trusted to her own discretion; 'but how can we well blame the man 'who would turn thief for so rich a 'treasure?—I do assure you, my sister 'Harriet, (Do you know, Mrs. Reeves, 'that I have found my third sister? 'Was she not stolen from us in her 'cradle?) that if Sir Hargrave will 'repent, I will forgive him for the 'sake of the temptation.'

Mrs. Reeves was pleased with this address, and has talked of it since.

'I never can forgive him, Sir,' said Miss Byron, 'were it but—'

'That he has laid you under such 'an obligation,' said Miss Grandison, patting her hand with her fan, as she sat over-against her. 'But hush, 'child!

'child! you said that before!' And then turning to Mrs. Reeves, 'Has 'not our new-found sister a very proud 'heart, Mrs. Reeves?'

'And, dearest Miss Grandison,' replied my smiling, delighted cousin, 'did you not ask that question be-'fore?'

'I did, child, I did; but not of 'Mrs. Reeves.—A compromise how-'ever—Do you talk no more of *obli-'gation*, and I'll talk no more of '*pride*.'

'Charlotte justly chides her Har-'riet,' said Sir Charles. 'What must 'the man have been that had declined 'his aid in a distress so alarming? Not 'one word more therefore upon this 'subject.'

We were all disappointed, that this amiable brother and sister excused themselves from dining with us. All, I mean, of our own family; for Lady Betty and Miss Clements, not being able to stay, were glad *they* did not.

They took leave, amidst a thousand grateful blessings and acknowledgments; Miss Grandison promising to see her sister Harriet very soon again; and kindly renewing her wishes of intimacy.

When they went away, 'There 'goes your heart, Miss Byron,' said Mrs. Reeves.

'True,' answered Miss Byron; 'if my heart have no place in it for 'any thing but gratitude, as I believe 'it has not.

'Miss Grandison,' added she, 'is 'the most agreeable of women—'

'And Sir Charles,' rejoined Mrs. Reeves, archly, 'is the most *dis*-agree-'able of men.'

'Forbear, cousin!' replied Miss Byron, and blushed.

'Well, well,' said Lady Betty, 'you need not, my dear, be ashamed, 'if it be so.'

'Indeed you need not,' joined in Miss Clements: 'I never saw a finer 'man in my life. Such a lover, if 'one *might* have him—'

'*If*, *if*—' replied Miss Byron—'But till *if* is out of the question, 'should there not be such a thing as 'discretion, Miss Clements?'

'No doubt of it,' returned that young lady; 'and if it *be* to be shewn 'by any woman on earth, where there 'is such a man as this in the question, 'and in such circumstances, it must 'be by Miss Byron.'

Miss Byron was not so thoroughly recovered, but that her spirits began to flag. We made her retire, and at her request, excused her coming down to dinner.

I told you I had accepted of the offer made by Lady Betty, when we were in dreadful uncertainty, that her steward should make farther enquiries about the people at Paddington. Nothing worth mentioning has occurred from those enquiries; except confirming, that the widow and her daughters are not people of bad characters. In all likelihood, they thought they should intitle themselves to the thanks of all Miss Byron's friends, when the marriage was compleated with a man of Sir Hargrave's fortune.

The messenger that I sent to enquire after that Bagenhall's character, has informed us, that it is a very profligate one; and that he is an intimate of Sir Hargrave: but no more is necessary now, God be praised, to be said of him.

The vile wretch himself, I hear, keeps his room; and it is whispered, that he is more than half-crazed; insomuch that his very attendants are afraid to go near him. We know not the nature of his hurt; but hurt he is, though in a fair way of recovery. He threatens, it seems, destruction to Sir Charles, the moment he is able to go abroad. God preserve one of the worthiest and best of men!

Sir Hargrave has turned off all the servants, we are told, that attended him on his shocking, but happily disappointed, enterprize.

Miss Byron intends to write to her Lucy, by to-morrow's post, (if she continued mending) an ample account of all that she suffered from the date of her last letter, to the hour of her happy deliverance. I am to give her minutes, to the best of my recollection, of what I have written to you; that so the account may be as compleat as possible, and that she may write no more than is consistent with the series, which she is required to preserve. She begins this evening, she bids me tell you, that you may be as little a while in suspense about her as possible: but if she cannot finish by to-morrow night, she will have an opportunity to

diſpatch her letter on Wedneſday by a ſervant of Mr. Greville's, whom he left in town with ſome commiſſions, and who promiſes to call for any thing we may have to ſend to Selby Houſe.

Sir Rowland—But let my couſin write to you upon that and other matters. She knows what to ſay on that ſubject better than I do.

Mean-time I heartily congratulate every one of the dear family upon the return and ſafety of the darling of ſo many hearts; and remain, dear Mr. Selby, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

ARCHIBALD REEVES.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY, FEB. 20.

IS it again given me to write to you, my Lucy! and in you to all my revered friends! To write with chearfulneſs! To call upon you all to rejoice with me!—God be praiſed!

What dangers have I eſcaped! How have my head and my heart been affected! I dare not, as yet, think of the anguiſh you all endured for me.

With what wretched levity did I conclude my laſt letter! Giddy creature, that I was, vain and fooliſh!

But let me begin my ſad ſtory. Your impatience all this while muſt be too painful. Only let me premiſe, that gaily as I boaſted, when I wrote to you ſo conceitedly, as it might ſeem of my dreſs, and of conqueſts, and I know not what nonſenſe, I took no pleaſure at the place, in the ſhoals of fools that ſwam after me. I deſpiſed myſelf and them. *Deſpiſed!* I was ſhocked at both.

Two Lucifers were among them; but the worſt, the very worſt Lucifer of all, appeared in a Harlequin dreſs. He hopped, and ſkipped, and played the fool about me; and at laſt told me, he knew Miſs Byron; and that he was, as he called himſelf, the deſpiſed, the rejected, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

He behaved, however, with complaiſance; and I had no apprehenſion of what I was to ſuffer from his villainy.

Mr. Reeves has told you, that he ſaw me into the chair, provided for me by my vile new ſervant. O my Lucy! One branch of my vanity is entirely lopt off. I muſt pretend to ſome ſort of ſkill in phyſiognomy! Never more will I, for this fellow's ſake, preſume to depend on my judgment of people's hearts framed from their countenances.

Mr. Reeves has told you every thing about the chair and the chairmen. How can I deſcribe the miſgivings of my heart when I firſt began to ſuſpect treachery! But when I undrew the curtains, and found myſelf farther deluded by another falſe heart, whoſe help I implored, and in the midſt of fields, and ſoon after the lights put out, I pierced the night air with my ſcreams, till I could ſcream no more. I was taken out in fits; and when I came a little to my ſenſes, I found myſelf on a bed, three women about me; one at my head holding a bottle to my noſe, my noſtrils ſore with hartſhorn, and a ſtrong ſmell of burnt feathers; but no man near me.

'Where am I?—Who are you, Madam?—And who are you?—Where 'am I?' were the queſtions I firſt aſked.

The women were, a mother and two daughters. The mother anſwered, 'You are not in bad hands.'

'God grant you ſay truth!' ſaid I,

'No harm is intended you; only 'to make you one of the happieſt of 'women. We would not be concerned 'in a bad action.'

'I hope not; I hope not: Let me 'engage your pity, Madam. You 'ſeem to be a mother: theſe young 'gentlewomen, I preſume, are your 'daughters. Save me from ruin, I 'beſeech you, Madam: ſave me from 'ruin, as you would your daughters.'

'Theſe young women *are* my daughters. They are ſober and modeſt 'women. No ruin is intended you. 'One of the richeſt and nobleſt men 'in England is your admirer; he dies 'for you; he aſſures me, that he in'tends honourable marriage to you. 'You are not engaged, he ſays; and you 'muſt, and you ſhall be his. You may 'ſave murder, Madam, if you con'ſent. He reſolves to be the death of 'any lover whom you encourage.'

'This

'This must be the vile contrivance of 'Sir Hargrave Pollexfen,' immediately cried I out: 'Is it not? Is it not? 'Tell me; I *beg* of you to tell me?'

I arose, and sat on the bed-side; and at that moment in came the vile, vile Sir Hargrave.

I screamed out. He threw himself at my feet. I reclined my head on the bosom of the elderly person, and by hartshorn and water they had much ado to keep me out of a fit. Had he not withdrawn; had he kept in my sight; I should certainly have fainted. But holding up my head, and seeing only the women, I revived; and began to pray, to beg, to offer rewards, if they would facilitate my escape, or procure my safety; but then came in again the hated man.

'I beg of you, Miss Byron,' said he, with an air of greater haughtiness than before, 'to make yourself easy, 'and hear what I have to say. It is 'in your own choice, in your own 'power, to be what you please, and to 'make *me* what you please. Do not, 'therefore, needlessly terrify yourself. 'You see I am a determined man. 'Ladies, you may withdraw—'

'Not and leave me here!'—And as they went out, I pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, and followed the foremost into the parlour; and then sunk down on my knees, wrapping my arms about her: 'O save 'me! save me!' said I.

The vile wretch entered. I left her, and kneeled to him. I knew not what I did. I remember I said, wringing my hands, 'If you have mercy; if 'you have compassion; let me now, 'now, I beseech you, Sir, this mo-'ment, experience your mercy.'

He gave them some motion, I suppose, to withdraw, (for by that time the widow and the other daughter were in the parlour;) and they all three retired.

'I have besought *you*, Madam, and 'on my *knees* too, to shew *me* mercy; but 'none would you shew me, inexorable 'Miss Byron! Kneel, if you will; 'in your turn kneel, supplicate, pray; 'you cannot be more in earnest, than 'I was. Now are the tables turned.'

'Barbarous man!' said I, rising from my knees. My spirit was raised; but it as instantly subsided. 'I beseech 'you, Sir Hargrave,' in a quite frantick way, wringing my hands, and coming near him, and then running to the window, and then to the door, (without meaning to go out at either, had they been open; for whither could I go?) and then again to him; 'Be not, I be-'seech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me. 'I never was cruel to any body. You 'know *I* was civil to you; I was *very* 'civil—'

'Yes, yes, and very determined. 'You called me no names. I call you 'none, Miss Byron. You were very 'civil. Hitherto *I* have not been un-'civil. But remember, Madam—But, 'sweet and ever-adorable creature,' and he clasped his arms about me, 'your very terror is beautiful! I can '*enjoy* your terror, Madam.'—And the savage would have kissed me. My averted head frustrated his intention; and at his feet I besought him not to treat the poor creature, whom he had so vilely betrayed, with indignity.

'*I don't hit your fancy*, Madam!'

'Can you be a malicious man, Sir 'Hargrave?'

'*You don't like my morals*, Madam!'

'And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, 'are these the means you take, to con-'vince me that I ought to like them?'

'Well, Madam, you shall prove 'the mercy in me, you would not shew. 'You shall see that I cannot be a ma-'licious man; a revengeful man: and 'yet you have raised my pride. You 'shall find me a *moral* man.'

'Then, Sir Hargrave, will I bless 'you from the bottom of my heart!'

'But you know what will jus-'tify me, in every eye, for the steps I 'have taken. Be mine, Madam: be 'legally mine. I offer you my honest 'hand. Consent to be Lady Pollex-'fen—No punishment, I hope—Or, 'take the consequence.'

'What, Sir! justify by so poor, so 'very poor, a compliance, steps that 'you have so basely taken!—Take 'my life, Sir! But my hand and my 'heart are my own: they never shall 'be separated.'

I arose from my knees, trembling, and threw myself upon the window-seat, and wept bitterly.

He came to me. I looked on this side, and on that, wishing to avoid him.

'You cannot fly, Madam. You 'are securely mine: and mine still

'more

'more securely you shall be. Don't 'provoke me: don't make me des- 'perate. By all that's good and 'holy—'

He cast his eyes at my feet; then at my face; then threw himself at my feet, and embraced my knees with his odious arms.

I was terrified. I screamed. In ran one of the daughters—'Good Sir! 'Pray, Sir!—Did you not say you 'would be honourable?'

Her mother followed her in—'Sir, 'Sir! in my house—'

'Thank God,' thought I, 'the 'people here are better than I had rea- 'son to apprehend they were.' But, O my Lucy, they seemed to believe, that marriage would make amends for every outrage.

Here let me conclude this letter. I have a great deal more to say.

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'WHAT a plague,' said the wretch to the women, 'do 'you come in for? I thought you knew 'your own sex better than to mind a 'woman's squalling. They are al- 'ways ready,' said the odious fellow, 'to put us in mind of the occasion 'we ought to give them for crying 'out. I have not offered the least 'rudeness.'

'I hope not, Sir. I hope my house '—So sweet a creature—'

'Dear, blessed, blessed woman!' (frantick with terror, and mingled joy, to find myself in better hands than I expected—Standing up, and then sit- ting down, I believe at every sentence.) 'Protect me! Save me! Be my advo- 'cate! Indeed I have not deserved this 'treacherous treatment. Indeed I am 'a good sort of body:' (I scarce knew what I said.) 'All my friends love me; 'they will break their hearts if any mis- 'hap befal me; they are all good people; 'you would love them dearly if you 'knew them; Sir Hargrave may have 'better and richer wives than I: pray 'prevail upon him to spare me to my 'friends, for *their* sake. I will for- 'give him for all he has done.'

'Nay, dear Lady, if Sir Hargrave 'will make you his lawful and true 'wife, there can be no harm done, 'surely.'

'I will, I will, Mrs. Awberry,' said he; 'I have promised, and I will 'perform. But if she stand in her own 'light—She expects nothing from my '*morals*—If she stand in her own light;' and looked fiercely—

'God protect me;' said I; 'God 'protect me!'

'The gentleman is without, Sir,' said the woman. O how my heart, at that moment, seemed to be at my throat! 'What gentleman,' thought I! 'Some 'one come to save me!—O no!—'

And instantly entered the most hor- rible-looking clergyman that I ever be- held.

This, as near as I can recollect, is his description—A vast tall, big-boned, splay-footed man. A shabby gown; as shabby a wig; a huge red pimply face; and a nose that hid half of it, when he looked on one side, and he sel- dom looked fore-right when I saw him. He had a dog's-ear'd common-prayer book in his hand, which once had been gilt; opened, horrid sight! at the page of matrimony!

Yet I was so intent upon making a friend, when a man, a clergyman, ap- peared, that I heeded not, at his en- trance, his frightful visage, as I did afterwards. I pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with my ve- hemence, and made Mrs. Awberry totter; and throwing myself at the clergyman's feet, 'Man of God,' said I, my hands clasped, and held up; 'Man of God! Gentleman! Worthy 'man!—A good clergyman must be 'all this!—If ever you had children! 'save a poor creature! basely tricked 'away from all her friends! innocent! 'thinking no harm to any body! I 'would not hurt a worm! I love every 'body!—Save me from violence! 'Give not your aid to sanctify a base 'action.'

The man snuffled his answer through his nose. When he opened his pouch- ed mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon me, and took my clasped hands, which were buried in his huge hand: 'Rise, 'Madam! Kneel not to me! No harm 'is intended you. One question, only: 'Who is that gentleman before me,

'in

Plate XIIII. Published as the Act directs by Hartiſon & Co Feb.1.1783.

'in silver-laced cloaths? What is his 'name?'

'He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir: 'a wicked, a very wicked man, for 'all he looks so!'

The vile wretch stood smiling, and enjoying my distress.

'O Madam! A very hon-our-able 'man!' bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave.

'And who, pray, Madam, are you? 'What is your name?'

'Harriet Byron, Sir; a poor inno-'cent creature,' (looking at my dress) 'though I make such a vile appear-'ance—Good Sir, your pity!' And I sunk down again at his feet.

'Of Northamptonshire, Madam? 'You are a single woman! Your uncle's 'name—'

'Is Selby, Sir. A very good man— 'I will reward you, Sir, as the most 'grateful heart—'

'All is fair; all is above-board; all 'is as it was represented. I am above 'bribes, Madam. You will be the 'happiest of women before day-break '—*Good people!*'—The three women advanced.

Then I saw what an ugly wretch he was!

Sir Hargrave advanced. The two horrid creatures raised me between them. Sir Hargrave took my strug-gling hand; and then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who, I suppose, was to give me to the hated man.

'*Dearly beloved*,' began to read the snuffling monster.

O my Lucy, does not your heart ache for your Harriet! Mine has seemed to turn over and over, round and round, I don't know how, at the recital.—It was ready to choak me at the time.

I must break off for a few minutes.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Was again like one frantick. 'Read 'no more!' said I; and, in my frenzy, dashed the book out of the minister's hand, if a minister he was. 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said I; 'but you must read no farther. I am 'basely betrayed hither. I cannot, I 'will not, be his.'

'Proceed, proceed,' said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force; 'vi-'rago as she is, I will own her for 'my wife—Are you the *gentle*, the '*civil* Miss Byron, Madam?' looking sneeringly in my face.

Alas! my Lucy, I was no virago; I was in a perfect frenzy: but it was not an unhappy frenzy; since, in all probability, it kept me from falling into fits; and fits, the villain had said, should not save me.

'*Dearly beloved*,' again snuffled the wretch. O my Lucy, I shall never love these words. How may odious circumstances invert the force of the kindest words! Sir Hargrave still detained my struggling hand.

I stamped, and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand, '*No dearly beloved's!*' said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do, I knew not.

The cruel wretch laughed at me; '*No dearly beloved's!*' repeated he. 'Very comical, 'faith,' and laughed again; 'but proceed, proceed, doctor.'

'*We are gathered together here in 'the sight of God*,' read he on.

This affected me still more. 'I ad-'jure you, Sir,' to the minister, 'by 'that God in whose sight you read 'we are gathered together, that you 'proceed no farther.—I adjure you, 'Sir Hargave, in the same tremendous 'name, that you stop farther proceed-'ings. My life take; with all my 'heart, take my life: but my hand 'never, never, will I join with yours.'

'Proceed, doctor! doctor, pray pro-'ceed!' said the vile Sir Hargrave. 'When the day dawns, she will be 'glad to own her marriage.'

'Proceed at your peril, Sir,' said I. 'If you are really and truly a minister 'of that God, whose presence what you 'have read supposes, do *not* proceed; 'do not make me desperate.—Ma-'dam,' turning to the widow, 'you 'are a mother, and have given me 'room to hope you are a good woman; 'look upon me as if I were one of 'those daughters, whom I see before 'me: could you see one of them thus 'treated?—Dear young women,' turning to each, 'can you unconcernedly 'look on, and see a poor creature 'tricked,

'tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, 'basely, treated, and not make my 'case your own? Speak for me! plead 'for me! be my advocates! Each of 'you, if ye are women, plead for me, 'as you would yourselves wish to be 'pleaded for, in my circumstances, 'and were thus barbarously used!'

The young women wept. The mother was moved.

I wonder I kept my head. My brain was on fire. Still, still, the unmoved Sir Hargrave cried out, 'Proceed, pro-'ceed, doctor: to-morrow, before 'noon, all will be as it should be.'

The man who stood aloof, (the slieft, sodden-faced creature I ever saw) came nearer—'To the question, doctor, and 'to my part, if you please—Am not I 'her father?—To the question, doc-'tor, if you please!—The gentlewo-'men will prepare her for what is 'to follow.'

'O thou *man!* of heart the most 'obdurate and vile! And will he,' looking at every person, one hand held up, (for still the vile man griped the other quite benumbed hand in his iron paw) and adjuring each, 'will ye see 'this violence done to a poor young 'creature?—A soul, gentlewomen, 'you may have to answer for. I *can* 'die. Never, never, will I be his.'

'Let us women talk to the lady by 'ourselves, Sir Hargrave. Pray, your 'honour, let us talk to her by our-'selves.'

'Ay, ay, ay,' said the parson, 'by 'all means: let the ladies talk to one 'another, Sir. She may be brought 'to consider.'

He let go my hand. The widow took it; and was leading me out of the room—'Not up stairs, I hope, 'Madam,' said I.

'You shan't, then,' said she. 'Come, 'Sally—come, Deb—let us women 'go out together.'

They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlour: and then, my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hartshorn and water poured down my throat.

When they had brought me a little to myself, they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate.—'What are 'riches to me? Dirt, dirt, dirt! I 'hate them. They cannot purchase 'peace of mind: I want not riches.'

They pleaded his honourable love—I, my invincible aversion.

He was a handsome man—The most odious, in my eyes, of the human species. Never, never should my consent be had to sanctify such a baseness.

My danger! and that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment—

'How!—*not able!*—Ladies, Ma-'dam, is not this your own house? 'Cannot you raise a neighbourhood? 'Have you no neighbours? A thou-'sand pounds will I order to be paid 'into your hands for a present before 'the week is out; I pledge my ho-'nour for the payment: if you will 'but save me from a violence, that 'no worthy woman can see offered to 'a distressed young creature! A thou-'sand pounds!—Dear ladies! only to 'save me, and see me safe to my 'friends!'

The wretches in the next room, no doubt, heard all that passed. In at that moment came Sir Hargrave. 'Mrs. 'Awberry,' said he, with a visage swelled with malice, 'young ladies, 'we keep you up; we disturb you. 'Pray retire to your own rest: leave 'me to talk with this perverse wo-'man. She is mine.'

'Pray, Sir Hargrave—' said Mrs. Awberry.

'Leave her to *me*, I say:—Miss 'Byron, you *shall* be mine. Your 'Grevilles, Madam, your Fenwicks, 'your Ormes, when they know the 'pains and the expence I have been 'at, to secure you, shall confess me 'their superior—shall confess—'

'In wickedness, in cruelty, Sir, 'you are every man's superior.'

'*You* talk of cruelty, Miss Byron! 'triumphing over scores of prostrate 'lovers, Madam! You remember your 'treatment of me, Madam! kneeling, 'like an abject wretch, at your feet! 'kneeling for pity! But no pity could 'touch your heart, Madam!—Un-'grateful, proud girl!—Yet am I not 'humbling you; take notice of that, 'I am not humbling you; I am pro-'posing to exalt you, Madam.'

'Vile, vile, debasement!' said I.

'To exalt Miss Byron into Lady 'Pollexfen! And yet, if you hold 'not out your hand to me—'

He

He would have snatched my hand. I put it behind me. He would have snatched the other; I put that behind me too: and the vile wretch would then have kissed my undefended neck; but, with both my hands, I pushed his audacious forehead from me. 'Charming creature!' he called me, with passion in his look and accent: then, 'Cruel, proud, ungrateful!' and swore by his Maker, that if I would not give my hand instantly, instead of *exalting* me, he would *humble* me. 'Ladies, 'pray withdraw,' said he. 'Leave 'her to me: either Lady Pollexfen, 'or what I please;' rearing himself proudly up! 'She may be happy if she 'will. Leave her to me.'

'Pray, Sir!' said the youngest of the two daughters; and wept for me.

'Greatly hurt, indeed! to be the 'wife of a man of my fortune and 'consequence! But leave her to me, 'I say—I will soon bring down her 'pride: what a devil am I, to creep, 'beg, pray, and entreat, and only for a '*wife!*—But, Madam,' said the insolent wretch, 'you will be mine upon easier terms, perhaps.'

'Madam, *pray*, Madam,' said the widow to me, 'consider what you are 'about, and whom you refuse. Can 'you have a handsomer man? Can 'you have a man of a greater fortune? 'Sir Hargrave means nothing but 'what is honourable. You are in his 'power.'

'In *his* power, Madam!' returned I: 'I am in *yours*. You are mistress 'of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbours? *Your* protection I put myself under.' Then clasping my arms about her, 'Lock me from him till 'you can have help to secure to you 'the privilege of your own house; 'and deliver me safe to my friends, 'and I will share my fortune with 'your two daughters.'

The wicked man took the mother and youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begged, prayed, besought them not to go; and when they did, would have thrust myself out with them: but the wretch, in shutting them out, squeezed me dreadfully, as I was half in, half out; and my nose gushed out with blood.

I screamed: he seemed frighted: but instantly recovering myself—'So, so, 'you have done your worst!—You 'have killed me, I hope.' I was out of breath; my stomach was very much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still; for he clapt to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the door-way.

I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair—'So, so, you have 'killed me, I hope—Well, now I 'hope, now I hope, you are satisfied. 'Now may you moan over the poor 'creature you have destroyed!' for he expressed great tenderness and consternation; and *I*, for my part, felt such pains in my bosom, that, having never felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death: repeating my foolish 'So, so—but I forgive you,' said I—'only, Sir, call to the gentle-'women, Sir—Retire Sir. Let me 'have my own sex only about me.' My head swam; my eyes failed me; and I fainted quite away.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

I Understood afterwards, that he was in the most dreadful consternation. He had fastened the door upon me and himself; and for a few moments was not enough present to himself to open it. Yet crying out upon his God to have mercy upon him, and running about the room, the women hastily rapped at the door. Then he ran to it, opened it, cursed himself, and besought them to recover me if possible.

They said I had death in my face; they lamented over me; my nose had done bleeding. But, careful of his own safety, in the midst of his terror, he took my bloody handkerchief; if I did not recover, he said, *that* should not appear against him; and he hasted into the next room, and thrust it into the fire; by which were sitting, it seems, the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy.

'O gentlemen!' cried the wretch,

O 'nothing

'nothing can be done to-night. Take 'this:' (and gave them money.) 'The 'lady is in a fit. I wish you well 'home.'

The younger daughter reported this to me afterwards, and what follows. They had desired the maid, it seems, to bring them more firing, and a jug of ale; and they would sit in the chimney-corner, they said, till peep of day: but the same young woman who was taken off from her errand to assist me, finding me, as they all thought, not likely to recover, ran in to them, and declared, that the lady was dead, certainly dead; 'And what,' said she, 'will become of us all?' This terrified the two men. They said it was then time for them to be gone. Accordingly, taking each of them another dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks, and away they hurried; hoping, the doctor said, that, as they were innocent, and only meant to serve the gentleman, their names, whatever happened, would not be called in question.

When I came a little to myself, I found the three women only with me. I was in a cold sweat, all over shivering. There was no fire in that room. They led me into the parlour, which the two men had quitted, and sat me down in an elbow-chair; for I could hardly stand, or support myself; and chafed my temples with Hungary-water.

Wretched creatures, men of this cast, my Lucy, thus to sport with the healths and happiness of poor creatures whom they pretend to love! I am afraid I never shall be what I was. At times I am very sensible at my stomach of this violent squeeze.

The mother and elder sister left me soon after, and went to Sir Hargrave. I can only guess at the result of their deliberations by what followed.

The younger sister, with compassionate frankness, answered all my questions, and let me know all the above particulars. Yet she wondered that I could refuse so handsome and so rich a man as Sir Hargrave.

She boasted much of their reputation. Her mother would not do an ill thing, she said, for the world: and she had a brother, who had a place in the Custom-house, and was as honest a man, though she said it, as any in it. She owned that she knew my new vile servant; and praised his fidelity to the masters he had served, in such high terms, as if she thought all duties were comprized in that one, of obeying his principals, right or wrong. Mr. William, she said, was a pretty man, a genteel man, and she believed he was worth money; and she was sure would make an excellent husband. I soon found that the simple girl was in love with this vile, this specious fellow. She could not bear to hear me hint any thing in his disfavour, as, by way of warning to her, I would have done. But she was sure Mr. William was a downright honest man; and that if he were guilty of any bad thing, it was by command of those to whom he owed duty: 'and *they* are to be 'answerable for that, you know, Ma-'dam.'

We were broke in upon, as I was intending to ask more questions, (for I find this Wilson was the prime agent in all this mischief) when the elder sister called out the younger; and instantly came in Sir Hargrave.

He took a chair, and sat down by me, one leg thrown over the knee of the other: his elbow upon that knee, and his hands supporting his bowed-down head; biting his lips; looking at me, then from me, then at me again, five or six times, as in malice.

'Ill-natured, spiteful, moody wretch!' thought I, (trembling at his strange silence, after such hurt as he had done me, and what I had endured, and still felt in my stomach and arm;) 'what 'an odious creature thou art!'

At last I broke silence. I thought I would be as mild as I could, and not provoke him to do me farther mischief. 'Well have you done, Sir 'Hargrave, (have you not?) to com-'mit such a violence upon a poor 'young creature, that never did nor 'thought you evil!'

I paused. He was silent.

'What distraction have you given 'to my poor cousin Reeves's! How 'my heart bleeds for them!'

I stopt. He was still silent.

'I hope, Sir, you are sorry for the 'mischief you have done me; and for 'the pain you have given to my friends!' —'I hope, Sir—'

'Curse'd!' said he.

I stopt, thinking he would go on: but

but he said no more; only changing his posture; and then resuming it.

'These people, Sir, seem to be honest people. I hope you designed only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company, is an assurance to me that you meant better, than—'

'Devils all!' interrupted he.

I thought he was going on; but he grinned, shook his head, and then again reclined it upon his hand.

'I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me—But my friends—As soon as day breaks, (and I hope that is not far off) I will get the women to let my cousin Reeves—'

Then up he started—'Miss Byron,' said he, 'you are a *woman*; a *true* woman.'—And held up his hand, clenched. I knew not what to think of his intention.

'Miss Byron,' proceeded he, after a pause, 'you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life: and yet I thought that the best of you all could fall into fits and swoonings whenever you pleased.'

I was now silent. I trembled.

'Damn'd fool! ass! blockhead! *woman's* fool!—I ought to be d—n'd for my credulous folly!—I tell you, Miss Byron—' Then he looked at me as if he were crazy; and walked two or three times about the room.

'To be dying one half-hour, and the next to look so provoking!'

I was still silent.

'I could *curse* myself for sending away the parson. I thought I had known something of women's tricks.—'But yet your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, Madam. What I failed in *here*, shall be done *elsewhere*. By the great God of heaven, it shall!'

I wept. I *could not* then speak.

'Can't you go into fits again? Can't you?' said the barbarian, with an air of a piece with his words; and using other words of the lowest reproach.

'God deliver me,' prayed I to myself, 'from the hands of this mad-man!'

I arose; and, as the candle stood near the glass, I saw in it my vile figure, in this abominable habit; to which, till then, I had paid little attention. O how I scorned myself!

'Pray, Sir Hargrave,' said I, 'let me *beg* that you will not terrify me farther. I will forgive you for all you have hitherto done; and place it to my own account, as a proper punishment for consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, give me leave to say, is low and unmanly; but, in the light of a punishment, I will own it to be all deserved: and let here my punishment end, and I will thank you; and forgive you with my whole heart.'

'Your fate is *determined*, Miss Byron.'

Just then came in a servant-maid with a capuchin, who whispered something to him; to which he answered, '*That's well!*'

He took the capuchin; the maid withdrew; and approached me with it. I started, trembled, and was ready to faint. I caught hold of the back of the elbow-chair.

'*Your fate is determined*, Madam;' repeated the savage—'Here, put this on—Now fall into fits again—Put this on!'

'Pray, Sir Hargrave—'

'And pray, Miss Byron: what has not been compleated here, shall be compleated in a safer place; and that in my own way.—Put this on, I tell you.—Your compliance may yet befriend you.'

'Where are the gentlewomen?—Where are—'

'Gone to rest, Madam.—John!—Frank!' called he out.

In came two men-servants.

'Pray, Sir Hargrave!—Lord protect me!—Pray, Sir Hargrave!—Where are the gentlewomen?—Lord protect me!'

Then running to the door, against which one of the men stood—'Man, stand out of the way!' said I. But he did not: he only bowed.

I cried out, 'Mrs. ——, I forget your name—Miss——, and t'other Miss——; I forget your names—If you are good creatures, as I hoped you were—'

I called as loud as my fears would let me.

At last came in the elder sister—'O Madam! good young gentlewoman! I am glad you are come!' said I.

'And so am I,' said the wicked

man.—'Pray, Miss Sally, put on this 'lady's capuchin.'

'Lord bless me, for why! for what! 'I have no capuchin!'

I would not permit her to put it on, as she would have done.

The savage then wrapt his arms about mine, and made me so very sensible, by his force, of the pain I had had by the squeeze of the door, that I could not help crying out. The young woman put on the capuchin, whether I would or not.

'Now, Miss Byron,' said he, 'make 'yourself easy: or command a fit, it 'is all one; my end will be better 'served by the latter—Miss Sally, give 'orders.'

She ran out with the candle. 'Frank, 'give me the cloak,' said Sir Hargrave.

The fellow had a red cloak on his arm. His barbarous master took it from him. 'To your posts,' said he.

The two men withdrew in haste. 'Now, my dearest life,' said he, with an air of insult, as I thought, 'you 'command your fate, if you are easy.'

He threw the cloak about me.

I begged, prayed, would have kneeled to him; but all was in vain: the tyger-hearted man, as Mr. Greville had truly called him, muffled me up in it; and by force carried me through a long entry to the fore-door. There was ready a chariot and six; and that Sally was at the door with a lighted candle.

I called out to her. I called out for her mother; for the other sister. I besought him to let me say but six words to the widow.

But no widow was to appear; no younger sister; she was, perhaps, more tender-hearted than the elder: and, in spite of all my struggles, prayers, resistance, he lifted me into the chariot.

Men on horseback were about it. I thought *that* Wilson was one of them; and so it proved. Sir Hargrave said to that fellow, 'You know what tale to 'tell, if you meet with impertinents.' And in he came himself.

I screamed. 'Scream on, my dear,' upbraidingly, said he; and barbarously mocked me; imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep. [Could you not have killed him for this, my Lucy?] Then rearing himself up, 'Now am I 'lord of Miss Byron!' exulted he.

Still I screamed for help; and he put his hand before my mouth, though vowing honour, and such sort of stuff; and, with his unmanly roughness, made me bite my lip. And away lashed the coachman with your poor Harriet.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

As the chariot drove by houses, I cried out for help once or twice, at setting out. But, under pretence of preventing my taking cold, he tied a handkerchief over my face, head and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; pressing against my arm with his whole weight, so that I had not my hands at liberty. And when he had done, he seized them, and held them both in his left-hand, while his right-arm, thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat: and except that now and then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

But at one place on the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices; and immediately the chariot stopt. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But, alas! it was momentary. I heard one of his men say, (that Wilson, I believe) 'The 'best of husbands, I assure you, Sir; 'and she is the worst of wives.'

I screamed again. 'Aye, scream 'and be d—n'd,' I heard said in a stranger's voice, 'if that be the case. 'Poor gentleman, I pity him with all 'my heart.' And immediately the coachman drove on again.

The vile wretch laughed; 'That's '*you*, my dear!' and hugged me round. '*You* are the d—n'd wife.' And again he laughed: 'by my soul, I am a 'charming contriver! Greville, Fen-'wick, Orme, where are you now?—'By my soul, this will be a pretty story 'to tell when all your fears are over, 'my Byron!'

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air: and when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight, he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth; so that, except now and then, that I struggled it aside with my head, (and my neck is

still

ſtill, my dear, very ſtiff with my efforts to free my face) I could only make a murmuring kind of noiſe.

The curtain of the fore-glaſs was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both ſides drawn up. But I was ſure to be made acquainted when we came near houſes, by his care again to blind and ſtifle me up.

A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myſelf ſo far as to ſee, (as I had gueſſed once or twice before, by the ſtone pavements) that we were going through a town; and then I again vehemently ſcreamed: but he had the cruelty to thruſt a handkerchief into my mouth, ſo that I was almoſt ſtrangled; and my mouth was hurt, and is ſtill ſore, with that and his former violence of the like nature.

Indeed, he now and then made apologies for the cruelty, to which, he ſaid, he was compelled, by my invincible obſtinacy, to have recourſe. I was ſorely hurt, he ſaid, to be the wife of a man of his conſideration! But I *ſhould* be that, or worſe. He was *in for it*, (he ſaid more than once) and *muſt* proceed. I might ſee that all my reſiſtance was in vain. He had me in his net; and, d—n him, if he were not revenged for all the trouble I had given him. 'You keep no terms 'with me, my Byron,' ſaid he once; 'and d—n me, if I keep any with 'you!'

I doubted not his malice: his love had no tenderneſs in it: but how could I think of being conſenting, as I may ſay, to ſuch barbarous uſage, and by a man ſo truly odious to me? What a ſlave had I been in ſpirit, could I have qualified on ſuch villainous treatment as I had met with? or had I been able to deſert myſelf!

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways, and little hillocks, as I thought, by it's rocking; and then, it ſtopping, he let go my hands, and endeavoured to ſoothe me. He begged I would be pacified, and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the reſt of the way. But I would not, I told him, give ſuch a ſanction to his barbarous violence.

On the chariot's ſtopping, one of his men came up, and put a handkerchief into his maſter's hands, in which were ſome cakes and ſweetmeats; and gave him alſo a bottle of ſack, with a glaſs. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take ſome of the ſweetmeats, and to drink a glaſs of the wine: but I had neither ſtomach nor will to touch either.

He eat himſelf very cordially. God forgive me! I wiſhed in my heart there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth.

He drank two glaſſes of the wine. Again he urged me. I ſaid, I hoped I had eat and drank my laſt.

'You have no dependence upon my 'honour, Madam,' ſaid the villain; 'ſo cannot be diſappointed much, do 'what I will.' Ungrateful, proud, vain, obſtinate, he called me.

'What ſignifies,' ſaid he, 'ſhewing 'politeneſs to a woman who has ſhewn 'none to me, though ſhe was civil to 'every other man? Ha, ha, ha, hah! 'What, my ſweet Byron, I don't hit 'your *fancy! You don't like my morals!*' laughing again. 'My lovely fly,' ſaid the inſulting wretch, hugging me round in the cloak, 'how prettily have I wrapt 'you about in my web!'

Such a provoking, low wretch!—I ſtruggled to free myſelf; and unhooked the curtain of the fore-glaſs; but he wrapt me about the cloſer, and ſaid he would give me his garter for my girdle, if I would not ſit ſtill and be orderly. 'Ah, my charming Byron!' ſaid he, 'your opportunity is over—All 'your ſtruggles will not *avail* you—'will not *avail* you; that's a word of 'your own, you know. I will, however, forgive you, if you promiſe to 'love me now. But if you ſtay till I 'get you to the allotted place, then, 'Madam, take what follows.'

I ſaw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it ſeemed. I aſked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an eſcape, (though then I began to deſpair of it) was upon the road, or in ſome town. My journey's end, I knew, muſt be the beginning of new trials; for I was reſolved to ſuffer death rather than to marry him. What I now was moſt apprehenſive about, was, of falling into fits; and I anſwered to his barbarous inſults as little as poſſible, that I might not be provoked beyond the little ſtrength I had left me.

Three or four times he offered to kiſs

kiſs me; and curſed my pride for reſiſting him: making him claſp a cloud, was his ſpeech, (aiming at wit) inſtead of his Juno; calling the cloak a cloud.

'And now, my dear Byron,' ſaid he, 'if you will not come to compro-'miſe with me, I muſt dreſs you again 'for the journey. We will ſtop at a 'town a little farther,' (beckoning to one of his men, and, on his approaching, whiſpering to him, his whole body out of the chariot) 'and there you 'ſhall alight; and a very worthy wo-'man, to whom I ſhall introduce you, 'will perſuade you, perhaps, to take 'refreſhment, though I cannot.'

'You are a very barbarous man, 'Sir Hargrave. I have the misfortune 'to be in your power. You may dear-'ly repent the uſage I have already 'received from you. You have made 'my life of no eſtimation with me. I 'will not contend.'

And tears ran down my cheeks. Indeed, I thought my heart was broke.

He wrapt me up cloſe, and tied the handkerchief about my mouth and head. I was quite paſſive.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough, and ſometimes plaſhy ground, when it ſtopt on a diſpute between the coachman, and the coachman of another chariot and ſix, as it proved.

Sir Hargrave had but juſt drawn my handkerchief cloſer to my eyes, when this happened. 'Hinder not my tears 'from flowing,' ſaid I; ſtruggling to keep my eyes free, the cloak enough muffling me, and the handkerchief being over my mouth; ſo that my voice could be but juſt heard by him, as I imagine.

He looked out of his chariot, to ſee the occaſion of this ſtop; and then I found means to diſengage one hand.

I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way.

I then puſhed up the handkerchief with my diſengaged hand, from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help: 'Help, for God's ſake!'

A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril.

Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curſes, ordered him to proceed, and to drive though all oppoſition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name; and charged him with being upon a bad deſign.

The vile wretch ſaid, he had only ſecured a run-away wife, eloped to, and intending to elope from, a maſquerade, to her adulterer: [Horrid!] He put aſide the cloak, and appealed to my dreſs.

I cried out, 'No, no, no!' five or ſix times repeated; but could ſay no more at that inſtant, holding up then both my diſengaged hands for protection.

The wicked man endeavoured to muffle me up again, and to force the handkerchief, which I had then got under my chin, over my mouth; and brutally curſed me.

The gentleman would not be ſatisfied with Sir Hargrave's ſtory. He would ſpeak to *me*. Sir Hargrave called him impertinent, and other names; and aſked who the devil he was, with rage and contempt.—The gentleman, however, aſked me, and with an air that promiſed deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife.

'No, no, no, no!'—I could only ſay.

For my own part, I could have no ſcruple, diſtreſſed as I was, and made deſperate, to throw myſelf into the protection, and even into the arms of my deliverer, though a very fine young gentleman. It would have been *very* hard, had I fallen from bad to bad; had the ſacred name of protector been abuſed by *another* Sir Hargrave, who would have had the *additional* crime of betraying a confidence to anſwer for. But, however this had proved, an eſcape from the preſent evil was all I had in my head at the time.

But you may better conceive, than I can expreſs, the terror I was in, when Sir Hargrave drew his ſword and puſhed at the gentleman, with ſuch words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him miſchief. But when I found my oppreſſor, my low-meaning, and ſoon after low-laid oppreſſor, pulled out of the chariot by the brave, the gallant man, (which was done with ſuch force, as made the chariot rock) and my protector ſafe; I was as near fainting with joy, as before I had been with terror. I had ſhaken off the cloak, and untied the handkerchief.

He

He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot.

I heard Sir Hargrave curſe, ſwear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

'Mind him not, Madam; fear him 'not!' ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon. [You know his noble name, my Lucy.] 'Coachman, drive not over your 'maſter: take care of your maſter!' or ſome ſuch words he ſaid, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He came not in, but ſhut the chariot-door, as ſoon as he had ſeated me.

He juſt ſurveyed, as it were, the ſpot, and bid a ſervant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me.

Partly through terror, partly through weakneſs, I had ſunk to the bottom of the chariot. He opened the door, entered, and with all the tenderneſs of a brother, ſoothed me, and lifted me on the ſeat once more. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. In accents of kindneſs, he told me, that he had there at preſent the moſt virtuous and prudent of ſiſters, to whoſe care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irreſiſtibly welcome to me was his ſupporting arm, thrown round me, as we *flew* back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave!

Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelick ſiſter—O my Lucy, they are a pair of angels!

I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my diſtreſſes, of my deliverance: and, when my heart is ſtronger, I will ſay more of the perſons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and ſiſter.

But what ſhall I do with my gratitude! O my dear, I am *overwhelmed* with my gratitude: I can only expreſs it in ſilence before them. Every look, if it be honeſt to my heart, however, tells it: reverence mingles with my gratitude—Yet there is ſo much eaſe, ſo much ſweetneſs, in the behaviour of both—O my Lucy! did I not find that my veneration of both is equal; did I not, on examination, find, that the amiable ſiſter is as dear to me, from her experienced tenderneſs, as her brother from his remembered bravery, (which muſt needs mingle awe with my eſteem;) in ſhort, that I love the ſiſter, and revere the brother; I ſhould be afraid of my gratitude.

I have over-written myſelf. I am tired. O my grandmamma, you have never yet, while I have been in London, ſent me your ever-valued bleſſing under your own hand: yet, I am ſure I had it; and *your* bleſſings, my dear uncle and aunt Selby; and your prayers, my Lucy, my Nancy, and all my loves; elſe my deliverance had not perhaps followed my preſumptuous folly, in going dreſſed out, like the fantaſtick wretch I appeared to be, at a vile, a fooliſh maſquerade—How often, throughout the ſeveral ſtages of my diſtreſs, and even in my deliverance, did I turn my eye *to* myſelf, and *from* myſelf, with the diſguſt that made a part, and that not a light one, of my puniſhment!

And ſo much, my Lucy, for maſquerades, and maſquerade dreſſes, for ever!

Pray, let not any body unneceſſarily be acquainted with this ſhocking affair: particularly, neither Mr. Greville nor Mr. Fenwick. It is very probable, that they (eſpecially Mr. Greville) would be for challenging Sir Hargrave, were it only on a ſuppoſition that it would give him an intereſt in me in the *eye of the world*. You know that Mr. Greville watches for all opportunities to give himſelf conſequence with me.

Were any farther miſchief to happen to any body, I ſhould be grieved beyond meaſure. Hitherto I have reaſon to think, that a tranſaction ſo ſhocking is not very unhappily concluded. May the vile man ſit himſelf down ſatisfied, and I ſhall be willing to do ſo too, provided I never more behold his face.

* *

Mr. Reeves will ſend you, with the above packet, a letter from Sir Charles Grandiſon, incloſing one from that vile Wilſon. I can write no more juſt now, and they will ſufficiently explain themſelves.

Adieu, my deareſt Lucy. I need not ſay how much I am, and ever will be, *your faithful and affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO ARCHIBALD REEVES, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

CANTERBURY, FEB. 22.

THE incloſed long letter is juſt now brought to me. I pretend not to judge of the writer's penitence. Yet his confeſſions ſeem ingenuous; and he was not under any obligation to put them on paper.

As I preſume that you will not think it adviſeable to make the *ineffectual* attempt upon Miſs Byron publick by a proſecution, perhaps your condeſcending to let the man's ſiſter know that her brother, if in earneſt, may ſecurely purſue the honeſt purpoſes he mentions, may ſave the poor wretch from taking ſuch courſes as might be fatal, not only to himſelf, but to innocent perſons, who otherwiſe may ſuffer by his being made deſperate.

The man, as you will ſee by his letter, if you had not a ſtill *ſtronger* proof, has abilities to do miſchief. He has been in bad hands, as he tells us, from his youth upwards, or he might have been an uſeful member of ſociety. He is a young man; and if yet he could be made ſo, his reformation will take from the number of the profligate, and add to that of the hopeful; and who knows how wide the circle of his acquaintance is, and how many of them may be influenced by his example either way? If he marry the not-diſhoneſt young woman, to whom he ſeems to be contracted, may not your lenity be a means of ſecuring a whole future family on the ſide of moral honeſty?

His crime, as the attempt was fruſtrated, is not capital: and, not to mention the ſervice of ſuch an evidence as this, ſhould Sir Hargrave ſeek for a legal redreſs, as he ſometimes weakly threatens, my hope makes me ſee a farther good that may be brought about by this man's reformation; wicked maſters cannot execute their baſe views upon the *perſons* of the innocent, without the aſſiſtance of wicked ſervants. What a neſt of vipers may be cruſhed at once, or, at leaſt, rendered unhurtful, by depriving the three monſters he names of the aid of ſuch an agent! Men who want to ſave appearances, and have eſtates to forfeit, will ſometimes be honeſt of neceſſity, rather than put themſelves into the power of *untried* villains.

You will be ſo good as to make my compliments to your lady, and to *our* lovely ward. You ſee, Sir, that I join myſelf with you in the honour of that agreeable relation.

I hope the dear lady has perfectly recovered her health and ſpirits. I am, good Mr. Reeves, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE HON. SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18.

IN what an odious light muſt that wretch appear before the worthieſt of men, who cannot but abhor himſelf!

I am the unhappy man who was hired into the ſervice of the beſt of young ladies; whom I was the means of betraying into the power of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, from the ball in the Hay-Market on Thurſday night laſt.

Your honour has made yourſelf an *intereſt* in Miſs Byron's fate, as I may ſay, by your powerful protection. Pardon me, if I give you ſome account of myſelf, and of tranſactions which, perhaps, will otherwiſe never be known: and this in juſtice to all round.

My parentage was honeſt: my education was above my parentage. I ſet out with good principles: but I fell into a bad ſervice. I was young, and of a good natural diſpoſition; but had not virtue enough to reſiſt a temptation: I could not ſay, 'No,' to an unlawful thing, when my principals commanded my aſſent.

I was, at *firſt* ſetting out, by favour of friends, taken as clerk to a merchant. In proceſs of time, I tranſacted his buſineſs at the Cuſtom-Houſe. He taught me to make light of oaths of office; and this, by degrees,

grees, made me think light of all moral obligations, and laid the foundation of my ruin.

My master's name was Bagenhall. He died; and I was to seek. His brother succeeded to his fortune, which was very large: he was brought up to no business; he was a gentleman. His seat is near Reading. I was recommended by him to the service of a gentleman who was nominated to go abroad on a foreign embassy. I will name his name, lest your honour should imagine I have any design to evade the strictest truth; Sir Christopher Lucas; I was to be this gentleman's master of the horse abroad.

The first service my new master employed me in, was to try to get for him the pretty daughter of an honest farmer.

I had been out of place for a twelvemonth. Had I had twenty shillings aforehand in the world, I would, I think, have said, 'No.' Nevertheless I consulted, in confidence, my late master's brother upon it. The advice he gave me, was, not to boggle at it: but if, he said, I could manage the matter so, as to cheat Sir Christopher, and get the girl for him, and keep the secret, he would give me 50l. I abhorred the double treachery of young Mr. Bagenhall; but undertook to serve Sir Christopher: and carried on a treaty with the farmer for his daughter; as if she were to be the wife of Sir Christopher; but not to be owned till he returned from abroad; no, not even if she should prove with child.

I found, in the course of my visits at the farmer's, so much honesty, both in father and mother, and so much innocence in the daughter, that my heart relented; and I took an opportunity to reveal Sir Christopher's base design to them; for the girl was designed to be ruined the very first moment that Sir Christopher could be alone with her. Your honour may believe, that I enjoined all three strict secresy.

Nevertheless, this contriving devil of a master found a way to get the young woman by other means; and, in amorous dalliance, she told him to whom he was obliged for not succeeding before.

In rage he turned me out of his service, in the most disgraceful manner; but without giving any other reasons, than that he knew me to be a villain; and that I knew myself to be one: nor would he give me a character. So I was quite reduced; and but for the kindness of a sister, who keeps an inn in Smithfield, I should have starved, or been obliged to do worse.

I should have told your honour, that the poor farmer and his wife both died of grief in half a year. An honest young man, who dearly loved the young woman, was found drowned soon after: it is feared he was his own executioner. Sir Christopher went not on his embassy. His preparations for it, and his expensive way of life, before and after, reduced him: and he has been long a beggar, as I may say. The poor young woman is now, if living, on the town. I saw her about half a year ago in St. Martin's round-house, taken up as a common prostitute, and charged with picking a pocket. She was a pretty creature, and had a very pious turn, when I knew her first. Her father had gone beyond himself in her education: and this was the fruit. What has such a man as Sir Christopher to answer for! —But it is come home to him. I rejoice that this wickedness was not added to my score.

But heavy scenes I had enough afterwards. Being utterly destitute, except what my sister did for me, and not enduring to be a burden to her, I threw myself upon my master Bagenhall. He employed me in mean offices, till his pander died, (he is a very profligate man, Sir!) and then he *promoted* me to a *still meaner*.

In this way, I grew a shameless contriver. He introduced me to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and to Mr. Merceda, a Portuguese Jew. In the service of these three masters, good Heaven forgive me! what villainies was I not the means of perpetrating! Yet I never was so hardened, but I had temporary remorses. But these three gentlemen would never let me rest from wickedness: yet they kept me poor and necessitous, as the only means to keep me what they called *honest*; for they had often reason to think, that had I had any other means of subsistence, I would have been *really* honest.

I was now Mr. Bagenhall's constant servant. Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda used to borrow me: but I must say Sir Hargrave is an innocent man to

the other two. They careſſed me, I ſpeak it to my ſhame, as a man fit for their turn. I had contrivance; temper; I knew ſomething of every body. But my ſiſter knows my frequent compunctions; and that I hated the vile courſe I was in. She uſed to lecture me enough. She is a good woman.

Will your honour have patience with me a little longer?

Sir Hargrave, on the ſeventh of this month, came to my maſter Bagenhall, at Reading, with whom he had double buſineſs: one was to take a bond and judgment of him; (Sir Hargrave is no better than an uſurer;) Mr. Bagenhall has lived a moſt extravagant life; the other was to borrow me. Mr. Merceda had a ſcheme on foot at the ſame time, which he was earneſt to engage me in; but it was too ſhocking; and Mr. Bagenhall came into Sir Hargrave's.

Sir Hargrave told them he deſigned nothing *more* than a *violation*, if he could get my aſſiſtance, of the moſt beautiful woman in the world. And, Sir, to ſee the villainy of the other two; they both, unknown to each other, made propoſals to me to trick Sir Hargrave, and to get the lady, each for himſelf.

But to *me*, Sir Hargrave ſwore, that he was fully reſolved to leave this wicked courſe of life. Bagenhall and Merceda, he ſaid, were devils; and he would marry, and have no more to ſay to them. All that was in his view was honeſt marriage. He ſaid he had never been in the lady's company but once, and that was the day before at Lady Betty Williams's. He ſaid he went thither, knowing ſhe was to be there: for having for ſome time had it in his head to marry, this was the lady he had pitched upon in his mind, from the character he had of her from every mouth at the Northampton races.

'Now,' ſaid he, 'I ſhall have ſome 'difficulty to obtain her, notwith-'ſtanding my fortune is ſo great; for 'every one who ſees her is in love with 'her.' And he named ſeveral gentlemen who laid cloſe ſiege to her.

'She brought a ſervant up with her,' ſaid he, 'who hones after the country, 'and is actually gone, or ſoon will. 'Her couſin enquires of every one af-'ter a proper ſervant for her.—You, 'Wilſon,' ſaid he, 'are handſome 'and genteel:' he was pleaſed to ſay ſo. 'You have a modeſt, humble 'look; you know all the duties of a 'ſervant: get yourſelf entertained, 'and your fortune is made for life, if 'by your means I obtain the lady. 'I have already tendered myſelf,' ſaid he. 'Perhaps ſhe will have me in a 'few days. I don't expect to be de-'nied, if ſhe be diſengaged, as it is 'ſaid ſhe is. If you can get into her 'ſervice, you will find out every 'thing. This is all that is to be 'done: but you muſt never mention 'my name, nor ever know any thing 'of me, as I go and come.'

Sir Hargrave declared, that his heart was *burnt up* with the love of the lady: and if he ſucceeded, (as he had little doubt, even without my help, had I been actually in Merceda's ſervice) 'You will,' ſaid he, 'as my lady's 'ſervant, be mine of courſe; you ſhall 'never wear a livery; and you ſhall 'be my gentleman, till I can get a 'place for you in the cuſtoms.' This, may it pleaſe your honour, he knew I had long aimed at; and it had been often promiſed by himſelf, and my other two maſters; and was their firſt promiſe when they wanted to engage me in any of their ſchemes, though they never thought more of it when the ſervice was over. If I got but myſelf engaged, I was, on the day I entered into my lady's ſervice, to have, as an earneſt, ten guineas.

Encouraged by ſuch promiſes, (and the project being an honeſter one than ever Sir Hargrave, or either of the other two, had fought to engage me in) I offered my ſervice to my lady; and, on Mr. Bagenhall's writing a good character of me, was accepted.

I could have been happy in the ſervice of this lady all the days of my life. She is all goodneſs: all the ſervants, every body, gentle and ſimple, adored her. But ſhe, unexpectedly, refuſing to have Sir Hargrave, and he being afraid that one of her three or four lovers would *cut him out*, he reſolved to take more violent meaſures than he had at firſt intended.

If any man was ever mad in love, it was Sir Hargrave. But then he was as mad with anger to be refuſed. Sir Hargrave was ever thought to be one of the proudeſt men in England: and he complained that my lady uſed him worſe

worſe than ſhe did any body elſe. But it was not *her* way to uſe any body ill; I ſaw that.

Nevertheleſs he was reſolved to ſtrike a *bold ſtroke for a wife*, as were his words, from the title of a play: and, between us, we ſettled the matter in one night; for I had found means to get out unknown to the family.

It would be treſpaſſing too much upon your honour's patience, to be very particular in our contrivance. I will be as brief as poſſible.

My lady was to go to a maſquerade. I got into the knowledge of every thing how and about it. The maids were as full of the matter as their maſter and miſtreſſes.

It was agreed to make the chairmen ſuddled. Two of *Mr. Merceda's footmen* were to undertake the taſk. Brandy was put into their liquor, to haſten them.

They were ſoon overcome. The weather was cold: they drank briſkly, and were laid up ſafe. I then hired two chance chairmen, and gave them orders, as had been contrived.

I had twenty guineas given me in hand for my encouragement; in which were included the promiſed ten.

I had, when I was my firſt maſter Bagenhall's clerk, made acquaintance with ſeveral clerks of the Cuſtom-Houſe, particularly with one Awberry, a ſober, modeſt man; who has two ſiſters; to one of whom I am contracted, and always, for two years paſt, intended to make my wife, as ſoon as I ſhould be in any way to maintain her. The mother is a widow. All of them are very honeſt people.

Mr. Awberry, the brother, being aſſured by me (and I was well aſſured of it myſelf, and had no doubt about it) that marriage was intended; and knowing Sir Hargrave's great eſtate, (and having, indeed, ſeen Sir Hargrave on the occaſion, and received his proteſtations of honour) engaged his mother and ſiſters in it; and the reſult, as to them and me, was, that I was to receive, as ſoon as the knot was tied, a hundred guineas beſides the twenty; and moreover, an abſolute promiſe of a place; and twenty pounds a year till I got it; and then my marriage with young Mrs. Awberry was to follow.

The widow has an annuity of thirty pounds, which, with her ſon's ſalary, keeps them above want.

She lives at Paddington. There is a back-door and garden, as it happens, convenient to bring any body in, or carry any body out, ſecretly; and hither it was reſolved, if poſſible, that the lady ſhould be brought, and a Fleet parſon and his clerk ready ſtationed, to perform the ceremony; and then all that the bridegroom wiſhed was to follow of courſe.

Sir Hargrave doubted not (though he was fruitful in contrivances, and put many others in practice) but he ſhould be detected if he carried the lady to his own houſe. And as he was afraid that the chairmen (notwithſtanding ſeveral other artful contrivances) would be able to find out the place they carried her to, he had ordered his chariot and ſix to be at the widow Awberry's by ſix in the morning, with three ſervants on horſeback, armed, and a horſe and piſtols beſides. After marriage and conſummation, he was reſolved to go to his houſe on the foreſt, but not to ſtay there; but to go to Mr. Merceda's houſe near Newbury, where he doubted not but he ſhould be ſecret till he thought fit to produce the lady, as Lady Pollexfen: and often, very often, did he triumph on the victory he ſhould obtain over her other lovers, and over her own proud heart, as he would have it to be.

The parſon, Sir, came; the clerk was there: but what with fits, prayers, tears, and one thing or other, (at one time the lady being thought irrecoverable, having received ſome unintended hurt in her ſtruggling to get out of a door, as I heard it was) Sir Hargrave, in terror, diſmiſſed the parſon; and reſolved to carry the lady (who by that time was recovered) in the chariot, to his ſeat at Windſor; and then, ſtaying there only to marry, go to Newbury; and from thence break out by degrees, as the matter ſhould be taken.

My lady ſcreamed, reſiſted, and did all that woman could do, to get free; and more than once, people who heard her cry out for help were put on a wrong ſcent: and had we not met with your honour, (who would ſee with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears) the affair had been all over

in the way Sir Hargrave wiſhed, and was at ſo much pains and expence to effect. For, Sir, the chariot generally drove ſo faſt, that before paſſengers could have *reſolved* whether to interfere or not, we ſhould have been out of ſight or reach.

Sir Hargrave is in the greateſt rage with us all, becauſe we ſtood not better by him. He refuſes any favour to me, and threatens to piſtol me the moment he ſees me. That's to be my reward.

We were four at ſetting out from Paddington; but one of the ſervants was diſpatched to prepoſſeſs an old ſervant of Sir Hargrave's mother, at Colnebrook, who keeps there a kind of haberdaſhery ſhop; and where he propoſed to get ſome refreſhment for the lady, if he could make her take any. For my part, I wonder how ſhe kept out of fits on the road. She had enow of them at Paddington.

The two ſervants who ſtaid about Sir Hargrave, are diſcharged with all the marks of indignation that a maſter, incenſed by ſuch a diſappointment, could expreſs; and, as I ſaid before, he is reſolved to piſtol me the moment he ſees me. Yet I too well ſerved him for the peace of my conſcience.

A coach and four was ordered to carry the widow and her two daughters to Reading, to the New Inn there, where they were to reſide for a week or ſo, till all was blown over; and that they might be out of the way of anſwering queſtions: and my *brother* Awberry, as I call him, and hope to make him, (for he is a very honeſt man) was to go to them there.

And there, in all probability, had Sir Hargrave ſucceeded, and been as good as his word, ſhould I have been the huſband of as tender-hearted a young woman as any in the pariſh ſhe lives in.

Here is a very long letter, may it pleaſe you, Sir. I have ſhortened it, however, as much as I could: but in hatred to myſelf, and the vile ways I have, by exceſs of good-nature, and by meeting with wicked maſters, been drawn into—for the clearing of my ſiſter's character, who lives in credit among her neighbours, and of every other perſon who might otherwiſe have been ſuſpected—in juſtice to Mrs. Awberry's, and her two daughters, and her ſon's characters—and in juſtice *ſo far* to Sir Hargrave's, as that he intended marriage, (and had he *not*, he would have found no friends in his deſigns at Paddington) and ſo far as to clear him of having not offered the leaſt incivility to my lady. [Had he intended, or been provoked ſo to do, he was too well watched by the widow, and her daughters, to have been permitted; and that by my own requeſt, which was, that they ſhould be ready to run in whenever they heard her cry out, and that they would not leave Sir Hargrave alone with my lady for ſix minutes, till their hands were joined in wedlock]—In juſtice, I ſay, to all theſe perſons, I thought proper thus to give you, Sir, all that I knew relating to this wicked tranſaction. And if, may it pleaſe your honour, I were to be taken up, I could ſay no more before a magiſtrate; except this, which I had like to have forgot, which is, that had it not been for me, ſome miſchief might have been done between Sir Hargrave's ſervants and yours, if not to your honour's perſon.

All that I moſt humbly beg, is the pardon of ſo ſweet a lady. I have choſen, ever to be honoured Sir, to write to you, whoſe goodneſs is ſo generally talked of, and who have ſo nobly redeemed and protected her. Mr. Reeves, I know, has ſuffered too much in his mind to forgive me. He is a worthy gentleman. I am ſorry for the diſturbance I have given him. I have hopes given me, that I ſhall get employment on the Keys, or as a tide-waiter extraordinary.

Pleaſe the Lord, I will never, never more, be the tool of wicked maſters. All I wiſh for is, to be able to do juſtice to the love of an honeſt young woman; and I am reſolved, whether ſo enabled or not, to ſtarve, rather than to go any more, no, not for a ſingle hour, into the ſervice of the iniquitous gentleman I have ſo often named in this long letter.

If I might be aſſured, that I may purſue, unmoleſted, any honeſt calling, ſo as that I may not be tempted or driven into unhappy courſes, my heart would be at reſt.

There might have been murder in this affair: that ſhocks me to think of. O Sir! good, excellent, brave, and the moſt

moſt worthy of gentlemen, you have given to *me* as great a deliverance, as you have to the *lady!* yea, greater; for mine may be a deliverance, if I make a proper uſe of it, of ſoul as well as body. Which God grant, as alſo your honour's health and proſperity, to the prayers of *your honour's ever devoted humble ſervant*,

WILLIAM WILSON.

I thought I had ſomething elſe to ſay; ſomething it is of *high* importance: your life is threatened, Sir. God preſerve your precious life! Amen.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24.

MY couſin Reeves has given aſſurance to the ſiſter of that Wilſon, that he may, unmoleſted by any of us, purſue the beſt means he can fall upon for the obtaining of an honeſt livelihood.

In every thing it is determined to follow the advice of my deliverer.

What a letter is that fellow's! What men are there in the world!

Of ſuch we have read: but I hoped, that I might have eſcaped ſuffering by any ſuch.

We are extremely diſturbed at the fellow's poſtſcript: and the more, as we are told by ſeveral people, that Sir Hargrave will not ſit down quietly; but threatens vengeance upon Sir Charles. I wiſh I had not come to London.

I hope my grandmamma's ſpirits are not affected by what ſhe knows of the matter. It was very good of my aunt Selby to take the meaſures ſhe did, in ſoftening every circumſtance, and not to let her know any thing till the danger was over. But, indeed, it was but the natural effect of that prudence which regulates all the actions of my honoured aunt.

My grandmamma has ſuch ſtrength of mind, that now ſhe knows I am ſafe, and not unhappy, I dare ſay ſhe will by degrees bear to hear my *narrations* read. She will be more uneaſy if ſhe thinks any thing is kept from her.

Yet I know that her tenderneſs and her love for her Harriet, will coſt her ſome anguiſh, ſome ſighs, ſome tears, as ſhe reads, or hears read, the cruelty her girl has been treated with; who, ſo tenderly brought up, ſo greatly indulged, never before knew what harſhneſs was. But then ſhe will have more joy, I hope, in my deliverance, than ſhe will have pain in my ſufferings. And pray let her know, that I am every day leſs and leſs ſenſible of the pain in my ſtomach, of which I was ſo apprehenſive, as really, at the time, to think it a mortal blow. My grandmamma has told us girls, you know, my Lucy, twenty and twenty frightful ſtories of the vile enterprizes of men againſt innocent creatures; and will therefore call to mind ſtories which have concluded much worſe than, bleſſed be God, mine has done.

* *

Juſt now I have received a congratulatory pacquet of letters.

One from my aunt Selby, ſuch a ſweetly kind, ſuch a truly maternal letter!

One from my deareſt grandmamma. I will put it next my heart, whenever I feel there any of that pain, of which ſhe is ſo kindly apprehenſive.

One from Nancy—dear girl!—She is very generous to forget her own malady to condole and congratulate me. Your brother James, my Lucy, has written me a very kind letter. He is a good young man; God keep him ſo! What a miſchievous creature is a bad man!

I have a charming letter, by the poſt, from my godfather Deane: he has heard nothing of what has happened; and I am ſure is too ſolicitous for my welfare, to take it well, if I do not let him know ſomething about it: I will therefore ſoon write to him.

But *your* letter, my Lucy!—What, I warrant, you thought I had forgot *your* letter in the enumeration of the contents of the precious pacquet! If I *had*, your goodneſs, your love, might have made you forgive me; but I never would have forgiven myſelf.

But you and I, my dear, write for all to ſee what we write; and ſo I reſerved yours to be laſt mentioned: only I ſlid in my godfather Deane's between; not becauſe I love him better than I do my Lucy—no, that is impoſſible!—but becauſe I had a mind

to

to shew you, that I was hastening to be quite well, and so assumed my little saucy tricks, and surprizes, as if it were *possible* for me to be heedless, where my love to my Lucy was in the question.

And so you expect the particular character and description of the persons of this more than amiable brother and sister. Need you to have told me that you do? And could you think that, after having wasted so many quires of paper in giving you the characters of people, many of whom deserved not to be drawn out from the common crowd of mortals, I would forbear to give you those of persons who adorn the age in which they live, and even human nature?

You don't question, you say, if I begin in their praises, but my gratitude will make me write in a *sublime stile*; so you phrase it; and are ready, you promise me, to take, with allowance, all the fine things from me, which Mr. Reeves has already taught you to expect.

You may be right in your expectations, as far as I know; for my grandfather (so many years ago) used to say, that his little Byron was an enthusiast in her gratitude. But, however, when I say any thing of the exalted minds, of the expanded hearts, of the amiable manners, of this happy brother and sister, which seems to exceed, in my praises, the bounds you will all be willing to set me, then let the overflowings be carried to account of the *grateful* enthusiasm, and *only* to that.

Which shall I begin with? You will have a sharp look-out upon me, you say. Ah, my Lucy! I know what you mean. But I am safe from every thing but my gratitude, I will assure you.

And so, if I begin with the character of the brother, then you will join with my uncle, shake your head, and cry, 'Ah, my Harriet!' If I begin with the sister, will you not say, that I save my choicest subject for the last? How difficult is it to avoid censure, when there is a resolution taken to be censorious!

Well, but keep a *look-out*, if you please, my Lucy: not the least shadow of reserve shall it give to my heart: my pen shall be honest to that heart; and I shall be benefited, I am sure, by the *faithful wounds* of such affectionate, and equally-beloved as revered *friends*—and so, pen, take thy course.

Miss Grandison—Yes, my volant, my self-conducted quill, begin with the sister, say my Lucy what she pleases—

Miss Grandison is about twenty-four; of a fine stature. She has dignity in her aspect; and a very penetrating black eye, with which she does what she pleases. Her hair is black, very fine, and naturally curls. She is not fair; but her complexion is delicate and clear, and promises a long duration to her loveliness. Her features are generally regular: her nose is a little aquiline; but that is so far from being a blemish, that it gives a kind of majesty to her other features. Her teeth are white and even; her mouth is perfectly lovely; and a modest archness appears in her smiles, that makes one both love and fear her, when she begins to speak. She is finely shaped; and, in her air and whole appearance, perfectly genteel.

She herself says, that before her brother came to England, she was thought to be proud, pert, and lofty: but I hardly believe her; for the man lives not, it is my belief, who, in fourteen months time, (and Sir Charles has not been longer arrived) could so totally eradicate those qualities in a mind of which they had taken possession, as that they should not occasionally shew themselves.

She has charming spirits. I dare say she sings well, from the airs she now and then warbles in the gaiety of her heart, as she goes up and down stairs. She is very polite; yet has a vein of raillery, that, were she *not* polite, would give one too much apprehension for one's ease: but I am sure she is frank, easy, and good-humoured; and, by turning over all the just and handsome things which are attributed to herself, to her brother's credit, she must be equally humble and generous.

She says, she has but lately taken a very great liking to reading: but I am ready to question what she says, when she speaks any thing that some would construe to her disadvantage. She pretends, that she was too volatile, too gay, too airy, to be confined to sedentary amusements. Her father, however, according to the genteelest and most

moſt laudable modern education for women, had given her a maſter, who taught her hiſtory and geography; in both which ſhe *acknowledges* ſhe made ſome progreſs. In muſick, ſhe *owns* ſhe has ſkill: but I am told by her maid, who attended me by her young lady's direction, and who delights to praiſe her miſtreſs, that ſhe reads and ſpeaks French and Italian; that ſhe writes finely; and is greatly admired for her wit, prudence, and obligingneſs. 'Nobody,' ſaid Jenny, (who is a ſenſible young woman, a clergyman's daughter, well educated, and very obliging) 'can ſtand againſt her good-'natured raillery.' Her brother, ſhe ſays, is not ſpared: but he takes delight in her vivacity, and gives way to it; when it is eaſy to ſee, that he could take her down if he pleaſed. 'And 'then,' added this good young woman, 'ſhe is an excellent manager in a fa-'mily, finely as ſhe is educated:' [I rejoiced to hear that, for the honour of our reading ladies, as in Miſs Clements's caſe.] 'She knows every thing, 'and how to direct what ſhould be 'done, from the private family din-'ner, to a ſumptuous entertainment: 'and every day inſpects, and approves, 'or alters, the bill of fare.' By the way, my Lucy, ſhe is an early riſer—do you mind that?—and ſo can do every thing with eaſe, pleaſure, and without hurry and confuſion: for all her ſervants are early riſers of courſe. What ſervants can, for ſhame, be in bed, at a reaſonable hour to be up, when they have a maſter or miſtreſs's example for early riſing?

Yet this fine lady loves to go to the publick places; and often goes, and makes a brilliant figure there. She has time for them, and earns her pleaſures by her early riſing.

Miſs Grandiſon, Jenny tells me, has two humble ſervants; [I wonder ſhe has not two and twenty!] one is Sir Walter Watkins, a man of a large eſtate in Somerſetſhire; the other is Lord G. ſon of the Earl of G: but neither of them highly approved by her: yet, Jenny ſays, they are both of them handſome men, and admired by the ladies. This makes me afraid that they are modern men, and pay their court by the exterior appearance, rather than by interior worth. Who, my Lucy, that has heard what my late grandfather has ſaid, and my grandmamma ſtill ſays, of the men in their youthful days, will not ſay, that we have our lots caſt in an age of petits maitres and inſignificants?

Such an amiable woman is Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon—May I be found, on farther acquaintance, but half as lovely in her eyes as ſhe is in mine!—Don't be jealous, Lucy! I hope I have a large heart. I hope there is room in it for half a dozen ſweet female friends!—Yes, although another love were to intervene, I could not bear, that even the affection due to the man of my choice, were I to marry, ſhould, like Aaron's rod, ſwallow up all the reſt.

But now for her brother—my deliverer!

But pray now, Lucy, don't you come with your ſharp *look-out:* I warrant you will expect, on this occaſion, to read the tumults of the poor girl's heart, in her character and deſcription of a man to whom ſhe is ſo much obliged!—But what if ſhe diſappoint you, and yet do juſtice to his manifold excellences? What if ſhe finds ſome faults in him, that his ſiſter has not?

'Parading Harriet!' methinks you ſay; 'teazing girl!' go on, go on; 'leave it to *us* to find you out: and 'take care that the very faults you 'pretend to diſcover, do not paſs for 'a colour only, and lead to your de-'tection.'

Thank you, Lucy, for your caution: but I will not be obliged to it. My pen ſhall follow the dictates of my heart; and if it be as honeſt to me, as I think it is to every body elſe, I hope I have nothing to fear either from *your* look-out, or (which is ſtill a ſharper) my uncle Selby's.

Sir Charles Grandiſon, in his perſon, is really a very fine man. He is tall, rather ſlender than full; his face, in ſhape, is a fine oval: he ſeems to have florid health; health confirmed by exerciſe.

His complexion ſeems to have been naturally too fine for a man: but, as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overſpread with a manly ſunnineſs [I want a word] that ſhews he has been in warmer climates than England: and ſo it ſeems he has; ſince the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has viſited ſome parts

of

of Asia, and even of Africk, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth, and for so fine a mouth, as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shews him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye——Indeed, my Lucy, his eye shews, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister.

Now pray be quiet, my dear uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know, that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man.

And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. His sister says, he is always the first to break through the restraints, and to banish the diffidences, that will generally attend persons on a quite new acquaintance. He *may*; for he is sure of being acceptable in whatever he does or says.

Very true, Lucy—shake your head if you please.

In a word, he has such an easy, yet manly politeness, as well in his dress, as in his address, (no singularity appearing in either) that were he *not* a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought (what is far more eligible in a man than mere beauty) very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has travelled, we may say, to some purpose.

Well might his sister tell Mr. Reeves, that whenever he married he would break half a score hearts.

Upon my word, Lucy, he has too many personal advantages for a woman, who loved him with *peculiarity*, to be easy with, whatever may be *his* virtue, from the foible our sex in general love to indulge for handsome men. For, O my dear, women's eyes are sad giddy things: and will run away with their sense, with their understandings, beyond the power of being overtaken either by 'Stop-thief!' or hue-and-cry.

I know that here you will bid me take care not to increase the number of the giddy. And so I will, my Lucy.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: he is above quarrelling with the world for trifles; but he is still more above making such compliances with it, as would impeach either his honour or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said,—'My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man; not so much for his birth and fortune; nor for this or that single worthiness; as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man*.' And at another time she said, that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and though he had the happiness to please every body, yet he made the judgment or approbation of the world matter but of second consideration. 'In a word,' added she, 'Sir Charles Grandison, 'my *brother*,' (and when she looks proud, it is when she says, *my brother*) 'is not to be misled either by 'false glory, or false shame, which he 'calls the great snares of virtue.'

What a man is this, so to act!—What a woman is this, so to distinguish her brother's excellences!

What a poor creature am I, compared to either of them! And yet I have had my admirers. So perhaps may still more faulty creatures among their inferiors. If, my Lucy, we have so much good sense as to make fair comparisons, what have we to do but to look forward rather than backward, in order to obtain the grace of humility?

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not *look* to be so great a self-denier as his sister seems to think him, when she says he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world.

He dresses to the fashion, rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily; but still richly: so that he gives his fine person it's full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect, as well as in his eye. Mrs. Jenny says that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in

taste

taſte, though not ſo much to the glare of taſte, as if he aimed either to inſpire or ſhew emulation. He ſeldom travels without a ſet, and ſuitable attendants; and, what I think ſeems a little to ſavour of ſingularity, his horſes are not docked; their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. I want, methinks, my dear, to find ſome fault in his outward appearance, were it but to make you think me impartial; my gratitude to him, and my veneration for him, notwithſtanding.

But if he be of opinion, that the tails of theſe noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real uſe to defend them from the vexatious inſects that in ſummer are ſo apt to annoy them, (as Jenny juſt now told me was thought to be his reaſon for not depriving his cattle of a defence which nature gave them) how far from a diſpraiſe is this humane conſideration! And how, in the more minute as well as, we may ſuppoſe, in the greater inſtances, does he deſerve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beaſt!

I have met with perſons, who call thoſe men *good*, that yet allow themſelves in liberties which no good man can take. But I dare ſay, that Miſs Grandiſon means by *good*, when ſhe calls her brother, with ſo much pride, *a good man*, what I, and what you, my Lucy, would underſtand by the word.

With ſo much ſpirit, life, and gallantry, in the firſt appearance of Sir Charles Grandiſon, you may ſuppoſe, that had I not been ſo dreadfully terrified and ill-uſed, and ſo juſtly apprehenſive of worſe treatment; and had I been offered another protection, I ſhould hardly have acted the frighted bird flying from the hawk, to which, as Mr. Reeves tells me, Sir Charles (though politely, and kindly enough, yet too ſenſibly for my recollection) compared me.

Do you wonder, Lucy, that I cannot hold up my head, when I recollect the figure I muſt make in that odious maſquerade habit, hanging by my claſping arms about the neck of ſuch a young gentleman? Can I be more effectually humbled than by ſuch a recollection? And yet, is not this an inſtance of that *falſe ſhame* in me, to which Sir Charles Grandiſon is ſo greatly ſuperior?

Surely, ſurely, I have *had* my puniſhment for *my* compliances with this fooliſh world. Falſe glory, and falſe ſhame, the poor Harriet has never been totally above. Why was I ſo much indulged? Why was I allowed to ſtop ſo many miles ſhort of my journey's end, and then complimented, as if I had no farther to go? —But ſurely, I was paſt all *ſhame*, when I gave my conſent to make ſuch an appearance as I made, among a thouſand ſtrangers, at a maſquerade!

But now, I think, ſomething offers of blame in the character of this almoſt faultleſs man, as his ſiſter, and her Jenny, repreſent him to be.

I cannot think, from a hint given by Miſs Grandiſon, that he is quite ſo frank, and ſo unreſerved, as his ſiſter is. Nay, it was more than a hint; I will repeat her very words: ſhe had been mentioning her own openneſs of heart, and yet confeſſing that ſhe would have kept one or two things from him, that affected him not. 'But as for my 'brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'he winds one 'about, and about, yet ſeems not to 'have more curioſity than one would 'wiſh him to have. Led on by his 'ſmiling benignity, and fond of his 'attention to my prattle, I have caught 'myſelf in the midſt of a tale, of which 'I intended not to tell him one ſyl-'lable.

"O Sir Charles! where am I got?" 'have I ſaid; and ſuddenly ſtopt.'

"Proceed, my Charlotte! No re-"ſerves to your neareſt friend."

'Yet he has *his*; and I have wind-'ed and winded about him, as he has 'done about me, but all to no pur-'poſe.

'Nevertheleſs, he has found means, 'inſenſibly, to ſet me on again with 'my ſtory, till I had told him all I 'knew of the matter; and all the time 'I was intending only that my frank-'neſs ſhould be an example to him; 'when he, inſtead of anſwering my 'wiſhes, double-locked the door of 'his heart, and left not ſo much as 'the key-hole uncovered, by which I 'might have peeped into it; and this 'in one or two points that I thought

'it imported me to know. And then 'have I been ready to ſcold.'

Now this reſerve to ſuch a ſiſter, and in points that ſhe thinks it imports her to know, is what I do not like in Sir Charles. A *friend* as well as a ſiſter! ought there to be a ſecret on one ſide, when there is none on the other? Very likely he would be as reſerved to a wife: and is not marriage the higheſt ſtate of friendſhip that mortals can know? And can friendſhip and reſerve be compatible? Surely, no.

His ſiſter, who cannot think he has one fault, excuſes him, and ſays, that her brother has no other view in drawing her on to reveal her own heart, but the better to know how to ſerve and oblige her.

But then, might not the ſame thing be ſaid in behalf of the curioſity of ſo generous a ſiſter? Or is Sir Charles ſo conſcious of his own ſuperiority, as to think he can give advice to her, but wants not hers to him? Or thinks he meanly of our ſex, and highly of his own? Yet there are but two years difference in their age: and from ſixteen to twenty-four, I believe, women are generally more than two years aforehand with the men in ripeneſs of underſtanding; though, after that time, the men may ripen into a ſuperiority.

This obſervation is not my own; for I heard a very wiſe man once ſay, that the intellects of women uſually ripen ſooner than thoſe of men; but that thoſe of men, when ripened, like trees of ſlow growth, generally hold longer, are capable of higher perfection, and ſerve to nobler purpoſes.

Sir Charles has ſeen more of the world, it may be ſaid, than his ſiſter has: he has travelled. But is not human nature the ſame in every country, allowing only for different cuſtoms?—Do not love, hatred, anger, malice, *all* the paſſions in ſhort, good or bad, ſhew themſelves by like effects in the faces, hearts, and actions of the people of every country? And let men make ever ſuch ſtrong pretenſions to knowledge, from their far-fetch'd and dear-bought experience, cannot a penetrating ſpirit learn as much from the paſſions of a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in England, as it could from a man of the ſame, or the like ill-qualities, in Spain, in France, or in Italy? And why is the Grecian Homer, to this day, ſo much admired, as he is in all theſe nations, and in every other nation where he has been read, and will be to the world's end, but becauſe he writes to nature? and is not the language of nature one language throughout the world, though there are different modes of ſpeech to expreſs it by?

But I ſhall go out of my depth. All I mean, (and, from the frankneſs of my own heart, you will expect from me ſuch a declaration) is, that I do not love that a man ſo *nearly* perfect, be his motives what they will, ſhould have reſerves to ſuch a ſiſter. Don't you think, Lucy, that this ſeems to be a kind of *fault* in Sir Charles Grandiſon? Don't you think, that it would mingle ſome *fear* in a ſiſter's love of him? And ſhould one's love of ſo amiable a brother be daſhed or allayed with *fear?* He is ſaid to be a good man; and a good man I dare ſay he *is*: what ſecrets can a good man have, that ſuch a ſiſter, living with him in the ſame houſe, and diſdaining not, but, on the contrary, priding herſelf in the title of her brother's *houſekeeper*, ſhould not be made acquainted with? Will a man ſo generous look upon her as he would upon a *mere* houſekeeper?—Does not confidence engage confidence?—And are they not by *nature*, as well as inclination, friends?

But I fancy I am acting the world, in it's malevolence, as well as impertinence: that world, which thinks itſelf affronted by great and ſuperior merit; and takes delight to bring down exalted worth to it's own level. But, at leaſt, you will collect from what I have written, an inſtance of my *impartiality*; and ſee, that, though bound to Sir Charles by a tie of gratitude which never can be diſſolved, I cannot excuſe him, if he be guilty of a diffidence and reſerve to his generous ſiſter, which ſhe is above ſhewing to him.

If I am allowed to be ſo happy, as to cultivate this deſirable acquaintance, [And I hope it is not their way to leave thoſe whom they have relieved and raiſed, in order to ſhine upon, and bleſs, only *new* objects of compaſſion] then will I cloſely watch every ſtep of this excellent man; in hope, however, to find him as perfect as report declares him;

him, that I may fearlesly make him my theme, as I shall delight to make his sister my example. And if I were to find any *considerable* faults in him, never fear, my dear, but my gratitude will enlarge my charity in his favour. But I shall, at the same time, arm my heart with those remembered failings, lest my gratitude should endanger it, and make me a hopeless fool.

Now, my uncle, do not be *very* hard on your niece. I am sure, very sure, that I am not in danger *as yet:* and indeed I will tell you, by my Lucy, whenever I find out that I am. Spare, therefore, my dear uncle Selby, all your *conjectural constructions.*

And indeed you should in pity spare me, my dear Sir, at present; for my spirits are still weak: I have not yet forgiven myself for the masquerade affair; especially since Mr. Reeves has hinted to me, that Sir Charles Grandison (as he judges from what he dropt about that foolish amusement) approves not of masquerades. And yet self-partiality has suggested several strong pleas in my favour; indeed, by way of extenuation only. How my judge, CONSCIENCE, will determine upon those pleas, when counsel has been heard on both sides, I cannot say: yet I think, that an acquittal from this brother and sister would go a great way to make my conscience easy.

I have not said one half of what I intended to say of this extraordinary man. But having imagined, from the equal love I have to his admirable sister, that I had found something to blame him for, my impartiality has carried me out of my path; and I know not how to recover it, without going a great way back. Let therefore what I have farther to say, mingle in with my future narratives, as new occasions call it forth.

But yet I will not suffer any other subject to interfere with that which fills my heart with the praises, the due praises, of this worthy brother and sister, to which I intended to consecrate this rambling and very imperfect letter: and which here I will conclude, with assurances (however needless I hope they are) of duty, love, and gratitude, where so much is due from *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FEB. 24, & 25.

NOW have I near a week to go back, my Lucy, with my current narrative, having been thrown behind-hand by the long letters I have been obliged to write, to give you an account of my distress, of my deliverance, of the characters of this noble brother and sister, and a multitude of coincidences and reflections, which all my dear friends expect, as they fall in, from the pen of their Harriet. And this letter shall therefore be a kind of diary of that week; only that I will not repeat what my cousin Reeves has told me he has written.

On *Monday* I was conducted home in safety, by my kind protector, and his amiable sister.

Mrs. Reeves, Lady Betty, and Miss Clements, are in love with them both.

My cousin has told you, how much they disappointed us, in declining to stay dinner. What shall we do, if they are not as fond of our company as we are of theirs? We are not used to be slighted, you know; and to be slighted by those we love, there can be no bearing of that: but I hope this will not be the case.

At tea, the name of Sir Rowland Meredith carried me instantly down.

Mr. Reeves had told the good knight, on his calling on the Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and on this day, before we returned from Colnebrook, that I had been over-fatigued at the masquerade on Thursday night, [*And so I was*;] and was gone a little way out of town. *Carried* he should have said: I was carried with a witness!

Sir Rowland took notice, that I must have had a smart illness for the time, by my altered countenance. 'You are, 'and must be, ever lovely, Miss Byron: but I think you look not quite 'so serene, you don't look so *composed*, 'as you used to do.' But I was afraid 'you were denied to my longing sight. 'I was afraid you would let your papa 'go down to Caermarthen, without 'giving him an opportunity to bless

'his crofs girl. It is in vain, I fear, 'to urge you.'—He ſtopt, and looked full in my face—'Pray, Sir Rowland,' ſaid I, 'how does my *brother* Fow-'ler?'

'Why, aye, that's the deuce of it! 'Your *brother* Fowler. But as the 'honeſt man ſays, ſo ſay I; I will not 'teaze you. But never, never, will you 'have—But no more of that—I come 'to take my leave of you. I ſhould 'have ſet out this very morning, could 'I have ſeen you on Saturday or yeſter-'day: but I ſhall go to-morrow morn-'ing early. You are glad of that, 'Madam, I am ſure.'

'Indeed, Sir Rowland, I ſhall al-'ways reſpect and value you: and I 'hope I ſhall have your good wiſhes, 'Sir.'

'Yes, yes, Madam, you need not 'doubt it. And I will humble all 'the proud women in Wales, by tell-'ing them of Miſs Byron.'

You tell me, my Lucy, that you were all moved at one of the converſations I gave you between the knight, Mr. Fowler, and myſelf.

Were I to be as particular in my account of what paſſed on Sir Rowland's taking leave of me, as I was on that other occaſion, and were you to judge by the effect his honeſt tenderneſs had on me, as I craved his bleſſing, and as he bleſſed me, (the big tears, unheeded by himſelf, ſtraying down his reverend cheeks) I think you would have been in like manner affected.

'Mr. Fowler is to go down after 'him—If—if—if,' ſaid the knight, looking fervently in my face—

'I ſhould be glad,' I ſaid, 'to ſee, 'and to wiſh my *brother* a good jour-'ney.'

Tueſday morning early I had a kind enquiry after my reſt from Miſs Grandiſon, in her brother's name, as well as in her own. And about eleven o'clock came the dear lady herſelf. She would run up ſtairs to me, following Sally—'In her dreſſing room, ſay you?—'She ſhall not come down.'

She entered with the maid—'Writ-'ing, my dear!' ſaid ſhe. 'I one 'day hope, my Harriet, you will ſhew 'me all you write—There, there,' (ſitting down by me) 'no buſtle. And 'how *does* my fair friend?—*Well*—I 'ſee *very* well—*To* a lover—or *of* a 'lover—that's the ſame thing.'

Thus, ſweetly familiar, ran ſhe on.

Mrs. Reeves entered. 'Excuſe 'me, Madam,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon; 'this is but one of my flying viſits, 'as I call them: my next ſhall be to 'you. But perhaps I may not make 'it in form neither: we are relations, 'you know. How does Mr. Reeves? 'He is a good man. At home?'

'He is, Madam, and will be re-'joiced—'

'I know he will—why, Madam, 'this, our Byron, our Harriet, I 'ſhould ſay, looks charmingly!—you 'had beſt lock her up. There are 'many more Sir Hargraves in the 'world, than there are Miſs Byrons.'

She told me, that Sir Charles had ſet out that morning, early, for Canterbury. 'He will be abſent two 'or three days,' ſaid ſhe. 'He 'charged me with his compliments. 'He did nothing but talk of his new-'found ſiſter, from the time he parted 'with you. I ſhall promote *your* in-'tereſt with him, in order to ſtrength-'en *my own*. I want to find him 'out.'

'Some love engagements, I ſuppoſe, 'Madam?' ſaid Mrs. Reeves.—'It is 'impoſſible but the ladies—'

'The ladies! aye, that's the thing! 'the deuce is in them! they will not 'ſtay to be aſked. Theſe men, the 'beſt of them, love nothing but what 'is attended with difficulty. But all 'his love matters he keeps to himſelf, 'yet knows all mine—except one lit-'tle *entanglement*—Mr. Reeves hears 'not what we ſay,' (looking about her) 'but you, my dear, ſhall reveal 'to me your *ſneaking* paſſion, if you 'have one, and I will diſcover mine '—but not to *you*, Mrs. Reeves. 'No married women ſhall I truſt with 'what lies in the innermoſt fold of my 'heart. Your huſbands are always 'the wiſer *for what you* know; though 'they can keep their own counſel: 'and then, Harriet, Satan like, the 'ungenerous wretches, becoming both 'tempters and accuſers, laugh at us, 'and make it wonderful for a woman 'to keep a ſecret.'

The ladies will not ſtay to be aſked, Lucy! an odd hint!—*Theſe men, the beſt of them, love nothing but what comes*

comes to them with difficulty.—He keeps all his love-matters to himself.—All, my Lucy!—But, indeed, she had said before, that if Sir Charles married, *half a dozen hearts would be broken!*

This is nothing to *me*, indeed. But, once more; I wonder why a man of a turn so laudable, should have *any* secrets! The more a good man permits any one to know of his heart, the more good he might do, by way of example. —And has he, can he have, *so many* love-secrets, and yet will he not let them transpire to such a sister?—whom (and so she once hinted) it imported to know something of them. But *he* knows best. I am very impertinent to be more concerned for his sister, than she is for herself. But I do love her: and one can no more bear to have those slighted whom we love, than one's self.

It is very difficult, Lucy, to know one's self. I am afraid I have a little spice of censoriousness in my temper, which I knew nothing of till now: but, no, it is not censoriousness neither; I cannot be so mean as to be censorious. And yet I can now, methinks, (for the first time) a little account for those dark spirits who may be too much obliged; and who, despairing to be able ever to return the obligation, are ready to quarrel with the obliger.

Spiteful men say, that we women know not ourselves; know not our own hearts. I believe there is something of truth in the aspersion: but as men and women are *brothers and sisters*, as I may say, are not the men *equally* censurable? and should not we women *say* so, were we to be as spiteful as they? Must it needs be, that a daughter of the same father and mother must be more silly, more unsteady, more absurd, more impertinent, than her brother? I hope not.

Mrs. Reeves, not knowing, as she said afterwards, but Miss Grandison might have something to say to me, withdrew.

'I believe I told you, last Sunday,' said Miss Grandison, 'of a cousin 'that we have; a good-natured young 'fellow: he supped with us last night. 'Sir Charles was so full of your 'praises, yet not letting him into your 'history, that he is half wild to see 'you,'

'God forbid,' thought I, when she had gone only thus far, 'that this 'cousin should be proposed!'—What an easy thing is it, my Lucy, to alarm a woman on the side of her vanity!

'He breakfasted with me this morning,' continued she, 'after Sir 'Charles had set out; and knowing 'that I intended to make you a flying 'visit, he besought me to take him 'with me; but I would not, my dear, 'bring an inundation of new admirers 'upon you: he has a great acquaint-'ances; and is very bold, though not 'indecent. He is thought to be a mo-'dern wit, you must know; and, to 'speak after an admirable writer, a '*minute* philosopher; and thinks he 'has something to say for himself when 'his cousin is not present. Before Sir 'Charles arrived, and when we were 'in expectation of his coming, being 'apprised that Sir Charles had a se-'rious turn, he threatened to play up-'on him, and, as he phrased it, to '*bamboozle* him; for these wits and 'witlings have a language peculiar to 'themselves. But on Sir Charles's 'arrival, in two conversations, he drew 'in his horns, as we say; and now 'reverences those good qualities which 'he has not, however, the grace to 'imitate. Now I will not answer, 'but you may have a visit from him to 'see the loveliest woman in England. 'If he comes, see him, or not, as you 'please; and think not yourself under 'any civil obligation to my brother, or 'me, to go out of your own way: 'but I hope he will not be so impertin-'nent. I don't wish you to see him 'out of my brother's company; be-'cause you will see him then to his 'own advantage. And yet he has 'such a notion that we women love to 'be admired, and to have handsome 'things said to us, that he imagines, 'the visit of a man, made for *that* 'purpose, will give him as free a wel-'come to the finest woman in the 'world, as painters give to those who 'come to see their pictures, and for 'the like reason. But no more of 'Mr. Grandison. Yet I thought 'proper to prepare you, if he should 'take so confident a liberty.'

I thanked her.

'Well but, my dear, you seem to 'have a long parcel of writing before 'you;

'you: one, two, three, four—eight 'leaves—upon my word!—But Mr. 'Reeves told me you are a writer; 'and that you gave an account of all 'that befel you, to *our* grandmother 'Shirley, to *our* uncle and aunt Selby, 'to *our* couſins Lucy and Nancy—you 'ſee I remember every name: and 'will you one day let me ſee what you 'write?'

'Moſt willingly, Madam—'

'*Madam!*' interrupted ſhe. 'So 'formal! *Charlotte* ſay.'

'With all my heart, my ever-ami-'able, my ever-kind, Charlotte!'

'So, ſo—well may the men ſay we 'love flattery, when, rather than want 'it, we will flatter one another.'

I was going to diſclaim flattery.

'Huſh, huſh, huſh, my dear! I doubt 'not your ſincerity. You are a grate-'ful and good girl: but dare you, 'will you, ſhew me all and every 'thing about that Greville, that Orme, 'that Fowler, that Fenwick?—you 'ſee, I forget none of the names that 'your couſin Reeves told me of on 'Saturday laſt, and which I made you 'talk of laſt Sunday.'

'All and every thing, Miſs Grandi-'ſon. But will you tell me of *your* 'gentleman?'

'Will I! no doubt of it. How 'can young women be together one 'quarter of an hour, and not lead 'one another into talk of their lovers? 'Lord, my dear, thoſe ſecrets, Sir 'Charles once ſaid, are the cement of 'young women's friendſhips.'

'And could Sir Charles—'

'Could Sir Charles!—yes, yes, yes. 'Do you think a man can be a judge 'of human nature, and leave *women* 'out of the queſtion? why, my dear, 'he finds us out in a minute. Take 'care of yourſelf, Harriet—if—'

'I ſhall be afraid of him—'

'What if you have a good con-'ſcience, my dear!—'

She then looked very archly. She made me bluſh.

She looked *more* archly. I bluſhed, I believe, a deeper dye.

Did I not tell you, Lucy, that ſhe could do what ſhe pleaſed with her eyes?—But what did ſhe *mean* by this?

'In my conſcience, my Harriet, 'little or much, I believe we women 'are all rogues in our hearts.'

'And does Miſs Grandiſon ſay 'that from her own conſcience?'

'I believe I do; but I muſt fly: I 'have ten more viſits to pay before I 'go home to dreſs. You will tell me 'all about your fellows, you ſay?'

'And you will tell me about your '*entanglement*, as you called it?'

'Why that's a difficulty upon me: 'but you muſt encourage me by your 'freedom, and we will take up our 'wretches, and lay them down again, 'one by one, as we run them over, 'and bid them lie ſtill and be quiet till 'we recal them to our memory.'

'But I have not one lover, my 'Charlotte, to tell *you* of: I always 'gave them their diſmiſſion—'

'And I have but two, that at pre-'ſent I care to own; and they *won't* 'be diſmiſſed: but then I have half a 'dozen, I believe, that have ſaid ex-'travagant things to me; and we muſt 'look upon them as lovers elect, you 'know, who only want to be coquet-'ted with.'

'Miſs Grandiſon, I hope, cannot 'think of coquetting?'

'Not much: only a little now and 'then, to pay the men in their own 'coin.'

'Charming vivacity!' ſaid I. 'I 'ſhall be undone, if you don't love 'me.'

'No fear, no fear of that!—I am 'a whimſical creature: but the ſun is 'not more conſtant in his courſe than 'I am ſteady in my friendſhips. And 'theſe communications on both ſides 'will rivet us to each other, if you 'treat me not with reſerve.'

She aroſe to go in a hurry.

'Abate, my dear Charlotte, of half 'your other viſits, and favour me 'with your company a little longer.'

'Give me ſome chocolate then; 'and let me ſee your couſin Reeves's: 'I like them. Of the ten viſits, ſix 'of the ladies will be gone to ſales, or 'to plague tradeſmen, and buy no-'thing; any where rather than at 'home: the devil's at home, is a 'phraſe; and our modern ladies live 'as if they thought ſo. Two of the 'other four called upon me, and hard-'ly alighted: I ſhall do ſo by them. 'The other two I ſhall have paid my 'compliments to in one quarter of an 'hour.

I rang

I rang for chocolate: and to beg my cousins company.

They wanted but the word: in they came. My apartment (which she was pleased to admire) then became the subject of a few moments conversation: and then a much better took place; Sir Charles, I mean.

I asked, if her brother had any relations at Canterbury.

'I protest I don't know,' said she: 'but *this* I know, that I have none 'there. Did I not hint to you, that 'Sir Charles has his secrets?—But he 'sometimes loves to play with my curiosity: he knows I have a reasonable 'quantity of that.'

'Were I his sister—'

'Then you must do as he would 'have you, Harriet. I know him to 'be steady in his purposes: but he is 'besides so good, that I give up any 'thing to oblige him.'

'Your *entanglement*, Charlotte?' asked I, smiling. 'Mr. Reeves knows 'nothing from that word.'

'Why, yes, my *entanglement*; and 'yet I hate to think of it: so no more 'of that. It is the only secret I have 'kept from him; and that is, because 'he has no suspicion of the matter: if 'he had, though my life were to be 'the forfeit, I believe he would have 'it.'

She told us, that she expected us soon to dine with her in St. James's Square: but that she must fix Sir Charles. 'I hope,' said she, 'you 'will often drop in upon me, as I 'will upon you. From this time we 'will have nothing but conversation-'visits between us; and we will leave 'the modern world to themselves, and 'be Queen Elizabeth's women. I am 'sorry to tell you—Let me whisper 'it—'

And she did; but loud enough for every one to hear: 'Although I follow 'the fashion, and make one fool the 'more for it, I despise above one half 'of the women I know.'

'Miss Grandison,' affectedly whispered I again, 'should *not* do so: be-'cause her example is of weight enough 'to mend them.'

'I'll be hang'd if Miss Byron thinks 'so,' re-whispered she. 'The age is 'too far gone. Nothing but a national 'calamity can do it. But let me tell 'you, that at the same time, I despise '*more* than one half of the men. But,' speaking out, 'you and I will try to 'think ourselves wiser than any body 'else; and we shall have this comfort, 'we shall not easily find any of our 'sex, who, by their superior wisdom, 'will give us reason to think ourselves 'mistaken.'

'But adieu, adieu, and adieu, my 'agreeable friends: let me see you—'and you—and you,' turning to each of the three, 'as often as is conve-'nient, without ceremony: and re-'member we have been acquainted 'these hundred years.'

Away she hurried, forbidding me to go out of my apartment. Mrs. Reeves could not overtake her. Mr. Reeves had much ado to be in time to make his compliment. She was in her chariot before he could offer his hand.

How pretty it was, my Lucy, in Miss Grandison, to remember the names of all my dear friends! She told me, indeed, on Sunday, that she should.

If travelling into foreign countries gives ease and politeness, would not one think that Miss Grandison has visited every European court, as well as her brother? If she has not, was it *necessary* for Sir Charles to go abroad to acquire that freedom and ease which his sister has so happily attained without stirring out of the kingdom.

These men had not best despise us, Lucy. There is not, I hope, so much difference in the genius of the two sexes as the proud ones among theirs are apt to imagine; especially when you draw comparisons from equal degrees in both.

O Mr. Walden, take care of yourself, if ever again you and I meet at Lady Betty's!—But this abominable Sir Hargrave! not one word more of meeting at Lady Betty's! there saw I first the wretch that still, on recollection, strikes terror into my heart!

Wednesday, a visit from Miss Clements and Lady Betty took me off my writing about two hours; yet I overwrit myself, and was obliged to lie down for about two more. At night we had Sir John Allestree, and his nephew, and Miss Allestree, and Miss Clements, and Lady Betty, at supper and cards. But, my stomach paining me, about eleven I was permitted to retire to bed.

On *Thursday* I finished my letters, relating

relating my diſtreſſes, and deliverance. It was a dreadful ſubject. I rejoiced when I had concluded it.

The ſame day Mr. Reeves received Sir Charles's letter, incloſing that of the wretched Wilſon. I have often heard my grandfather obſerve, that men of truly great and brave ſpirits are moſt tender and merciful; and that, on the contrary, men of baſe and low minds are cruel, tyrannical, inſolent, wherever they have power. What this ſhort letter, ſo full of lenity, of mercy, of generous and humane care for the future good of a criminal, and extended to unborn families, as well as to all his acquaintance and friends in being, enables one to judge of the truly heroic Sir Charles Grandiſon; and what I have experienced of the low, groveling, unmanly inſults of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, (I, a poor, defenceleſs, ſilly girl, tricked into his power) are ſtagrant proofs of the juſtice of the obſervation.

I wiſh, with all my heart, that the beſt woman in the world were queen of a great nation; and that it were in my power, for the ſake of enlarging Sir Charles's ability to do good, to make him her conſort; then am I morally ſure, that I ſhould be the humble means of making a whole people happy!

But as we had all been informed from other hands of Sir Hargrave's threatnings of Sir Charles's life, Wilſon's poſtſcript has faſtened a weight on my heart, that will not be removed till the danger is overblown.

This day I had Miſs Grandiſon's compliments, with tender enquiries, brought me; and a deſire, that as ſhe ſuppoſed my firſt viſit would be one of thankful duty, meaning to church, (for ſo I had told her it ſhould) my next might be to her.

Yeſterday I received the welcome packet from ſo many kind friends; and I proſecuted with the more vigour, for it, my writing taſk. How eaſily do we glide into ſubjects that pleaſe us!—how ſwiftly flies the pen!—The characters of Sir Charles and of Miſs Grandiſon were the ſubjects; and I was amazed to find how much I had written in ſo ſhort a time.

Miſs Grandiſon ſent me in the evening of this day her compliments, joined with thoſe of her brother, who was but juſt returned from Canterbury.

I wonder what Sir Charles could do at Canterbury ſo many days, and to have nobody there whom his ſiſter knows.

She would have made me a viſit, ſhe ſent me word; but that as ſhe expected her brother in the morning, ſhe had intended to have brought him with her. She added, that this morning (*Saturday*) they ſhould both ſet out for Colnebrook, in hopes of the Earl and Counteſs of L. arriving there as this night from *Scotland*.

Do you think, Lucy, it would not have been generous in Sir Charles to have made *one* viſit, before he ſet out for ſo many days, to *that* Canterbury, to the creature on whom he had laid ſuch an obligation; I can only mean as to the *civility* of the thing, you muſt think; ſince he was ſo good as to join in, nay, to propoſe, the farther intimacy, as a brother, and friend, and ſo forth—I wiſh that Sir Charles be as ſincere in his profeſſions as his ſiſter. He may in his travels, (poſſibly he may) have miſtaken ſome gay weeds for fine flowers, and picked them up, and brought them with him to England: and yet if he has done ſo, he will even then be ſuperior to thouſands who travel, and bring home nothing but the weeds of foreign climates.

He once ſaid, as Miſs Grandiſon told me, that the Counteſs of L. is ſtill a more excellent woman than my Charlotte. Ah! Sir Charles! you can tell fibs, I believe. I will not forgive in you thoſe ſlighter deviations which we are apt to paſs by in other, even tolerable men.

I wiſh you may be in earneſt, my good Sir, in propoſing to cultivate an intimate friendſhip with me, as that of a brother to a ſiſter, [Shake your head, my Lucy, if you will, I mean no more] that I may be intitled to tell you your faults, as I ſee them. In your ſiſter Harriet you ſhall find, though a reſpectful, yet an open-eyed monitor. Our Charlotte thinks you cannot be wrong in any thing.

All I fear is, that Sir Charles's tenderneſs was deſigned to be excited only while my ſpirits were weak. Yet he beſpoke a brotherly relation to me before Mr. Reeves, when he brought

me

me home, and ſuppoſed me ſtolen from his family in my infancy. That was going farther than was neceſſary, if he thought to drop the fraternal character ſoon.

But might not my own behaviour alarm him? The kind, the conſiderate man, is, perhaps, compaſſionate in his intention. Not diſtinguiſhing aright my baſhful gratitude, and down-caſt eye, he might be afraid, leſt I ſhould add one to the half-ſcore, that his ſiſter ſays will die if he marry.

If this be ſo, what, my dear, will your Harriet deſerve, if *his* caution does not teach *her* ſome?

After all, I believe theſe men in general think our hearts are made of ſtrange combuſtible materials. A ſpark ſtruck, a match thrown in—But the beſt of men, this admirable man, will, I hope, find himſelf miſtaken, if he thinks ſo of your Harriet.

What ails me, that I am grown ſuch a boaſter? Surely, this horrid attempt of Sir Hargrave has not affected my brain! Methinks I am not, ſome how or other, as I uſed to be in my head, or heart, I know not which.

Do you, Lucy, bring me back again, by your reminding love, if you think there is any alteration in your Harriet for the worſe: and the rather, as it may prevent my uncle—

But what makes me ſo much more afraid of my uncle than I uſed to be? —Yet men, in their raillery, [Don't, however, read this paragraph to him] are ſo—I don't know how—ſo *un*-tender—But let me fall into the hands of my indulgent grandmamma, and aunt Selby, and into your gentle hands, and all will be as it ſhould be.

But what was my ſubject, before this laſt ſeized, and ran away with, my pen? I did not uſe to wander thus, when I had a beaten path before me. O this vile, vile Sir Hargrave! If I have a fault in my head that did not uſe to be there, it is entirely owing to him. I am ſure my heart is not wrong.

But I can write nothing now but of Miſs Grandiſon and her brother. What entirely new ſcenes are opened to me by my diſtreſs?—May I have cauſe, as Sir Charles wiſhed, to reap good from evil!

I will endeavour to bring Miſs Clements into an acquaintance with theſe worthies; that is to ſay, if I have myſelf the intereſt to preſerve my footing in their favour.

Lady Betty reſolves to recommend *herſelf*. She *will* be acquainted with them, ſhe ſays, whether they will or not. And yet I could not bear for Lady Betty that ſhe ſhould be ſlighted by thoſe whom ſhe doats upon. That, ſurely, is one of the heavieſt of evils. And yet *ſelf-love*, where it is evidently inherent, will enable one to get over it, I believe, pretty ſoon; though nothing but *that* and *pride* can, in *ſuch*. Of ſome uſe therefore you'll be apt to ſay, are pride and ſelf-love. Why yes, and ſo they are, where they are a part of a perſon's habit. But, O my Lucy, will not a *native* humility render this pride, whoſe genuine offspring are reſentment and ill-will, abſolutely unneceſſary, and procure for us, unmingled with mortification, the eſteem we wiſh for in the hearts of the worthy?

As to the reſt of my new acquaintance in town, who, till I knew this admirable ſiſter and brother, took up ſo much of my paper, though ſome of them are doubtleſs very worthy; Adieu! —That is to ſay, as *choſen* ſubjects—Adieu! ſays *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

LORD have mercy upon me, my dear!—What ſhall I do?—The vile Sir Hargrave has ſent a challenge to Sir Charles!—What may be the event!—O that I had not come to London!—This is a copy of the letter that communicates it. It is from that Bagenhall. But this is a copy of the letter—I will endeavour to tranſcribe it—But, no, I cannot—My Sally ſhall write it over. Lord bleſs me, what ſhall I do?

'TO MISS BYRON.

'MADAM,

'CAVENDISH-SQUARE, FEB. 25.

'YOU might eaſily believe, that the 'affair betwixt Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Sir Charles Grandiſon could

'could not, after so violent an insult 'as the former received from the latter, end without consequences.

'By all that's sacred, Sir Hargrave 'knows not that I write.

'There is but one way that I can 'think of to prevent bloodshed; and 'that, Madam, seems to be in your 'own power.

'Sir Hargrave insists upon it, that 'he meant you nothing but honour. 'You know the use or abuse of the 'power he had obtained over you. If 'he behaved with indecency, he tells 'me not the truth.

'To make a young lady, whatever 'were her merit, the wife of a man of 'near ten thousand pounds a year, and 'who had declared herself absolutely 'disengaged in her affections, was not 'doing dishonour to her, so much as 'to himself, in the violent measures 'his love obliged him to take to make 'her so.

'Now, Madam, as Sir Charles 'Grandison was utterly a stranger to 'you; as Sir Hargrave intended so 'honourably by you; and, as you 'are not engaged in your affections; 'if you will consent to be Lady Pol'lexfen; and if Sir Charles Grandi'son will ask pardon for his unpro'voked knight-errantry; I will not be 'Sir Hargrave's second in the affair, 'if he refuse to accept of such satis'faction in full for the violence he 'sustained.

'I solemnly repeat, that Sir Har'grave knows nothing of my writing 'to you. You may (but I insist upon 'it, as in confidence to every body 'else) consult your cousin Reeves on 'the subject. Your honour given, 'that you will in a month's time be 'Sir Hargrave's, will make me exert 'all my power with him (and I have 'reason to think that is not small) to 'induce him to compromise on those 'terms.

'I went to Sir Charles's house yes'terday afternoon, with a letter from 'Sir Hargrave. Sir Charles was just 'stepping into his chariot to his sister. 'He opened it; and with a civility 'that became his character, told me 'he was just going with his sisters to 'Colnebrook, to meet dear friends on 'their return from Scotland; that he 'should return on Monday; that the 'pleasure he should have with his 'long-absent friends, would not per'mit him to think of the contents till 'then: but that the writer should not 'fail of such an answer as a gentleman 'ought to give.

'Now, Madam, I was so much 'charmed with Sir Charles Grandi'son's fine person and politeness, and 'his character is so extraordinary, 'that I thought this interval between 'this night and Monday morning a 'happy one. And I took it into my 'head to make the above proposal to 'you; and I hope you will think it 'behoves *you*, as much as it does *me*, 'to prevent the fatal mischief that may 'otherwise happen, to men of their 'consideration.

'I have not the honour of being 'personally known to you, Madam; 'but my character is too generally 'established for any one to impute to me 'any other motives for this my appli'cation to you, than those above given. 'A line left for me at Sir Hargrave's, 'in Cavendish Square, will come to 'the hands of, Madam, *your most obe'dient humble servant*,

'JAMES BAGENHALL.'

O my dear! what a letter!—Mr. Reeves, Mrs. Reeves, are grieved to the heart. Mr. Reeves says, that if Sir Hargrave insists upon it, Sir Charles is obliged, in honour, to meet him—Murderous, vile word *honour!* What, at this rate, is honour! The very opposite to duty, goodness, piety, religion; and to every thing that is or ought to be sacred among men.

How shall I look Miss Grandison in the face! Miss Grandison will hate me! To be again the occasion of endangering the life of such a brother!

But what do you think?—Lady Betty is of opinion—Mr. Reeves has consulted Lady Betty Williams, in confidence—Lady Betty says, that if the matter *can* be prevented—Lord bless me! she says, I *ought* to prevent it!—What! by becoming the wife of such a man as Sir Hargrave! so unmanly, so malicious, so low a wretch! —What does Lady Betty mean?—Yet were it in my power to save the life of Sir Charles Grandison, and I refused to do it; for selfish reasons refused; for the sake of my worldly happiness; when there are thousands of good wives, who

who are miserable with bad husbands —But will not the sacrifice of *my* life be acceptable by this sanguinary man! That, with all my heart, would I make no scruple to lay down. If the wretch will plunge a dagger in my bosom, and take that for satisfaction, I will not hesitate one moment.

But my cousin said, that he was of opinion, that Sir Charles would hardly be brought to ask pardon. 'How can 'I doubt,' said I, 'that the vile man, 'if he may be induced by this Bagenhall to compromise on my being his 'wife, will dispense with that punctilio, and wreak on me, were I to be 'his unhappy property, his whole unmanly vengeance? Is he not spiteful, 'mean, malicious?—But, abhorred 'be the thought of my yielding to be 'the wife of such a man!—Yet, what 'is the alternative? Were I to die, 'that wretched alternative would still 'take place: his malice to the best of 'men would rather be whetted than 'blunted, by my irrevocable destiny!' O my Lucy! violent as my grief was, dreadful as my apprehensions were, and unmanly as the treatment I met with from the base man, I never was distressed till now!

But should Miss Grandison advise, should she *insist* upon my compliance with the abhorred condition, (and has she not a right to insist upon it, for the sake of the safety of her innocent brother?) can I *then* refuse my compliance with it?—Are we not taught, that this world is a state of trial, and of mortification? And is not calamity necessary to wean our vain hearts from it? And if my motive be a motive of justice and gratitude, and to save a life much more valuable to the world than my own; and which, but for me, had not been in danger—Ought I—And yet—Ah! my Lucy, what can I say? —How unhappy! that I cannot consult this dear lady, who has such an interest in a life so precious, as I might have done had she been in town.

O Lucy! What an answer, as this unwelcome, this wicked mediator gives it, was that which the excellent man returned to the delivered challenge— 'I am going to meet dear friends on 'their return from Scotland!' What a meeting of joy will be here saddened over, if they know of this shocking challenge! And how can his noble heart overflow with pleasure on this joyful occasion, as it would otherwise have done, with such an important event in suspense, that may make it the last meeting which this affectionate and most worthy of families will ever know! How near may be the life of this dear brother to a period, when he congratulates the safe arrival of his brother and sister! And who can bear to think of seeing, ere one week is over-past, the now rejoicing and harmonious family, clad in mourning for the first of brothers, and first of men! And I, my Lucy, I, the wretched Harriet Byron, to be the cause of all!

And could the true hero say, that the pleasure he should have on meeting his long absent friends, would not permit him to think of the contents of such a letter, till Monday; but that then the writer should not fail of such an answer—as a gentleman ought to give? —O my dear Sir Charles! [on this occasion he is, and ought to be, very dear to me.] How I dread the answer which vile custom, and false honour, will oblige you, as a gentleman, to give! And is there no way with honour to avoid giving such an answer, as distracts me to be told (as Mr. Reeves tells me) *must* be given, if I, your Harriet interpose not, to the sacrifice of all my happiness in this life?

But Mr. Reeves asks, 'May not 'this Bagenhall, though he says Sir 'Hargrave knows nothing of his writ-'ing, have written in concert with 'him?'—What if he has, does not the condition remain? And will not the resentment, on the refusal, take place? And is not the challenge delivered into Sir Charles's hands? And has he not declared, that he will send an answer to it on Monday? This is carrying the matter beyond contrivance or stratagem. Sir Charles so challenged, will not let the challenger come off so *easily*. He cannot, in real honour, now, make proposals for qualifying; or accept of them, if made to him. And is not Monday the next day but one?—Only *that* day between, for which I have been preparing my grateful heart to return my silent praises to the Almighty, in the place dedicated to his honour, for so signal a deliverance! And now is my safety to be owing, as it may happen, to a much better person's destruction!

* *

I was obliged to lay down my pen. —See how the bliſtered paper—It is too late to ſend away this letter: if it were not, it would be barbarous to torment you with it, while the dreadful ſuſpenſe holds.

SUNDAY MORNING.

I AM unable to write on in the manner I uſed to do. Not a moment all the night paſt did I cloſe my eyes: how they are ſwelled with weeping! I am preparing, however, to go to church: there will I renew my fervent prayers, that my grateful thankſgiving for the paſt deliverance may be bleſſed to me in the future event!

Mr. Reeves thinks, that no ſtep ought to be, or can be, taken in this ſhocking affair, till Sir Charles returns, or Miſs Grandiſon can be conſulted. He has taken meaſures to know every motion of the vile Sir Hargrave.

Lord bleſs me, my dear; the man has loſt three of his fore-teeth! A man ſo vain of his perſon! O how muſt he be exaſperated!

Mr. Reeves alſo will be informed of Sir Charles's arrival the moment he comes to town. He has private information, that the furious Sir Hargrave has with him a man ſkilled in the ſcience of offence, with whom he is practiſing —O my dear, how this diſtracts me!

For Mr. Reeves or me to anſwer this Bagenhall, Mr. Reeves ſays, is not to be thought of, as he is a wicked man, and was not likely to have written the alarming letter from good principles. I once, indeed, propoſed to write—I knew not what to do, what to propoſe—'Can you write,' ſaid Mr. Reeves, 'and promiſe or give hope to 'Sir Hargrave?'

'O no, no!' anſwered I.

'If you could, it is my opinion, 'that Sir Charles and his ſiſter would 'both deſpiſe you, however ſelf-deny-'ing and laudable your motive might 'be.'

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 27.

WHAT a dreadful day was yeſterday to me; and what a ſtill worſe night had I, if poſſible, than the former! My prayers, I doubt, cannot be heard, ſince they have not that aſſiance with them that they uſed to be attended with. How happy was I before I came to London! I cannot write: I cannot do any thing. Mr. Reeves is juſt informed, that Sir Charles and Lord L. and the two ſiſters, arrived in town late laſt night. O my Lucy, to return ſuch an anſwer, I doubt, as Sir Charles thinks a gentleman ought to ſend. Good Heaven! how will this day end?

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

I HAVE received this moment the following billet.

'MY DEAR HARRIET,

'PREPARE yourſelf for a new 'admirer: my ſiſter L. and I, 'are reſolved to breakfaſt with you, 'unleſs you forbid us by the bearer. 'If we find you to have made an at-'tempt to alter your uſual morning 'appearance, we ſhall ſuſpect you of 'a deſire to triumph over us in the 'conſciouſneſs of your ſuperior graces. 'It is a ſudden reſolution. You ſhould 'have had otherwiſe notice laſt night; 'and yet it was late before we came 'to town.—Have you been good? 'Are you quite recovered? But in half 'an hour I hope to aſk you an hundred 'thouſand queſtions.

'Compliments to our couſins.

'CH. GR.'

Here is a ſweet ſprightly billet. Miſs Grandiſon cannot know, the counteſs cannot know, any thing of the dreadful affair, that has given to my countenance, and I am ſure will continue on it, an appearance, that, did I not always dreſs when I ariſe for the morning, would make me regardleſs of *that* Miſs Grandiſon hints at.

What joy, at another time, would the honour of this viſit have given us! But even now, we have a melancholy pleaſure in it: juſt ſuch a one, as the ſorrowing friends of the deſperate ſick, experience, on the coming in of a long-expected phyſician, although they are in a manner hopeleſs of his ſucceſs. But a coach ſtops—

I ran to the dining-room window. O my dear! it is a coach! but only the

the two ladies! Good God!—Sir Charles at this moment, at this moment, my boding heart tells me—

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

My heart is a little lighter: yet not unapprehenſive—Take my narrative in courſe, as I ſhall endeavour to give you the particulars of every thing that paſſed in the laſt more than agreeable three hours.

I had juſt got down into the great parlour, before the ladies entered. Mr. Reeves waited on them at their coach. He handed in the counteſs. Miſs Grandiſon, in a charming humour, entered with them. 'There, Lady L. 'firſt know our couſin Reeves,' ſaid ſhe—

The counteſs, after ſaluting Mrs. Reeves, turned to me—'There, Lady 'L.' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'that's 'the girl! That's our Harriet!'—Her ladyſhip ſaluted me—'But how now!' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, looking earneſtly in my face. 'How now, Harriet!—'Excuſe me, Lady L.' (taking my hand) 'I muſt reckon with this girl;' leading me to the window—'How 'now, Harriet!—Thoſe eyes!—Mr. 'Reeves—couſin—Mrs. Reeves!—'What's to do here!'

'Lively and ever-amiable Miſs 'Grandiſon,' thought I, 'how will, 'by-and-by, all this ſweet ſun-ſhine 'in your countenance be ſhut in!'

'Come, come, I *will* know,' proceeded ſhe, making me ſit down, and taking my hand as ſhe ſat by me, her fan in the other hand; 'I *will* know 'the whole of the matter.—That's my 'dear,' for I try'd to ſmile—'An 'April eye—Would to Heaven the 'month was come which my Harriet's 'eye anticipates.'

I ſighed. 'Well, but why that 'heavy ſigh?' ſaid ſhe. 'Our grand-'mother Shirley—'

'I hope, Madam, is very well.'

'Our aunt Selby? Our uncle Selby? 'Our Lucy?'

'All well, I hope.'

'What a deuce ails the girl, then! 'Take care I don't have cauſe to beat 'you!—Have any of your fellows 'hanged themſelves?—And are you 'concerned they did not ſooner find 'the rope?—But come, we will know 'all, by-and-by.'

'Charlotte,' ſaid the counteſs, approaching me, [I ſtood up] 'you op-'preſs our new ſiſter: I wiſh, my dear, 'you would borrow a few of our 'younger ſiſter's bluſhes. Let me 'take you out of this lively girl's 'hands: I have much ado to keep her 'down, though I am her elder ſiſter. 'Nobody but my brother can manage 'her.'

'Miſs Grandiſon, Madam, is all 'goodneſs.'

'We have been all diſturbed,' ſaid Mrs. Reeves,' [I was glad to be helped out] 'in the fear that Sir Hargrave 'Pollexfen—'

'O Madam! he dare not—he will 'not—he'll be glad to be quiet, if 'you'll let him,' ſaid the counteſs.

It was plain they knew nothing of the challenge.

'You have not heard any thing par-'ticular,' aſked Miſs Grandiſon, 'of 'Sir Hargrave?'

'I hope your *brother*, Madam, has 'not,' anſwered I.

'Not a word, I dare ſay.'

'You muſt believe, ladies,' ſaid I, 'that I muſt be greatly affected, were 'any thing likely to happen to my de-'liverer; as all muſt have been laid at 'my door. Such a family harmony to 'be interrupted—'

'Come,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'this 'is very good of you; this is like a 'ſiſter: but I hope my brother will be 'here by-and-by.'

'And Lord L.' added the obliging counteſs, 'wants to ſee you, my dear. 'Come, my love, if Charlotte is 'naught, he will make a party againſt 'her; and ſhe ſhall be but my ſecond-'beſt ſiſter. I hope my lord and Sir 'Charles will come together, if they 'can but ſhake off wicked Everard, 'as we call a kinſman, whom Sir 'Charles has no mind to introduce to 'you, without your leave.'

'But we'll not ſtay breakfaſt for 'them,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: 'they 'were not certain; and *deſired* we 'would not. Come, come, get us 'ſome breakfaſt; Lady L. has been up 'before her hour; and I have told 'you, Harriet, that I am an early 'riſer. I don't chuſe to eat my 'gloves—but I muſt do ſomething to 'divert my hunger.' And ſtepping to the harpſichord, ſhe touched the keys in

ſuch

such a manner, as shewed she could make them speak what language she pleased.

I attended to her charming finger: so did every one. But breakfast coming in—'No, but I won't!' said she, anticipating our request; and continuing the air by her voice, ran to the table: 'Hang ceremony,' said she, sitting down first; 'let flower souls compliment.' And taking some muffin, 'I'll have breakfasted before these '*Pray, Madams!* and *Pray, my dears!* 'are seated.'

'Mad girl!' Lady L. called her. 'These, Mrs. Reeves, are always her 'airs with us: but I thought she 'would have been restrained by the 'example of her sister Harriet. We 'have utterly spoiled the girl by our 'fond indulgence.—But, Charlotte, is 'a good heart to be *every where* pleaded for a whimsical head?'

'Who sees not the elder sister in 'that speech?' replied Miss Grandison: 'but I am the most generous 'creature breathing; yet nobody finds 'it out. For why do I assume these 'silly airs, but to make *you*, Lady L. 'shine at my expence.'

Still, Lucy, the contents of that Bagenhall's letter hung heavy at my heart. But I could not be sure but Sir Charles had his reasons for concealing the matter from his sisters, I knew not how to enter directly into the subject. 'But,' thought I, 'cannot I 'fish something out for the quiet of 'my own heart; and leave to Sir 'Charles's discretion, the manner of 'his revealing the matter to his sisters, 'or otherwise.'

'Did your ladyship,' said I to Lady L. 'arrive on Saturday,' [I knew not how to begin] 'at the hospitable house 'at Colnebrook, my asylum?'

'I did: and shall have a greater 'value for that house than I ever had 'before, for it's having afforded a 'shelter to so valued a lady.'

'You have been told, ladies, I suppose, of that Wilson's letter to Sir 'Charles?'

'We have: and rejoice to find, 'that so deep a plot was so happily 'frustrated.'

'His postscript gives me concern.'

'What were the contents of it?'

'That Sir Hargrave breathed no-'thing but revenge.'

'Sir Charles told us nothing of that' 'but it is not unlikely that a man so 'greatly disappointed should rave and 'threaten. I am told that he is still, 'either by shame or illness, confined 'to his chamber.'

At that moment, a chariot stopt at the door; and instantly, 'It is Lord 'L. and Sir Charles with him,' said Miss Grandison.

I dared not to trust myself with my joy. I hurried out at one of the doors, as if I had forgot something, as they entered at the other. I rushed into the back parlour—'Thank God! thank 'God!' said I—My gratitude was too strong for my heart; I thought I should have fainted.

Do you wonder, Lucy, at my being so much affected, when I had been in such a dreadful suspense, and had formed such terrible ideas of the danger of one of the best men, all owing to his serving and saving me?

Surprizes from joy, I fancy, and where gratitude is the principal spring, are sooner recovered from than surprizes which raise the more stormy passions. Mrs. Reeves came in to me: 'My dear! your withdrawing will be 'noticed.'—'I was just coming in,' said I: and so I was. I went in.

Sir Charles bowed low to me: so did my Lord. 'Permit me, Madam,' said Sir Charles, 'to present Lord L. to 'you: he is our brother—Our late-'found sister Harriet, my lord.'

'Yes, but Sir Charles,' said Miss Grandison, 'Miss Byron, and Mr. 'and Mrs. Reeves, have been torment-'ing themselves about a postscript to 'that footman's letter. You told not 'us of that postscript.'

'Who minds postscripts, Charlotte? 'Except, indeed, to a lady's letter.—'One word with you, good Miss By-'ron!' taking my hand, and leading me to the window.

How the fool coloured! I could feel my face glow.

O Lucy! what a consciousness of inferiority fills a mind not ungenerous, when it labours under the sense of obligations it cannot return!

'My sister Charlotte, Madam, was 'impatient to present to you her be-'loved sister. Lady L. was as impa-'tient to attend you. My Lord L. 'was equally desirous to claim the ho-'nour of your acquaintance. They

'insisted

'insisted upon my introducing my 'lord. I thought it was too precipitate a visit, and might hurt your delicacy, and make Charlotte and me 'appear as if we had been ostentatiously boasting of the opportunities 'that had been thrown into our hands, 'to do a very common service. I think 'I see you are hurt. Forgive me, Madam, I will follow my own judgment another time. Only be assured of this, that your merits, and not the service, have drawn this visit upon 'you.'

I could not be displeased at this polite address, as it helped me to an excuse for behaving so like a fool, as he might think, since he knew not the cause.

'You are very obliging, Sir. My 'Lord and Lady L. do me great honour. Miss Grandison cannot do 'any thing but what is agreeable to 'me. In such company, I am but a 'common person; but my gratitude 'will never let me look upon your seasonable protection as a common service. I am only anxious for the consequence to yourself. I should have 'no pretence to the gratitude I speak 'of, if I did not own that the reported 'threatenings, and what Wilson writes 'by way of postscript, have given me 'disturbance, lest your safety should, 'on my account, be brought into hazard.'

'Miss Byron speaks like herself; 'but whatever were to be the consequences, can you think, Madam, 'that a man of any spirit could have 'acted otherwise than I did? Would 'I not have been glad, that any man 'would have done just the same thing, 'in favour of my sister Charlotte? 'Could I behave with greater moderation? I am pleased with myself on 'looking back; and that I am not 'always: there shall be no consequence 'follow, that I am not forced upon in 'my own necessary defence.'

We spoke loud enough to be heard: and Miss Grandison joining us, said, 'But pray, brother, tell us if there be 'grounds to apprehend any thing from 'what the footman writes?'

'You cannot imagine but Sir Hargrave would bluster and threaten: 'to lose such a prize, so near as he 'thought himself to carrying his point, 'must affect a man of his cast; but are 'ladies to be troubled with *words?* 'Men of true courage do not threaten.'

'Shall I beg one word with you, 'Sir Charles?' said my cousin Reeves.

They withdrew to the back parlour; and there Mr. Reeves, who had the letter of that Bagenhall, shewed it to him.

He read it—'A very extraordinary 'letter!' said he; and gave it back to him—'But pray, what says Miss Byron to it?—is *she* willing to take this 'step in consideration of my safety?'

'You may believe, Sir Charles, she 'is greatly distressed.'

'As a tender-hearted woman, and 'as one who thinks already much too 'highly of what was done, she *may* 'be distressed: but does she hesitate a 'moment upon the part she ought to 'take? does she not despise the writer 'and the writing?—I thought Miss 'Byron—'

He stopt, it seemed, and spoke and looked warm; 'The first time,' said Mr. Reeves, 'that I thought Sir Charles, 'on occasion, passionate.'

I wish, Lucy, that he had not stopt. I wish he had said *what* he thought Miss Byron. I own to you, that it would go to my heart, if I knew that Sir Charles Grandison thought me a mean creature.

'You must think, Sir Charles, that 'Miss Byron—'

'Pray, Mr. Reeves, forgive me for 'interrupting you; what steps have 'been taken upon this letter?'

'None, Sir.'

'It has *not* been honoured with notice; not with the *least* notice?'

It had not.

'And could it be supposed by these 'mean men (All men are mean, Mr. 'Reeves, who can be *premeditatedly* 'guilty of a baseness) that I would 'be thought to ask pardon for my part 'in this affair? No man, Mr. Reeves, 'would be more ready than myself to 'ask pardon, even of my inferior, had 'I done a wrong thing: but never 'should a *prince* make me stoop to disavow a right one.'

'But, Sir Charles, let me ask you, 'Has Sir Hargrave challenged you? 'Did this Bagenhall bring you a letter?'

'Sir Hargrave has: Bagenhall did. 'But what of that, Mr. Reeves? I 'promised an answer on Monday. I 'would

'would not so much as think of setting pen to paper on such an account, 'to interrupt for a moment the happiness I had hoped to receive in the 'meeting of a sister and her lord, so 'dear to me: an answer I have accordingly sent him this day.'

'You *have* sent him an answer, 'Sir!—I am in great apprehensions—'

'You have no reason, Mr. Reeves, 'I do assure you. But let not my 'sisters, nor Lord L. know of this 'matter. Why should I, who cannot have a moment's uneasiness upon 'it, for *my own* sake, have the needless fears and apprehensions of persons to whom I wish to give nothing 'but pleasure, to contend with? An 'imaginary distress, to those who think 'it more than imaginary, is a real one: 'and I cannot bear to see my friends 'unhappy.'

'Have you accepted, Sir — Have 'you—'

'I have been too much engaged, 'Mr. Reeves, in such causes as this: 'I never drew my sword but in my 'own defence, and when no other 'means could defend me. I never 'could bear a designed insult. I am 'naturally passionate. You know not 'the pains it has cost me to keep my 'passion under: but I have suffered 'too much in my after-regret, when 'I have been hurried away by it, not 'to endeavour to restrain it's first sallies.'

'I hope, Sir, you will not meet—'

'I will not meet any man, Mr. 'Reeves, as a duellist: I am not so 'much a coward, as to be afraid of 'being branded for one. I hope my 'spirit is in general too well known 'for any one to insult me on such an 'imputation. Forgive the seeming vanity, Mr. Reeves; but I live not to 'the world; I live to myself; to the 'monitor within me.'

Mr. Reeves applauded him with his hands and eyes; but could not in words. 'The *heart* spoke these last 'words,' said my cousin. 'How did 'his face seem to shine in my eyes!'

'There are many bad customs, 'Mr. Reeves, that I grieve for; but 'for none so much as this of premeditated duelling. Where is the magnanimity of the man that cannot get 'above the vulgar breath? How many fatherless, brotherless, sonless families, have mourned all their lives 'the unhappy resort to this dreadful 'practice! A man who defies his fellow-creature into the field, in a private quarrel, must first defy his God; 'and what are his *hopes*, but to be a 'murderer; to do an irreparable injury to the innocent family and dependents of the murdered?—But, 'since you have been let into the matter so far, by the unaccountable letter you let me see, I will shew you 'Sir Hargrave's to me.—This is it,' pulling it out of his pocket-book.

'YOU did well, Sir Charles Gran-'dison, to leave your name. 'My scoundrels were too far off their 'master to inform themselves by the 'common symbols, who the person 'was that insulted an innocent man '(as to *him* innocent, however) on 'the highway. You *expected* to hear 'from me, it is evident; and you 'should have heard before now, had 'I been able, from the effects of the 'unmanly surprize you took advantage of, to leave my chamber. I 'demand from you the satisfaction 'due to a gentleman. The time your 'own; provided it exceed not next 'Wednesday; which will give you 'opportunity, I suppose, to settle your 'affairs; but the sooner the better. 'The place, if you have no objection, 'Kensington Gravel Pits. I will 'bring pistols for your choice; or you 'may for mine, which you will. The 'rest may be left to my worthy friend, 'Mr. Bagenhall, who is so kind as to 'carry you this, on my part; and to 'some one whom you shall pitch upon, 'on yours. Till when, I am *your* '*humble servant*,

'HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN.

'SATURDAY.'

'I have a copy of my answer some-'where—here it is. You will wonder, 'perhaps, Mr. Reeves, on such a subject as this, to find it a long one. 'Had Sir Hargrave known me better 'than he does, six lines might have 'been sufficient.

'SIR,

'MR. Bagenhall gave me yours on 'Saturday last, just as I was 'stepping into my chariot to go out of 'town.

'town. Neither the general contents, nor the time mentioned in it, made it neceſſary for me to alter my meaſures. My ſiſter was already in the chariot. I had not done well to make a woman uneaſy. I have many friends; and I have great *pleaſure* in promoting *theirs*. I promiſed an anſwer on Monday.

'My anſwer is this—I have ever refuſed (and the occaſion has happened too often) to draw my ſword upon a ſet and formal challenge. Yet I have reaſon to think, from the ſkill I pretend to have in the weapons, that in declining to do ſo, I conſult my conſcience rather than my ſafety.

'Have you any friends, Sir Hargrave? Do they love you? Do you love them? Are you deſirous of life for their ſakes? for your own?—Have you enemies to whom your untimely end would give pleaſure?—Let theſe conſiderations weigh with you; they do, and always did, with me. I am cool: you cannot be ſo. The cool perſon, on ſuch an occaſion as this, ſhould put the warm one on thinking: this, however, as you pleaſe.

'But one more queſtion let me aſk you—If you think I have injured you, is it prudent to give me a chance, were it *but* a chance, to do you a ſtill greater injury?

'You were engaged in an unlawful enterprize. If you would not have done by me in the ſame ſituation, what I did by you, you are not, let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, the man of honour, that a man of honour ſhould be ſolicitous to put upon a foot with himſelf.

'I took not an unmanly advantage of you, Sir Hargrave; you drew upon me: I drew not in return. You had a diſadvantage in not quitting your chariot; after the lunge you made at me, you may be thankful that I made not uſe of it.

'I ſhould not have been ſorry, had I been able to give the lady the protection ſhe claimed, with leſs hurt to yourſelf. For I could have no malice in what I did: although I had, and have ſtill, a juſt abhorrence of the violence you were guilty of to a helpleſs woman; and who, I have found ſince, merited better treatment from you; and, indeed, merits the beſt from all the world; and whoſe life was endangered by the violence.

'I write a long letter, becauſe I propoſe *only* to write. Pardon me for repeating, that the men who have acted as you and I have acted, as well with regard to the lady, as to *each other*, cannot, were their principles ſuch as would permit them to meet, meet upon a foot.

'Let any man inſult me upon my refuſal, and put me upon my defence, and he ſhall find that numbers to my ſingle arm ſhall not intimidate me. Yet, even in *that* caſe, I would much rather chuſe to clear myſelf of them as a man of honour ſhould wiſh to do, than either to kill or maim any man. My life is not my own: much leſs is another man's mine. Him who thinks differently from me, I can deſpiſe as heartily as he can deſpiſe me. And if ſuch a one imagines that he has a title to my life, let him take it: but it muſt be in my own way, not in his.

'In a word, if any man has aught againſt me, and will not apply for redreſs to the laws of his country, my goings out, and comings in, are always known; and I am any hour of the day to be found, or met with, wherever I have a proper call. My ſword is a ſword of defence, not of offence. A piſtol I only carry on the road, to terrify robbers: and I have found a leſs dangerous weapon ſometimes ſufficient to repel a ſudden inſult. And now, if Sir Hargrave Pollexfen be wiſe, he will think himſelf obliged for this not unfriendly expoſtulation, or whatever he pleaſes to call it, to *his moſt humble ſervant*,

'CHARLES GRANDISON.

'MONDAY.'

Mr. Reeves beſought Sir Charles to let him ſhew me theſe letters. 'You 'may, Mr. Reeves,' ſaid he, 'ſince 'I intend not to meet Sir Hargrave in 'the way he preſcribes.'

As I aſked not leave, my Lucy, to take copies of them, I beg they may not be ſeen out of the venerable circle.

I know I need not ſay how much I am pleaſed with the contents of the letter: I doubt not but you all will be equally ſo. Yet, as Sir Charles him-

ſelf expects not that Sir Hargrave will reſt the matter here, and, indeed, ſays he cannot, conſiſtently with the vulgar notions of honour; do you think I can be eaſy, as all this is to be placed to my account?

But it is evident that Sir Charles *is*. He is governed by another ſet of principles, than thoſe of falſe honour; and ſhews what his ſiſter ſays to be true, that he regards firſt his duty, and then what is called honour. How does the knowledge of theſe, his excellences, raiſe him in my mind! Indeed, Lucy, I ſeem ſometimes to feel, as if my gratitude had raiſed a throne for him in my heart; but yet as for a near friend, as a beloved brother only. My reverence for him is too great—aſſure yourſelf, my dear, that this reverence will always keep me right.

Sir Charles and Mr. Reeves returning into company, the converſation took a general turn. But, oppreſſed with obligations as I am, I could not be lively. My heart, as Miſs Grandiſon ſays, is, I believe, a proud one. And when I thought of what might ſtill happen, (who knows, but from aſſaſſination, in reſentment of ſome very ſpirited ſtrokes in Sir Charles's letter, as well as from the diſgrace the wretch muſt carry in his face to the grave?) I could not but look upon this fine man, who ſeemed to poſſeſs his own ſoul in peace, ſometimes with concern, and even with tender grief, on ſuppoſing, that now, lively and happy as he ſeemed to be, and the joy of all his friends, he might poſſibly, and perhaps in a few hours—how can I put down my horrid thoughts!

At other times, indeed, I caſt an eye of ſome pleaſure on him, (when he looked another way) on thinking him the only man on earth, to whom, in ſuch diſtreſs, I could have wiſhed to owe the obligations I am under to him. 'His modeſt merit,' thought I, 'will 'not make one uneaſy: he thinks the 'protection afforded but a common 'protection. He is accuſtomed to do 'great and generous things. I might 'have been obliged to a man whoſe 'fortune might have made it conve'nient for him to hope ſuch advan'tages from the riſque he run for me, 'as prudence would have made objec'tions to comply with, not a little 'embarraſſing to my gratitude.'

But here my heart is left free. 'And O,' thought I, now and then, as I looked upon him, 'Sir Charles 'Grandiſon is a man with whom I 'would not *wiſh* to be in love. I, to 'have ſo many rivals! he to be ſo 'much admired! Women ought to 'ſtay till they are aſked, as Miſs 'Grandiſon once ſaid: his heart muſt 'be proof againſt thoſe tender ſenſa'tions which grow into ardour, and 'glow in the boſom of a man purſu'ing a *firſt* and *only* love.'

I warrant, my Lucy, if the truth were known, although Sir Charles has at Canterbury, or at one place or other, his half-ſcore ladies, who would break their hearts if he were to marry, yet he knows not any *one* of them whom he loves better than another. And all but right! all but juſtice, if they will not ſtay till they are aſked!

Miſs Grandiſon invited Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and me, to dinner, on Wedneſday, and for the reſt of the day and evening. It was a welcome invitation!

The counteſs expreſſed herſelf pleaſed with me. Poor and ſpiritleſs as was the figure which I made in this whole viſit, her prepoſſeſſion in my favour from Miſs Grandiſon muſt have been very great and generous.

And will you not, before now, have expected, that I ſhould have brought you acquainted with the perſons of Lord and Lady L. as I am accuſtomed to give you deſcriptions of every one to whom I am introduced?

'To be ſure we have,' ſay you.

Well, but my mind has not always been in tune to gratify you. And, upon my word, I am ſo much humbled with one thing and another, that I have loſt all that pertneſs, I think, which uſed to give ſuch a livelineſs to my heart, and alertneſs to my pen, as made the writing taſk pleaſant to me, becauſe I knew that you all condeſcended to like the flippant airs of your Harriet.

Lady L. is a year older than Sir Charles: but has that true female ſoftneſs and delicacy in her features, which make her perfectly lovely; and ſhe looks to be two or three years younger than ſhe is. She is tall and ſlender; and enjoys the bleſſing of health and ſpirits in a higher degree. There is ſomething of more dignity

and

and ſprightlineſs in the air and features of Miſs Grandiſon, than in thoſe of Lady L: but there is in thoſe of the latter, ſo much ſweetneſs and complacency, that you are not ſo much afraid of her as you are of her ſiſter. The one you are ſure to love at firſt ſight: the other you will be ready to aſk leave to let you love her; and to be ready to promiſe that you will, if ſhe will ſpare you. And yet, whether ſhe will or not, you cannot help it.

Lady L. is ſuch a wife, I imagine, as a good woman ſhould wiſh to be thought. The behaviour of my lord to her, and of her to my lord, is free, yet reſpectful; affectionate, but not apiſhly fond. One ſees their love for each other in their eyes. All love-matches are not happy; this was a match of love; and does honour to it. Every body ſpeaks of Lady L. with equal affection and reſpect, as a diſcreet and prudent woman. Miſs Grandiſon, by her livelier manner, is not ſo well underſtood in thoſe lights as ſhe ought to be; and, ſatisfied with the worthineſs of her own heart, is above giving herſelf concern about what the world thinks of it.

Lord L. is not handſome; but he is very agreeable. He has the look of an honeſt good man; and of a man of underſtanding. And he is what he looks to be. He is genteel, and has the air of a true Britiſh nobleman; one of thoſe, I imagine, that would have been reſpected by his appearance and manners, in the pureſt times, a hundred or two years (or how long?) ago.

I am to have the family hiſtory of this lord and lady on both ſides, and of their loves, their difficulties, and of the obligations they talk of being under to their brother, to whom both my lord and lady behave with love that carries the heart in every word, in every look.

What, my dear, ſhall we ſay to this brother? Does he lay every body that knows him under obligation? and is there no way to be even with him in any one thing? I long to have ſome intimate converſation with Miſs Grandiſon, by which I ſhall, perhaps, find out the art he has of making every body proud of acknowledging an inferiority to him.

I almoſt wiſh I could, while I ſtay in town, devote half my time to this amiable family; without breaking in upon them ſo much as to be thought impertinent. The other half ought to be with my kind couſin Reeves's. I never ſhall make them amends for the trouble I have given them.

How I long for Wedneſday, to ſee all the family of the Grandiſon's—they are all to be there—On ſeveral accounts I long for that day. Yet this Sir Hargrave—

I have written, my dear, as uſual, very unreſervedly. I know that I lie more open than ever to my uncle's obſervations. But if he will not allow for weakneſs of heart, of head, and for having been frighted out of my wits, and cruelly uſed; and for farther apprehenſions; and for the ſenſe I have of obligations that never can be returned; why then I muſt lie wholly at his mercy—but if he ſhould find *me* to be ever ſo ſilly a creature, I hope he will not make his particular concluſions general in diſfavour of the ſex.

Adieu, my dear Lucy!—And you, adieu all the dear and reverend friends, benefactors, lovers, of *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XL.

MRS. SELBY, TO MISS HARRIET BYRON.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,

SELBY HOUSE, FEB. 25.

ALTHOUGH we have long ago taken a reſolution never to dictate to your choice, yet we could not excuſe ourſelves, if we did not acquaint you with any propoſal that is made to us, on your account, that you might encourage it, or otherwiſe, as you thought fit.

The dowager Lady D. wrote me a letter ſome time ago, (as you will ſee by the date;) but inſiſted, that I ſhould keep the contents a ſecret in my own boſom, till ſhe gave me leave to reveal it. She has now given me that leave, and requeſted that I will propoſe the matter to you. I have

ſince ſhewn what has paſſed between her ladyſhip and me, to your grandmamma, Mr. Selby, and Lucy. They are all ſilent upon it; for the ſame reaſons that I give you not my opinion; that is to ſay, till you aſk it.

But do we not ſee, my deareſt child, that ſomething has happened, within a very few days paſt, that muſt diſtance the hope of every one of your admirers, as they come to be acquainted with the circumſtances and ſituation you are now in? My dear love, you will never be able to reſiſt the impulſes of that gratitude which always opened and expanded your worthy heart.

Your uncle's tenderneſs for you, on ſuch a proſpect, has made him ſuppreſs his inclination to rally you. He profeſſes to pity you, my dear. 'While,' ſays he, 'the ſweet girl 'was vaunting herſelf, and refuſing 'this man, and diſmiſſing that, and 'imagining herſelf out of the reach 'of the deity, to which, ſooner or 'later, all women bow, I ſpared her 'not; but now, that I ſee ſhe is likely 'to be over-head and ears in the paſ'ſion, and has ſo much to be ſaid for 'her excuſe, if ſhe is caught, and as 'our ſide muſt perhaps be the hoping 'ſide, the gentleman's the triumphant, 'I pity her too much for what *may* be 'the caſe, to teaze her with my ani'madverſions; eſpecially after what 'ſhe has ſuffered from the vile Sir 'Hargrave.'

By ſeveral hints in your letters, it is impoſſible, my dear, that we *can* be beforehand with your inclinations. Young women in a beginning love are always willing to conceal themſelves from themſelves; they are deſirous to ſmother the fire, before they will call out for help, till it blazes, and frequently becomes too powerful to be extinguiſhed by *any* help. They will call the paſſion by another name; as, *gratitude*, ſuppoſe: but, my Harriet, gratitude ſo properly founded as yours is, can be but another name for *love*. The object ſo worthy, your own heart ſo worthy, conſent of minds muſt bring it to love on one ſide; perhaps on both, if the half-ſcore of ladies you have heard of, are all of them but *mere moderns*. But that, my dear, is not to be ſuppoſed; ſince worthy hearts find out, and aſſimilate with, each other. Indeed, thoſe ladies may be ſuch as are captivated with outward figure. A handſome man need not to have the great qualities of a Sir Charles Grandiſon, to engage the hearts of the generality of our ſex. But a good man, and a handſome man, if he has the vivacity that diſtinguiſhes Sir Charles, may marry whom he pleaſes. If we women love a handſome man, for the ſake of our eye, we muſt be poor creatures indeed, if we love not good men for the ſake of our hearts.

What makes us apprehenſive for you, my Harriet, is this; that we every one of us are in love ourſelves with this fine young gentleman. Your uncle has fallen in with Mr. Dawſon, an attorney of Nottingham, who acts for Sir Charles in ſome of his affairs; and gives him ſuch a character, reſpecting his goodneſs to his tenants and dependants *only*, as will render credible all that even the fondeſt love, and warmeſt gratitude, can ſay in his praiſe.

We can hardly tell ſometimes how to regret (though your accounts of your ſufferings and danger cut us to the heart as we read them) the baſe attempt of Sir Hargrave: were all to end as we wiſh, we ſhould not regret it; but that, my Harriet, is our fear. 'What will become of me,' ſaid your grandmamma, 'if, at laſt, the darling 'of my heart ſhould be entangled in a 'hopeleſs paſſion!'

If this is likely to be the caſe, while the fire I ſpoke of is but ſmothering, and while but here and there a ſpark eſcapes your ſtruggling efforts to keep it down, reſolve, my dear, to throw cold water on it, and quench it quite. And how is this to be done, but by changing your perſonal friendſhip with the amiable family, into a correſpondence by pen and ink, and returning to our longing arms, before the flame gets a-head?

When you are with us, you may either give hope to the worthy Orme, or encourage the propoſal I incloſe, as you pleaſe.

As you are not capable of the mean pride of ſeeing a number of men in your train, and have always been uneaſy at the perſeverance of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Greville—as you have ſuffered ſo much from the natural goodneſs of your heart, on the urgency

gency of that honeſt man Sir Rowland Meredith in his nephew's favour; and ſtill more from the baſeneſs of that wicked Sir Hargrave—as your good character and lovely perſon, engage you more and more admirers—and, laſtly, as it would be the higheſt comfort that your grandmamma, and your uncle, and I, and all your friends and well-wiſhers, could know, to ſee you happily married—we cannot but wiſh for this pleaſure and ſatisfaction: the ſooner you give it to us, the better.

But could there be any hope—you know what I mean—a royal diadem, my dear, would be a deſpicable thing in the compariſon.

Adieu, my beſt love! You are called upon, in my opinion, to a greater trial than ever yet you knew, of that prudence for which you have hitherto been ſo much applauded by every one, and particularly by *your truly maternal*

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER XLI.

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF D. TO MRS. SELBY.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

JAN. 23.

GIVE me leave, Madam, to addreſs myſelf to you, though perſonally unknown, on a very particular occaſion; and, at the ſame time, to beg of you to keep ſecret, even from Mr. Selby, and the party to be named as ſtill *more* immediately concerned in the ſubject, till I give my conſent; as no one creature of my family, not even the Earl of D. my ſon, does, or ſhall from me, till you approve of it.

My lord has juſt entered into his twenty-fifth year. There are not many better young men among the nobility. His minority gave an opportunity to me, and his other truſtees, to put him in poſſeſſion, when he came of age, of a very noble and clear eſtate; which he has not impaired. His perſon is not to be found fault with. He has learning, and is allowed to have good ſenſe, which every *learned* man has not. His conduct, his diſcretion, in his travels, procured him reſpect and reputation abroad. You may make enquiry privately of all theſe matters.

We are, you muſt believe, very ſolicitous to have him happily married. He is far from being an undutiful ſon. Indeed he was *always* dutiful. A dutiful ſon gives very promiſing hopes of making a good huſband. He aſſures me that his affections are diſengaged, and that he will pay the moſt particular regard to my recommendation.

I have caſt about for a ſuitable wife for him. I look farther than to the *perſon* of a woman; though my lord will by no means have beauty left out in the qualifications of a wife. I look to the family to whom a lady owes her education and training up. Quality, however, I ſtand not upon. A man of quality, you know, confers quality on his wife. An ancient and good gentleman's family is all I am ſolicitous about in this reſpect. In this light yours, Madam, on all ſides, and for many deſcents, is unexceptionable. I have a deſire, if all things ſhall be found to be mutually agreeable, to be related to it: and your character, as the young lady has been brought up under your eye, is a great inducement with me.

Your niece Byron's beauty, and merit, as well as ſweetneſs of temper, are talked of by every body. Not a day paſſes, but we hear of her to her great advantage. Now, Madam, will you be pleaſed to anſwer me one queſtion, with that explicitneſs which the importance of the caſe, and my own intended explicitneſs to you, may require from woman to woman! eſpecially, as I aſk it of you in confidence.

Are then Miſs Byron's affections abſolutely diſengaged? We are very nice, and muſt not doubt in this matter.

This is the only queſtion I will aſk at preſent. If this can be anſwered as I wiſh, others, in a treaty of this important nature, will come into conſideration on both ſides.

The favour of a line, as ſoon as it will ſuit your convenience, will oblige, Madam, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

M. D.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

MRS. SELBY, TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF D.

MADAM, JAN. 27.

I Am greatly obliged to your ladyship for your good opinion of me, and for the honour you do me, and all our family, in the proposed alliance.

I will answer your ladyship's question with the requisite explicitness.

Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fenwick, all of this county, have respectively made application to us for our interest, and to Miss Byron for her favour: but hitherto without effect; though the terms each proposes might intitle him to consideration.

Miss Byron professes to honour the married state, and one day proposes to make some man happy in it, if it be not his own fault: but declares, that she has not yet seen the man to whom, with her hand, she can give her heart.

In truth, Madam, we are all neutrals on this occasion. We have the highest opinion of her discretion. She has read, she has conversed; and yet there is not in the country a better housewife, or one who would make a more prudent manager in a family. We are all fond of her, even to doating. Were she *not* our child, we should love her for her good qualities, and sweetness of manners, and a frankness that has few examples among young women.

Permit me, Madam, to add one thing; about which, Miss Byron, in her turn, will be very nice. Your ladyship is pleased to say, that my lord's affections are disengaged. Were his lordship a prince, and hoped to succeed with her, they must not be so, after he had seen and conversed with her. Yet the future happiness, and not pride, would be the consideration with her; for she has that diffidence in her own merits, from which the worthy of both sexes cannot be totally free. This diffidence would increase too much for her happiness, were she to be thought of with indifference by any man on earth, who hoped to be more than indifferent to *her*.

As to other questions, which, as this is answered, your ladyship thinks may come to be asked, I chuse, *un*-asked, (having no reserves) to acquaint your ladyship that Miss Byron has not, in her own power, quite 15,000l. She has, it is true, reversionary expectations: but we none of us wish that they should for many years take place; since that must be by the death of Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, who is equally revered and beloved by all that know her; and whose life is bound up in the happiness of her grand-daughter.

I will strictly obey your ladyship in the secrecy enjoined; and am, Madam, *your ladyship's obliged and faithful humble servant*,

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER XLIII.

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF D. TO MRS. SELBY.

FEBRUARY 23.

I Should sooner have answered yours, had I not waited for the return of my son, who had taken a little journey into Wales, to look into the condition of a small estate he has there; which he finds capable of great improvement, and about which he has given proper orders.

I took the first opportunity to question him in relation to his inclinations to marriage, and whether he had a regard to any particular woman: and having received an answer to my wishes, I mentioned Miss Byron to him, as a young lady that I should think, from the general good character she bore, would make him an excellent wife.

He said, he had heard her much talked of, and always to her advantage. I then shewed him, as in confidence, my letter, and your answer. 'There can be,' said I, (on purpose to try him) 'but one objection on your 'part; and that is fortune: 15,000l. 'to a nobleman, who is possessed of '12,000l. a year, and has been offer-'ed four times the portion, may be 'thought very inadequate.'—'The 'less to be stood upon,' replied he, 'where the fortune on my side is so 'considerable.' The very answer, my dear Mrs. Selby, that I wished him to make.

I asked him if I should begin a formal treaty with you, upon what he said.

said. He answered, that he had heard from every mouth so much said in the praise of Miss Byron's mind, as well as person, that he desired I would; and that I would directly endeavour to obtain leave for him to visit the young lady.

I propose it accordingly. I understand that she is at present in London. I leave it to your choice, Madam, and Mrs. Shirley's, and Mr. Selby's, (to whom now, as also to Miss Byron, you will be so good as to communicate the affair) whether you will send for her down to receive my lord's visit and mine; or whether we shall wait on her in town.

I propose very high satisfaction to myself, if the young people approve of each other, in an alliance so much to my wishes in every respect. I shall love the Countess of D. as well as any of you can do Miss Byron; and as she has not at present a mother, I shall with pleasure supply that tender relation to her, for the sake of so many engaging qualities, as common fame, as well as good Mrs. Selby, says she is mistress of.

You will dispatch an answer as to the interview. I am impatient for it. I depend much upon the frankness of the young lady, which you make a part of her agreeable character. And am, Madam, *your affectionate and faithful humble servant*,

M, D.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS BYRON, TO MRS. SELBY.

LONDON, FEB. 28.

INDEED, my dear and ever indulgent aunt Selby, you have given me pain; and yet I am very ungrateful, I believe, to say so: but if I feel the pain (though, perhaps, I ought not) should I not own it?

What *circumstances*, what *situation*, am I in, Madam, that I cannot be mistress of myself? That shall turn my uncle's half-feared, though always agreeable, raillery into *pity* for me?

'Over head and ears in the passion! —I to be on the hoping side; the 'gentleman on the triumphant—It 'is impossible for you, my friends, to 'be aforehand with my inclinations '—A beginning love to be mentioned, 'in which one is willing to conceal 'one's self from one's self!' *Fires, flames, blazes*, to follow!—*Gratitude* and *love* to be spoken of as synonymous terms—Ah! my dear aunt, how could you let my uncle write such a letter, and then copy it, and send it to me as yours?

And yet, some very tender strokes are in it, that no *man*, that hardly any body but you among *women*, could write.

But what do you *do*, Madam, when you tell your Harriet of your own prepossessions in favour of a man, who, as you thought, had before in my eye too many advantages? Indeed, you should have taken care not to let me know, that his great qualities had impressed you all so deeply: and my grandmamma to be so *very* apprehensive too for the *entangled girl!*

'*Hopeless passion*,' said she? '*Entan-*'*gled in a hopeless passion!*' O let me die before this shall be deserved to be said of your Harriet!

Then again rises to your pen, '*smo-*'*thering and escaped sparks*;' and I am desired to hurry myself to get *cold water* to quench the *flame*.—Dear, dear Madam, what images are here? And applied—To whom?—And by whom?—Have I written any thing so *very* blazing!—Surely I have not. But you should not say you will all forgive me, if this be my sad situation. You should not say, how much you are *yourselves, all of you*, in love with this excellent man; and talk of Mr. Dawson, and of what he says of him; but you should have told me, that if I suffer my gratitude to grow into love, you will never forgive me; then should I have had a call of duty to check or controul a passion that you were afraid could not be gratified.

Well, and there is no way left for me, it seems, but to fly for it! To hurry away to Northamptonshire, and either to begin a new treaty with Lord D. or to give hope to an old lover. Poor Harriet Byron! And is it indeed so bad with thee? And does thy aunt Selby think it is?

But is there no hope, that the man will take *pity* of thee? When he sees thee so sadly *entangled*, will he not vouchsafe to lend an extricating hand?

Oh, no!—Too much obliged, as thou

thou already art, how canſt thou expect to be farther obliged? Obliged in the higheſt degree?

But let me try if I cannot play round this bright, this beamy taper, without ſingeing my wings! I fancy it is not yet *quite* ſo bad with me! At leaſt, let me ſtand this one viſit of to-morrow: and then if I find reaſon to think I cannot ſtand it, I will take the kind advice, and fly for it; rather than add another hopeleſs girl to the half-ſcore that perhaps have been long ſighing for this beſt of men.

But even then, my aunt, that is to ſay, were I to fly, and take ſhelter under your protecting wings, I ſhall not, I hope, think it *abſolutely* neceſſary to light up one flame in order to extinguiſh another. I ſhall always value Mr. Orme as a friend; but, indeed, I am leſs than ever inclined to think of him in a nearer light.

As to Lady D.'s propoſal, it admits not with me of half a thought. You know, my deareſt aunt, that I am not yet *rejected* by one with whom you are all in love.—But this *ſeriouſly* I will own, (and yet I hope nothing but my gratitude is engaged, and that, indeed, is a very powerful tie) that ſince I have ſeen and known Sir Charles Grandiſon, I have not only (as before) an *indifference*, but a *diſlike*, to all other men. And I think, if I know my own heart, I had rather converſe but an hour in a week with him, and with Miſs Grandiſon, than be the wife of any man I have ever ſeen or known.

If this ſhould end at laſt in love, and if I ſhould be *entangled in a hopeleſs paſſion*, the object of it would be Sir Charles Grandiſon: he could not inſult me; and mean as the word *pity* in ſome caſes ſounds, I had rather have his pity, than the love of any other man.

You will, upon the ſtrength of what I have ſaid, be ſo good, dear Madam, as to let the Counteſs of D. know, that I think myſelf highly obliged to her, for her favourable opinion of me; that ſhe has by it intereſted all my good wiſhes in her ſon's happineſs; and that I was always of opinion, that equality of fortune and degree, though not abſolutely neceſſary to matrimonial felicity, was, however, a circumſtance not to be ſlighted: but you, Madam, can put my meaning in better, in fitter words, when you are aſſured, that it *is* my meaning, to give an abſolute, though grateful, negative to this propoſal. And I do aſſure you, that ſuch *is* my meaning; and that I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf were I capable of keeping one man in ſuſpenſe, even had I hope of *your* hope, while I was balancing in favour of another.

I believe, Madam, I have been a little petulant, and very ſaucy, in what I have written: but my heart is not at eaſe; and I am vexed with theſe men, one after another, when Sir Hargrave has given me a forfeit of them; and only, that the bad has brought me into the knowledge of the beſt, or I could reſolve never more to hear a man talk to me, no not for one moment, upon a ſubject, that is become ſo juſtly painful to one who never took pleaſure in their airy adulation.

I know you will, with your uſual goodneſs, and ſo will my grandmamma, and ſo will my uncle Selby, pardon all the imperfections of, deareſt Madam, *your and their ever-dutiful*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 28.

MR. Reeves, my dear, is juſt returned from a viſit he made to St. James's Square. I tranſcribe a paper, giving an account of what paſſed between Mr. Bagenhall and Sir Charles, in relation to the ſhocking affair which has filled me with ſo much apprehenſion; and which Sir Charles, at my couſin's requeſt, allowed him to put in his pocket.

Mr. Bagenhall came to Sir Charles yeſterday evening, with a meſſage from Sir Hargrave, demanding a meeting with him, the next morning, at a particular hour, at Kenſington Gravel-pits. Sir Charles took Mr. Bagenhall with him into his ſtudy; and, aſking him to ſit down, Mr. Bagenhall ſaid, that he was once concerned in an affair of this nature, which had been very much miſrepreſented afterwards; and that he had been adviſed to take a ſtep which Sir Charles might think extraordinary; which was, that he had brought

brought with him a young gentleman, whom he hoped, for Sir Hargrave's satisfaction, as well as to do justice to what should pass between them, Sir Charles would permit to take minutes of their conversation; and that he was in the hall.

'Let not a gentleman be left in the 'hall,' said Sir Charles; and, ringing, directed him to be shewn into the study to them. 'Yet, Mr. Bagenhall,' said he, 'I see no occasion for this. 'Our conversation on the subject you 'come to talk of, *can* be but short.'

'Were it to hold but two minutes, 'Sir Charles—'

'What you please, Mr. Bagen-'hall.'

The young gentleman entered; and pen and ink were set before him. He wrote in short hand, and read it to the gentlemen; and Sir Charles, as it was to be transcribed for Sir Hargrave, desiring a copy of it, it was sent him the same night.

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART. AND JAMES BAGENHALL, ESQ.

SIR. CH. You have told me, Mr. Bagenhall, Sir Hargrave's demand. Have you seen, Sir, the answer I returned to his letter?

MR. BAGENHALL. I have, Sir.

SIR CH. And do you think, there needs any other, or farther?

MR. B. It is not, Sir Charles, such an answer as a gentleman can sit down with.

SIR CH. Do you give that as *your own* opinion, Mr. Bagenhall? Or as Sir Hargrave's?

MR. B. As Sir Hargrave's, Sir. And I believe it would be the opinion of every man of honour.

SIR CH. Man of honour! Mr. Bagenhall. A man of honour would not have given the occasion which has brought you and me, Sir, into a personal knowledge of each other. I asked the question, supposing there could be but *one* principal in this debate.

MR. B. I beg pardon: I meant not that there should be *two*.

SIR CH. Pray, Sir, let me ask you, do you know the particulars of Sir Hargrave's attempt, and of his violence to the lady?

MR. B. Sir Hargrave, I believe, has given me a very exact account of every thing. He meant not dishonour to the lady.

SIR CH. He must have a very high opinion of himself, if he thought the *best* he could do for her, would be to do her honour.——Sir, pray put that down.—(Repeating what he said to the writer, that he might not mistake.)

SIR CH. But do you, Mr. Bagenhall, think Sir Hargrave was justifiable, was a man of honour in what he did?

MR. B. I mean not, as I told you, Sir Charles, to make myself a principal in this affair. I pretend not to justify what Sir Hargrave did to the lady.

SIR CH. I hope then you will allow me to refer to my answer to Sir Hargrave's letter. I shall send him no other. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall, I mean not a disrespect to you.

MR. B. No *other*, Sir Charles!

SIR CH. Since he is to see what this gentleman writes, pray put down, Sir, that I say, the answer I have written, is such a one as he ought to be satisfied with; such a one as becomes a man of honour to send, if he thought fit to send *any*; and such a one as a man who has acted as Sir Hargrave acted by a woman of virtue and honour, ought to be thankful for.—Have you written that, Sir?

WRITER. I have, Sir.

SIR CH. Write farther, if you please; that I say, Sir Hargrave may be very glad, if he hear no more of this affair from the lady's natural friends: that, however, I shall rid hid him of all apprehensions of that nature; for that I still consider the lady as under my protection, with regard to any consequences that may naturally follow what happened on Hounslow Heath. That I say, I shall neglect no proper call to protect her farther; but that his call upon me to meet him, must be such a one as my own heart can justify: and that it is not my way to obey the insolent summons of any man breathing.—And yet what is this, Mr. Bagenhall, but repeating what I wrote!

MR. B. You are warm, Sir Charles.

SIR CH. Indeed I am not: I am only earnest. As Sir Hargrave is to be shewn what passes, I say more than otherwise I should chuse to say.

MR. B. Will you name your own time and place, Sir Charles?

SIR CH. To do what?

MR. B. To meet Sir Hargrave.

SIR CH. To do him good—To do good to my bittereſt enemy, I would meet him. Let him know, that I wrote a very long letter, becauſe I would diſcharge my mind of all I thought neceſſary to ſay on the occaſion.

MR. B. And you have no other anſwer to return?

SIR CH. Only this—Let Sir Hargrave engage himſelf in a like unworthy enterprize; and let the lady, as this did, claim my protection; and I will endeavour to give it to her, although Sir Hargrave were ſurrounded by as many men armed, as he has in his ſervice; that is to ſay, if a legal redreſs were not at hand: if it were, I hold it not to be a point of bravery to inſult magiſtracy, and to take upon myſelf to be my own judge; and, as it might happen, another man's executioner.

MR. B. This is nobly ſaid, Sir Charles: but ſtill Sir Hargrave had not injured *you*, he ſays. And as I had heard you were a man of an excellent character, and know Sir Hargrave to be a man of courage, I took it into my head, for the prevention of miſchief, to make a propoſal in writing to the lady, whom Sir Hargrave loves as his own ſoul; and if ſhe had come into it—

SIR CH. A ſtrange propoſal, Mr. Bagenhall. Could you expect any thing from it?

MR. B. Why not, Sir Charles? She is diſengaged, it ſeems. I preſume, Sir, you do no not intend to make court to her yourſelf?

SIR CH. We are inſenſibly got into a parley, upon a ſubject that will not bear it, Mr. Bagenhall. Tell Sir Hargrave—or write it down from my lips, Sir, (ſpeaking to the writer) that I wiſh him to take time to enquire after my character, and after my motives in refuſing to meet him on the terms he expects me to ſee him. Tell him, that I have, before now, ſhewn an inſolent man, that I *may be* provoked: but that, when I have been ſo, I have had the happineſs to chaſtiſe ſuch a one without murdering him, and without giving any advantage over my own life, to his ſingle arm.

MR. B. This is great talking, Sir Charles.

SIR CH. It is, Mr. Bagenhall. And I ſhould be ſorry to have been put upon it, were I not in hope, that it may lead Sir Hargrave to ſuch enquiries as may be for *his* ſervice, as much as for *mine*.

MR. B. I wiſh, that two ſuch ſpirits were better acquainted with each other, or that Sir Hargrave had not ſuffered ſo much as he has done, both in perſon and mind.

SIR CH. What does all this tend to, Mr. Bagenhall? I look upon you as a gentleman; and the more, for having ſaid, you were ſolicitous to prevent farther miſchief, or I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much to ſo little purpoſe. And once more, I muſt refer to my letter.

MR. B. I own I admire you for your ſpirit, Sir. But it is amazing to me, that a man of ſuch ſpirit can refuſe to a gentleman the ſatisfaction which is demanded of him.

SIR CH. It is owing to my having ſome ſpirit, that I can, fearleſs of conſequences, refuſe what you call ſatisfaction to Sir Hargrave, and yet be fearleſs of inſult upon my refuſal. I conſider myſelf as a mortal man; I can die but once; once I muſt die; and if the cauſe be ſuch as will juſtify me to my own heart, I, *for my own ſake*, care not whether my life be demanded of me to-morrow, or forty years hence.—But, Sir, (ſpeaking to the writer) let not this, that I have now ſaid, be tranſcribed from your notes: it may to Sir Hargrave ſound oſtentatiouſly. I want not that any thing ſhould be read or ſhewn to him, that would appear like giving conſequence to myſelf, except for Sir Hargrave's own ſake.

MR. B. I beg that it may not be ſpared. If you are capable of acting as you ſpeak; by what I have heard *of* you in the affair on Hounſlow Heath; and by what I have heard *from* you in this converſation; and *ſee* of you; I think you a wonder of a man; and ſhould be glad it were in my power to reconcile you to each other.

SIR CH. I could not hold friendſhip, Mr. Bagenhall, with a man that has been capable of acting as Sir Hargrave has acted by an innocent and helpleſs young lady. But I will name the terms on which I can take by the hand,

hand, wherever I meet him, a man to whom I can have no malice: these are they—That he lay at the door of mad and violent passion, the illegal attempt he made on the best of women: that he expresses his sorrow for it; and, on his knees, if he pleases, (it is no disgrace to the *proudest* man to kneel to an injured lady) beg her pardon; and confess her clemency to be greater than he deserves, if she give it.

MR. B. Good, good!—Shall that be transcribed, Sir Charles?

SIR CH. By all means: and if Sir Hargrave is a man that has in his heart the least spark of true magnanimity, he will gladly embrace the opportunity of acting accordingly:—and put down, Sir, that sorrow, that contrition, is all the atonement that can be made for a perpetrated evil.

A faithful narrative.

HENRY COTES.

FEBRUARY 27.

Does not your heart glow, my Lucy, now you have read (as I suppose you have) this paper? And do not the countenances of every one of my revered friends round you, [Pray look] shine with admiration of this excellent man? And yet you all loved him before: and so you think I did. Well, I can't help your thoughts!—But I hope I shall not be undone by a *good* man!

You will imagine, that my heart was a little agitated, when I came to read Mr. Bagenhall's question, Whether Sir Charles intended to make court to me himself? I am sorry to tell you, Lucy, that I was a little more affected than I wished to be. Indeed, I shall keep a *look-out*, as you call it, upon myself. To say truth, I laid down the paper at that place, and was afraid to read the answer made to it. When I took it up, and read what followed, I might have spared, I saw, my foolish little tremors. See how frank I continue to be: but if you come not to this paragraph before you are aware, you need not read it to my uncle.

Mr. Bagenhall went away so much pleased with Sir Charles, (as he owned) that Mr. Reeves encourages me to hope, some way may be found to prevent farther mischief. Yet the condition, which Sir Charles has proposed for my forgiving the wretch—Upon my word, my dear, I desire not to see Sir Hargrave either upon his knees or upon his feet: I am sure I could not see him without very violent emotions. His barbarity, his malice, his cruelty, have impressed me strongly: nor can I be glad to see the wretch with his disfigured mouth and lip. His lip, it seems, has been sewed up, and he wears a great black silk patch upon the place.

I can't find that Sir Charles has heard from the exasperated man, since Mr. Bagenhall left him yesterday.

I hope nothing will happen to overcloud to-morrow: I propose to myself as happy a day, as, in the present situation of things, can be given to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

WEDN. NIGHT, MARCH 1.

MR. Fowler ſet out yeſterday for Glouceſterſhire, where he has an eſtate. He propoſes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a viſit to Mr. Reeves, and deſired him to preſent to me his beſt wiſhes and reſpects. He declared, that he could not poſſibly take leave of me, though he doubted not but I would receive him with goodneſs, as he called it. But it was *that* which cut him to the heart: ſo kind, and ſo cruel, he ſaid, he could not bear it.

I hope poor Mr. Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Methinks I could have been half-glad to have ſeen him before he went: and yet *but* half-glad; ſince, had he ſhewn much concern, I ſhould have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what paſſed this day in St. James's Square.

There were at Sir Charles Grandiſon's, beſides Lord and Lady L. the young Lord G. one of Miſs Grandiſon's humble ſervants; Mr. Everard Grandiſon; Miſs Emily Jervois, a young lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles; and Dr. Bartlett, a divine; of whom more by-and-by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-room; where only were his two ſiſters. They received my couſins and me with looks of love.

'I will tell you,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'your company before I preſent them 'to you. Lord L. is a good man. I 'honour him as ſuch; and love him as 'my ſiſter's huſband.'

Lady L. bowed, and looked round her, as if ſhe took pride in her brother's approbation of her lord.

Mr. Everard Grandiſon,' proceeded he, 'is a ſprightly man. He is pre-'pared to admire you, Miſs Byron. 'You will not believe, perhaps, half 'the handſome things he will ſay to 'you; but yet, will be the only perſon 'who hears them, that will not.

'Lord G. is a modeſt young man: 'he is genteel, well-bred; but is ſo 'much in love with a certain young 'lady, that he does not appear with 'that dignity in her eye,' [Why 'bluſhes my Charlotte?] 'that other-'wiſe perhaps he might.'

'Are not *you*, Sir Charles, a *modeſt* 'man?'

'No compariſons, Charlotte. Where 'there is a double prepoſſeſſion; no 'compariſons!—But Lord G. Miſs 'Byron, is a good kind of young 'man. You'll not diſlike him, though 'my ſiſter is pleaſed to think—'

'No

'No comparisons, Sir Charles.'

'That's fair, Charlotte. I will leave Lord G. to the judgment of Miss Byron. Ladies can better account for the approbation and dislikes of ladies, than we men can.

'Dr. Bartlett, you'll also see. He is learned, pious, humble. You'll read his heart in his countenance the moment he smiles upon you. Your grandpapa, Madam, had the curling silver hair, had he not? The moment I heard that you owed obligation to your grandfather's care and delight in you, I figured to myself that he was just such a man, habit excepted: your grandfather was not a clergyman, I think. When I have friends whom I have a strong desire to please, I always endeavour to treat them with Dr. Bartlett's company. He has but one fault; he speaks too little; but, were he to speak much, every one else would wish to be silent.

'My ward, Emily Jervois, is an amiable girl. Her father was a good man; but not happy in his nuptials. He bequeathed to my care, on his death-bed, at Florence, this his only child. My sister loves her. I love her for her own sake, as well as for her father's. She has a great fortune: and I have had the happiness to recover large sums, which her father gave over for lost. He was an Italian merchant; and driven out of England by the unhappy temper of his wife. I have had some trouble with her; and, if she be living, expect more.'

'*Unhappy temper of his wife*, Sir Charles! You are very mild in your account of one of the most abandoned of women.'

'Well, but Charlotte, I am only giving brief hints of Emily's story, to procure for her an interest in Miss Byron's favour, and to make their first acquaintance easy to each other. Emily wants no prepossession in Miss Byron's favour. She will be very ready herself to tell her whole story to Miss Byron. Mean time, let us not say all that is just to say of the *mother*, when we are speaking of the *daughter*.'

'I stand corrected, Sir Charles.'

'Emily, Madam,' (turning to me) 'is not constantly resident with us in town. She is fond of being every where with my Charlotte.'

'And where *you* are, Sir Charles,' said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Reeves whispered a question to Sir Charles, which was seconded by my eyes; for I guessed what it was: Whether he had heard any thing farther of Sir Hargrave.

'Don't be anxious,' said Sir Charles. 'All must be well. People, long used to error, don't, without reluctance, submit to new methods of proceeding. All must be well.'

Sir Charles, stepping out, brought in with him Miss Jervois. 'The gentlemen seem engaged in conversation,' said he. 'But I know the impatience of this young lady to pay her respects to Miss Byron.'

He presented her to us: 'This dear girl is my Emily.—Allow me, Madam, whenever Miss Grandison shall be absent, to claim for her the benefit of your instruction, and your general countenance, as she shall appear worthy of it.'

There are not many men, my Lucy, who can make a compliment to one lady, without robbing, or, at least, depreciating another. How often have you and I observed, that a polite brother is a black swan?

I saluted the young lady, and told her I should be fond of embracing every opportunity that should offer, to commend myself to her favour.

Miss Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel, and has a fine complexion; and, though pitted with the small-pox, is pretty. The sweetness of her manners, as expressed in her aspect, gives her great advantage. I was sure, the moment I saw her, that her greatest delight is to please.

She made me two or three pretty compliments; and, had *not* Sir Charles commended her to me, I should have been highly taken with her.

Mr. Grandison entered. 'Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no longer,' said he: 'to know that the finest woman in England is under the same roof with me; yet, to be so long detained from paying my respects to her—I can't bear it.' And in a very gallant manner, as he seemed to *intend*, he paid his compliments first to me, and then to my two cousins;

ſns:—and whiſpering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miſs Grandiſon, ſwore, by his ſoul, that report fell ſhort of my perfections—and I can't tell what.

'Did I not tell you, that you would 'ſay ſo, Sir?' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him: but, perhaps, ſhould have been leſs indifferent to his compliment, had I not before been acquainted with Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The men of this caſt, I think, ſeem all alike. Poor creatures! how from my heart—but, indeed, now that I have the honour to know theſe two ſiſters, I deſpiſe *myſelf*.

Sir Charles, addreſſing himſelf to my couſins and me, 'Now,' ſaid he, 'that 'my couſin Grandiſon has found an 'opportunity to introduce himſelf; 'and that I have preſented my ward 'to you; we will, if you pleaſe, ſee 'how Lord L. Lord G. and Dr. 'Bartlett, are engaged.'

He led my couſin Reeves into the dining-room.

Lord L. addreſſed us with great politeneſs.

After Sir Charles had preſented the doctor to my couſins, he reſpectfully took my hand: 'Were there fifty 'ladies here, my good Dr. Bartlett, 'whom you had never ſeen before, 'you would, I am ſure, from the cha'racter you have had of Miſs Byron, 'be under no difficulty of reading that 'character in this young lady's face.—'Miſs Byron, behold, in Dr. Bartlett, 'another grandfather!'

'I reverence,' ſaid I, 'good Dr. 'Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's 'thought: the character he has given 'you, Sir, is ſtamped in your coun'tenance. I ſhould have venerated 'you where-ever I had ſeen you.'

The gentleman has ſuch a truly venerable aſpect, my Lucy, I could not help ſaying this.

'Sir Charles's goodneſs, Madam,' ſaid he, 'as it ever did, prevents my 'wiſhes. I rejoice to ſee, and to con'gratulate a new ſiſter *reſtored*, as I 'will call it in the language of Miſs 'Grandiſon, to the beſt of families.'

Juſt then came in a ſervant, and whiſpered to Sir Charles. 'Shew the 'gentleman,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'into 'the drawing-room, next the ſtudy.'

Mr. Grandiſon came up to me, and ſaid many ſilly things. I thought them ſo at that time.

Mr. Reeves ſoon after was ſent for out by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks on his return.

Dinner being ready to be ſerved, and Sir Charles, who was ſtill with the gentleman, ſummoned to it, he deſired we would walk down, and he would wait upon us by the time we were ſeated.

'Some new trouble,' thought I, 'of 'which I am the cauſe, I doubt.'

Preſently came in Sir Charles, unaffectedly ſmiling and ſerene.—'God 'bleſs you, Sir!' thought I—His looks pleaſed me better than my couſin's.

But, my dear, there is ſomething going forward that I cannot get out of my couſin. I hoped I ſhould when I got home. The gentleman, to whom Sir Charles was called out, was certainly that Bagenhall. Mr. Reeves cannot deny that. I gueſſed it was, by Sir Charles's ſending in for Mr. Reeves. It muſt be about me.

We had ſeveral charming converſations. Sir Charles was extremely entertaining: ſo unaſſuming, ſo lively, ſo modeſt! It was alſo delightful to ſee the attention paid to him by the ſervants, as they waited at table. They watched every look of his. I never ſaw love and reverence ſo agreeably mingled in ſervants faces in my life. And his commands were delivered to them with ſo much gentleneſs of voice and aſpect, that one could not but conclude, in favour of both, that they were the beſt of ſervants to the beſt of maſters.

Mr. Grandiſon was very gallant in his ſpeeches to me; but very uncivil with his eyes.

Lord L. ſaid but little; but what he did ſay, deſervedly gained attention.

Every body reverenced Dr. Bartlett, and was attentive when he ſpoke; and would, I dare ſay, on his own account, had not the maſter of the houſe, by the regard he paid him, engaged every one's veneration for him. Many of the queſtions which Sir Charles put to him, as if to inform himſelf, it was evident he could himſelf have anſwered: yet he put them with an air of *teachableneſs*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; and received the doctor's anſwers to them with as much ſatisfaction, as if he were then newly enlightened by them.

them.—Ah, my Lucy! you imagine, I dare say, that this admirable man lost nothing in my eyes, by this his polite condescension. Reserve, and a politeness that had dignity in it, shewed that the fine gentleman and the clergyman were not separated in Dr. Bartlett.—Pity they should be in any of the function!

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an opportunity to shine, by leading the discourse into circumstances and details, which Lord G. could best recount. My lord has been a traveller. He is a connoisseur in Antiquities, and in those parts of *nice* knowledge, as I, a woman, call it, with which the Royal Society here, and the learned and polite of other nations, entertain themselves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, as Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miss Grandison. Upon my word, Lucy, she makes very free with him. I whispered her, that she did—'A very Miss Howe,' said I.

'To a *very* Mr. Hickman,' re-whispered she.—'But here's the difference: I am not determined to have 'Lord G. Miss Howe yielded to her 'mother's recommendation, and intended to marry Mr. Hickman, even 'when she used him worst. One time 'or other,' (archly continued she the whisper, holding up her spread hand, and with a countenance of admiration) 'my Lord G. is to shew us his collection of butterflies, and other gaudy insects: will you make one?—

'Of the gaudy insects?' whispered I.

'Fie, Harriet!—One of the party, 'you know, I must mean. Let me 'tell you, I never saw a collection 'of these various insects, that I did 'not the more admire the Maker of 'them, and of all us insects, what-'ever I thought of the collectors of 'the minute ones.—Another word 'with you, Harriet—These little 'playful studies may do well enough 'with persons who do not want to 'be *more* than indifferent to us; but 'do you think a lover ought to take 'high delight in the painted wings of 'a butterfly, when a fine lady has 'made herself all over butterfly to at-'tract him?—Eyes off, Sir Charles!' for he looked, though smilingly, yet earnestly, at us, as we whispered behind the countess's chair; who heard what was said, and was pleased with it.

LETTER II.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 2.

I Should have told you that Miss Grandison did the honours of the table; and I will go round it; for I know you expect I should. But I have not yet done with Lord G. Poor man! he is excessively in love, I see that. Well he may. What man would not with Miss Grandison? Yet is she too superior, I think.

What can a woman do, who is addressed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Must she throw away her talents? Must she hide her light under a bushel, purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and chuse, as men can. She has only her negative; and, if she is desirous to oblige her friends, not always *that*. Yet it is said, women must not encourage fops and fools. They must encourage men of sense only. And it is *well* said. But what will they do, if their lot be cast only among foplings? if the men of sense do not offer themselves? And pray, may I not ask, if the taste of the age, among the men, is not dress, equipage, and foppery? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their study? The men, in short, are sunk, my dear; and the women but barely swim.

Lord G. seems a little too finical in his dress. And yet I am told, that Sir Walter Watkyns outdoes him in foppery. What can they mean by it, when Sir Charles Grandison is before them? *He* scruples not to modernize a little; but then you see, that it is in compliance with the fashion, and to avoid singularity; a fault to which great minds are perhaps too often subject, though *he* is so much above it.

I want to know, methinks, whether Sir Charles is *very* much in earnest in his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miss Grandison. I doubt not, if he be, but he has good reasons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave out of my head, I could satisfy myself about twenty and twenty things, that now and then I want to know.

Miss Jervois behaved very discreetly. With what pleasure did she hang on every word that fell from the lips of her

her guardian! I thought more than once of Swift's Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Poor girl! how I ſhould pity her, were ſhe inſenſibly to ſuffer her gratitude to lead her to be in love with her benefactor! Indeed, I pity every body who is hopeleſsly in love.

Now don't ſhake your head, my uncle! Did I not always pity Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler? — You know I did, Lucy.

Miſs Jervois had a ſmile ready for every one; but it was not an implicit, a childiſh ſmile. It had diſtinction in it; and ſhewed intelligence. Upon the whole, ſhe ſaid little; and heard all that was ſaid with attention: and hence I pronounce her a very diſcreet young lady.

But I thought to have done with the *men* firſt; and here is Mr. Grandiſon hardly mentioned; who, yet, in his own opinion, was not the laſt of the men at table.

Mr. Grandiſon is a man of middling ſtature; not handſome in my eyes; but ſo near being handſome, that he may be excuſed, when one knows him, for thinking himſelf ſo: becauſe he is liable to make greater miſtakes than that.

He dreſſes very gaily too. He is at the *head* of the faſhion, as it ſeems, he thinks; but, however, is one of the *firſt* in it, be it what it will. He is a great frequenter of the drawing-room; of all manner of public ſpectacles: a leader of the taſte at a new play, or opera. He dances, he ſings, he laughs; and values himſelf on all three qualifications: and yet certainly has ſenſe; but is not likely to improve it much; ſince he ſeems to be ſo much afraid of ſuffering in the conſequence he thinks himſelf of, that whenever Sir Charles applies himſelf to him, upon any of his levities, though but by the eye, his conſciouſneſs, however mild the look, makes him ſhew an uneaſineſs at the inſtant. He reddens, fits in pain; calls for favour by his eyes and his quivering lips; and has, notwithſtanding, a ſmile ready to turn into a laugh, in order to leſſen his own ſenſibility, ſhould he be likely to ſuffer in the opinion of the company: but every motion ſhews his conſciouſneſs of inferiority to the man, of whoſe ſmiles or animadverſions he is ſo very apprehenſive.

What a captious, what a ſupercilious huſband, to a woman who ſhould happen to have a ſtronger mind than his, would Mr. Grandiſon make! But he values himſelf upon his having preſerved his liberty.

I believe there are more batchelors now in England, by many thouſands, than were a few years ago; and, probably, the numbers of them (and of ſingle women, of courſe) will every year increaſe. The luxury of the age will account a good deal for this; and the turn our ſex take in *un*-domeſticating themſelves, for a good deal more. But let not thoſe worthy young women, who may think themſelves deſtined to a ſingle life, repine over-much at their lot; ſince, poſſibly, if they have had no lovers, or having had one, two, or three, have not found a huſband, they have had rather a miſs than a loſs, as men go. And let me here add, that I think, as matters ſtand in this age, or indeed ever did ſtand, that thoſe women who have joined with the men in their inſolent ridicule of old maids, ought never to be forgiven: no, though Miſs Grandiſon ſhould be one of the ridiculers. An old maid *may be* an odious character, if they will tell us, that the bad qualities of the perſons, not the maiden ſtate, are what they mean to expoſe: but then they muſt allow, that there are old maids of twenty; and even that there are widows and wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abuſive ſenſe of the words, are as much old maids, as the moſt particular of that claſs of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr. Grandiſon.

He is about thirty-two. He has had the *glory* of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has *reſtored* him to a ſenſe of ſhame [All men, I hope, are born with it;] which a few months ago he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with inſtances of the frailty of individuals of their ſex; which many are too apt, encouragingly, to ſmile at: when I am very much miſtaken, if every woman would not find her account, if ſhe wiſhes *herſelf* to be thought well of, in diſcouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debaſe or expoſe the ſex in general. How can a man be ſuffered to boaſt of his vileneſs to one woman

in the preſence of another, without a rebuke, that ſhould put it to the proof, whether the boaſter was, or was not, paſt bluſhing.

Mr. Grandiſon is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very conſiderable, by his free living, and an itch of gaming; to cure him of which, Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has underſtanding enough to know how to value the favour; for he owns to Miſs Grandiſon, that he both loves and fears him; and now and then tells her, that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be juſt what Sir Charles is! 'Good God!' at other times he has broke out, 'What an 'odious creature is a rake! how I 'hate myſelf, when I contemplate the 'excellences of this divine brother of 'yours!'

I ſhall ſay nothing of Sir Charles in this place. You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, were the graces of the table. So lively, ſo ſenſible, ſo frank, ſo polite, ſo good-humoured, what honour do they and their brother reflect back on the memory of their mother! Lady Grandiſon, it ſeems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How uſeful, if ſo, are the women in the greater, as well as in the leſs, parts of domeſtick duty, where they *perform* their duty! And what have thoſe, who do not, to anſwer for, to God, to their children, and even to their whole ſex, for the contempts they bring upon it by their uſeleſsneſs, and, perhaps, extravagance; ſince, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil.

Dr. Bartlett I have already ſpoken of. How did he enliven the converſation, whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, ſo clear, ſo juſt, ſo ſolid, his reaſoning! I wiſh I could remember every word he ſaid.

Sir Charles obſerved to us, before we *ſaw* him, that he was not forward to ſpeak: but, as I hinted, he threw the occaſions in his way, on purpoſe to draw him out; and at ſuch times, what he ſaid was eaſy, free, and unaffected; and whenever a ſubject was concluded, he had done with it. His modeſty, in ſhort, made him always follow rather than lead a ſubject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer; which he, occaſionally, gave us, on the ancient Perſians being talked of.

Looking up to the riſing ſun, which it was ſuppoſed they worſhipped, theſe were the words of the Brachman.

'O THOU (meaning the ALMIGHTY) 'by whom *thou*,' (meaning the Sun) 'art enlightened, illuminate 'my mind, that my actions may be 'agreeable to THY will!'

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour, for the future, ſhall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Every body was pleaſed with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. Their modeſty, good ſenſe, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not oſtentatious regard which they expreſs to each other, (a regard ſo creditable to the married ſtate) cauſe them to be always treated and ſpoken of with diſtinction.

But I believe, as I am in a ſcribbling vein, I muſt give you the particulars of one converſation; in which, farther honour was done to Dr. Bartlett.

After dinner, the counteſs, drawing me on one ſide, by both my hands, ſaid, 'Well, our other ſiſter, our new-'found ſiſter, let me know how you 'like us; I am in pain leſt you ſhould 'not love us as well as you do *our* 'Northamptonſhire relations.'

'You overcome me, Madam, with 'your goodneſs.'

Miſs Grandiſon then coming towards us, 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon,' ſaid I, 'help me to words—'

'No, indeed, I'll help you to no-'thing. I am jealous.—Lady L. 'don't think to rob me of my Har-'riet's preferable love, as you have 'of Sir Charles's. I *will* be beſt 'ſiſter here.—But what was your ſub-'ject?—Yet I will anſwer my own 'queſtion. Some pretty compliment, 'I ſuppoſe; women to women. Wo-'men hunger and thirſt after compli-'ments. Rather than be without 'them, if no men are at hand to flat-'ter us, we love to ſay handſome

'things

'things to one another; and so teach 'the men to find us out.'

'You need not be *jealous*, Charlotte,' said the countess: 'you may 'be *sure*.—This saucy girl, Miss Byron, is ever frustrating her own pretensions.—Can flattery, Charlotte, 'say what we will, have place *here*? '—But tell me, Miss Byron, how you 'like Dr. Bartlett?'

'Aye, tell us, Harriet,' said Miss Grandison, 'how you like Dr. Bartlett?—Pray, Lady L. don't anticipate 'me: I propose to give our new sister 'the history of us all; and is not 'Dr. Bartlett one of *us*? She has 'already given me the history of all 'her friends, and of herself: and I 'have communicated to you, like a 'good sister, all she has told me.'

I considered Dr. Bartlett, I said, as a saint; and, at the same time, as a man of true politeness.

'He is indeed,' said the countess, 'all that is worthy and amiable in 'man. Don't you see how Sir Charles 'admires him?'

'Pray, Lady L. keep clear of my 'province. Here is Sir Charles. He 'will not let us break into parties.'

Sir Charles heard this last sentence. —'Yet I wonder not,' said he, joining us, 'that three such women get together: goodness to goodness is a natural attraction. We men, however, 'will not be excluded—Dr. Bartlett, 'if you please—'

The doctor approached in a most graceful manner—'Let me again, 'Miss Byron, present Dr. Bartlett to 'you, as a man that is an honour to 'his cloth; and that is the same thing, 'as if I said, to human nature;'—[The good man bowed in silence.] 'and Miss Byron to you, my good 'doctor,' (taking my hand) 'as a 'lady most worthy your distinguished 'regard.'

'You do me too much honour, Sir,' said I.—'I shall hope, good Dr. Bartlett, by your instructions, to be enabled to deserve such a recommendation.'

'My dear Harriet,' said the countess, snatching my other hand, 'you 'are a *good* girl; and that is more to 'your honour than beauty.'

'Be quiet, Lady L.' said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Grandison came up—'What? 'is there not another hand for me?'

I was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr. Bartlett from saying something that his lips were opening to speak with a smile of benignity.

'How the world,' said Sir Charles, smiling, 'will push itself in!—*Heart*, 'not *hand*, my dear Mr. Grandison, 'was the subject.'

'Whenever you, Sir Charles, and 'the doctor, and these ladies, are got together, I know I *must* be unseasonable: but if you exclude me such 'company, how shall I ever be what 'you and the doctor would have me to 'be?'

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming up to us: 'See your attraction, Miss 'Byron,' said the countess.

'But,' joined in Miss Grandison, 'we will not leave our little Jervois by 'herself, expecting and longing! Our 'cousins Reeves—only that when they 'are together, they cannot want company—should not be thus left. Is 'there more than one heart among us? '—This man's excepted,' humourously pushing Mr. Grandison as if from the company—'Let us be orderly, and 'take our seats.'

'How cruel is this!' said Mr. Grandison, appealing to Sir Charles.

'Indeed, I think it is a little cruel, 'Charlotte.'

'Not so: let him be good then.— 'Till when, may all our sex say, to 'such men as my cousin has been— "Thus let it be done by the man, "whom, if he were good, good persons would delight to honour."

'Shame, if not principle,' said Lord L. smiling, 'would effect the 'cure, if all ladies were to act thus.— 'Don't you think so, cousin Everard?'

'Well, well,' said Mr. Grandison, 'I will be good, as fast as I can:—but, 'doctor, what say you?—Rome was 'not built in a day.'

'I have great hopes of Mr. Grandison,' said the doctor.—'But, ladies, you must not, as Mr. Grandison observed, exclude from the benefit of *your* conversation, the man 'whom you wish to be good.'

'What! not till he *is* good?' said Miss Grandison. 'Did I not say, 'we should delight to honour him when 'he was?'

'But, what, Sir Charles? (come, 'I had rather take my cue from you, 'than any-body; what) are the signs 'which I am to give to be allowed—'

'Only these, my cousin—When you 'can be serious on serious subjects; 'yet so chearful in your seriousness, 'as if it sat easy upon you; when you 'can, at times, prefer the company 'and conversation of Dr. Bartlett, who 'is not a solemn or severe man, to any 'other; and, in general, had rather 'stand well in his opinion, than in 'that of the gayest man or woman in 'the world.'

'Provided yours, Sir Charles, may 'be added to the doctor's.'

'Command me, Mr. Grandison, 'whenever you two are together. 'We will not oppress you with our 'subjects. Our conversation shall be 'that of men, of *chearful* men. You 'shall lead them and change them at 'pleasure. The first moment (and I 'will watch for it) that I shall ima-'gine you to be tired or uneasy, I 'will break off the conversation; and 'you shall leave us, and pursue your 'own diversions, without a question.'

'You were always indulgent to me, 'Sir Charles,' said Mr. Grandison; 'and I have retired, and blushed to 'myself sometimes, for *wanting* your 'indulgence.'

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own seat next Lord L. whom he set in to talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my lord gave of the plea-sure which the countess, on that her first journey into those parts, gave to all *his* family and friends; as Lady L. on her part acknowledged she had a grateful sense of *their* goodness to her.

'I rejoice,' said Sir Charles, 'that 'the sea divides us not from such wor-'thy people, as you, my lord, have 'given us a relation to. Next visit 'you make, (Charlotte, I hope, will 'accompany me) I intend to make 'one in your train, as I have told your 'lordship before.'

'You will add to our pleasure, Sir 'Charles. All my relations are pre-'pared to do you honour.

'But, my lord, did not the ladies 'think a little hardly of your lord-'ship's engagement; that a man of 'your merit should go from Scotland 'for a wife? I do assure you, my 'lord, that, in all the countries I have 'been in, I never saw finer women 'than I have seen in Scotland; and, 'in very few nations, though six times 'as large, greater numbers of them.'

'I *was* to be the happiest of men, 'Sir Charles, in a Grandison—I thank '*you*,' bowing.

'It is one of my felicities, my lord, 'that my sister calls herself yours.'

Lady L. whispering me, as I sat be-tween her and Miss Grandison, 'The 'two worthiest hearts in the world, 'Miss Byron! my Lord L.'s, and my 'brother's!'

'With joy I congratulate your lady-'ship on both,' re-whispered I. 'May 'God long continue to you two such 'blessings!'

I thought of the vile Sir Hargrave at the time.

'I can tell you how,' said Mr. Grandison, 'to repay that nation— 'You, Sir Charles, shall go down, 'and bring up with you a Scottish 'lady.'

I was vexed with myself for starting. I could not help it.

Don't you think, Lucy, that Sir Charles made a very fine compliment to the Scottish ladies!—I own that I have heard the women of our northern counties praised *also*. But are there not, think you, as pretty women in England?

'My sister Harriet,' applied Sir Charles to me, 'you need not, I hope, 'be told, that I am a great admirer 'of fine women.'

I had like to have bowed—I should not have been able to recover myself, had I so seemed to apply his compli-ment.

'I the less wonder that you are, Sir 'Charles, because, in the word *fine*, 'you include mind as well as person.'

'That's my good girl!' said Miss Grandison, as she poured out the tea: 'and so he does.'

'My dear Charlotte,' whispered I, 'pray, say something encouraging to 'Lord G. He is pleased with every 'body: but nobody says any thing 'to him; and he, I see, both loves 'and fears you.'

'Hush, child!' whispered she again. 'The man's best when he is silent. 'If it be his day to *love*, it is his day 'to *fear*. What a deuce! shall a wo-'man's time be never?'

'That's

'That's good news for my lord: shall I hint to him, that his time 'will come?'

'Do, if you dare. I want you to provoke me.' She spoke aloud.

'I have done,' said I.

'My lord! what do you think Miss Byron says?'

'For Heaven's sake, dear Miss Grandison!'

'Nay, I will speak it.'

'Pray, Madam, let me know,' said my lord.

'You will know Miss Grandison in time,' said Sir Charles.—'I trust her not with any of *my* secrets, Miss Byron.'

'The more ungenerous you, Sir Charles; for you get out of me all mine. I complained of you, Sir, to Miss Byron, for your reserves at Colnebrook.'

'Be so good, Madam,' said my lord—

'Nay, nothing but the Mountain and the Mouse. Miss Byron only wanted to see your collection of insects.'

'Miss Byron will do me great honour.'

'If Charlotte won't attend you, Madam,' said the countess, 'to my Lord G.'s, I will.'

'Have I not brought you off, Harriet?' whispered Miss Grandison. 'Trust me another time.—She will let you know the day before, my lord.'

'Miss Grandison, my lord,' said I, 'loves to alarm. But I will, with pleasure, wait on *her*, and on the countess, whenever they please.'

'You will see many things worth your notice, Madam, in Lord G.'s collection,' said Sir Charles to me. 'But Charlotte thinks nothing less than men and women worthy of hers; her parrot and squirrel, the one for it's prattle, the other for it's vivacity, excepted.'

'Thank you, Sir Charles—But pray do *you* be quiet! I fear nobody else.'

'Miss Byron,' said the countess, pray spare her not: I see you can make Charlotte be afraid of *two*.'

'Then it must be of *three*, Lady L.—You know my reverence for my elder sister.'

'Indeed but I don't. I know only, that nobody can better tell what she *should* do, than my Charlotte: but I have always taken too much delight in your vivacity, either to wish or expect you to rein it in.'

'You acted by me like an *indolent* parent, Lady L. who miscalls herself *indulgent*. You gave me my head for your own pleasure; and when I had got it, though you found the inconvenience, you chose rather to bear it, than to take the pains to restrain me—But Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, came over to us finished. He grew not up with us from year to year: his blaze dazzled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for *him*.'

'If I have not my sister's love, rather than what she pleasantly calls her reverence, I shall have a much worse opinion of my own outward behaviour, than of her merit.'

'Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault,' said Lord L. 'but I join with my sister Charlotte, in her opinion of what *is*.'

'And I too,' said the countess—for I am a party—This is it, Sir Charles—Who that lies under obligations which they cannot return, can view the obliger but with the most delicate sensibility?'

'Give *me* leave,' said Miss Emily, her face crimsoned over with modest gratitude, 'to say, that I am one, that 'shall ever have a reverence, superior 'to my love, for the best of guardians.'

Blushes overspread my face, and gave a tacit acknowledgment, on my part, of the same sensibility, from the same motives.

'Who is it,' joined in Dr. Bartlett, 'that knows my patron, but must 'acknowledge—'

'My dear Dr. Bartlett,' interrupted Sir Charles, 'from you, and from my 'good Lord L. these fine things are 'not to be borne. From my three 'sisters,' looking at *me* for one, 'and 'from my dear ward, I cannot be so 'uneasy, when they will not be restrained from acknowledging, that I 'have succeeded in my endeavours to 'perform my *duty* to them.'

I long to know, as I said once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done, to oblige every body in so high

high a manner. Don't *you*, Lucy? Bleſs me! what a deal of time have I waſted ſince I came to town? I feel as if I had wings, and had ſoared to ſo great a height, that every thing and perſon that I before beheld without diſſatisfaction, in this great town, looks diminutive and little under my aching eye. Thus, my dear, it muſt be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the *higheſt* of our ſatisfactions in this.

I was aſked to give them a leſſon on the harpſichord after tea. Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, 'Come, come, to prevent 'all excuſes, I will ſhew you the 'way.'

'Let it then be,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'Shakeſpeare's Cuckow. You 'have made me enter with ſo much 'comparative ſhame into myſelf, that 'I muſt have ſomething lively to raiſe 'my ſpirits.'

'Well, ſo it ſhall,' replied Miſs Grandiſon. 'Our poor couſin does 'not know what to do with himſelf 'when you are got a little out of his 'reach.'

'That is not fair, Charlotte.' ſaid Sir Charles. 'It is not that graceful 'manner of obliging, in which you 'generally excel. Compliance and 'reflection are not to be coupled.'

'Well, well, but I will give the 'good man his Cuckow, to make him 'amends.'

Accordingly ſhe ſung that ballad from Shakeſpeare; and with ſo much ſpirit and humour, as delighted every body.

Sir Charles being a judge of muſick, I looked a little ſillier than uſual, when I was again called upon.

'Come, my dear,' ſaid the kind counteſs, 'I will prepare you a little 'farther. When you ſee your two 'elder ſiſters go before you, you will 'have more courage.'

She ſat down, and played one of Scarlatti's leſſons; which, you know, are made to ſhow a fine hand. And ſurely, for the ſwiftneſs of her fingers, and the elegance of her manner, ſhe could not be equalled.

'It is referred to you, my third ſiſ-'ter,' ſaid Sir Charles [who had been taken aſide by Mr. Reeves; ſome whiſpering talk having paſſed between them] 'to favour us with ſome of 'Handel's muſick: Mrs. Reeves ſays, 'ſhe has heard you ſing ſeveral ſongs 'out of the Paſtoral, and out of ſome 'of his fineſt oratorios.

'Come hither, come hither, my 'ſweet Harriet—here's his Alexan-'der's Feaſt; my brother admires *that*, 'I know; and ſays it is the nobleſt 'compoſition that ever was produced 'by man; and is as finely ſet as writ-'ten.'

She made me ſit down to the inſtrument.

'As you know,' ſaid I, 'that great 'part of the beauty of this perform-'ance ariſes from the proper tranſi-'tions from one different ſtrain to ano-'ther, any one ſong muſt loſe great-'ly, by being taken out of it's place; 'and I fear—'

'Fear nothing, Miſs Byron,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'your obligingneſs, as 'well as your obſervation, intitle you 'to all allowances.'

I then turned to that fine air—

'Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
'Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.'

Which not being ſet ſo full with accompanying ſymphonies, as moſt of Mr. Handel's are, I performed with the more eaſe to myſelf, though I had never but once before played it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requeſted me to play and ſing it once more.

'*Dare repeat!*' methinks I hear my uncle Selby ſay, 'the girl that does no-'thing but repeat her own praiſes, 'comes with her *If I dare repeat!*'

Yes, Sir, I anſwer; for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: but ſuch as, *indeed*, raiſe one's vanity; how can one *avow* that vanity by writing them down?—But they were reſolved to be pleaſed before I began.

One compliment, however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, paſs over in ſilence. He whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon, as he leaned upon my chair, 'How 'could Sir Hargrave Pollexfen have 'the heart to endeavour to ſtop ſuch a 'mouth as that!'

And now, having laſt night and this morning, written ſo many ſides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable converſation that paſſed, were I ſure you

you would not think me insufferably tedious; and did not the unkind reserve of my cousin Reeves, as to the business of that Bagenhall, rush upon my memory with fresh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my cousin himself seems not easy; but is in expectation of hearing something, that will either give him relief, or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, should our friends take upon themselves to keep us in the dark, as to those matters which it concerns us more to know, than perhaps any body else? There is a tenderness sometimes shewn on arduous occasions in this respect, that gives as much pain, as we could receive from the most explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is so much strength of mind and discretion, supposed in the person that knows an event, and such weakness in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that—But I grow as saucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expose myself to reproof for a petulance, that I hope is not natural to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

THURSDAY NIGHT, MAR. 2.

AND what do you think was the reason of Mr. Reeves's reserves? A most alarming one. I am obliged to him, that he kept it from me, though the uncertainty did not a little affect me. Take the account of it, as it comes out.

I told you in my former, that the person to whom Sir Charles was sent for out, was Mr. Bagenhall; and that Sir Charles had sent in for Mr. Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like so well as I did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from minutes of Mr. Reeves, what passed on the occasion.

Sir Charles took Mr. Reeves aside—'This unhappy man, (Sir Hargrave, 'I mean,' said he) 'seems to me to 'want an excuse to himself, for put-'ting up with a treatment which he 'thinks disgraceful. When we have 'to deal with children, humours must 'be a little allowed for. But you will 'hear what the proposal is now. Let 'not the ladies, however, nor the gen-'tlemen within, know any thing of 'the matter till all is over. This is a 'day devoted to pleasure. But *you*, 'Mr. Reeves, know something of the 'matter; and can answer for your fair 'cousin.'

He then led Mr. Reeves in to Mr. Bagenhall.

'This, Sir, is Mr. Reeves.—Sir 'Hargrave, in short, Mr. Reeves, 'among other demands that I cannot 'comply with, (but which relate only 'to myself, and therefore need not be 'mentioned) insists upon an introduc-'tion to Miss Byron. He says, she is 'absolutely disengaged—Is she, Sir?'

'I dare say she is,' answered my cousin.

'This gentleman has been naming 'to me Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and 'others.'

'No one of them has ever met with 'the shadow of encouragement from my 'cousin. She is above keeping any man 'in suspense, when she is not in any her-'self. Nothing has given her more 'uneasiness than the number of her 'admirers.'

'Miss Byron,' said Sir Charles, '*must* be admired by every one that 'beholds her; but still more by those 'who are admitted to the honour of 'conversing with her.' But Sir Har-'grave is willing to build upon her 'disengagement something in his own 'favour. Is there any room for Sir 'Hargrave, who pleads his sufferings 'for her; who vows his honourable 'intentions, even at the time that he 'was hoping to gain her by so unman-'ly a violence; and appeals to her for 'the purity, as he calls it, of his be-'haviour to her all the time she was in 'his hands—who makes very large 'offers of settlements—Is there any 'room to hope, that Miss Byron—'

'No, none at all, Sir Charles.'

'What! not to save a life, Mr. 'Reeves?' said Mr. Bagenhall.

'If you mean mine, Mr. Bagen-'hall,' replied Sir Charles, 'I beg '*that* may not be considered. If Sir 'Hargrave means his own, I will pro-'nounce that it is safe from any pre-'meditated resentment of mine.—Do 'you think Miss Byron will bear to 'see Sir Hargrave, Mr. Reeves? I

'presume

'presume he intends to beg pardon of 'her. Will she consent to receive a 'visit from him?—But is not this 'wretched trifling, Mr. Bagenhall?'

'You will remember, Sir Charles, 'this is a proposal of *mine*: what I '*hoped* might be agreed to by Sir Har'grave; but that I was willing to con'sult you before I mentioned it to 'him.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagen'hall: I now remember it.'

'If ever man doated upon a woman,' said Mr. Bagenhall, 'it is Sir Har'grave on Miss Byron. The very 'methods he took to obtain her for a 'wife, shew *that* most convincingly. 'You will promise not to stand in his 'way, Sir?'

'I repeat, Mr. Bagenhall, what I 'have heretofore told you; that Miss 'Byron,—(*you'll* excuse me, Mr. 'Reeves)—is still under *my* protection. 'If Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is in'clined to ask her pardon; and if he 'can obtain it, and even upon his own 'terms, I shall think Miss Byron and 'he may be happier together, than at 'present I can imagine it possible. I 'am not desirous to be any way consi'dered, but as her protector from vio'lence and insult; and that I *will* 'be, if she claim it, in defiance of a 'hundred such men as Sir Hargrave. 'But then, Sir, the occasion must be 'sudden: no legal relief must be at 'hand. I will not, either for an ad'versary's sake, or my own, be de'fied into a cool and premeditated ven'geance.'

'But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave 'has some hardships in this case. You 'will not give him the satisfaction of 'a gentleman; and, according to the 'laws of honour, a man is not intitled 'to be *treated* as a gentleman, who 'denies to one—'

'Of whose making, Mr. Bagenhall, 'are the laws of honour you mention? 'I own no laws, but the laws of GOD 'and my country. But, to cut this 'matter short, tell Sir Hargrave, that 'little as is the dependence a man of 'honour can have upon that of a man 'who has acted by an helpless woman 'as he has acted by Miss Byron, I 'will breakfast with him in his own 'house to-morrow morning, if he 'contradicts it not. I will attribute 'to the violence of his passion for 'the lady, the unmanly outrage he 'was guilty of. I will suppose him 'mistaken enough to imagine, that he 'should make her amends by marriage, 'if he could compel her hand; and 'will trust my person to his honour, 'one servant only to walk before his 'door, not to enter the house, to at'tend my commands, after our con'versation is over. My sword, and 'my sword only, shall be my compa'nion; but this rather, that I would 'not be thought to owe my safety to 'the want of it, than in expectation, 'after such confidence placed in him, 'to have occasion to draw it in my own 'defence. And pray, Mr. Bagen'hall, do you, his friend, be present; 'and any other friends, and to what 'number he pleases.'

When I came to this place in my cousin's minutes, I was astonished; I was out of breath upon it.

Mr. Bagenhall was surprized; and asked Sir Charles, if he were in earnest.

'I would not be thought a rash 'man, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave '*threatens* me: I never avoid a threat'ener. *You* seem to hint, Sir, that I 'am not intitled to fair play, if I con'sent not to meet him with a murde'rous intention. With *such* an inten'tion I never will meet any man; 'though I have as much reason to rely 'on the skill of my arm, as on the 'justice of my cause. If foul play is 'hinted at, I am no more safe from 'an assassin in my bed-chamber, than 'in Sir Hargrave's house. Something 'must be done by a man who refuses 'a challenge, to let a challenger see, '(such is the world, such is the cus'tom!) that he has *better* motives 'than fear, for his refusal. I will put 'Sir Hargrave's honour to the fullest 'test: tell him, Sir, that I will bear a 'great deal; but that I will not be in'sulted, were he a prince.'

'And you really would have me—'

'I would, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir 'Hargrave, I see, will not be satis'fied, unless something extraordinary 'be done: and if I hear not from you, 'or from him, I will attend him by 'ten to-morrow morning, in an ami'cable manner, to breakfast at his own 'house in Cavendish Square.'

I am in terror, Lucy, even in transcribing only.

'Mr. Reeves,' said Sir Charles, 'you

'you undo me, if one word of this 'matter escape you, even to your 'wife.'

Mr. Reeves begged, that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

'By no means, Mr. Reeves.'

'Then, Sir Charles, you apprehend danger.'

'I do *not*. Something, as I said, 'must be done; this is the shortest and 'best method to make all parties easy. 'Sir Hargrave thinks himself slighted. 'He may infer, if he pleases, in his 'own favour, that I do *not* despise a 'man, in whom I can place such a 'confidence. Do you, Mr. Reeves, 'return to company; and let no one 'know the occasion of your absence, 'or of mine, from it.'

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both, when each separately entered the dining-room. And could this great man, (surely I may call him *great*) could he, in *such* circumstances, on his return, give joy, pleasure, entertainment, to all the company, without the least cause of suspicion of what had passed?

Mr. Reeves, as I told you, singled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had passed after he left him and Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him, that Mr. Bagenhall had proposed to let him know that night or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended visit. 'He has, 'accordingly, signified to me already,' said Sir Charles, 'that Sir Hargrave 'expects me.'

'And will you go, Sir?'

'Don't give yourself concern about 'the matter, Mr. Reeves. All must 'end well. My intention is, not to 'run into mischief, but to prevent it. 'My principles are better known 'abroad, than they are in England. I 'have been challenged more than once 'by men who knew them, and thought 'to find their safety from them. I 'have been obliged to take some extraordinary steps to save myself from 'insult; and those steps have answered 'my end, in more licentious countries 'than this. I hope this step will preserve me from calls of this nature in 'my own country.'

'For God's sake, Sir Charles—'

'Be not uneasy on my account, 'Mr. Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave 'value himself upon his fortune? He 'would be loth to forfeit it. *His* fortune is *my* security. And am I not a 'man of some consequence myself? 'Is not the affair between us known? 'Will not therefore the cause justify 'me, and condemn him? The man is 'turbulent; he is uneasy with himself; he knows himself to be in the 'wrong. And shall a man who resolves to pay a sacred regard to laws 'divine and human, fear this Goth? 'Tis time enough to fear, when I 'can be unjust. If you value my 'friendship, as I do yours, my good 'Mr. Reeves,' proceeded he, 'I shall 'be sure of your absolute silence. I 'will attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-'morrow morning. You will hear 'from me, or see me at your own 'house, by twelve.'

And then it was, as Mr. Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned from him, to encourage me to give the company a lesson from Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

Mr. Reeves went out in the morning. My cousin says, he had been excessively uneasy all night. He now owns, he called in St. James's Square, and there breakfasted with Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Emily, and Dr. Bartlett. Sir Charles went out at nine, in a chair, one servant only attending him: the family knew not whither. And his two sisters were fomenting a rebellion against him, as they humorously called it, for his keeping from them (who kept nothing from *him*) his motions, when they and my lord were together, and at his house: but my lord and Miss Emily pleasantly refused to join in it. Mr. Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was so sunk, that they took great notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, just as Mr. Reeves was determined to go to St. James's Square again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendish Square, (though irresolute what to do when there) the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles. After what I have written, does not your heart leap for joy, my Lucy?

'DEAR SIR,

HALF AN HOUR AFTER TWO.

'I Will do myself the honour of visiting Mrs. Reeves, Miss Byron, and you, at your usual tea-time, if you are not engaged. I tell the ladies here, that those who have least to do, are generally the most busy people in the world. I can therefore be only answerable, on this visit, for, Sir, *your most humble servant*,

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

Then it was, that vehemently urged both by my cousin and me, Mr. Reeves gave us briefly the cause of his uneasiness.

About six o'clock, Sir Charles came in a chair. He was charmingly dressed. I thought him, the moment he entered, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. What a transporting thing must it be, my Lucy, to an affectionate wife, without restraint, without check, and performing nothing but her duty, to run with open arms, to receive a worthy husband, returning to her after a long absence, or from an escaped danger! How cold, how joyless!—But no! I was neither cold nor joyless; for my face, as I felt it, was in a glow; and my heart was ready to burst with congratulatory meaning, at the visible safety, and unhurt person, of the man who had laid me before under such obligations to him, as were too much for my gratitude. O do not, do not tell me, my dear friends, that *you* love him, that *you* wish me to be his. I shall be ready, if you *do*, to wish—I don't know what I would say: but *your* wishes were always the leaders of *mine*.

Mrs. Reeves having the same cause for apprehension, could hardly restrain herself when he entered the room. She met him at the door, her hand held out, and with so much emotion, that Sir Charles said, 'How 'well, Mr. Reeves, you have kept 'my secret!'—Mr. Reeves told him what an uneasiness he had laboured under from the preceding evening; and how silent he had been, till his welcome billet came.

Then it was, that both my cousins, with equal freedom, congratulated him.

And I'll tell you how the fool, the maiden fool, looked and acted. Her feet insensibly moved to meet him, while he was receiving the freer compliments of my cousins. I curtsied bashfully; it was hardly noticeable; and, *because* unnoticed, I paid my compliments in a deeper curtsey. And then, finding my hand in his, when I knew not whether I had a hand or not —'I am grieved, Sir,' said I, 'to be 'the occasion, to be the cause—' And I sighed for one reason, (perhaps you can guess what that was) and blushed for two; because I knew not what to say, nor how to look; and because I was under obligations which I could not return.

He kindly saved my farther confusion, by making light of what had passed: and, leading me to a seat, took his place by me.

'May I ask, Sir Charles?' said my cousin Reeves, and stopt.

'The conversation was too tedious, 'and too various, to be minutely related, Mr. Reeves. But Sir Hargrave had, by Mr. Bagenhall's desire, got his short-hand writer in a 'closet; and that unknown to me, 'till all was over. I am to have a copy 'of what passed. You shall see it, if 'you please, when it is sent me.—'Mean time, what think you of a 'compromise at *your* expence, Miss 'Byron?'

'I dare abide by every thing that 'Sir Charles Grandison has stipulated 'for me.'

'It would be cruelty to keep a lady 'in suspense, where doubt will give her 'pain, and cannot end in pleasure.—'Sir Hargrave is resolved to wait upon 'you: are you willing to see him.'

'If, Sir, you will advise me to see 'him.'

'I advise nothing, Madam. Pursue 'your inclinations. Mr. Reeves is at 'liberty to admit whom he pleases 'into his house; Miss Byron to see in 'it, or wheresoever she is, whom *she* 'pleases. I told him my mind very 'freely: but I left him determined to 'wait on you. I have reason to believe 'he will behave very well. I shall be 'surprized if he does not in the humblest manner ask your pardon—and '*yours*, Mr. Reeves, and your lady's. '—But if you have any apprehensions, 'Madam,' (to me) 'I will be ready 'to attend you at five minutes notice,

'before

'before he ſhall be admitted to your 'preſence.'

'It is very good, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Reeves, 'to be ready to favour Miſs 'Byron with your countenance, on 'ſuch an occaſion. But I hope we 'need not give you that trouble in 'this houſe.'

Sir Charles went away ſoon after; and Mr. Reeves has been accuſing himſelf ever ſince, with anſwering him too abruptly, though he meant nothing but the trueſt reſpect. And yet as I have written it, on re-peruſal, I don't above half like Mr. Reeves's anſwer. But where high reſpect is entertained, grateful hearts will always, I believe, be accuſing themſelves of imperfections, which none other ſee, or can charge them with.

As Sir Charles is ſafe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's viſit, I will diſpatch this letter, with aſſurances that I am, my dear Lucy, *your ever affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK, MAR. 3.

SIR Charles has juſt ſent the impatiently expected paper, tranſcribed by the ſhort-hand writer from his minutes of the converſation that paſſed on Sir Charles's intrepid viſit at Sir Hargrave's. *Intrepid*, I call it: but had I known of it, as Mr. Reeves did, before the event, in ſome meaſure, juſtified the *raſhneſs*, I ſhould have called it raſh, and been for propoſing to ſend peace-officers to Cavendiſh Square, or taking ſome method to know whether he were ſafe in his perſon; eſpecially when three o'clock approached; and his dinner-time is earlier than that of moſt other people of faſhion.

Mr. Reeves has been ſo good as to undertake to tranſcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular viſits which I have received. I aſked Mr. Reeves, if it were not a ſtrange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his ſhort-hand-writer, and now turned liſtener, always with him? He anſwered, it was not an uſual way; but, in caſes of this nature, where murder, and a trial, were expected to follow the raſhneſs, in a court of juſtice, he thought it carried with it, though a face of premeditation, yet a look of fairneſs; and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad ſcrapes before now, and was willing to uſe every precaution for the future.

THE PAPER.

'On Thurſday morning, March the '2d, 17.. I, Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding evening, went to the houſe 'of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, baronet, in Cavendiſh Square, about 'half an hour after eight in the 'morning, in order to take minutes, in ſhort-hand, of a converſation that was expected to be held 'between the ſaid Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Sir Charles Grandiſon, Baronet, upon a debate between the ſaid gentlemen; on which 'I had once before attended James 'Bagenhall, Eſquire, at the houſe 'of the ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon 'in St. James's Square; and from 'which conſequences were apprehended, that might make an exact 'account of what paſſed of great 'importance.

'I was admitted, about nine o'clock, 'into the withdrawing-room; where 'were preſent the ſaid Sir Hargrave, 'the ſaid James Bagenhall, Solomon Merceda, Eſquire, and John 'Jordan, Eſquire: and they were 'in full converſation about the reception that was to be given to 'the ſaid Sir Charles Grandiſon; 'which not being a part of my orders or buſineſs, I had no command to take down; but the *contrary*.

'And that I might, with the leſs interruption, take minutes of the 'expected converſation, I was ordered to place myſelf in a large 'cloſet adjoining to the ſaid withdrawing-room, from which it was 'ſeparated by a thin wainſcot-partition: but, leſt the ſaid Sir Charles 'ſhould object to the taking of the 'ſaid minutes, I was directed to 'conceal myſelf there till called 'forth; but to take the ſaid mi-

'nutes fairly and truly, as, upon occaſion, I would make oath to the 'truth thereof.

'About half an hour after nine o'clock, 'I heard Mr. Bagenhall, with an 'oath, that denoted, by the voice, 'eagerneſs and ſurprize, ſay, Sir 'Charles was come. And immediately a footman entered, and 'ſaid, "Sir Charles Grandiſon."

'Then three or four of the gentlemen 'ſpoke together pretty loud and 'high: but what they ſaid I thought 'not in my orders to note down. 'But this is not improper to note: 'Sir Hargrave ſaid, "Give me that "pair of piſtols, and let him follow me into the garden. By G— "he ſhall take *one*."

"No, no!" I heard Mr. Merceda 'ſay; who, being a foreigner, I 'knew his voice from the reſt— "No, no! that muſt not be."

'And another voice, I believe by the 'liſp, it was Mr. Jordan's, ſay, "Let us, Sir Hargrave, hear what "a man ſo gallant has to ſay for "himſelf. *Occaſions* may ariſe *afterwards*."

'Mr. Bagenhall, whoſe voice I well 'knew, ſaid, D—n his blood, if a 'hair of Sir Charles Grandiſon's 'head ſhould be hurt on this viſit.

"Do I, d—n you all," ſaid Sir Har- 'grave, "offer any thing unfair, "when I would give him the choice "of the piſtols?"

"What! in your own garden! A "pretty ſtory, whichſoever drops!" 'ſaid Mr. Merceda. "The de- "vil's in it, if he may not be *forced* "now to give you the ſatisfaction of "a gentleman elſewhere.

"Deſire Sir Charles, (D——n his "blood," ſaid Sir Hargrave,) "to "come in." And then [as I ſaw 'through a knot-hole, that I juſt 'then, hunting for a crack in the 'wainſcot-partition, diſcovered] Sir 'Charles entered; and I ſaw, that 'he looked very ſedate and chearful; and he had his ſword by his 'ſide, though in a morning-dreſs. 'And then the converſation began, 'as follows.

'SIR CHARLES.

'YOUR ſervant, Sir Hargrave.— 'Mr. Bagenhall, yours.—Your 'ſervant, gentlemen.

'MR. BAGENHALL. Yours, Sir 'Charles.—You are a man of your 'word.—This gentleman is Mr. Jordan, Sir Charles.—This gentleman 'is Mr. Merceda.

'SIR CH. Mr. Merceda!—I have 'heard of Mr. Merceda.—I have been 'very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite 'myſelf to breakfaſt with you.

'SIR HARGRAVE. Yes, by G—. 'And ſo you have before now. Have 'you any body with you, Sir?—If 'you have, let them walk in.

'SIR CH. Nobody, Sir.

'SIR HAR. Theſe are gentlemen, 'Sir. They are men of honour. 'They are *my* friends.

'SIR CH. They look like gentle- 'men. I ſuppoſe every man a man 'of honour, till I find him otherwiſe.

'SIR HAR. But don't think I have 'them here to intimidate—

'SIR CH. Intimidate, Sir Har- 'grave! I know not what it is to be 'intimidated. You ſay the gentlemen 'are your friends. I come with a view 'to increaſe, and not diminiſh, the 'number of your friends.

'SIR HAR. Increaſe the number 'of my friends!—What! with one 'who robbed me of the only wo- 'man on earth that is worth having! And who, but for the unmanly 'advantage taken of me, had been my 'wife before the day was over, Sir! 'And yet to refuſe me the ſatisfaction 'of a gentleman, Sir!—But I hope you 'are now come—

'SIR CH. To breakfaſt with you, 'Sir Hargrave—Don't be warm. I 'am determined, if poſſible, not to be 'provoked—But I muſt not be ill- 'treated.

'SIR HAR. Why, then, Sir, take 'one of thoſe two piſtols. My cha- 'riot ſhall carry us—

'SIR CH. No-where, Sir Hargrave. 'What has hitherto paſſed between 'us, was owing to accident. It is 'not my way to recriminate. To your 'own heart, however, I appeal: that 'muſt convince you, that the method 'you took to gain the lady, rendered 'you unworthy of her. I took no '*unmanly* advantage of you. That I 'refuſed to meet you in the way you 'have demanded, gives me a title to 'call myſelf your beſt friend—

'SIR HAR. My beſt friend, Sir—

'SIR CH. Yes, Sir. If either the

'preſervation

'preſervation of your own life, or the 'ſaving you a long regret for taking 'that of another, as the chance might 'have been, deſerves your conſidera-'tion. In ſhort, it depends upon 'yourſelf, Sir Hargrave, to let me 'know whether you were guilty of 'a bad action from mad and violent 'paſſion, or from deſign, and a natural 'bias, if I may ſo call it, to violence; 'which alone can lead you to think 'of juſtifying one bad action by ano-'ther.

'SIR HAR. Then, Sir, account 'me a man of *natural violence*, if you 'pleaſe. Who ſhall value the opi-'nion of a man that has diſgracefully '— G— d— you, Sir—Do you ſee— 'what marks I ſhall carry to my 'grave—

'SIR CH. Were I as violent as 'you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry 'thoſe marks to your grave, and not 'wear them long.—Let us breakfaſt, 'Sir. That will give you time to 'cool. Were I even to do as you 'would have me, you would beſt find 'your account in being cool. You 'cannot think I would take ſuch an 'advantage of you, as your paſſion 'would give me.

'MR. BAG. Nobly ſaid, by Hea-'ven!—Let us breakfaſt, Sir Hargrave. 'Then you will be cooler. Then will 'you be fitter to diſcuſs this point, or 'any other.

'MR. MERCEDA. Very right.—You 'have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

'SIR CH. I am no man's enemy, 'Mr. Merceda. Sir Hargrave ſhould 'conſider, that in the occaſion for all 'this, he was to blame; and that all '*my* part in the affair was owing to 'accident, not malice.

'MR. JORDAN. I doubt not, Sir 'Charles, but you are ready to aſk 'pardon of Sir Hargrave, for your 'part—

'SIR CH. Aſk pardon, Sir!—No! '—I think I *ought* to have done juſt 'as I did. Were it to do again, I 'ſhould do it, whoever were the man.

'SIR HAR. See there! See there! 'Mr. Bagenhall—Mr. Merceda—Mr. 'Jordan!—ſee there! Hear that!— 'Who can have patience?

'SIR CH. I can tell you who ought 'to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I 'ſhould have a very mean opinion of 'any man here, called upon as I was, 'if he had not done juſt as I did: and 'a ſtill meaner than I have of *you*, Sir 'Hargrave, had you, in the like caſe, 'refuſed aſſiſtance to a woman in diſ-'treſs. But I will not repeat what I 'have written.

'SIR HAR. If you are a *man*, Sir 'Charles Grandiſon, take your choice 'of one of thoſe piſtols. G— d— 'you! I *inſiſt* upon it.

'And I ſaw through the knot-hole, that Sir Hargrave aroſe in paſſion.

'SIR CH. As I AM a *man*, Sir 'Hargrave, I will *not*. It might look 'to an angry man like an inſult, which 'I am above intending, were I to ſay, 'that I have given, on our *firſt* inter-'view, proofs that I want not cou-'rage. I give you now, as I think, 'the higheſt I *can* give, in refuſing 'your challenge. A perſonal inſult I 'know how to repel. I know how to 'defend myſelf—But, as I ſaid, I will 'not repeat any thing I have written.

'MR. MER. But, Sir Charles, 'you have threatened a man of honour 'in what you have written, if we take 'you right, with a weapon that ought 'to be uſed only to a ſcoundrel; yet 'refuſe—

'SIR CH. The man, Sir, that ſhall 'take it into his head to inſult me, 'may do it with the greater ſafety, 'though perhaps not with impunity, 'as he may be aſſured I will not kill 'him for it, if I can help it. I can 'play with my weapons, Sir, (it may 'look like boaſting;) but will not 'play with any man's life, nor conſent 'to make a ſport of my own.

'SIR HAR. D—n your coolneſs, 'Sir—I cannot bear—

'SIR CH. Curſe not your ſafety, 'Sir Hargrave.

'MR. JOR. Indeed, Sir Charles, 'I could not bear ſuch an air of ſupe-'riority—

'SIR CH. It is *more* than an air, 'Mr. Jordan. The man who can 'think of juſtifying one violent action 'by another, muſt give a *real* ſuperi-'ority againſt himſelf. Let Sir Har-'grave confeſs his fault—I have put 'him in the way of doing it, with all 'the credit to himſelf that a man can 'have who has *committed* a fault—and 'I offer him my hand.

'SIR HAR. Damnable inſult!— 'What, own a fault to a man who, 'without any provocation, has diſhed 'my

'my teeth down my throat; and, as 'you see—Gentlemen—say, Can I, 'ought I, *now* to have patience?

'SIR CH. I intended not to do 'you any of this mischief, Sir Hargrave. I drew not my sword, to return a pass made by yours—actually 'received a raking on my shoulder 'from a sword that was aimed at my 'heart. I sought nothing but to hinder you from doing that mischief to '*me*, which I was resolved not to do to '*you*. This, Sir Hargrave—this, gentlemen—was the state of the case; and 'the cause such, as no man of honour 'could refuse engaging in.——And 'now, Sir, I meet you, upon my own 'invitation, in your own house, unattended, and alone, to shew you, that 'I have the same disposition as I had 'from the first, to avoid doing you injury—and *this* it is, gentlemen, that 'gives me a superiority to Sir Hargrave, which he may lessen by behaving as I, in this case, would behave 'to him.

'MR. BAG. By G— this is nobly 'said.

'MR. JOR. I own, Sir Hargrave, 'that I would sooner kneel to such a 'man as this than to a king on his 'throne.

'SIR HAR. D—n me, if I forgive 'him, with these marks about me! '—I insist upon your taking one of 'those pistols, Sir.—Gentlemen, my 'friends, he boasts of his advantages: 'he *may* have some from his cursed 'coolness: he can have none any other 'way. Bear witness, I forgive him 'if he lodges a brace of bullets in my 'heart—Take one of those pistols, Sir. 'They are equally loaded—Bear witness, if I die, that I have provoked 'my fate. But I will die like a man 'of honour.

'SIR CH. To *die* like a man of 'honour, Sir Hargrave, you must have '*lived* like one. You should be sure 'of your cause. But these pistols are 'too ready a mischief. Were I to 'meet you in *your own* way, Sir Hargrave, I should not expect that a man 'so enraged would fire his over *my* 'head, as I should be willing to do 'mine over *his*. Life I would not put 'upon the perhaps involuntary twitch 'of a finger.

'SIR HAR. Well, then, the sword, 'You came, though undressed, with 'your sword on.

'SIR CH. I did; and for the reason I gave to Mr. Bagenhall. I draw 'it not, however, but in my own defence.

'SIR HAR. (Rising from his seat) 'Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you 'and I, Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen, my friends, stay here. They 'shall only look out of the windows, 'if they please—Only to that grass-plot, Sir—(pointing, as I saw)—If *you* 'fall, I shall have the worst of it, from 'the looks of the matter, killing a 'man in my own garden: if I fall, 'you will have the evidence of my 'friends to bring you off.

'SIR CH. I need not look at the 'place, Sir Hargrave.—And since, gentlemen, it is allowed, that the pistols 'may be dismissed; and since by their 'lying loaded on the table, they seem 'but to stimulate to mischief; you 'will all excuse me—and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me—

'And so saying, he arose, with great 'tranquillity, as I saw; and taking the 'pistols, lifted up the sash that was 'next to that at which Sir Hargrave 'stood, and discharged them both out 'of the window.

'By the report, the writer is sure 'they were well loaded.

'In ran a crowd of servants, men and 'women, in dismay. The writer sat 'still in the closet, knowing the matter 'to be no worse. One of the men 'cried out, "This is the murderer!" 'And they all (not seeing their master, 'as I suppose, at the window beyond 'Sir Charles, and who afterwards 'owned himself too much surprized to 'stir or speak) were for making up to 'Sir Charles.

'Sir Charles then retiring, put his 'hand upon his sword: but mildly said, "My friends, your master is safe, "Take care I hurt not any of you."

'SIR HAR. I am safe—Be gone, 'scoundrels!

'MR. BAG. Be gone! Quit the 'room. Sir Hargrave is safe.

'MR. MER. } Be gone! be gone!
'MR. JOR. }

'The servants, as I saw, crouded 'out as fast as they came in.

'Sir Charles, then stepping towards

'Sir

Plate III. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Nov. 16, 1782.

'Sir Hargrave, ſaid, "You will, ſome "time hence, Sir, think the diſcharge "of thoſe piſtols much happier than if "they had been put to the uſe deſigned "when they were loaded. I offer you "my hand: it is an offer that is not to "be twice refuſed. If you have malice "to me, I have none to you. I in-"vited myſelf to *breakfaſt* with you. "You and your friends ſhall be wel-"come to *dine* with me. My time is "near expired," (looking at his watch) '—for Sir Hargrave ſeemed too irreſo-'lute either to accept or refuſe his hand.

'MR. JOR. I am aſtoniſhed?—'Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquil-'lity muſt you have within you!—The 'devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you 'ſhall not make up matters with ſuch a 'noble adverſary.

'MR. MER. He has won me to 'his ſide.—By the great God of Hea-'ven, I had rather have Sir Charles 'Grandiſon for my friend than the 'greateſt prince on earth!

'MR. BAG. Did I not *tell* you, 'gentlemen?—D—n me, if I have not 'hitherto lived to nothing but to my 'ſhame! I had rather be Sir Charles 'Grandiſon in this one paſt hour, than 'the Great Mogul all my life.

'Sir Hargrave even ſobbed, as I 'could hear by his voice, like a child. "D—n my heart," ſaid he, in broken 'ſentences—" and muſt I thus put up "—and muſt I be thus overcome?—By "G—, by G—, Grandiſon, you muſt, "you muſt, walk down with me into "the garden. I have ſomething to "propoſe to you; and it will be in "your own choice either to compro-"miſe, or to give me the ſatisfaction "of a gentleman: but you muſt retire "with me into the garden."

'SIR. CH. With all my heart, Sir 'Hargrave.

'And taking off his ſword, he laid 'it on the table.

'SIR HAR. And muſt I do ſo too? '—D—n me, if I do!—Take up your 'ſword, Sir.

'SIR CH. I will, to oblige you, 'Sir Hargrave. It will be always in 'my choice to draw it, or not.

'SIR HAR. D—n me, if I can 'live to be *thus* treated?—Where the 'devil have you been till now?—But 'you muſt go down with me into the 'garden.

'SIR CH. Shew me the way, Sir 'Hargrave.

'They all interpoſed: but Sir Charles 'ſaid, "Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Har-"grave have his way. We will attend "you preſently."

'The writer then came out, by the 'gentlemen's leave, who ſtaid be-'hind, at the windows. They 'expreſſed their admiration of Sir 'Charles. And Mr. Merceda 'and Mr. Bagenhall (the writer 'mentions it to their honour) 'reproached each other, as if they 'had no notion of what was great 'and noble in man till now.

'Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave ſoon 'appeared in ſight, walking, and as 'converſing earneſtly. The ſubject, 'it ſeems, was ſome propoſals made 'by Sir Hargrave, about the lady, 'which Sir Charles would not com-'ply with. And when they came to 'the graſs-plot, Sir Hargrave threw 'open his coat and waiſtcoat, and 'drew; and ſeemed, by his motions, 'to inſiſt upon Sir Charles's drawing 'likewiſe. Sir Charles had his ſword 'in one hand; but it was undrawn; 'the other was ſtuck in his ſide; his 'frock was open. Sir Hargrave ſeem-'ed ſtill to inſiſt upon his drawing, 'and put himſelf into a fencing at-'titude. Sir Charles then calmly 'ſtepping towards him, put down Sir 'Hargrave's ſword with his hand, and 'put his left-arm under Sir Hargrave's 'ſword-arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up 'the other arm paſſionately: but Sir 'Charles, who was on his guard, im-'mediately laid hold of it, and ſeem-'ed to ſay ſomething mildly to him; 'and letting go his left-hand, led him 'towards the houſe; his drawn ſword 'ſtill in his hand. Sir Hargrave 'ſeemed to expoſtulate, and to reſiſt 'being led, though but faintly, and 'as a man overcome with Sir Charles's 'behaviour; and they both came up 'together, Sir Charles's arm ſtill with-'in his ſword-arm—[The writer re-'tired to his firſt place.] "D—n me," 'ſaid Sir Hargrave, as he entered the 'room, "this man, this Sir Charles, "is the devil—He has made a mere "infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he "will not be my friend neither, in the "point my heart is ſet upon." He 'threw his ſword upon the floor.—

"This

"This only will I say, as I said be-
"low, be my friend in that one point,
"and I will forgive you with all my
"soul."

'SIR CH. The lady is, must be, her
'own mistress, Sir Hargrave. I have
'acquired no title to any influence over
'her. She is an excellent woman.
'She would be a jewel in the crown
'of a prince. But you must allow
'me to say, she must not be terrified.
'I do assure you, that her life has
'been once in danger already: all the
'care and kindness of my sister, and
'a physician, could hardly restore her.

'SIR HAR. The most inflexible man,
'devil I should say, I ever saw in my
'life!—But you have no objection
'to my seeing her. She shall see (yet
'how can I forgive you that?) what I
'have suffered in my person for her
'sake. If she will not be mine, these
'marks shall be *hers*, not *yours*. And
'though I will not terrify her, I will
'see if she has no pardon, no pity for
'me. She knows, she *very* well
'knows, that I was the most honour-
'able of men to her, when she was in
'my power. By all that's sacred, I
'intended only to make her Lady Pol-
'lexfen! I saw she had as many
'lovers as visiters, and I could not
'bear it.—You, Sir Charles, will
'stand my friend; and if money and
'love will purchase her, she shall yet
'be mine.

'SIR CH. I promise you no friend-
'ship in this case, Sir Hargrave. All
'her *relations* leave her, it seems, to
'her own discretion; and who shall
'offer to lead her choice? What I said
'below, when you would have made
'*that* a condition, I repeat—I think
'she ought *not* to be yours; nor ought
'you, either for your own sake or hers,
'to desire it. Come, come, Sir Har-
'grave, consider the matter better.
'Think of some other woman, if you
'are disposed to marry. Your figure—

'SIR HAR. Yes, by G—. I make
'a pretty figure now, don't I?

'SIR CH. Your fortune will make
'you happier in marriage with any
'other woman, after what has hap-
'pened, than this *can* make you.
'For my own part, let me tell you,
'Sir Hargrave, I would not marry the
'greatest princess on earth, if I thought
'she did not love me above all other
'men, whether I *deserved* her love or
'not.

'SIR HAR. And you have no view
'to yourself in the advice you give?
'—Tell me that—I insist upon your
'telling me that.

'SIR CH. Whenever I pretend to
'give advice, I should abhor myself,
'if I did not wholly consider the good
'of the person who consulted me;
'and if I had any retrospection to my-
'self, which might in the least affect
'that person.

'The breakfast was then brought
'in. This that follows was the
'conversation that passed at and
'after breakfast.

'MR. BAG. See what a Christian
'can do, Mercedа. After this, will
'you remain a Jew?

'MR. MER. Let me see such *ano-*
'ther Christian, and I will give you
'an answer. You, Bagenhall, I hope,
'will not think yourself intitled to
'boast of your Christianity?

'MR. BAG. Too true! We have
'been both of us sad dogs.

'SIR HAR. And I have been the
'most innocent man of the three; and
'yet, that's the devil of it, am the
'greatest sufferer. Curse me, if I
'can bear to look at myself in a glass!

'MR. JOR. You should be above
'all that Sir Hargrave. And let me
'tell you, you need not be ashamed
'to be overcome, as you are over-
'come. You really appear to me a
'greater, and not a *less* man, than
'you did before, by your compro-
'mising with such a noble adversary.

'SIR HAR. That's some comfort,
'Jordan.—But, d—n me, Sir Charles,
'I will see the lady: and you shall
'introduce me to her, too.

'SIR CH. That cannot be—What!
'shall I introduce a man to a woman,
'whom I think he ought no more to
'see, than she should see him? If I
'thought you would go, I might, if
'she requested it, be there, lest, from
'what she has suffered already, she
'should be too much terrified.

'SIR HAR. What, Sir! You would
'not turn *Quixote* again?

'SIR CH. No need, Sir Hargrave.
'You would not again be the *giant*
'who should run away with the lady.

'The gentlemen laughed.

'SIR

'SIR HAR. By G—d, Sir, you 'have carried your matters very tri- 'umphantly.

'SIR CH. I mean not triumph, 'Sir Hargrave. But where either 'truth or juſtice is concerned, I hope 'I ſhall never palliate.

'MR. BAG. Curſe me, if I believe 'there is ſuch another man in the 'world!

'SIR CH. I am ſorry to hear you 'ſay that, Mr. Bagenhall. Occaſion 'calls not out every man equally.

'SIR HAR. Why did I not ſtrike 'him!—D—n me, that muſt have pro- 'voked you to fight.

'SIR CH. *Provoked*, in that caſe, 'I ſhould have been, Sir Hargrave. I 'told you, that I would not bear to be 'inſulted. But, ſo warranted to take '*other* methods, I ſhould not have 'uſed my ſword: the caſe has hap- 'pened to me before now; but I would 'be upon friendly terms with you, Sir 'Hargrave.

'SIR HAR. Curſe me, if I can 'bear my own littleneſs!

'SIR CH. When you give this mat- 'ter your cool attention, you will find 'reaſon to rejoice, that an enterprize 'began in violence, and carried on ſo 'far as you carried it, concluded not 'worſe. Every opportunity you will 'have for exerting your good qualities, 'or for repenting of your bad, will 'contribute to your ſatisfaction to the 'end of your life. You could *not* 'have been happy, had you prevailed 'over me. Think you, that a mur- 'derer ever was a happy man? I am 'the more ſerious, becauſe I would 'have you think of this affair. It '*might* have been a *very* ſerious one.

'SIR HAR. You know, Sir Charles, 'that I would have compromiſed with 'you below. But not one point—

'SIR CH. Compromiſe, Sir Har- 'grave!—As I told you, I had no 'quarrel with *you*: you propoſed con- 'ditions, which I thought ſhould not 'be complied with. I aimed not to 'carry *any* point. Self-defence, I 'told you, was the whole of my 'ſyſtem.

'MR. BAG. You have given ſome 'hints, Sir Charles, that you have 'not been unuſed to affairs of this 'kind.

'SIR CH. I have before now met a 'challenger; but it was when I could 'not avoid it; and with the reſolution 'of ſtanding only on my own defence, 'and in the hope of making an enemy 'a friend. Had I—

'MR. BAG. What poor toads, 'Merceda, are we!

'MR. MER. Be ſilent, Bagenhall; 'Sir Charles had not done ſpeaking.— 'Pray, Sir Charles—

'SIR CH. I was going to ſay, that 'had I ever premeditatedly given way 'to a challenge, that I *could* have de- 'clined, I ſhould have conſidered the 'acceptance of it as the greateſt blot 'of my life; I am naturally cholerick; 'yet, in this article, I hope I have 'pretty much ſubdued myſelf. In the 'affair between Sir Hargrave and me, 'I have the pleaſure to reflect, that '*paſſion*, which I hold to be my moſt 'dangerous enemy, has not had, in 'any one moment, an aſcendency 'over me.

'SIR HAR. No, by my ſoul! And 'how ſhould it? You came off too 'triumphantly. *You* were not hurt: '*You* have no *marks* to ſhew. May I 'be curſed, if, in forgiving you, which 'yet I know not how to do, I do not 'think myſelf the greater hero!

'SIR CH. I will not conteſt that 'point with you, Sir Hargrave. There 'is no doubt but the man, who can 'ſubdue his paſſion and forgive a *real* 'injury, is a hero. Only remember, 'Sir, that it was not owing to your '*virtue* that I was not hurt; and that 'it was not my *intention* to hurt *you*.

'MR. JOR. I am charmed with 'your ſentiments, Sir Charles. You 'muſt allow me the honour of your 'acquaintance. We all acknowledge 'duelling to be criminal: but no one 'has the courage to break through a 'bad cuſtom.

'SIR CH. The empty, the *falſe* 'glory, that men have to be thought 'brave, and the apprehenſion of being 'deemed cowards among men, and 'among *women* too, very few men 'aim to get above.

'MR. JOR. But you, Sir Charles, 'have ſhewn that reputation and con- 'ſcience are entirely reconcileable.

'MR. BAG. You have, by Hea- 'ven! And I beg of you, Sir, to al- 'low me to claim your farther ac- 'quaintance. You may ſave a ſoul 'by it.—Merceda, what ſay you?

'MR. MER. Say! What a devil

'can I say? But the *doctrine* would 'have been nothing without the *ex-* 'ample.

'SIR HAR. And all this at my 'expence!—But, Sir Charles, I must, 'I will have Miss Byron.

'MR. JOR. I think every thing 'impertinent, that hinders me from 'asking questions for my information 'and instruction, of a man so capable 'of giving both, on a subject of this 'importance.—Allow me, Sir Charles, 'to ask a few questions, in order to 'confirm me quite your proselyte.

'SIR CH. [Taking out his watch, as I saw] Time wears. Let my ser- 'vant be called in. The weather is 'cold. I directed him to attend be- 'fore the door.'

'It was immediately ordered, with 'apologies.

'SIR CH. Ask me, Mr. Jordan, 'what questions you please.

'MR. JOR. You have been chal- 'lenged more than once, I presume.

'SIR CH. I am not a quarrelsome 'man: but as it was early known that 'I made it a principle not to engage in 'a duel, I was the more subjected, I 'have reason to think, for that, to in- 'conveniences of this nature.

'MR. JOR. Had you always, Sir 'Charles, that magnanimity, that in- 'trepidity, that steadiness, I know 'not what to call it, which we have 'seen and admire in you?

'SIR CH. I have always consider- 'ed spirit as the distinction of a man. 'My father was a man of spirit. I 'never feared man, since I could write 'man. As I never sought danger, or 'went out of the way to meet it, I 'looked upon it, when it came, as an 'unavoidable evil, and as a call upon 'me for fortitude. And hence I hard- 'ly ever wanted that presence of mind 'in it, which a man ought to shew; 'and which sometimes, indeed, was 'the means of extricating me from it.

'SIR HAR. An instance of which 'this morning, I suppose you think, 'has produced?

'SIR CH. I had not that in my 'head. In Italy, indeed, I should 'hardly have acted as in the instance 'you hint at. But in England, and, 'Sir Hargrave, I was willing to think, 'in Cavendish Square, I could not but 'conclude myself safe. I know my 'own heart. I wished you no evil, Sir. 'I was calm. I *expected* to meet you 'full of fire, full of resentment: but 'it is hard, thought I, (as some ex- 'traordinary step seems necessary to be 'taken) if I cannot content myself 'with that superiority (excuse me, Sir 'Hargrave) which my calmness, and 'Sir Hargrave's passion, must give me 'over him, or any man. My sword 'was in my power. Had I even ap- 'prehended assassination, the house of 'an English gentleman could not have 'been the place for it; and where a 'confidence was reposed. But one 'particular instance, I own, I had in 'my mind, when I said what I did.'

'All the gentlemen besought him to 'give it.

'SIR CH. In the raging of the 'war, now, so seasonably for all the 'powers at variance, concluded, I was 'passing through a wood in Germany, 'in my way to Manheim. My ser- 'vant, at some distance before me, 'was endeavouring to find out the right 'road, there being more than one. He 'rode back affrighted, and told me he 'had heard a loud cry of murder, suc- 'ceeded by groans, which grew fainter 'and fainter, as those of a dying per- 'son! and besought me to make the 'best of my way back. As I was 'thinking to do so, (though my way 'lay through the wood, and I had got 'more than half-way in it) I beheld 'six Pandours issue from that inner 'part of the wood, into which, in all 'probability, they had dragged some 'unhappy passenger; for I saw a horse 'bridled and saddled, without a rider, 'grazing by the road-side. They were 'well armed. I saw no way to escape. 'They probably knew every avenue in 'and out of the wood: I did not. 'They stopped when they came within 'two musquet-shots of me, as if they 'had waited to see which way I took. 'Two of them had dead poultry slung 'across their shoulders, which shewed 'them to be common plunderers. I 'took a resolution to ride up to them. 'I bid my servant, if he saw me at- 'tacked, make the best of his way for 'his own security, while they were 'employed either in rifling or murder- 'ing me; but if they suffered me to 'pass, to follow me. He had no 'portmanteau to tempt them. That, 'and my other baggage, I had caused 'to be sent by water to Manheim.—

"I am

"I am an Engliſhman, gentlemen," ſaid I, (judging, if Auſtrians, as I ſuppoſed they were, that plea would not diſavail me:) "I am doubtful of "my way. Here is a purſe;" holding it out. "As ſoldiers, you muſt be "gentlemen: it is at your ſervice, if "one or two of you will be ſo kind as "to eſcort and guide me through this "wood." They looked upon one another: I was loth they ſhould have time to deliberate—"I am upon buſineſs of great conſequence. Pray, "direct me the neareſt way to Manheim. Take theſe florins."

'At laſt, one that ſeemed of authority among them, held out his hand; and, taking the purſe, ſaid ſomething in Sclavonian; and two of them, with their pieces ſlung on their ſhoulders, and their ſabres drawn, led me out of the wood in ſafety; but hoped, at parting, my farther generoſity. I found a few more florins for them; and they rode back into the wood; I ſuppoſe to their fellows; and glad I was to come off ſo well. Had I either ſeemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to eſcape, probably I had been loſt. Two perſons were afterwards found murdered in the wood; one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my ſervant had heard cry out, and groan.

'MR. JOR. I feel *now* very ſenſibly, Sir Charles, your danger and eſcape. Your fortitude indeed was *then* of ſervice to you.

'SIR HAR. But, Sir Charles, methinks I ſhall be eaſier in myſelf, if you give me one inſtance of your making, before now, an enemy a friend. Have you one in point?

'SIR CH. Stories of this nature come very ill from a man's own mouth.

'SIR HAR. I *muſt* have it, Sir Charles. A brother-ſufferer will better reconcile me to myſelf.

'SIR CH. If you will *not* excuſe me, then, I will tell you the ſtory.

'MR. JOR. Pray, Sir—

'SIR CH. I had a miſunderſtanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger—

'MR. BAG. At the Carnival, I ſuppoſe!—About a lady, Sir Charles?

'SIR CH. He was the only ſon of a noble Venetian family, who had great expectations from him. He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had alſo an intereſt in his welfare. We had made a friendſhip together at Padua. I was at Venice by his invitation, and ſtood well with all his family. He took offence againſt me, at the inſtigation of a deſigning relation of his; to own the truth, a lady, as you ſuppoſe, Mr. Bagenhall, his ſiſter. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuſer; nor yet to appeal to his father, who was a perſon of temper as well as ſenſe. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was reſolved to quit Venice; and took leave of his whole family, the lady excepted, who would not be ſeen by me. The father and mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had ſo managed, that I could not with honour appeal to them; and, at taking leave of him in their preſence, under pretence of a recommendatory letter, he gave into my hand a challenge. The anſwer I returned, after proteſting my innocence, was to this effect: "I "am ſetting out for Verona in a few "hours. You know my principles; "and I hope will better conſider of the "matter. I never, while I am maſter "of my temper, will give myſelf ſo "much cauſe of repentance to the laſt "hour of my life, as I ſhould have, "were I to draw my ſword, to the irreparable injury of any man's family: or to run the ſame riſque of "injuring my own, and of incurring "the final perdition of us both."

'MR. MER. This anſwer rather provoked than ſatisfied, I ſuppoſe?

'SIR CH. Provocation was not my *intention*. I deſigned only to remind him of the obligations we were both under to our reſpective families, and to throw in a hint of a ſtill ſuperior conſideration. It was likely to have more force in that Roman Catholick country than, I am ſorry to ſay it, it would in this Proteſtant one.

'SIR HAR. How, how, Sir Charles, did it end?

'SIR CH. I went to Verona. He followed me thither; and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. "Why ſhould I draw?" ſaid I.

" Will the decision by the sword be " *certainly* that of justice? You are in " a passion. You have no reason to " doubt either my skill or my courage;" ' [On such an occasion, gentlemen, ' and with such a view, a man may ' perhaps be allowed to give himself a ' little consequence:] " and solemnly " once more do I avow my inno- " cence; and desire to be brought face " to face with my accusers."

' He raved the more for my calm- ' ness. I turned from him, with in- ' tent to leave him. He thought fit to ' offer me a personal insult. I now, ' methinks, blush to tell it—he gave ' me a box on the ear, to provoke me ' to draw.

' MR. MER. And *did* you draw, ' Sir?

' MR. BAG. To be sure, you *then* ' drew?

' MR. JOR. Pray, Sir Charles, let ' us know. You could not then *help* ' drawing? This was a provocation ' that would justify a saint.

' SIR CH. He had forgot, in that ' passionate moment, that *he* was a ' gentleman. I did not remember that ' *I* was one. But I had no occasion ' to draw.

' SIR HAR. What a plague—You ' did not cane him?

' SIR CH. He got well after a fort- ' night's lying by.

' SIR HAR. Damnation!

' SIR CH. I put him into possession ' of the lodgings I had taken for my- ' self, and into proper and safe hands. ' He was, indeed, unable for a day or ' two to direct for himself. I sent for ' his friends. His servant did me ' justice as to the provocation. Then ' it was that I was obliged, in a letter, ' to acquaint the father of a discovery ' I had made, which the son had re- ' fused to hear; which, with the lady's ' confession, convinced them all of my ' innocence. His father acknowledged ' my moderation; as the young gen- ' tleman himself did, desiring a re- ' newal of friendship: but as I thought ' the affair had gone too far for a cor- ' dial reconciliation, and knew that he ' would not want instigators to urge ' him to resent an indignity, which he ' had, however, brought upon himself, ' by a greater offered to me, I took ' leave of him and his friends, and re- ' visited some of the German courts; ' that of Vienna in particular, where ' I resided some time.

' In the mean while the young gen- ' tleman married. His lady, of the ' Altieri family, is an excellent wo- ' man. He had a great fortune with ' her. Soon after his nuptials, he let ' me know, that, as he doubted not, ' if I had drawn my sword, I should, ' from his violence at the time, have ' had his life in my power, he could ' not but acknowledge, that he owed ' all his acquisitions, and the best of ' wives, as well as the happiness of ' both families, with *that* life, to me.

' I apply not this instance: but, ' Sir Hargrave, as I hope to see you ' married, and happy, though it can ' never be, I think, to Miss Byron, ' such generous acknowledgments as ' misbecome not an Italian, I shall ' then hope for from an Englishman.

' SIR HAR. And had your Italian ' any marks left him, Sir?—Depend ' upon it, I shall never look into a ' glass, but I shall curse you to the ' very pit!

' SIR CH. Well, Sir Hargrave, ' this only I will add, that be as sen- ' sible as you will, and *as I am*, of the ' happy issue of this untoward affair, ' I will never expect a compliment ' from you, that shall tend to your ' abasement.

' MR. JOR. Your hand, Sir Har- ' grave, to Sir Charles—

' SIR HAR. What, without terms! ' Curse me, if I do!—But let him ' bring Miss Byron in his hand to me; ' (that is the least he can do) then may ' I thank him for my wife.

' Sir Charles made some smiling an- ' swer: but the writer heard it not.

' Sir Charles would then have taken ' leave: but all the gentlemen, Sir ' Hargrave among the rest, were earnest ' with him to stay a little longer.

' MR. JOR. My conversion must ' be perfected, Sir Charles. This is ' a subject that concerns us all. *We* ' *shall remember every tittle of the* ' *conversation*; and think of it when ' we do not see you.—Let me beg of ' you to acquaint me, how you came ' to differ from all other men of ho- ' nour in your practice, as well as in ' your notions, upon this subject?

' SIR CH. I will answer your ques- ' tion, Mr. Jordan, as briefly as I ' can.

' My

'My father was a man of spirit. He had high notions of honour, and he inspired me early with the same. I had not passed my twelfth year, when he gave me a master to teach me what is called, The science of defence. I was fond of the practice, and soon obtained such a skill in the weapons, as pleased both my father and master. I had strength of body beyond my years: the exercise added to it. I had agility; it added to my agility; and the praises given me by my father and master, so heightened my courage, that I was almost inclined to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. My mother was an excellent woman; she had instilled into my earliest youth, almost from infancy, notions of moral rectitude, and the first principles of Christianity, now rather ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready sometimes to tremble at the consequences, which she thought might follow from the attention which I paid (thus encouraged and applauded) to this *practice*; and was continually reading lectures to me upon *true* magnanimity, and upon the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries. Had I not lost her so soon as I did, I should have been a more perfect scholar than I am in these noble doctrines. As she knew me to be naturally hasty, and very sensible of affronts; and as she had observed, as she told me, that even in the delight she had brought me to take in doing good, I shewed an over-readiness, even to rashness, which she thought might lead me into errors, that would more than overbalance the good I aimed to do; she redoubled her efforts to keep me right: and, on this particular acquirement of a skill in the management of the weapons, she frequently enforced upon me an observation of Mr. Locke, "That young men, in "their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain "learned to fence, if they never shew "their skill in a duel."

'This observation, insisted upon and inculcated, as she knew how, was very seasonable at that time of danger. And she never forgot to urge upon me, that the science I was learning, was a science properly called of *defence*, and not of *offence*; at the same time endeavouring to caution me against the low company into which a dexterity at my weapons might lead me, as well as against the diversions themselves exhibited at the infamous places where those brutal people resorted: infamous even by name*, as well as in the nature of them.

'From her instructions I had an early notion, that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to resent it; and to give a life, than to take it. My father (I honour his memory!) was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my mother was my oracle. And he was always so just to her merit, as to command me to consider her as such; and the rather, he used to say, as she distinguished well between the *false* glory and the *true*; and would not have her boy a coward.

'MR. MER. A good beginning, by my life!

'MR. JOR. Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

'SIR HAR. Aye, aye, we all listen.

'MR. BAG. Curse him that speaks next, to interrupt you.

'SIR CH. But what indelibly impressed upon my heart my mother's lessons, was an occurrence, which, and the consequences of it, I shall ever deplore. My father, having taken leave of my mother, on a proposed absence of a few days, was, in an hour after, brought home, as it was thought, *mortally* wounded in a duel. My mother's surprize on this occasion threw her into fits, from which she never after was wholly free. And these, and the dangerous way he continued in for some time, brought her into an ill state of health; broke, in short, her constitution; so that, in less than a twelvemonth, my father, to his inexpressible anguish of mind, (continually reproaching himself on the occasion) lost the best of wives, and my sisters and I the best of mothers and instructors.

'My concern for my father, on

* Hockley in the Hole, Bear-Garden, &c.

'whom

'whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement; and my being, by that means, a witness of what both he and my mother suffered; compleated my abhorrence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myself a master of the *science*, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the *staff*; the better to enable me to avoid drawing my sword, and to empower me, if called to the occasion, to give, and not take, a life; and the rather, as the custom was so general, that a young man of spirit and fortune, at one time or other, could hardly expect to escape a provocation of this sort.

'My father once had a view, at the persuasion of my mother's brother, who was a general of note and interest in the Imperial service, and who was very fond of a military life, and of me, to make a soldier of me, though an only son; and I wanted not, when a boy, a turn that way: but the disgust I had conceived on the above occasion, against duelling, and the consideration of the absurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge contrary to laws divine and human, or to be broke if they do not, (though a soldier is the least master of himself, or of his own life, of any man in the community) made me think the English service, though that of my country, the least eligible of all services. And for a man, who was born to so considerable a stake in it, to devote himself to another, as my uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but hesitate on the proposal, young as I was. As it soon became a maxim with me, not to engage, even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it, it will be the less wondered at, that I could not think of any foreign service.

'MR. BAG. Then you have never seen service, Sir Charles?

'SIR CH. Yes, I made one campaign as a volunteer, notwithstanding what I have said. I was then in the midst of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardor those martial movements had raised in my breast. But, unless my country were to be unjustly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any consideration, be drawn into the field again.

'MR. JOR. But you lead from the point, Mr. Bagenhall; Sir Charles was going to say somewhat more on the subject of duelling.

'SIR CH. When I was thus unhappily deprived of my mother, my father, in order to abate my grief, [I was very much grieved] was pleased to consent to my going abroad, in order to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; having first visited all the British dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then supposing I might fall into circumstances that might affect the principles my mother had been so careful to instil into me, and to which my father's danger and her death had added force, it was natural for me to look into history, for the rise and progress of a custom so much and so justly my aversion; and which was so contrary to all laws divine and human; and particularly to that true heroism which Christianity injoins, when it recommends meekness, moderation, and humility, as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

'Again Sir Charles took out his watch. They were clamorous for him to proceed.

'When I found, (continued he) that this unchristian custom owed it's rise to the barbarous northern nations, who had, however, some plea to make in excuse, which *we* have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under *one* head or government, to which, as to a last resort, persons supposing themselves aggrieved, might appeal for legal redress; and that these barbarous nations were *truly* barbarous, and enemies to all politeness; my reasoning on this occasion added new force to prejudices so well founded.

'The gentlemen seemed afraid that, Sir Charles had done speaking. They begged he would go on.

'I then had recourse, (proceeded he) to the histories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who, by that quality,

'obtained

'obtained the empire of the world, 'was my first subject. I found not 'any traces in their history, which 'could countenance the savage custom. 'When a dispute happened, the chal-'lenge from both parties generally 'was, that each should appear at the 'head of the army the next engage-'ment, and give proofs of his intre-'pidity against the common foe. The 'instance of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, 'which was a *publick*, a *national* com-'bat, as I may call it, affords not an 'exception to my observation. And 'yet even *that*, in the *early ages* of 'Rome, stands condemned by a bet-'ter example. For we read, that Tul-'lus challenged Albanus, general of 'the Albans, to put the cause of the 'two nations upon the valour of each 'captain's arm, for the sake of spar-'ing a greater effusion of blood. But 'what was the answer of Albanus, 'though the inducement to the chal-'lenge was so plausible?—That the 'cause was a publick, not a private 'one; and the decision lay upon the 'two cities of Alba and Rome.

'Many ages afterwards, Augustus 'received a challenge from Mark An-'tony. Who, gentlemen, thought of 'branding as a coward that prince, 'on his answering, That if Antony 'were weary of his life, he might find 'many *other* ways to end it than by '*his* sword.

'Metellus, before that, challenged 'by Sertorius, answered with his pen, 'not his sword, That it was not for a 'captain to die the death of a com-'mon soldier.

'The very Turks know nothing of 'this savage custom; and they are a 'nation that raised themselves by their 'bravery from the most obscure begin-'nings, into one of the greatest em-'pires on the globe, as at this day. 'They take occasion to exalt them-'selves above Christians, in this very 'instance; and think it a scandal up-'on Mussulmans to quarrel, and en-'deavour to wreak their private ven-'geance on one another.

'All the Christian doctrines, as I 'have hinted, are in point against it. 'But it is dreadful to reflect, that the 'man who would endeavour to sup-'port his arguments against this infa-'mous practice of duelling, by the 'laws of Christianity, though the most 'excellent of all laws, [Excuse me, 'Mr. Merceda, your own are *included* 'in them] would subject himself to 'the ridicule of persons who call them-'selves Christians, I have mentioned, 'therefore, Heathens and Mahome-'tans; though in this company, per-'haps—But I hope I need not, how-'ever, remind any body here, that 'that one doctrine of returning *good* 'for *evil*, is a nobler and more heroick 'doctrine than *either* of those people, 'or your *own*, Mr. Merceda, ever 'knew.

'Mr. Jor. You have shewn it, 'Sir Charles, by example, by practice, 'to be so. I never saw a hero till 'now.

'Sir Ch. One *modern* instance, 'however, of a challenge refused, I 'recollect, and which may be given, 'by way of *inference*, at least, to the 'advantage of my argument. The 'army of the famous Mareschal Tu-'renne, in revenge for injuries more 'than hostile, as was pretended, had 'committed terrible depredations in 'the Palatinate. The elector, incens-'ed at the unsoldierly destruction, 'challenged the mareschal to a single 'combat. The mareschal's answer 'was to this effect—That if the trust 'which the king his master had re-'posed in him, would permit him to 'accept of his challenge, he would not 'refuse it; but, on the contrary, would 'deem it an honour to measure his 'arms with those of so illustrious 'a prince; but that, for the sake of 'his master's service, he must be ex-'cused.

'Now, though I think the mareschal 'might have returned a still better 'answer, (though this was not a bad 'one for a military man;) yet where 'we can, as Christians and as men, 'plead the divine laws, and have not, 'when we meet, as private subjects, 'the mareschal's nor even the *Goths* 'excuse, I think the example worthy 'consideration.

'And if, gentlemen, I *have* ar-'gued before now, or should hereafter 'argue, as follows, to a challenger, 'shall I deserve either to be branded or 'insulted?

"Of what use are the laws of so-"ciety, if magistracy may be thus "defied? Were I to accept of your "challenge, and were you to prevail

'against

" againſt me, who is to challenge you? " and if you fall, who him by whoſe " ſword you periſh? Where, in ſhort, " is the evil to ſtop? But I will *not* " meet you. My ſyſtem is ſelf-de- " fence, and ſelf-defence only. Put " me upon *that*, and I queſtion not " but you will have cauſe to repent it. " A *premeditated* revenge is that which " I will not meet you to gratify. I " will not dare to riſque the ruſhing " into my Maker's preſence from the " conſequences of an act, which can- " not, in the man that falls, admit of " repentance, and leaves, for the ſur- " vivor's portion, nothing but bitter " remorſe. I fear not any more the " reproaches of men, than your inſults " on this occaſion. Be the latter of- " fered to me at your *peril*. It is, per- " haps, as happy for you as for my- " ſelf, that I have a fear of an higher " nature. Be the event what it will, " the teſt you would provoke me to, " can decide nothing as to the juſtice " of the cauſe on either ſide. Already " you will find me diſpoſed to do you " the juſtice you pretend to ſeek. For " your own ſake, therefore, conſider " better of the matter; ſince it is not " impoſſible, but, were we to meet, " and both ſurvive, you may exchange, " what you will think a real diſgrace, " for an imaginary one."

'And thus, gentlemen, have I al- 'moſt ſyllogiſtically argued with my- 'ſelf on this ſubject.

'Courage is a virtue;
'Inordinate paſſion is a vice:
'Such paſſion, therefore, cannot
'be courage.

'Does it not, then, behove every
'man of true honour to ſhew,
'that reaſon has a greater ſhare
'than reſentment in the boldneſs
'of his reſolves?

'And what, by any degree, is *ſo*
'reaſonable as a regard to our
'duty?

'You called upon me, gentlemen, 'to communicate my notions on this 'important ſubject. I have the more 'willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir 'Hargrave, on the occaſion that 'brought us to this not unhappy 'breakfaſting, will be the better ſa- 'tisfied that it has ſo ended; and as, 'if you are ſo good as to adopt them, 'they may be of ſervice to others of 'your friends, in caſe of debates 'among them. Indeed, for my own 'ſake, I have always been ready to 'communicate my notions on this 'head, in hopes ſometimes to be ſpar- 'ed provocation: for, as I have own- 'ed, I am paſſionate; I have pride; 'I am often afraid of *myſelf*; and the 'more, becauſe I am not naturally, I 'will preſume to ſay, a timid man.

'MR. BAG. 'Fore God, Sir Har- 'grave, ſomebody has eſcaped a ſcour- 'ing, as the ſaying is.

'MR. MER. Aye, by my life, Sir 'Hargrave, you had like to have 'caught a Tartar.

'SIR CH. *The race is not always* 'to the ſwift, gentlemen. Sir Har- 'grave's paſſion would, doubtleſs, have 'laid him under diſadvantage: defence 'is guarded; offence expoſes itſelf.

'MR. BAG. But, Sir Charles, you 'deſpiſe no man, I am ſure, for dif- 'fering from you in opinion. I am a 'Catholick—

'SIR CH. A *Roman* Catholick— 'No religion teaches a man evil. I 'honour *every man* who lives up to 'what he profeſſes.

'MR. BAG. But that is not the 'caſe with me, I doubt.

'MR. MER. That is *out* of doubt, 'Bagenhall.

'MR. JOR. The truth is, Mr. Ba- 'genhall has found his conveniences 'in changing. He was brought up a 'Proteſtant. Theſe *diſpenſations*, Mr. 'Bagenhall!—

'MR. MER. Aye, and they were 'often an argument in Bagenhall's 'mouth for making me his proſe- 'lyte.

'SIR CH. Mr. Bagenhall, I per- 'ceive, is rather of the religion of the '*court*, than that of the *church* of 'Rome.

'MR. BAG. But what I mean, by 'telling you I am a Catholick, is this: 'I have read the opinion of ſome of 'our famous caſuiſts, that, in ſome 'caſes, a private man may become his 'own avenger, and challenge an ene- 'my into the field.

'SIR CH. *Bannes* and *Cajetan*, you 'mean; one a Spaniard, the other an 'Italian. But the higheſt authority 'of your church is full againſt them 'in this point. The council of Trent 'treats the combatants who fall, as ſelf- 'murderers, and denies them Chriſ- 'tian burial. It brands them, and

'all

all those who by their presence countenance and abet this shocking and unchristian practice, with perpetual infamy; and condemns them to the loss of goods and estates. And furthermore, it deprives, *ipso jure*, all those sovereign princes, who suffer such acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the church, of all the territories so held. I need not add to this, that Lewis the XIVth's edict against duelling was the greatest glory in his reign. And permit me to conclude with observing, that the base arts of poisoning, by the means of treacherous agents, and the cowardly practice of assassination by bravoes hired on purpose to wreak a private revenge, so frequent in Italy, are natural *branches* of this old *Gothick tree*. And yet (as I have before hinted) the barbarous northern nations had pleas to make in behalf of duelling, from *their* polity, which we have not from *ours*; Christianity out of the question.

'The gentlemen said, they would very seriously reflect upon all that had passed in this uncommon conversation.

'SIR HAR. Well, but, Sir Charles, I must recur to my old note—Miss Byron—She *must* be mine. And I hope you will not stand in my way.

'SIR CH. The lady is her own mistress. I shall be glad to see any and all of you, gentlemen, at St. James's Square.

'MR. BAG. One thing I believe it is proper to mention to Sir Charles Grandison.—You know, Sir, that I brought a young man to your house, to take minutes of the conversation that passed between you and me there, in apprehension of consequences. In *like* apprehensions, I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave—

'SIR HAR. And now, Bagenhall, I could curse you for it. The affair—confound it!—that I meant to be recorded for my justification, has turned out to his honour. Now am I down in black and white, for a tame—fool.—Is it not so?

'MR. JOR. By no means. If you think so, Sir Hargrave, you have but ill profited by Sir Charles's noble sentiments.

'SIR CH. How is this, Mr. Bagenhall?

'MR. BAG. I prevailed upon Sir Hargrave to have the same young man, who is honest, discreet, and one of the swiftest short-hand writers of the age, to take a faithful account of every thing that has passed; and he is in that closet.

'SIR CH. I must say, this is very extraordinary—But as I always speak what I think, if I am not afraid of my own recollection, I need not of any man's minutes.

'MR. BAG. You need not in this case, Sir Charles. Nothing has passed, as Sir Hargrave observes, but what makes for your honour. We that set him to work, have more need to be afraid than you. We bid him be honest, and not spare any of us. We little thought matters would have ended so amicably.

'MR. JOR. Thank God they have!

'MR. MER. A very happy ending, I think!

'SIR HAR. Not except Miss Byron consents to wipe out these marks.

'MR. BAG. Mr. Cotes, your task is over. Pray step in with what you have done.

'The writer obeyed. Mr. Bagenhall asked, if the minutes should be read? Sir Hargrave swore, no; except, as he said, he had made a better figure in the debate. Sir Charles told them, he could not stay to hear them: but that, as they *were* written, and as he had been allowed before a copy of what passed between him and Mr. Bagenhall, he should be glad to have one now; and the rather, as Sir Hargrave should have an instance, after he had perused it, of his readiness to condemn himself, if he found he had been wanting either to his own character, or to that of any man present.

'They consented that I should send Sir Charles the first fair copy. Sir Charles then took his leave.

'The gentlemen all stood silent for several minutes, when they returned from attending him to the door, looking upon one another, as if each expected the other to speak: but when they spoke it was all in praise of Sir Charles, as the most

'modeſt, the moſt polite, the braveſt, 'and nobleſt of men. Yet his 'maxims, they ſaid, were confound-'edly ſtrange; impoſſible for ſuch 'ſorry dogs as them (that was their 'phraſe) to practiſe.

'But Sir Hargrave ſeemed greatly diſ-'turbed and dejected. He could 'not, he ſaid, ſupport himſelf un-'der the conſciouſneſs of his own 'inferiority. "But what could I "do," ſaid he. "The *devil* could "not have made him fight. Plague "take him! he beat me out of my "play."

"And yet," ſaid Mr. Merceda, "a "tilting-bout ſeems no more to "him than a game at puſh-pin."

"You would have thought ſo," ſaid 'Sir Hargrave, "had you obſerved "with what a ſleight, and with "what unconcernedneſs, he puſhed "down my drawn ſword with his "hand, (though he would grant me "nothing) and took me under the "arm, and led me in to you, as tho' "he had taken me priſoner. The "devil has long," continued he, "owed me a ſhame: but who would "have thought he had ſo much "power over Sir Charles Gran-"diſon, as to get him to pay it "me? But, however, I never will "be eaſy till Miſs Byron is Lady "Pollexfen."

'I take leave, honoured Sir, to ob-'ſerve, that a few things are noted 'in this copy, which, to avoid giv-'ing offence, will not be in that I 'ſhall write for the gentlemen. I 'was ordered to ſhew it to Mr. Ba-'genhall, before you had it; but 'for this reaſon I ſhall excuſe my-'ſelf, as having not remembered 'that command.

'This, therefore, is a true copy of '*all* that paſſed, taken to the beſt of 'the ability of, Sir, give me leave 'to ſubſcribe, *your very great ad-'mirer, and moſt humble ſervant,*

'HENRY COTES.'

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

WHAT a packet, including the ſhort-hand writer's paper tran-ſcribed by my couſin Reeves, ſhall I ſend you this time! I will not ſwell it by reflections on that paper (that would be endleſs;) but haſten to give you ſome account of the viſiters I men-tioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, with-out any previous notice, about nine o'clock.

My heart ſunk, when his chair ſtopt at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was ſhewn into the great par-lour. My couſin Reeves's ſoon at-tended him. He made great apologies to them (and ſo Mr. Reeves ſaid he ought) for the diſturbance he had given them.

He laid all to love——Proſtituted name! made a cover to all acts of violence, indiſcretion, folly, in both ſexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs. Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror; and went down and told him ſo; and begged, that he would not inſiſt upon ſeeing me.

The whole intent of this viſit, he ſaid, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable, that I ſhould have the ſame emotion upon his firſt viſit at any other time; and he entreated the favour of ſeeing me. He had a *right*, he ſaid, to ſee me: he was a ſufferer for my ſake. They ſaw, he told them, that he was not the man he had *been*; and as he had been denied, and been brought to deny himſelf, the ſatisfac-tion due to a gentleman, from a man whom he had never offended, he in-ſiſted on having the opportunity given him of ſeeing me, and receiving my forgiveneſs, as what would conſolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandiſon.

There was no reſiſting this plea.

And down I *trembled*, I can hardly ſay walked.

Notwithſtanding all my little rea-ſoning with myſelf, to behave with the dignity of an injured perſon; yet the moment I ſaw him approach me at my entrance into the parlour, I ran to Mr. Reeves, and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandiſon been there, I ſuppoſe I ſhould have run to him in the ſame manner.

'Ever dear and adorable goodneſs!' (were his words, coming to me) 'how 'ſweet

'sweet is this terror, and how juſt! *I* 'have forgiven worſe injuries,' pointing to his mouth. 'I meant nothing 'but honour to *you*.

'*Honour*, Sir! Cruelty, Sir! Barbarity, Sir! How can you *wiſh* to 'ſee the creature whom you ſo wickedly treated?'

'I appeal to yourſelf, Madam, if I 'offered the leaſt indecency!—For all 'I have ſuffered by my mad enterprize, 'what but diſgrace—'

'Diſgrace, Sir, was your portion, 'Sir,' (half out of breath)—'What '*would* you, Sir?—Why this viſit! 'What am I to do?'

I hardly knew what I ſaid; and ſtill I held Mr. Reeves's arm.

'Forgive me, Madam: *that* is what 'you are to do. Pardon me; on my 'knee I beg your pardon.' And he dropt down on one knee.

'Kneel not to me, Sir—Pray, do 'not kneel—You bruiſed, you hurt, 'you terrified me, Sir—and, Lord bleſs 'me! I was in danger of being your '*wife*, Sir!'

Was not this laſt part of my anſwer a very odd one? But the memory of what I ſuffered at the time, and of the narrow eſcape I had, left me not the leaſt preſence of mind, on his addreſs to me kneeling.

He aroſe. '*In danger of being my* '*wife*, Madam! Only that the me'thod I took was wrong, Madam!'

'Miſs Byron, you ſee, is in terror, 'Sir Hargrave—Sit down, my love,' (taking my hand, and leading me to the fire-ſide) 'How you tremble, my 'dear!—You ſee, Sir Hargrave, the 'terror my couſin is in—You ſee—'

'I do—I do; and am ſorry for the 'occaſion.—We will all ſit down.—'Compoſe yourſelf, dear Miſs By'ron—And,' (holding up his claſped hands to me) 'I beſeech you, forgive me.'

'Well, Sir, I forgive you—I for'give you, Sir.'

'Were you not in ſo much diſorder, 'Madam—were it to be ſeaſonable 'now—I will tell you what I have far'ther to beg. I would—'

'Speak, Sir, now; and never let 'me—'

'Suffer an interruption, Madam—'I am too apprehenſive of that word '*never*. You *muſt* allow of my ad'dreſs. I aſk you not any favour, but 'as I ſhall behave myſelf in future.'

'Yes, yes, Sir, your behaviour—'But, Sir, were you to become the 'beſt man in the world, this, this, is 'the laſt time that I ever—'

'Dear Miſs Byron!' And then he pleaded his paſſion; his fortune; his *ſufferings*.—A wretch! [Yet I had now and then a little pity for his diſfigured mouth and lip]—His reſolutions to be governed by me in every act of his life—The ſettlement of one half of his eſtate upon me.—The *odious* wretch mentioned *children*, my dear—*younger* children. He ran on in ſuch a manner, as if he had been drawing up marriage-articles all the way hither.

Upon my abſolutely renouncing him, he aſked me, if Sir Charles Grandiſon had not made an impreſſion on my heart.

What, Lucy, could make me inwardly fret at this queſtion? I could hardly have patience to reply. I now ſee, my dear, that I have indeed a great deal of pride.

'Surely, Sir Hargrave, I am not 'accountable to you—'

'You are not, Madam: but I muſt 'inſiſt upon an anſwer to this queſtion. 'If Sir Charles Grandiſon has made 'an application to you for favour, I 'can have no hope.'

'Sir Charles Grandiſon, Sir, is ab'ſolutely diſintereſted. Sir Charles 'Grandiſon has made—' There I ſtopt; I could not help it.

'No application to my couſin, I 'aſſure you, Sir Hargrave,' ſaid Mr. Reeves. 'He is the nobleſt of men. 'Had he any ſuch thoughts, I dare 'ſay, he would be under difficulties 'to break his mind, leſt ſuch a de'claration ſhould be thought to leſſen 'the merit of his protection.'

A good thought of Mr. Reeves. And who knows, my Lucy, but there may be ſome foundation for it?

'*Protection!* D—n it!—But I am 'the *eaſier* upon this aſſurance.—Let 'me tell you, Mr. Reeves, that had I 'not found him to be a wonder of a 'man, matters ſhould not have ended 'as they ſeem at preſent to have done.'

'But, Sir Hargrave,' ſaid Mrs. Reeves, 'permit me to ſay, as I know 'Miſs Byron's mind, that there can'not be the leaſt room to imagine that 'Miſs Byron—'

'Dear Mrs. Reeves, forgive me. 'But I cannot receive a denial from

'any other mouth than hers. Is there 'no room for a sincere penitent to hope 'for mercy from a sweetness so angelick, and who is absolutely disengaged?'

'You have had *mine* already, Sir Hargrave,' said I. 'I am amazed, 'that, knowing my mind *before* your 'wicked insult upon me, you should 'have any expectation of this kind *after* it.'

He again vowed his passion, and such stuff.

I think, Lucy, I never shall be able, for the future, to hear with patience any man talk of love, of passion, and such nonsense.

Let me summarily add, (for I am tired of the subject) that he said a hundred impertinent things fillier than any of those said by Mr. Grandison, in my praise; [indeed, every thing of this nature now appears silly to me.]—He insisted upon a preference to Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme.—He resolved not to despair, as his sufferings for my sake had given him (as he said he presumed to tell me) some merit in his *own* opinion, if not in *mine*; and as his forgiveness of the man who had injured him, ought, he thought, to have some weight in his favour.

He took leave of my cousins and me in a very respectful manner. I wish him no harm. But I hope I shall never see him again.

And now, Lucy, with the end of this very disagreeable visit, I will conclude my letter; and shall have another long one ready for the next post.

LETTER V.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

MARCH 3.

I Had not recovered myself after Sir Hargrave's visit, when Lady L. and Miss Grandison called, as they said, for a moment; however, this agreeable moment lasted two hours. Miss Grandison, the instant she saw me, challenged me — 'Hey-day! 'What's the matter with our Harriet, 'Mrs. Reeves?' And, patting my neck, 'Why these flutters, child?— 'Perturbations delightful, or unde'lightful, Harriet, whether?'

I told her who had been here, and but just left me; and, by the help of my cousins, gave them the particulars of what had passed.

They were greatly pleased; and the more, they said, as their brother, on seeing them uneasy, had acquainted them, that all matters between him and Sir Hargrave were accommodated; but had not had opportunity to tell them more.

'Let me reckon with you Harriet,' said Miss Grandison, taking my hand with a schooling air: 'I am half jea'lous of you: Lady L. has got the 'start of me in my brother's affec'tions: but she is my elder sister; 'first come first served; I can bear 'that; but I will not be cut out by a 'younger sister.'

'What is now to follow?' thought I; and I fluttered like a fool; the more for her arch look, as if she would read my heart in my eyes.

Increased palpitation (O the fool!) made it look as if I took her jest for earnest. What a situation am I in?

'Dear Charlotte,' said Lady L. smiling, 'you shall not thus perplex 'our sweet sister.—My dear, don't 'mind her. You'll know her better 'in time.'

'Be quiet, Lady L. I shall have it 'all out.'

'All what out?' said I. 'O Miss 'Grandison, how you love to alarm!'

'Well, well, I'll examine farther 'into these perturbations another time. 'I have beat the bush before now for 'one hare, and out have popt two. 'But all I mean is; a paper, a letter '(my brother called it a paper) was 'brought to him sealed up. He re'warded the bringer; but sent it di'rectly away unopened (that we found 'out) to you, Harriet. Now, child, 'if I allow of *his* reserves, I will not 'allow of *yours*. Pray answer me 'fairly and truly; what are the con'tents of that paper?'

'They give the particulars of the 'conversation that passed in the alarm'ing interview between Sir Charles—'

'And Sir Hargrave. That's my 'good girl.—You see, Lady L. how 'this young thief will steal away the 'affections of our brother from us 'both. He has shewed *us* nothing of 'this. But if you would not have 'me jealous, Harriet, be sure keep no

'one

' one secret of your heart from me.—'

' That relates merely to myself; I ' think I will not.'

' Then you'll be a good girl: and ' I'll give my love for you the reins, ' without a pull-back.'

Just then a servant came in with a card.

' LADY D.'s compliments to Mrs. ' Reeves and Miss Byron; and ' if it would be agreeable, she will wait ' on them presently, for one quarter of ' an hour. She is obliged to go out of ' town early in the morning.'

' What shall I do now?' said I. I was in a flutter; not being fully recovered from that into which Sir Hargrave's visit had thrown me.

' What now? What now?' said Miss Grandison. ' Ah! Harriet, we ' shall find you out by degrees.'

By the way, Lucy, you are fond of plays; and it is come into my head, that, to avoid all *says-I's* and *says-she's*, I will henceforth, in all dialogues, write names in the margin: so fancy, my dear, that you are reading in one of your favourite volumes.

HARRIET. Do you know Lady D.?

MISS GR. Very well: but I did not know that *you* did, Harriet.

LADY L. And I know she has a son: and I know she wants him to marry.

HARRIET. That I may keep no secrets from my two sisters, my aunt Selby has written to me—

MISS GR. Lately?

HARRIET. Very lately.

MISS GR. O! because you had not told me of that.

MRS. REEVES. And pray, ladies, what is Lady D.'s character?

LADY L. She is a very sensible and prudent woman.

MISS GR. I am not very intimate with her; but have seen her in two or three of my visits. I have always thought her so.—And pray, Harriet, don't you want to know what character my *lord* bears?

HARRIET. My lord is nothing to me. I *have* answered. I have given my negative.

MISS GR. The deuce you have!—Why, the man has a good 12,000*l.* a year.

HARRIET. I don't care.

MISS GR. What a deuce ails the girl!

Then humorously telling on her fingers — ' ORME, *one*; FENWICK, ' *two*; GREVILLE, *three*; FOWLER, ' *four*;—I want another finger; but ' I'll take in my thumb — SIR HAR- ' GRAVE, *five*—And now,' (putting the fore-finger of one hand on the thumb of the other) ' LORD D. *fix!*— ' And none of them the man!—De- ' pend upon it, girl, pride will have a ' fall.'

What could she mean by that?—Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, I hope, will not—But I believe she meant nothing.

' Have I pride, Miss Grandison?' coldly and gravely asked I, as my cousin observed to me afterwards.

MISS GR. Have you pride?—Yes, that you have; or you have *worse*.

What could this mad lady mean by this?—And what could *I* mean? For I had tears in my eyes. I was very low-spirited at that moment.

LADY L. Well, but Miss Byron, shall we be impertinent, if we stay to see the lady?—I have a great value for her. She has been an admirable executrix and trustee for her son; and was as good a wife. I was just going; but, as she goes out of town to-morrow, will stay to pay my compliments to her. We can withdraw till you have had your talk.

MISS GR. Does she come to persuade you, Harriet, to retract your refusal?

HARRIET. I know not her business. I wrote my mind to my aunt Selby. But I believe my aunt could not have written, and the countess received what she wrote, by this time. But do not go: we can have no private talk.

MISS GR. Well, but now I will tell you, without punishing your curiosity farther, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as sober a man as most of the young nobility. His fortune is great. In sense, he neither abounds, nor is wanting; and that class of men, take my word for it, are the best qualified of all others to make good husbands to women of superior talents. They know just enough to induce them to admire in *her*, what they have not in *themselves*. If a woman has prudence enough to give

' confe-

conſequence to ſuch a one before folks, and will behave as if ſhe thought him her ſuperior in underſtanding, ſhe will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of '*I will, ſhall I?*'—Or, '*If you pleaſe*, my dear, *I will do*—'*what I think fit.*' But a fool and a wit are the extreme points, and equally unmanageable.—And now tell me, Harriet, what can be your motive for refuſing ſuch a man as this?

HARRIET. I wiſh, my dear, you would not talk to me of theſe men. I am ſick of them all—Sir Hargrave has cured me—

MISS GR. You fib, my dear—But did you ever ſee Lord D.?

HARRIET. No, indeed!

MISS GR. 'No, indeed!'—Why, then, you are a ſimpleton, child.—What, refuſe a man, an earl too! in the bloom of his years, 12,000 good pounds a year! yet never have ſeen him—Your motives, child! your motives!—I wiſh you are not already—There ſhe ſtopt.

HARRIET. And I wiſh, Miſs Grandiſon, with all my heart, if that would tame you, that you were in love over head and ears, and could not help it!

MISS GR. And wiſh you me that for ſpite, or to pleaſe me?—I *am* in love, my dear; and nothing keeps me in countenance, but having company among the grave ones. Dearly do I love to find girls out. Why, I found out Lady L. before ſhe would own a tittle of the matter. So prim!—'And '*how can you think ſo*, Charlotte? '*Who, I, in love!* No, indeed! No 'man has a place in *my* heart!'—Then I was reſolved to have her ſecret out. I began with my *roundabouts*, and my *ſuppoſes*—A *leer*—as thus—[I was both vexed and pleaſed with her archneſs] And then a *ſuppoſe*—then came a bluſh—'Why, Charlotte, 'I cannot but *ſay*, that if I were '*obliged* to have the one man or the 'other—' Then came a ſigh, endeavoured in haſte to be returned to the heart whence it came; and when it could not find it's way back, to be cut into three halves, as the Iriſhman ſaid; that is, into two half-ſighs, and a hem; and a 'Get you gone, for an 'impertinent—' As much as to ſay, 'You have it!'—And when I found I *had*, and ſhe owned it; why then I put my mad head to her grave one; and we had but one heart betwixt us.

LADY L. (laughing) Out of breath, Charlotte, I hope.

MISS GR. Not yet—How often have I kept watch and ward for her! Sometimes have I lent her my dreſſing-room for their love-meetings: yet, for the *world*, ſhe would not marry without her papa's conſent: no, but like the reſt of us, ſhe would ſuffer her affections to be *engaged*, without letting him know a ſyllable of the matter.—Very true, Lady L. what ſignifies looking ſerious?

LADY L. Strange creature!

MISS GR. Once or twice did I change dreſſes with her. In ſhort, I was a perfect Abigail to her in the affair: and let me tell you, two ſiſters, agreed to manage a love affair, have advantages over even a lady and her woman.

LADY L. Mad creature!

MISS GR. All this I did for her without fee or reward; only from the dear delight of promoting the good work, and upon the Chriſtian principle of 'Do as you would be done by.'—Is not all this true, Lady L.? Deny it if you can.

LADY L. And have you *done*, Charlotte?—Ah, my dear Miſs Byron, you'll never do any thing with this girl, except you hear all as ſhe has to ſay. And if you *have* a ſecret, 'tis better to let her know it at firſt. Charlotte is a generous girl, after all; but ſometimes, as now, a very impertinent one—

What could theſe ladies mean by this, I wonder? If they ſuſpect me to love ſomebody, ſurely this is not the way, that two ſuch ladies, in *generoſity*, ſhould take, when they think I have no engagement; and know that the doubt muſt lie on their brother's ſide, whom, with all their *roundabouts*, as they call them, they cannot fathom.

I would give any thing, methinks, to know, if Sir Charles was ever in love.

Juſt then a rapping at the door made us ſuppoſe it was the counteſs. It was. After compliments to Mrs. Reeves and me, ſhe embraced Lady L. very affectionately, and Miſs Grandiſon kindly; aſking the firſt after Lord L.'s health, and the other after her brother. 'He is the man of all men, 'Miſs Grandiſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I 'want

' want to see. We shall be in town ' soon, for a month or two; and then ' you must make me known to one, ' whom every body calls the best of ' men: as here,' said she, coming up again to me, ' I have longed to be ' acquainted with one of the best of ' women.'

LADY L. Miss Byron is, indeed, an excellent young woman. We do ourselves the honour of calling her *sister*.

LADY D. What an encouragement is that to be good? Even in this age, bad as it is, true merit will never want admirers. And let me say, that where beauty and goodness meet, as *here*, they adorn each other.

' Agreeable Lady D.' thought I: ' my heart will not suggest a thought ' in favour of your *son*; but I shall easily be in love with *you*.' The heart hardly deserves praise, my Lucy, that is not fond of it from the worthy.

Her ladyship took Lady L. aside, and said something to her. Lady L. answered with a 'No,' as I suppose: to which Lady D. replied, 'I am glad ' of that;' adding, ' I am not afraid ' of saying any thing to a person of ' Lady L.'s known prudence.'

Ah, my Lucy! she asked Lady L. I dare say, whether the acknowledged sisterhood extended to the brother, as a brother, or as—something else—And by her chearful and condescending court to me afterwards, and to Mrs. Reeves, was satisfied by Lady L.'s answer, I make no doubt, that there is room for Lord D.'s address, for any thing on Sir Charles's part.

I will not be mean, Lucy! Greatly as I admire Somebody, these excellent sisters shall not find me *entangled in an hopeless passion*.

Her ladyship took my hand, and led me to the window. ' I was brought ' to town,' said she, ' on an extraordinary occasion, two days ago; and ' must set out on my return in the ' morning. I thought I would not ' miss the opportunity of paying my ' compliments to a young lady, of ' whom I had heard every body speak ' with great commendation. I make ' no doubt but your good aunt Selby ' has—' There she stopt.

' My aunt has sent me up two of ' your ladyship's letters, and copies of ' her answers.'

' I am pleased with your frankness, ' my dear. It was that part of your ' character that engaged me. Young ' women, in these cases, are generally ' either so affected, so starched, (as if ' they thought there were something ' shameful in a treaty of this kind) or ' they are so awkward, that I have not ' patience with them. You have all ' the modesty—Indeed, my dear, your ' goodness of heart shines out in every ' feature of your face.'

' Your ladyship does me high honour.'

' I am pleased even with that acknowledgment. The discretion of ' a person is often most seen in minute- ' nesses. Another would have made ' disqualifying speeches. But compliments made to the heart by one ' who is not accustomed to flatter; ' such compliments, I mean, as it ' would be culpable for a person not ' to be able to verify; should not be ' disclaimed.

' To say truth, my dear, I did not ' intend to mention one word of the ' matter to you on this first visit. I ' only wanted to see you, and to con- ' verse with you a little, that I might ' make report accordingly to my son; ' who, however, knows not that I ' should pay my compliments to you: ' but the moment I saw you, your ' aspect confirmed all that I had heard ' said in your favour; and seeing you ' also so much caressed by two ladies of ' characters so established; and no less ' pleased with what I observed of Mr. ' and Mrs. Reeves [you are a family ' of good people;] I was resolved to ' be as frank as you are, and as your ' aunt Selby has been—She is a good ' woman.'—

' Indeed, Madam, she is.'—

' Accordingly, I have singled you ' out, in the face of every body pre- ' sent.—You will have the discretion ' to caution them on this subject, till ' you have seen my son, (I am sure ' there can be no doubt on his side) ' and till you know whether you shall ' approve of our proposals or not: and, ' without hesitation, I bespeak your ' good opinion of *me* till then. I am ' sure, my dear, we shall be very happy ' in each other. If you and my Lord ' are happy, you and I *must* be so.— ' But, when the knot is tied, I will be ' only your visiter, and that at your

' own

'own invitation. I am thought to be 'a managing woman: managing wo-'men are not always the beſt to live 'with. You, I underſtand, are an 'excellent œconomiſt.' [A glorious character in this age for a young woman!—Perſons of the higheſt quality ought not to think themſelves above it.] 'One perſon's methods 'may differ from another's; yet both 'may be equally good, and reach the 'ſame end. My ſon has found the '*beneſit* of my œconomy: neverthe-'leſs, his wife ſhall not have cauſe to 'think, that, where ſhe means well, 'I will prefer my methods to hers. 'If ever I give advice, it ſhall be only 'when you aſk it: and then, if you 'do not take it, I will not be angry; 'but allow that, having weighed the 'matter well, you prefer your own 'judgment on the beſt convictions. 'People who are to act for themſelves, 'ſhould be always left to judge for 'themſelves; becauſe they only are 'anſwerable for their own actions.— 'You bluſh, my dear! I hope, I don't 'oppreſs you. I would not oppreſs a 'modeſty ſo happily blended with 'frankneſs.'

I was affected with her goodneſs. 'What an amiable frankneſs! O that 'all huſbands mothers were like your 'ladyſhip!' ſaid I. 'What numbers 'of happy daughters-in-law would 'there then be, that now are not ſo!'

'Charming creature!' ſaid ſhe.— 'Proceed. I am glad I don't oppreſs 'you with my prate.'

'*Oppreſs* me, Madam!—You de-'light me! Talk of a bad world!— '*I* ought, I am ſure, to think it a good 'one!—In every matronly lady I have 'met with a *mother*; in many young 'ladies, as thoſe before us, *ſiſters*; in 'their brother, a *protector*; if your 'ladyſhip has not heard on what oc-'caſion, I ſhall be ready to acquaint 'you with it.'

'Sweet child! Charming frank-'neſs! I have *ſeen*, I have *heard*, 'enough of you for my preſent pur-'poſe.—We will return to company— 'Such company as I find you in is not 'to be had at all times. I will reſtore 'you to them.'

'But, Madam,' declining her lead-ing hand—

'But what, my dear!'

'Have you not, Madam!—But your 'ladyſhip could *not* have received any 'letter from my aunt Selby—I wrote—'

'I have *not*, my dear. I could not, 'as you ſay. But I ſhall find a letter 'from her, perhaps, on my return. 'You approve, I hope, of the propoſal, 'if you ſhall have no objection to my 'ſon?'

'My aunt, Madam, will let you 'know—'

'I will not have it otherwiſe than I 'wiſh it to be.—Remember that I va-'lue you for the frankneſs you are 'praiſed for.—A little female trifling 'to my *ſon*, if you will, in order to be 'aſſured of his value for you, (and 'men love not all halcyon courtſhips) 'but none to *me*, my love. I'll aſſiſt 'you, and keep your counſel, in the 'firſt caſe, if it be neceſſary. He ſhall 'love you above all the women on 'earth, and convince you that he does, 'or he ſhall not call you his.—But no 'female trifling to his mother, child! 'We women ſhould always under-'ſtand one another.'

'Becauſe I would not be thought to 'be an inſincere creature, a trifler, I 'think I ought to mention to your la-'dyſhip, that it would be a great, a 'very great part of my happineſs, to 'be deemed worthy of your friend-'ſhip—without—'

'Without what?—You do well, 'perhaps, to bluſh! Without what?'

'Without the relation—if you 'pleaſe.'

I was confounded with her good-neſs, Lucy. Here, my dear, is an-other ſuperior character.—I fancy her maiden-name was Grandiſon.

'But I *don't pleaſe*. So no more of 'this. Let us join company.' And, taking my hand with the goodneſs of a real mother; yet her brow a little over-clouded; ſhe made apologies to them for taking me aſide; and ſaid, ſhe could truſt to their prudence, ſhe was ſure, as they muſt needs gueſs at her view; and therefore ſhe offered not to put a limit to their conjectures; ſince denial or evaſion would but, in this caſe, as it *generally* did, defeat it's own end, and ſtrengthen what it aimed to weaken.

'Is there no obtaining ſuch a mo-'ther,' thought I, 'without marrying 'Lord D.?—And ſhould I refuſe to 'ſee him, if an interview is deſired, 'eſpecially when Lady L. has ſeemed

'to

'to encourage the counteſs to think, 'that Somebody has no thoughts.—'Indeed I don't deſire that that Some-'body ſhould.—If—I don't know 'what I was going to add to that *if*: 'But pray tell my grandmamma, that 'I hope her Harriet will never give 'her cauſe to lament her being *en-'tangled in a hopeleſs paſſion*. No, in-'deed!'

But, my Lucy, one ſilly queſtion to *you* who have been a little *entangled*, and more happily *diſentangled*: I catch myſelf of late in ſaying *him* and *he*, and writing to you *Somebody*, and ſuch like words, inſtead of ſaying and writing boldly, as I uſed to do, Sir Charles, and Sir Charles Grandiſon; which would ſound more reſpectfully, and yet am ſure I want not reſpect. What is the meaning of this?—Is it a ſign—Ah! my Lucy! you ſaid you would keep a ſharp look-out; and did I not ſay I would upon myſelf? Surely I ſaid truth: ſurely you will think ſo, when you ſee ſuch little ſilly things as theſe do not eſcape me. But when you think me too trifling, my dear, don't expoſe me. Don't read it out in the venerable circle. That to ſome may appear very weak and ſilly, which by others will be thought excuſable, becauſe natural. It would be wrong (as I yet never did it) to write ſeparately to you. And what have I in my heart, were it to be laid open to all the world, that I ſhould be—afraid—I was going to write, that I ſhould be *aſhamed* of? But I think I *am* a little aſhamed, at times, for all that.—Ah, Lucy! don't add, 'And ſo I ought.'

Lady D. repeated her deſire of being acquainted with Sir Charles. She has no daughter: ſo it was purely for the ſake of his great character. She heard, ſhe ſaid, that he was the politeſt of brothers. That was always a good ſign with her.—'He gives you, Miſs 'Grandiſon, I am told, a great deal of 'his company.'

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, that her brother, ſhe believed, was one of the buſieſt men in the kingdom, who was not engaged in publick affairs; and yet the moſt of a family man. 'I endeavour,' ſaid ſhe, 'to make home delightful to 'him. I never break in upon him, 'when he is in his ſtudy, without 'leave: indeed I ſeldom aſk it; for 'when he is inclined to give me his 'company, he ſends his compliments 'to me, and requeſts, as a favour *from* 'me, what I am always ready to con-'ſider as one done *to* me. And I ſee 'he loves me. He is not uneaſy in 'my company: he comes for half an 'hour, and ſtays an hour.—But don't 'ſet me into talking of him; for my 'heart always dilates when I enter into 'the agreeable ſubject, and I know 'not where to ſtop.'

LADY L. Charlotte is a happy girl.

MISS GR. And Lady L. is a happy woman; for he loves *her* as well as he loves *me*. Indeed he is ſo good as to ſay, (but I know it is to keep us from pulling caps) that he knows not which he loves beſt: we have different qualities, he ſays; and he admires in each what the other has not.

LADY D. But what are his employments? What can he be ſo much buſied in?

MISS GR. A continual round of good offices. He has a ward. She has a large fortune. The attention he pays to her affairs takes up a good deal of his time. He is his own ſteward; and then he has a variety of other engagements, of which we aſk him not one word; yet long to know ſomething about them.—But this we are ſure of, that, if he thinks any thing will give us pleaſure, we ſhall hear of it: if the contrary, he is as ſecret as the night.

Will nobody ſay one bad or one indifferent thing of this man, Lucy! There is no bearing theſe things! O, my dear, what a Nobody is your poor Harriet!

LADY D. He is one of the handſomeſt men in England, they tell me.

MISS GR. Siſters are not judges. They may be partial. His benignity of heart makes his face ſhine. Had I a lover but half as handſome as I think my brother, I ſhould make no objection to him on the account of perſon.

LADY L. But he is the genteeleſt of men!—What think *you*, ſiſter Harriet?

HARRIET. 'Siſters are not judges, 'They may be partial.'

What meant Lady L. to apply to me? But I had been ſome time ſilent. She *could* not mean any thing: and both ſiſters complimented me on recognizing the relation.

Lady D. aſked me how long I ſhould ſtay in town?

I said, I believed not long. I had leave for three months. Those would be soon elapsed; and as my friends were so good as to be pleased with my company, I should rather chuse to walk within, than step out of my limits.

The countess, with a nod of approbation, said, 'With good young people it will be always so: and this is more praise-worthy in Miss Byron, as she may do what she pleases.'

Then taking me a little aside, 'I hope, my dear, you meant nothing contrary to my wishes, when you referred, in so doubtful a manner, to what you had written to your aunt. You don't answer me! This is a call upon your frankness. Women, when any thing is depending on which they have set their hearts, are impatient—Don't you know that?—They love not suspense.'

'It is painful to me, Madam, to decline a proposal that would give me a relation to so excellent a lady.—But—'

'But *what*, my dear?—Let not maidenly affectation step in with it's cold water. You are above it. Woman to woman, daughter to mother—You are above it.'

Then, turning to the ladies, and to my cousins—'You don't know, any of you; (we are by ourselves) that Miss Byron's heart is engaged?—Miss Grandison, let me apply to you: maiden ladies open their hearts to one another. Know you whether Miss Byron has yet seen the man to whom she wishes to give her hand? Her aunt Selby writes to me, that she has not.'

Miss Gr. We young women, Madam, often know least of our own hearts. We are almost as unwilling to find out ourselves in certain cases, as to be found out by others.—Speak, sister Harriet: answer for yourself.

[Was not this grievous, Lucy? And yet what ailed me, that I could not speak without hesitation! But this lady's condescending goodness—yet this wicked Sir Hargrave! His attempt, his cruel treatment of me, has made me quite another creature than I was.]

'My aunt Selby, Madam, wrote the truth. To say I wish not to marry for some time to come, may sound like an affectation, because I have ever honoured the state.—But something has happened that has put me out of conceit with myself, and with men too.'

Lady D. With *all* men, child?—I will allow for a great many things in a *weak* mind, that I will not in *yours*. I have had a hint or two about an insult, or I know not what, from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, since I came to town; for I have asked after you, my dear: but what is that but a confirmation of your merits? What a disagreeable woman must she be, whom but one man in the world could like?

But excuse me, Miss Byron, I have said abundance of impertinent things: I have gone farther on this first visit than I intended. You must thank for this that ingenuous and open countenance, which confirms, at first sight, the character I had heard given by every body who spoke of you. I shall see, perhaps, what your aunt Selby, to whom you refer, writes, when I get down. I shall soon be in town, as I said, for the rest of the winter; and then I will make myself mistress of your whole history from these ladies, and from yourself: and there shall end all my enquiries, and, I hope, all my solicitudes, on an article that is next my heart.—Mean time, adieu, my dear—Adieu.

She then, curtseying to all round, gave her hand to Mr. Reeves, who led her to her chair; leaving us all full of her praises.

Miss Gr. (Looking archly) I say nothing as to her *particular* errand, because I would not be too curious: and because you ask *me* no questions, Harriet.

Lady L. This must do, Miss Byron: who would not wish for such a mother?

Harriet. Is the mother to be the principal inducement in such an article as this?

Miss Gr. Why, my dear, do you pretend, in such an age of petit maitres, to live single, till you meet with a man who deserves you?—But, Harriet, you must voluntarily open your heart to me. I have a good deal of curiosity; and, whenever you are disposed to gratify it, will not *withdraw* my attention.

Harriet. I will read to you this moment, if you please, ladies, as to my

my ſiſters, what Lady D. wrote to my aunt Selby; and what my aunt anſwered on the occaſion.

MISS GR. That's my beſt Harriet! I love to hear *how* and *every thing about* theſe ſort of matters.'

LADY L. Theſe girls, Mrs. Reeves, delight in love ſubjects: there is a kind of enthuſiaſm in theſe matters that runs away with them.

MISS GR. Say you ſo, Lady L.? And pray, had *you* ever any of this enthuſiaſm? And if you had, did matrimony cure you of it?—See, Harriet! My ſiſter has not been married many months: yet how *quietly* ſhe now talks of the *enthuſiaſm* of love to us maidens!—Ah, my dear Lady L.! women, I ſee, have their free-maſonry, as well as men—Don't you think ſo, Mrs. Reeves?

'A poor ſecret after all, I believe, on 'both ſides,' whiſpered the lively lady; but loud enough for every one to hear what ſhe ſaid.

Lady L. called her a mad girl. 'But 'let us be favoured,' ſaid ſhe to me, 'with your communications.'

I pulled out the letters. I read the two firſt paragraphs in my aunt's letter to me, entire; for they propoſe the matter, and nothing elſe.

'What follows,' ſaid I, 'is full of 'love and care, and ſo forth: but here 'is one paragraph more I can read to 'you.'

MISS GR. As much reſerve as you pleaſe, ſiſter Harriet. I am learning how to deal with you.

LADY L. Why that, Charlotte? No fear that you will tell us more than you have a mind we ſhould know.—Regard not, therefore, this threatening, Miſs Byron.

HARRIET. To own the truth, I cannot read every thing my aunt writes: but the Counteſs of D.'s propoſal, and what relates to that, I will read, if you pleaſe.

MISS GR. What you will—Read what you will. I find we are not at preſent ſo well acquainted as we ſhall be hereafter.

What could Miſs Grandiſon mean by that!

I read the laſt paragraph but one, in which my aunt propoſes my coming down; and that I will either encourage the counteſs's propoſal, or accept of Mr. Orme; ending with the earneſt deſire of my friends to have me married.

I then gave into Miſs Grandiſon's hands the counteſs's firſt letter; and ſhe read it out.

She gave it me back, and thanked me. 'Were all women,' ſaid ſhe, 'capable of acting thus *frankly*, the ſex 'would leave affectation to the men-'monkeys.—Remember, Harriet, that 'your openneſs of heart is one of the 'graces for which I principally ad-'mire you.'

LADY L. O the rogue!—Take care of her, Miſs Byron! She tells you this, to get out of you all your ſecrets.

'Miſs Grandiſon may eaſily obtain 'her end, Madam. She need only 'tell me what ſhe beſt likes I ſhould 'be; and I muſt try to be that.'

MISS GR. Good girl! And take this along with you; that when you convince *me*, that you will not *hide*, I will convince *you*, that I will not *ſeek*. But what is next?

I then gave into her hand the copy of my aunt Selby's anſwer.

MISS GR. May I read it all?

HARRIET. If you pleaſe: the fondneſs of my aunt, and the partiality of—

MISS GR. Away! away, Harriet! —No affectation, child!

She read it out. Both ſiſters praiſed the heart of the dear and thrice-indulgent writer! and called her *their* aunt Selby.

I then gave Miſs Grandiſon the counteſs's ſecond letter. They were no leſs pleaſed with that than with the firſt.

MISS GR. But now your opinion of the propoſal, child? Will you truſt us with that? Have you a copy of what you wrote?

HARRIET. I kept a copy only of what immediately reſpected the propoſal; and that, becauſe it was poſſible I might want to have recourſe to it, as my aunt might, or might not, write farther about it.

I took it out of my pocket-book, and gave it to her to read.

'Thank you, child,' ſaid ſhe: 'I 'ſhould have no curioſity, if I did 'not love you.'

She read it out. It was the paragraph that begins with, 'You will, 'upon the ſtrength of what I have 'ſaid,' &c.—ending with, '*ſuch is my*

'*meaning*.'—Luckily I had not transcribed the concluding sentence of that paragraph; having been ashamed of the odd words, '*Hope of your hope*.'

LADY L. But *why* should that be your *meaning*, my dear?

HARRIET. I added, I remember, that I was pained by the teazings of these men, one after another; that I never took delight in the airy adulation; and was now the more pained, because of the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, which had given me a surfeit of the sex.

MISS GR. A temporary surfeit! It is over, I hope, by this time. But, my dear—And yet as I owe to your generosity the communication, I would not take occasion from it to teaze you—

HARRIET. Miss Grandison will oblige me, say what she pleases.

MISS GR. As you intend to marry—As your friends are very desirous that you *should*—As Lady D. is an excellent woman—As her son is, as men go, a tolerable man—As he is a peer of the realm; which is something in the scale, though it is not of weight, singly considered—As his estate is very considerable—As you may have your own terms—As you like not any one of your numerous admirers:—All these *as's* considered, why, why, in the name of goodness, should you give so flat a denial? Yet have not seen the gentleman, and therefore *can* have no dislike either to his sense or person? I wish, my dear, you would give such a reason for your denial, a denial so *strongly* expressed, as one would imagine such a woman as the Countess of D. would be satisfied with, from such a one as Miss Byron.

LADY L. Perhaps, now that Miss Byron has seen what a lady the Countess of D. is—

MISS GR. And now that she has overcome the *temporary surfeit*—

LADY L. She will change her mind.

[Are you not, my dear aunt Selby—are you not, my Lucy, distressed for me at this place? I was at the time greatly so for *myself*.]

HARRIET. My mind has been disturbed by Sir Hargrave's violence; and by apprehensions of fatal mischiefs that might *too* probably have followed the generous protection given me: wonder not, therefore, ladies, if I am unable, on a sudden, to give such reasons for having refused to listen to Lady D.'s proposal, as you require; although, at the same time, I find not in my heart the least inclination to encourage it.

MISS GR. You *have* had your difficulties of late, my Harriet, to contend with: and those you must look upon as a tax to be paid by a merit so conspicuous. Even in this slighter case, as you love to oblige, I can pity you for the situation you are likely to be in, betwixt the refused son and the deserving mother. But when you consider, that the plagues of the discreet proceed from other people, those of the indiscreet from themselves, you will sit down with a just compliment to yourself, and be content. You see I can be grave now and then, child.

HARRIET. May I *deserve* to be called prudent and discreet: on that condition I am willing to incur the penalty.

LADY L. Come, come; that is out of the question, my dear: so you are contented of course, or in the way to be so.

The ladies took their leave, and seemed pleased with their visit.

It is now, my dear friends, some how or other, become necessary, I think, to let you minutely into my situation, that you may advise, caution, instruct me.—For, I protest, I am in a sort of wilderness.—Pray, my Lucy, tell me—But it cannot be from *love*: so I don't care—Yet to lie under such a weight of obligation; and to find myself so much surpassed by these ladies—Yet it is from *envy*, surely: that is a very bad passion. I hope my bosom has not a place in it for such a mean self-tormentor. Can it be from *pride?* Pride is a vice that always produces mortification: and proud you all made me of your favour.—Yet I thought it was grateful to be proud of it.

[I wish I were with you, Lucy. I should ask you abundance of questions; and repose my anxious heart on your faithful bosom; and, at the same time, from your answers, arm it against too great a sensibility before it is too late.

But pray, don't I remember, that you

you said, you found sighing a relief to you on a certain occasion?—I am serious, my dear. That there was a sort of you know not what of *pleasure* in sighing? Yet that it was involuntary?—Did you not say, that you were ready to quarrel with yourself, you knew not why?—And, pray, had you not a fretting, gnawing pain in your stomach, that made you I can't tell how to describe it; yet were humble, meek, as if looking out for pity from every body, and ready to pity every body? Were you not attentive to stories of people, young women especially, labouring under doubts and difficulties?—Was not your humanity raised? your self-consequence lowered? But did you not think *suspense* the greatest of all torments?—I think, my dear, you lived without eating or drinking; yet looked not pining, but fresh.—Your rest—I remember it was broken. In your sleep you seemed to be disturbed. You were continually rolling down mountains, or tumbling from precipices—or were borne down by tempests, carried away with sudden inundations; or sinking in deep waters; or flying from fires, thieves, robbers—

How apt are we to recollect, or to *try* to recollect, when we are apprehensive that a case may possibly be our own, all those circumstances, of which, while another's (however dear that other might be to us) we had not any clear or adequate ideas!—But I know, that such of these as I recollect not from *you*, must be owing to the danger, to the terror, I was in from the violence of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Often and often do I dream over again what I suffered from him. I am now imploring mercy from him; and meet with nothing but upbraidings and menaces. He is now stopping my mouth with his handkerchief: his horrible clergyman, if a clergyman he was, is reading the service quite through; and I am contending against the legality of the asserted marriage. At other times, I have escaped; and he is pursuing me: he gains upon my flying feet; and I wake myself with endeavouring in vain to cry out for help.

But when fancy is more propitious to me, then comes my rescuer, my deliverer: and he is sometimes a mighty prince, (dreams then make me a perfect romancer) and I am a damsel in distress. The milk-white palfrey once came in. All the marvellous takes place; and lions and tygers are slain, and armies routed, by the puissance of his single arm.

Now, do not these reveries convince you, that I owe all my uneasiness to what I suffered from Sir Hargrave's barbarity? I think I must take my aunt's advice; leave London; and then I shall better find out whether, as all my friends suspect, and as, to be ingenuous, I myself now begin sometimes to fear, a passion stronger than gratitude has not taken hold of my heart. Of this I am sure; my reasoning faculties are weakened. Miss Grandison says, that, in my illness at Colnebrook, I was delirious; and that the doctor they called in was afraid of my head: and should I suffer myself to be *entangled in a hopeless passion*, there will want no farther proof that my reason has suffered.]

Adieu, my Lucy! What a letter have I written! The conclusion of it, I doubt, will of itself be a sufficient evidence of the weakness I have mentioned, both of head and heart, of *your*

HARRIET.

On perusal of the latter part of this letter, [which I have enclosed in hooks] if you can avoid it, Lucy, read it not before my uncle.

LETTER VI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

SAT. MAR. 4.

THIS morning Sir Hargrave Pollexfen made Mr. Reeves a visit. He said it was to him; but I was unluckily below; and forced to hear all he had to say, or to appear unpolite.

He proposed visiting my grandmamma and aunt Selby, in order to implore their forgiveness; but Mr. Reeves diverted him from thinking of that.

He had not sought me, he said, at Lady Betty Williams's, but from his desire (on the character he had heard of me) to pay his addresses to me in preference to every other woman. He had laid out for several opportunities to

to get into my company, before he heard I was to dine there. Particularly, he once had resolved to pay a visit in form to my uncle Selby, in Northamptonshire, and had got all his equipage in readiness to set out; but heard that I was come to town with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He actually then set out, he said, for Peterborough, with intent to propose the affair to my godfather Deane; but found that he was gone to Cambridge; and then being resolved to try his fate with me, he came to town; and hardly questioned succeeding, when he understood that my friends left me to my own choice; and knowing that he could offer such proposals, as none of the gentlemen who had made pretensions to me, were able to make. His intentions, therefore, were not sudden, and such as arose upon what he saw of me at Lady Betty Williams's; though the part I supported in the conversation there, precipitated his declaration.

He was very unhappy, he said, to have so mortally disobliged me; and repeated all his former pleas; his love, [rough love, I am sure] compassion, sufferings, and I cannot tell what; insisting, that he had forgiven much greater injuries, as was but *too* apparent.

I told him, that I had suffered more than he could have done, though his hurt was more visible than mine: that nevertheless I forgave him; as no bad consequences had followed between him and my protector.—['Protector!' muttered he]—But that he knew my mind before he made that barbarous attempt: and I besought him never more to think of me; and he must excuse me to say, that this must be the very last time I ever would see him.

A great deal was said on both sides; my cousins remaining attentively silent all the time: and at last he insisted that I would declare, that I never would be the wife either of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick: assuring me, that the rash step he had taken to make me his, was owing principally to his apprehension, that Mr. Greville was more likely to succeed with me than any other man.

I owed him, I told him, no such declaration. But Mr. Reeves, to get rid of his importunity, gave it as his opinion, that there was no ground for his apprehensions that I would give my hand to either; and I did not contradict him.

Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Jordan, before I could get away from this importunate man, came to enquire for him. He then owned, that they came in hope of seeing me; and besought me to favour him and them for one quarter of an hour only.

I was resolved to withdraw: but, at Sir Hargrave's command, as impertinently given as officiously obeyed, Mr. Reeves's servant led them (his master, indeed, not contradicting) into the parlour where we were.

The two strangers behaved with great respect. Never did men run praises higher, than both these gentlemen gave to Sir Charles Grandison.

And, indeed, the subject made me easier in their company than I should otherwise have been.

It is not possible, I believe, for the vainest mind to hear itself profusely praised, without some pain: but it is surely one of the sweetest pleasures in the world, to hear a whole company join in applauding the absent person who stands high in our opinion: and especially, if he be one to whose unexceptionable goodness we *owe*, and are not ashamed to *own*, obligation.

What farther pleased me, was to hear Mr. Bagenhall declare, which he did in a very serious manner, that Sir Charles Grandison's *great* behaviour, as he justly called it, had made such impressions, not only upon him, but upon Mr. Merceda, that they were both determined *to turn over a new leaf*, was his phrase; and to live very different lives from what they *had* lived; though they were far, they blessed God, from being before the worst of men.

These gentlemen, with Mr. Merceda and Sir Hargrave, are to dine with Sir Charles to-day. They both mentioned it with great pleasure: but Sir Hargrave did not seem so well pleased, and doubted of his being able to persuade himself to go.

The invitation was given at Mr. Jordan's motion, who took hold of a slight invitation of Sir Charles's; Mr. Jordan declaring, that he resolved not to let slip any opportunity of improving an acquaintance with so extraordinary a man.

Sir Hargrave talked of soon leaving the

the town, and retiring to one of his country-seats; or of going abroad, for a year or two, if he must have no hopes—Hopes! a wretch!—

Yet he shewed so much dejection, and is so really mortified with the damage done to a face that he used to take pleasure to see reflected in the glass, (never once looking into either of those in the parlour he was in, all the time he staid) that I could once or twice have been concerned for him: but when I seriously reflect, I do not know whether his mortification is not the happiest thing that could have befallen him. It wants only to be attended with patience. He is not *now* an ugly man in his person. His estate will always give him consequence. He will now think the better of others, and the worse of himself; he *may*, *much* worse; and not want as much vanity as comes to his share.

But say you, my uncle, (as I fancy you do) that I also may spare some of *my* vanity, and not be the worse girl? —Ah, no! I am now very sensible of my own defects. I am poor, low, silly, weak—was I ever insolent? was I ever saucy? Was I ever—O, my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myself with having *deserved* mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be saucy, vain, insolent—and if I was so, lay it to a flow of health, and good spirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myself in every one's love; yet most in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends; and then you will have some of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even *you*, my uncle, be clear of reproach, because your correction was always mingled with so much praise, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the sex than at your Harriet.

* *

But what have I written against myself! I believe I am *not* such a low, silly, weak creature, as I had thought myself. For just as I had laid down my pen with a pensive air, and to look into the state of my own heart, in order either to lighten, or to confirm, the self-blame I had so glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair, made us a visit. She came up directly to me:

'I am come to dine with your cousins 'and you, Miss Byron,' said she.— 'Shall I be welcome? But don't answer me. I know I shall.'

Mrs. Reeves entered, and acknowledged the favour.

'Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and some 'of his brethren, are to dine with my 'brother,' said my lady; 'and I, not 'being obliged to do the honours of 'the table, with my lord's consent, 'made my escape. I cannot endure 'the wretch who could make such a 'vile attempt upon you, and who 'might have murdered my brother.— 'Come, will you let me see what you 'are writing? You can forgive *Char-* 'lotte's freedom: will you excuse her 'sister's.'

'I cannot shew your ladyship *all* 'I have written; but I will read you 'some passages of the long letter be- 'fore me.'

I told her my subject, and read to her such as I thought I *could* read. She raved at Sir Hargrave; wondered he had the confidence to approach me, especially with hope. She praised me; yet said to my cousin Reeves, that he ought to have been denied the house; and the rather, as I was myself very unwilling to see him.

I own, I thought so too. Both my cousins are *too* good-natured.

We had a great deal of talk about the duel that was so happily prevented. Lady L. gave us an account of that which her father fought; and to the issue of which they owed the loss of the best of mothers: and at, and after dinner, she piously expatiated on the excellences of that mother; and demonstrated, what I have often thought of great consequence, (my grandmamma's and aunt Selby's examples before me affording the noblest proofs) that the conduct of women in their families is of high importance; and that they need not look out of them so often as they do, to employ themselves; and that not only in the most useful, but in the most delightful manner.

My Lord L. having broke from the company at Sir Charles's, did us the honour to drink tea with us. Every thing, he said, passed very agreeably among the gentlemen he had left; and it was his opinion, that his brother's noble behaviour, and the conversation that passed at table, and in which he left

left him and them engaged, would make more than one convert among them.

He told Lady L. that Sir Charles was to set out on Monday for Canterbury; [For Canterbury, Lucy!] and that he should take it for a favour, if she would give him her company for a few days to Colnebrook. Their new house, he said, would be ready to receive them in a week's time: it wanted nothing but a thorough airing. 'And 'if,' said he, 'you could prevail upon Miss Grandison to be with us till 'her brother returns, and both sisters 'could induce Miss Byron to make a 'fourth, we shall be the happiest party 'in the world; and perhaps may get 'Sir Charles among us, on his return, 'for a day or two.' I bowed.

'I must tell you, my lord, that Charlotte and I thought to offer our attendance on Miss Byron to some of the 'public entertainments; but your lordship's pleasure shall determine me: 'and if we could be so happy as to have 'Miss Byron for our guest, I am sure of 'my sister; and it would be my preferable wish. — Mr. Reeves — Mrs. 'Reeves—will you spare Miss Byron 'to me?'

I looked as if for their leave. They gave a smiling assent.

My lord and lady both expressed themselves overjoyed.

This Canterbury ran in my head. It was brought in naturally enough; and Mr. Reeves wondered, that Sir Charles kept secret the motive of his journeying thither backward and forward. '*The godlike man*,' said Mr. Reeves, in the words of a great poet, '*has nothing to conceal*.'—'For my 'part,' replied my lord, 'I conclude 'the motive is rather a painful than a 'pleasurable one. Charlotte accuses 'her brother of reserves. I never 'found him reserved: but he loves to 'play with her curiosity, and amuse 'her; for she is very curious, yet has '*her* secret.—Has she not, Lady L.?'

'Indeed she has,' replied my lady—'Perhaps you, my dear, will be entrusted with it, when you are at 'Colnebrook together.'

'Pray, Madam,' said I to Lady L. 'may I ask?—Does Sir Charles give 'Lord G. his interest in his addresses 'to Miss Grandison?'

LADY L. My brother wishes Charlotte married. He is a great friend to the married state; especially with regard to our sex.

Mr. Reeves could not miss this opportunity. 'It is a wonder,' said he, 'that Sir Charles himself does not 'think of marriage?'

LADY L. That is a string that we but just touch sometimes, and away. There is a lady—

There she stopt. Had she looked with earnestness at me, I had been undone, I believe.

[☞ Let me ask you, Lucy: you have passed the fiery ordeal—Did you ever find in yourself a kind of impatience, next to petulance; and in your heart (only for fear of exposing yourself) that you were ready to quarrel, or to be short, with any-body that came upon you of a sudden! yet have no business of consequence to engage either your fingers or your thoughts?—Of late, my dear, I have been very often troubled with this odd sensation. But my whole temper is altering, I believe. I shall grow peevish, perverse, and gloomy, I doubt. O this wicked Sir Hargrave! ☜]

Pray, my dear, attend for the future to those indexes or hands; and forbear to read out the passages inclosed by them, if you can—But if you come upon them before you are aware, why then read on—with all my heart.

But to return to Lady L.'s alarming hint—'There is a lady—'

MRS. REEVES. That Sir Charles loves, I suppose?

LADY L. That loves Sir Charles; and she has—But for the lady's sake—Yet, if it be allowable for any woman to be in love with any man, upon an uncertainty of return, it is for one that is in love with my brother.

HARRIET. And cannot Sir Charles make a return?—Poor lady!

My cousin afterwards told me that my upper lip then quivered like an aspin-leaf. I did not know that it did. I felt not a trembling at my heart; and when the lip trembles, the heart, I think, should be affected. There used to be a close connexion between mine.

MR. REEVES. Miss Grandison told *me*, that, if her brother married, half a score women would break their hearts.

LADY L. The words *half a score* run as glibly off the tongue as *half a dozen*;

dozen? But I believe, let the envious, the cenſorious, malign our ſex, and charge us with the love of rakes and libertines, as they will, if all men were like my brother, there would not be a ſingle woman, and hardly a bad one, in the kingdom.—What ſay you, my lord?

LORD L. My dear life, you know I am all attention, whenever you, or my ſiſter Charlotte, make our brother the ſubject of your panegyrick.—If, Miſs Byron, you do not chuſe to hear ſo much ſaid of this beſt of men, you will, I doubt, have an ill time of it in the favour you will do us at Colnebrook.

HARRIET. My lord, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not hear with pleaſure every thing that ſhall be ſaid in praiſe of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

LORD L. When I am out of conceit with men, as too often they give me cauſe to be, I think of my brother, and forgive them.

I wonder, Lucy, what every body *means* by praiſing Sir Charles Grandiſon ſo much in my hearing!—Shall I fly from town, to avoid hearing his praiſes!—Yes, ſay you?—But whither? It muſt not be to Selby-houſe. Well, then, I may as well go to Colnebrook. I ſhall there be informed of the reaſon for all thoſe general applauſes; for hitherto I know nothing of his hiſtory, to what they tell me I am to know.

Theſe general praiſes carried us away from a ſubject that I thought we ſhould once have made more of—*That one lady*—And I wanted to know, but had no opportunity to inform myſelf, whether that lady's relations, or herſelf, live at Canterbury. On Monday, it ſeems, Sir Charles ſets out for *that* Canterbury!

Our noble gueſts would not ſtay ſupper. They had not been gone two hours before I had an humorous letter from Miſs Grandiſon. I incloſe it.

'SAT. NIGHT, 10 O'CLOCK.

'LORD and Lady L. rejoice me, 'by telling me, you will accompany them to Colnebrook on Monday.—That's my good girl!—I will go with them for the ſake of your company. Yet I had half denied them: And why? Becauſe, if you muſt know—But huſh—and catch a mouſe—Becauſe, a certain impertinent propoſes a viſit there; and I had thoughts to take the opportunity of being alone in town, to rid my hands for ever if poſſible of another ſilly fellow, of whom, for one *month*, a great while ago, I thought tolerably.

'You and I, Harriet, will open to each other all our hearts. There is one chamber that has two beds in it. We will have that. Our dreſſing-room ſhall be common to both. Lady L. is a *morning-killer*: ſhe always loved her bed; ſo we ſhall have charming opportunities for tête à tête converſation.

'I will drink tea with you to-morrow—No, but I won't: you and your couſins ſhall drink tea with us. —Do you hear? I won't be denied. And then we'll ſettle how it ſhall be. I'll tell you what, my dear—If, on my brother's return from Canterbury, he comes to us at Colnebrook, we will call him to account for all his reſerves. Here is this affair of Pollexfen's: How might it have ended! I tremble to think of it—You'll ſtand by me: Won't you? I cannot make Lord and Lady L. of my party, or I would have rebelled before now—But you and I, my dear, I warrant you—Yet you are ſo grave. Were you always ſuch a grave, ſuch a wiſe, ſuch a *very* wiſe girl, Harriet? Was your grandfather a very ſententious man? Was his name *Solomon* Shirley?

'I love wiſdom as well as any body: but wiſdom, out of it's place, is a prude, my dear. How I ramble!—You'll come to-morrow—I deſigned but two lines. Adieu. Believe me ever yours,

'C. G.'

I hope, Lucy, I was not wrong in ſo readily conſenting to go to Colnebrook. My own inclination, indeed, was in my compliance: and I begin to miſtruſt myſelf, wherever that ſtrongly leads. Yet why ſhould I undervalue myſelf? I know my heart to be good. In that I will not yield to any body. I have no littleneſs in my mind: *Naturally* I have not. Guard me, O my friends! by your prayers,

that no littleneſs, that is *not* natural to my heart, may depreciate it, and make me unworthy of the love you have ever ſhewn to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

SUNDAY, MAR. 5.

MY couſins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain paſſion, [*They* ſpeak quite out;] and with a man that has given no encouragement —Encouragement! how meanly ſounds that word! But I hope they are miſtaken. I cannot ſay, but I might prefer, if I were to have my choice—one man to another—But that is a different thing from being run away with by ſo *vehement* a folly as they are ready to aſcribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are ſolicitous that I ſhould not neglect any opportunity [What a poor creature do they think me!] of *ingratiating* myſelf with the ſiſters: And therefore I muſt, by all means, accept of Miſs Grandiſon's invitation to tea.

I inſiſted, however, that they ſhould accompany me, as they likewiſe were invited: And they obliged me—I may ſay *themſelves* too; for they admire the brother and ſiſters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, Miſs Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, and Mr. Grandiſon. Sir Charles was in his drawing-room adjoining to the ſtudy; a lady with him, they ſaid. What buſineſs had I to wiſh to know whether it was an elderly or a young lady? But I muſt tell you all my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for our coach.

Mr. Grandiſon made up to me; and, as heretofore, ſaid very ſilly things, but with an air, as if he were accuſtomed to ſay ſuch, and to have them received as gallant things, by thoſe to whom he addreſſed them. How painful it is to a mind not quite at eaſe, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible ſpeeches, from a man who muſt think as highly of himſelf for uttering them, as meanly of the underſtanding of the perſon he is ſpeaking to!

Miſs Grandiſon ſaw me a little uneaſy, and came up to us. 'Mr. 'Grandiſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'I thought 'you had known Miſs Byron's cha-'racter by this time. She is ſome-'thing more than a pretty woman. 'She has a *ſoul*, Sir: the man who 'makes a compliment to her on her 'beauty, depreciates her underſtand-'ing.'

She then led me to her ſeat, and ſat down next me.

Mr. Grandiſon was in the midſt of a fine ſpeech, and was not well pleaſed. He ſat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemmed three or four times, took out his ſnuff-box, tapped it, let the ſnuff drop through his fingers, then broke the lumps, then ſhut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right-hand, as he held it between the thumb and fore-finger of the other; and was quite like a ſullen boy: Yet, after a while, tried to recover himſelf, by forcing a laugh at a ſlight thing or two ſaid in company, that was not intended to raiſe one.

I think, my dear, I could have allowed a little more for him, had not his name been Grandiſon.

We ſoon adjuſted every thing for the little journey. Mr. Grandiſon told Miſs Grandiſon, that if ſhe would make him amends for her treatment of him juſt now, ſhe ſhould put Lord L. upon inviting *him*. Lord and Lady L. joined to do ſo. But Miſs Grandiſon would not admit of his going; and I was glad of it.

'But, not to affront you, couſin,' ſaid ſhe, 'Miſs Byron and I want to 'have a good deal of particular con-'verſation: So ſhall not be able to 'ſpare *you* an hour of our company at 'Colnebrook. But one thing, Sir: 'My brother ſets out for Canterbury 'to-morrow; tell him that *we* won't 'be troubled with your company: 'Aſk him, if *he* will?'

'Not in thoſe words neither,' couſin Charlotte: But I will offer attend-'ance; and, if he accepts of it, I 'ſhall be half as happy as if I went to 'Colnebrook;—and *only* half, bowing 'to me.'

'Why, now, you are a good doci-'ble kind of a man! I want to hear 'what

'what will be my brother's anſwer: 'For we know not one ſyllable, nor 'can gueſs at his buſineſs at Can-'terbury.'

The tea equipage being brought in, we heard Sir Charles's voice, complimenting a lady to her chair; and who pleaded engagement for declining to drink tea with his ſiſter. And then he entered the parlour to us. He addreſſed my couſins, who were next him, with his uſual politeneſs. He then came to me: 'How does my good 'Miſs Byron? Not diſcompoſed, I 'hope, by your yeſterday's viſiters. 'They are all of them in love with 'you. But you muſt have been pain-'ed—I was pained for you, when I 'heard they had viſited you. But ex-'traordinary merit has ſome forfeit-'ures to pay.'

'I am ſure then,' thought I, 'you 'muſt have a great many.' Every time I ſee him, I think he riſes upon me in the gracefulneſs of his behaviour.

'I have one agreeable piece of news 'to tell you, Madam. Sir Hargrave 'will go abroad for a twelvemonth. 'He ſays, he cannot be in the ſame 'kingdom with you, and not ſee you. 'He hopes, therefore, to leſſen the 'torment, by flying from the tempta-'tion. Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Mer-'ceda will go with him.'

Then whiſpering me, he ſaid, 'From 'a hint in the letter of the penitent 'Wilſon, that Mr. Bagenhall's cir-'cumſtances are not happy, and that 'he is too much in the power of Sir 'Hargrave; I have prevailed on the 'latter, in conſideration of the other's 'accompanying him abroad, to make 'him eaſy. And, would you believe 'it? and can you forgive me?—I 'have brought Sir Hargrave to con-'ſent to give Wilſon the promiſed '100l. To induce him to do this, 'Merceda (influenced by the argu-'ments I urged, founded on the un-'happy fellow's confeſſions in that let-'ter) offered 50l. more for his paſt 'ſervices to himſelf: and both, as a 'proof of the ſincerity of the pro-'miſed reformation. Wilſon ſhall not 'have the money, but upon his mar-'rying the girl to whom he is con-'tracted: and on my return from a 'little excurſion I am making to Can-'terbury, I ſhall put all in a train. 'And now, let me aſk you once more, 'can you forgive me for *rewarding*, 'as you may think it, a baſe ſervant?'

'O Sir! how can I anſwer you?—'You told me at Colnebrook, that we 'were to endeavour to bring good out 'of the evil from which you had de-'livered me. This, indeed, is mak-'ing your words true in a very exten-'ſive ſenſe: to make your enemies 'your friends; to put wicked men in-'to a way of reformation; and to 'make it a bad man's intereſt to be 'good—*Forgive* you, Sir!—from what 'I remember of that poor wretch's let-'ter, I was obliged to him myſelf: 'though vile, he was leſs vile than he 'might have been. The young wo-'man behaved with tenderneſs to me 'at Paddington: let me, therefore, add '50l. to Mr. Merceda's 50l. as an 'earneſt that I can follow a noble ex-'ample.'

'You charm me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I am not diſappointed in my opinion 'of you—Wilſon, if he give hope of 'real penitence, ſhall not want the 'fourth 50l.—It would be *too good* in 'you, ſo great a ſufferer as you were 'by his wickedneſs, to give it: but it 'will become a man to do it, who has 'not been injured by him, and who 'was the occaſion of his loſing the fa-'vour of his employer; and the rather 'as he was an adviſer to his fellow-'agents to fly, and not to fire at my 'ſervants, who might have ſuffered 'from a *ſturdier* villain. He has pro-'miſed repentance and reformation: 'this ſmall ſum will give me a kind of 'right to enforce the performance.—'But no more of this juſt now.'

Miſs Jervois juſt then looking as if ſhe would be glad to ſpeak with her guardian, he aroſe, and taking her hand, led her to the window. She was in a ſupplicating attitude, as if aſking a favour. He ſeemed to be all kindneſs and affection to her—Happy girl!—Miſs Grandiſon, who had heard enough of what he ſaid of Wilſon, to be affected, whiſpered me, 'Did I not 'tell you, Harriet, that my brother 'was continually employed in doing 'good? He has invention; foreſight, 'and contrivance: but you ſee how 'theſe qualities are all employed.'

'O Miſs Grandiſon,' ſaid I, 'I am

'such a nothing!—I cannot, as Sir 'Hargrave says, bear my own little-'nesses.'

'Be quiet,' said she—'you are an 'exceeding good girl! but you have a 'monstrous deal of pride. Early I 'saw that. You are not half so good 'as the famous Greek, who losing an 'election for which he stood, to be one 'of three hundred only, thanked the 'gods, that there were in Athens (I 'think it was) three hundred better 'men than himself. Will you not 'have honour enough, if it can be 'said, that *next* to Sir Charles Gran-'dison, you are the best creature in the 'world?'

Sir Charles led his ward to a seat, and sat down by us.

'Cousin Charlotte,' said Mr. Grandison, 'you remember your treatment 'of me, for addressing Miss Byron, in 'an open, and I thought, a very polite 'manner: pray where's *your* impar-'tiality? Sir Charles has been shut up 'in his study with a lady who would 'not be seen by any body else.—But 'Sir Charles may do any thing.'

'I am afraid it is too late, cousin,' said Miss Grandison; 'else it would 'be worth your while to try for a re-'putation.'

'Has Charlotte, Mr. Grandison,' said Sir Charles, 'used you ill? La-'dies will do as they please with you 'gallant men. They look upon you 'as their own; and you wish them to 'do so. You must bear the inconve-'nience for the sake of the conveni-'ence.'

'Well, but, Sir Charles, I am re-'fused to be of the Colnebrook party '—absolutely refused. Will *you* ac-'cept of my company? Shall I attend 'you to Canterbury?'

'Are you in earnest, cousin Gran-'dison? Will you oblige me with 'your company?'

'With all my heart and soul, Sir 'Charles.'

'With all mine, I accept your kind 'offer.'

This agreeably surprized his sisters as well as me: but why then so secret, so reserved, to them?

Mr. Grandison immediately went out to give orders to his servant for the journey.

'A good-natured man!' said Sir Charles.—'Charlotte, you are some-'times too quick upon him—are you 'not?'

'Too quick upon 'him!—No, no! 'I have hopes of him; for he can be 'ashamed: that was not always the 'case with him. Between your gen-'tleness and my quickness, we shall 'make something of him in time.'

Mr. Grandison immediately returned; and we lost something that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by some words he dropped, the purport was to blame his sister for not sparing Mr. Grandison before company.

'I imagine, Sir Charles, that if 'you take Mr. Grandison with you, 'one may venture to ask a question; 'whether you go to any family at 'Canterbury, that we have heard of? '—It is to do good, I am sure.'

'Your eyes have asked me that 'question several times, Charlotte. 'I aim not at making secrets of any 'thing I do. I need not on this oc-'casion. Yet you, Charlotte, have 'your secrets.'

He looked grave.

'Have I my secrets, Sir Charles? '—Pray what do you mean?'

She coloured, and seemed sensibly touched.

'Too much emotion, Charlotte, is 'a kind of confession. Take care.' Then turning it off with a smile—'See, Mr. Grandison, I am revenging 'your cause. Alarming spirits love 'not to be alarmed.'—

'So, Harriet!' (whispering to me) 'I am silenced. Had I told you all 'my heart, I should have half suspect-'ed you. How he has fluttered me! '—Lady L. this is owing to you,' whispering her behind my chair.

'I know nothing; therefore could 'tell nothing. — Conscience, con-'science! Charlotte,' re-whispered Lady L.

She sat still, and was silent for a little while; Lord and Lady L. smiling, and seeming to enjoy her agreeable confusion. At last—'But, Sir Charles, 'you *always* had secrets. You got 'out of me two or three of mine 'without exchange—You—'

'Don't be uneasy, my Charlotte. 'I expected a *prompt*, not a *deliberate* 'reply. My life is a various life. 'Some things I had better not have 'known myself. See, Charlotte, if 'you are serious, you will make me

'so.

' ſo. I have not any motives of ac-
' tion, I hope, that are either capri-
' cious or conceited.' [Surely, Lucy, he cannot have ſeen what I wrote to you about his reſerves! I thought he looked at me.]—' Only this one hint, ' my ſiſter: whenever you condeſcend ' to conſult me, let me have every ' thing before me, that ſhall be neceſ-' ſary to enable me to form a judg-' ment—But why ſo grave, Charlotte? ' Impute all I have ſaid, as a revenge ' of Mr. Grandiſon's cauſe, in grati-' tude for his obliging offer of accom-' panying me to Canterbury.'

' Cannot you reward *him*, Sir Charles, ' but by puniſhing *me?*'

' A good queſtion, Charlotte.—But ' do you take what I have ſaid in that ' light?'

' I have done for the preſent, Sir: ' but I hope, when you return, we ' ſhall come to an eclairciſſement.'

' *Needs* it one?—Will not better ' and more intereſting ſubjects have ' taken place by that time?'—And he looked at her with an eye of particular meaning.

' Now is he beginning to wind about ' me,' whiſpered ſhe to me, ' as I told ' you at Colnebrook: were he and I ' alone, he'd have me before I knew ' where I was. Had he been a wicked ' man, he would have been a *very* ' wicked one.'

She was viſibly uneaſy; but was afraid to ſay any more on the ſubject.

Lady L. whiſpered—' Ah! Char-' lotte, you are taken in your own ' toils. You had better let me into ' your ſecret. I would bring you off, ' if I could.'

' Be quiet, Lady L.'

We then talked of the time in the morning of our ſetting out for Colnebrook. I thought I read Miſs Emily's mind in her eyes.—' Shall we not have ' the pleaſure of Miſs Jervois's com-' pany?' ſaid I to the ſiſters.

Emily bowed to me, and ſmiled.

' The very thing that Miſs Jervois ' was petitioning to me for,' ſaid Sir Charles: ' and I wiſhed, ladies, to ' have the motion come from one of ' you.'

' Emily ſhall go with us, I think,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

' Thank you, Madam,' ſaid ſhe: ' I will take care not to break in upon ' you impertinently.'

' What, doſt *thou* too think we have ' ſecrets, child?'

' Conſent with your uſual grace, ' Charlotte: are you not too eaſily ' affected?' Sir Charles ſpoke this ſmiling.

' Every thing you ſay, Sir Charles, ' affects me.'

' I ought then to be very careful of ' what I ſay. If I have given my ſiſter ' pain, I beg her to forgive me.'

' I am afraid to go on,' whiſpered ſhe to me. ' Were he and I only to-' gether, my heart would be in his ' hand in a moment.'

' I have only this to obſerve, Miſs ' Grandiſon,' whiſpered I:—' When ' you are too hard upon me, I know ' to whom to apply for revenge.'

' Such another word, Harriet, and ' I'll blow you up!'

What could ſhe mean by that?—' *Blow me up!*' I have locked up my aunt's laſt letters, where ſo much is ſaid about *entangling*, and *inclination*, and ſo-forth. When any thing occurs that we care not to own, I ſee by Miſs Grandiſon, that it is eaſy for the ſlighteſt hint to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to ſay ſo ſeriouſly as he did, ' That his life was a various ' life;' and that ' he had better not ' have known ſome things himſelf;' affects me not a little. What can a man of his prudence have had to diſturb him? But my favourite author ſays—

' Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
' In this our *day of proof*, our *land of hope*,
' The good man has his clouds that intervene;
' Clouds that *obſcure* his ſublunary day,
' But never conquer. E'en the beſt muſt own,
' *Patience* and *reſignation* are the pillars
' Of human peace on earth.——'

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

But ſo young a man! ſo prudent! as I ſaid; and ſo generally beloved! But that he is ſo, may be the occaſion.—Some lady, I doubt!—What ſad people are we women at this rate! Yet ſome women may have the worſt of it. What are your thoughts on all theſe appearances, Lucy?

Miſs Grandiſon, as I ſaid, is uneaſy. Theſe are the words that diſturb her: ' Only this one hint, my ſiſter: when-' ever you condeſcend to conſult me, ' let me have every thing before me ' that ſhall be neceſſary to enable me to ' form a judgment.'—

And

And so they would *me* in her case.

But it seems plain from Sir Charles's hint, that he keeps to himself (as Miss Grandison once indeed said in his favour) those intelligences which would disturb her, and his other friends, to know. The secret which he would have made of the wicked challenge; his self-invited breakfasting with Sir Hargrave; are proofs, among others, of this: and if this be his considerate motive, what a forward, what a censorious creature have I been, on so many occasions, to blame him for his reserves, and particularly for his Canterbury excursions! I think I will be cautious for the future, how I take upon me to censure those actions, which in such a man I cannot account for.

Miss Grandison, on her brother's withdrawing with Dr. Bartlett, said, 'Well, now that my cousin Grandison will accompany my brother to 'Canterbury, we shall have that secret 'out in course.'

LADY L. It seems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

MISS GR. Be quiet, Lady L.

MR. GR. Perhaps not. You'll find I can keep a secret, cousin; especially if I am desired to do so.

MISS GR. I shall wonder at that.

MR. GR. Why so?

MISS GR. Shall I give it you in plain English?

MR. GR. You don't use to mince it.

MISS GR. It would be strange, cousin, if a man should make a secret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told stories of himself, and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for.—You would have it.

MR. GR. I knew I must have the plain English, whether I *asked* for it or not. But give me leave to say, cousin Charlotte, that you made not so superior a figure just now.

MISS GR. True, Mr. Grandison. There is but one man in the world of whom I stand in awe.

MR. GR. I believe it; and hope you never design to marry, for *that* reason.

MISS GR. What a wretch is my cousin! Must a woman stand in awe of her husband?—Whether, Sir, is marriage a state of servitude or of freedom to a woman?

MR. GR. Of freedom, as women generally make it—Of servitude, if they know their duty.—Pardon me, ladies.

MISS GR. Don't pardon him.—I suppose, Sir, it is owing to your consciousness, that you have only the *will*, and not the *spirit*, to awe a woman of sense, that you are a single man at this day.

LADY L. Pray, my lord, what have I done, that you treat me with so much contempt?

LORD L. *Contempt!* my best life!—How is that?

LADY L. You seem not to think it worth your while to *over-awe* me.

MISS GR. Lord, my dear! how you are mistaken in applying thus to Lord L! Lord L is a good man, a virtuous man: None but rakes hold those *over-awing* doctrines. They know what they deserve; and live in continual fear of meeting with their deserts; and so, if they marry, having the hearts of slaves, they become tyrants.—Miss Byron—

MR. GR. The devil's in it if you two ladies want help. I fly the pit.

LORD L. And I think, Mr. Grandison, you have fought a hard battle.

MR. GR. By my soul, I think so too! I have held it out better than I used to do.

MISS GR. I protest I think you have. We shall brighten you up among us. I am mistaken if there were not two or three smart things said by my cousin.—Pray, did any body mind them? I should be glad to hear them again.—Do you recollect them yourself, cousin?

MR. GR. You want to draw me on again, cousin Charlotte. But the d—l fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off while I am well.

MISS GR. Would you have thought it, Lady L.! My cousin has *discretion* as well as *smartness*.—I congratulate you, Sir:—a new discovery!—But hush!—'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles entered. 'Mr. Grandison a sufferer again?' said he.

MR. GR. No, no! Pretty well off this bout!—Miss Byron, I have had the better end of the staff, I believe.

HARRIET. I can't say that, Sir.

But

But you got off, I think, in very good time.

MR. GR. And that's a victory, to what it uſed to be, I can aſſure you. Nobody ever could *awe* Miſs Grandiſon.

MISS GR. Coward!—You would *now* begin again, would you?—Sir Charles loves to take me *down*.

MR. GR. Never, Madam, but when you are *up*. [And laughed heartily.]

MISS GR. Witty too!—A man of repartee. A *verbal* wit! And that's half as good as a punſter at any time.

SIR CH. Fight it out, couſin Grandiſon. You can laugh on, though the laugh of every other perſon ſhould be againſt you.

MR. GR. And thou, Brutus?—It is time to have done.

As I think theſe converſations characteriſtick, I hope the recital of them will be excuſed. Yet I am ſenſible, thoſe things that go well off in converſation, do not always *read* to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to ſtay ſupper: but we excuſed ourſelves. I promiſed to breakfaſt with them.

I choſe not to take my maid with me. Jenny is to be made over to me occaſionally, for the time of my ſtay. Dr. Bartlett had deſired to be excuſed. So our party is only the two Siſters, Lord L. Miſs Jervois, and I.

Sir Charles and Mr. Grandiſon are to ſet out for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: and ſleepineſs promiſes to befriend *your*

HARRIET.

LETTER VIII.

MRS. SELBY, TO MISS BYRON*.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

SELBY HOUSE, SUNDAY, MAR. 5.

WE are all extremely affected with your preſent ſituation. Such apparent ſtruggles betwixt your natural openneſs of heart, and the confeſſions of a young, of a new paſſion, and that ſo laudably founded, and ſo viſibly increaſing—O my love, you muſt not affect reſerves; they will ſit very awkwardly upon a young woman who never knew what affectation and concealment were.

You have laid me under a difficulty with reſpect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I have not written to her, though you deſired I would; ſince, in truth, we all think, that her propoſals deſerve conſideration; and becauſe we are afraid, that a *greater* happineſs will never be yours and ours. It is impoſſible, my dear, to imagine, that ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon ſhould not have ſeen the woman whom he could love, before he ſaw you; or whom he had not been engaged to love by his *gratitude*, as I may call it, for her *love*. Has not his ſiſter talked of half a ſcore ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry?—And may not this be the reaſon why he does not?

You ſee what an amiable openneſs of heart there is in the Counteſs of D. You ſee, that your own frankneſs is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were diſengaged in your affections: by your own diſclaiming to her the propoſed relation, you have given reaſon to ſo wiſe a lady to think it otherwiſe; or that you are not ſo much above affectation, as ſhe had hoped you were. And though we were grieved to read how much you were puſhed by Miſs Grandiſon†, yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the ſame obſervations and inferences that Miſs Grandiſon did. And what would you have me to do? ſince you cannot give a ſtronger inſtance of your affections being engaged, than by declining ſuch a propoſal as Lady D. made, before you have converſed with, or even ſeen Lord D. And it becomes not your character or mine, either to equivocate, or to ſay the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think, (and indeed it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles ſtands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I ſee not, therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor will your fortune, I doubt, be thought conſiderable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous

* This Letter, and the two that follow it, are inſerted in this place, though not received, and anſwered, till Miſs Byron was at Colnebrook, for the ſake of keeping entire the ſubject ſhe writes upon from thence.

† Letter V.

and

and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence, fortune will have some weight with him. At least, on our side, that ought to be supposed, and to make a part of our first proposals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own hand. I refer myself wholly to her. Her wisdom, and her tenderness for you, we all know. She and I have talked of *every thing*. Your uncle will not railly you, as he has done. We still continue resolved not to prescribe to your inclinations. We are afraid therefore of advising you as to this new proposal. But your grandmamma is very much pleased that I have not written, as you would have had me, a letter of absolute refusal to the countess.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the state of Sir Charles Grandison's affairs. We have heard so many good things of him, that I have desired Mr. Selby to make no farther enquiries, unless we could have some hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheless, omit nothing that comes to your knowledge, that may let us know in him what a good man is, and should be.

His magnanimity in refusing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himself so honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itself, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cherished such a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the same time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his sisters, on the happy issue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D. and that by the next post. Be not rash: be not hasty. I am afraid I pushed your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle says, that you are at times not so frank in directly owning your passion, as from your natural openness of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: and he triumphs over us, in the imagination, that he has at last detected you of affectation in some little degree. We all see, and own, your struggle between virgin modesty and openness of heart, as apparent in many passages of your letters; and we lay part of your reserve to the apprehensions you must have of his raillery: but after you have declared, 'That you had rather con-'verse but one hour in a week with Sir 'Charles Grandison,' (and *his sister* you put in: and sisters are good convenient people sometimes to a bashful, or beginning lover, of our sex) 'than 'be the wife of any man you have ever 'seen or known; and that, mean as 'the word *pity* sounds, you would ra-'ther have his pity than the love of 'any other man.'—Upon my word, my dear, you need not be backward to speak quite out. Excuse me, my child.

I have just now read the inclosed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written so long a letter, I might have spared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all subscribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the steps to be taken in relation to the proposal of Lady D. But if you love, be not ashamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandison.

With all our blessings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear love, Adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER IX.

MRS. SHIRLEY, TO MISS BYRON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 5.

DON'T be afraid, don't be ashamed, my dearest life, to open your whole heart to your aunt Selby and me. You know how we all doat upon you. It is no disgrace for a young woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion. *You* have shewn, I am sure, if ever young creature did shew, that you are no giddy, no indiscreet person. Not Greville, with all his gaiety; not Fenwick, with all his adulation; not the more respectable Orme, with all his obsequiousness; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the shocking Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; have seen the least shadow of vanity or weakness in you. How happily have you steered through difficulties, in which the love of being admired often involve meaner minds? And how

how have you, with mingled dignity and courteousneſs, entitled yourſelf to the eſteem, and even veneration, of thoſe whom you refuſed! And why refuſed? Not from pride, but from principle; and becauſe you could not love any of them, as you thought you ought to love the man to whom you gave your hand.

And at laſt, when the man appeared to you, who was worthy of your love; who had ſo powerfully protected you from the lawleſs attempt of a fierce and cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the beſt of brothers, friends, landlords, maſters, and the braveſt and beſt of men; is it to be wondered at, that a heart, which never before was won, ſhould diſcover ſenſibility, and acknowledge it's fellow-heart?—What reaſon then can *you* have for ſhame? And why ſeeks my Harriet to draw a curtain between herſelf and her ſympathizing friends? You ſee, my dear, that we are above ſpeaking ſlightly, becauſe of our uncertainty, of a man that all the world praiſes. Nor are you, child, ſo weak as to be treated with ſuch poor policy.

You were not educated, my dear, in artifice. Diſguiſes never ſat ſo ill upon any woman, as they do, in moſt of your late letters, upon you. Every child in love-matters would find you out. But be it your glory, whether our wiſhes are, or are not anſwered, that your affection is laudable; that the object of it is not a man mean in underſtanding, profligate in morals, nor ſordid in degree; but ſuch an one as all we your friends are as much in love with as you can be. Only, my dear love, my Harriet, the ſupport of my life, and comfort of my evil days, endeavour, for my ſake, and for the ſake of us all, to reſtrain ſo far your laudable inclination, as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourſelf, ſo deſirable a bleſſing, you may not ſuffer in your health, (a health ſo precious to me) and put yourſelf on a foot with vulgar girls run away with by their headſtrong paſſions. The more deſirable the object, the nobler the conqueſt of your paſſion, if it is to be overcome. Nevertheleſs, ſpeak out, my dear, your whole heart to us, in order to intitle yourſelf to our beſt advice: and as to your uncle Selby, do not let his raillery pain you. He diverts us as well as himſelf by it; he gains nothing over us in the arguments he affects to hold with us; and, you muſt know, that his whole honeſt heart is wrapt up in his and our Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to ſupport his ſpirits, were any misfortune to befal his niece.

Your aunt Selby has juſt now ſhewn me her letter to you. She repeats in it, as a very ſtrong expreſſion in yours, 'that you had rather converſe with this 'excellent man but one hour in a week, 'than be the wife of any man you have 'ever ſeen or known.' It is a ſtrong expreſſion; but, to me, is an expreſſion greatly to your honour; ſince it ſhews, that the *mind*, and not the *perſon*, is the principal object of your love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the pureſt kind. As therefore it has not ſo much *perſon* in it, as moſt loves; ſuffer it not to triumph over your reaſon; nor, becauſe you cannot have the man you could prefer, reſolve againſt having any other. Have I not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be entered into with prudence? What a mean, what a ſelfiſh mind muſt that perſon have, whether man or woman, who can reſolve againſt entering into the ſtate, becauſe it has it's cares, it's fatigues, it's inconveniences! Try Sir Charles Grandiſon, my dear, by this rule. If he forbears to marry on ſuch narrow motives, this muſt be one of his great imperfections. Not be afraid to try. No man is abſolutely perfect.

But Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himſelf. My Harriet, I hope, will not give way to a paſſion, which is not likely to be returned, if ſhe find that to be the caſe. You hope, you prettily ſaid in one of your letters, 'that you 'ſhall not be undone by a *good* man.' After ſuch an eſcape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a *bad* one: but, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it muſt be your own fault, while neither he nor his ſiſters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how theſe ſuppoſitions will hurt your delicacy: but then you muſt doubly guard yourſelf; for the *reality* will be worſe wounding to that delicacy than the *ſuppoſition* ought to be. If there be but one man

in the world that can *undo* you, will you not guard againſt him?

I long to fold my deareſt Harriet to my fond heart; but yet, this that follows is the advice I give, as to the ſituation you are now in: loſe no opportunity of cultivating the friendſhip of his amiable ſiſters. [By the way, if Miſs Grandiſon gueſſes at your mind, ſhe is not ſo generous in her raillery as is conſiſtent with the reſt of her amiable character.] Never deny them your company, when they requeſt it. Miſs Grandiſon has promiſed you the hiſtory of their family. Exact the performance of that promiſe from her. You will thus come at farther lights, by which you may be guided in your future ſteps.—In particular, you will find out, whether the ſiſter eſpouſe the intereſt of any other woman; though Sir Charles's reſervedneſs, even to them, may not let them know the ſecrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not eſpouſe any other perſon's intereſt, why may they not be made *your* friends, my dear?—As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every thing in our power to make that matter eaſy; and muſt be content with moderate ſettlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forborne to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. What ſhall we do in that affair? it will be aſked.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point that you are diſengaged in your affections; your aunt has ſignified to her that you are; you have given that lady a hint, which you ſay, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will ſhe, no doubt, expect the openeſt dealing.—And ſhe ought to have it. Her own frankneſs demands it; and the character we have hitherto ſupported, and I hope always ſhall ſupport, requires it. I would therefore let lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt, [You, my dear, was ſo laudably frank as to *hint* it to her] and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandiſon. Truth never leaves room for ſelf-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her; declining, with the moſt reſpectful gratitude, the honour intended you: Which ſhe could no otherwiſe account for than by ſuppoſing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles Grandiſon, from motives of gratitude, to any other man; but that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reaſon to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeneſs; nor that his ſiſters meant more by calling you *ſiſter* than their *brother's* ſiſter as well as *theirs*.

All this ſhall be mentioned to Lady D. in *ſtrict confidence*. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as ſhe *ought*, to judge for herſelf. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We ſhall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon did (as you ſuppoſe) acquaint Lady D. that you were not addreſſed by their brother, they will be found to have ſaid the truth; and you know, my dear, that we ſhould be as ready to do juſtice to others veracity as to our own. She will ſee, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that may be an obſtacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whoſe heart was *before* abſolutely diſengaged.

And what will be the conſequence?—Why, either that her ladyſhip will think no more of the matter, and then you will be juſt where you were; or, that ſhe will intereſt herſelf in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: And as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon the letters that have paſſed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, ſo far as relates to the propoſal; and as Lady D. is acquainted with thoſe two ladies; ſhe will probably inform herſelf of *their* ſentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every ſide, by this means, will ſooner come to a deciſion than probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I expreſs myſelf clearly. I am not what I was: But bleſſed be God that I am what I am! I did not think, that, in ſo little a time, I could have written ſo much as I have. But my dear Harriet is my ſubject; and her happineſs is, and has ever been, my only care, ſince I loſt the huſband of my youth, the dear man who divided with me that, and all my cares;

cares; who had a love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given juſt *ſuch* advice. What would Mr. Shirley have thought? How would he, in the like caſe, have acted? are the queſtions I always aſk myſelf, before I give my opinion in any material caſes, eſpecially in thoſe which relate to you.

And here let me commend a ſentiment of yours, that is worthy of your dear grandfather's pupil: 'I ſhould 'deſpiſe myſelf,' ſay you, 'were I 'capable of keeping one man in ſuſpenſe, while I was balancing in 'favour of another.'

Good young creature, hold faſt your principles, whatever befals you. Look upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have lived to a great age: Yet, to look backward to the time of my youth, when I was not a ſtranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a ſhort ſpace does it ſeem to be! Nothing with-holds my wiſhes to be releaſed but my deſire of ſeeing the darling of my heart, my ſweet orphan-girl, happy in a worthy man's protection. O that it could be in—But ſhall we, my dear, preſcribe to Providence? How know we what *that* has deſigned for Sir Charles Grandiſon? *His* welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the publick to the private. I hope we are good people: *Comparatively*, I am ſure, we are good. That, however, is not the way by which we ſhall be judged hereafter. But yet, to him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my beſt love, that I have lived too long to be ſenſible of what moſt affects you. Of your pleaſures, your pains, I can and do partake. Your late haraſſings, ſo tender, ſo lovely a bloſſom, coſt me many a pang; and ſtill my eyes bear witneſs to my ſenſibility, as the cruel ſcenes are at times read to me again, or as I recal them to memory. But all I mean is, to arm you againſt feeling too ſenſibly, when it *is* known, the event which is now hidden in the boſom of Providence, ſhould it, as is but too likely, prove unfavourable.

You have a great deal of writing upon your hands. We cannot diſpenſe with any of that. But if you write to your aunt Selby, (as the time till next Saturday is ſhort) that will be writing to us both.

God preſerve, direct, and bleſs, my ſweet orphan-child!—This is the hourly prayer of *your ever affectionate grandmother*,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

LETTER X.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MRS. SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

I Have the favour of yours, and of my dear grandmamma's, juſt brought me. The contents are ſo affecting, that, though in full aſſembly, as I may ſay, in this delightful family, I begged to be permitted to withdraw to read them. Miſs Grandiſon ſaw my confuſion, my puzzle, what ſhall I call it? To be charged ſo home, my dear aunt!—*Such apparent ſtruggles!*—And were they, Madam, ſo *very* apparent?—*A young*, a *new paſſion!*—And ſo *viſibly increaſing!*—Pray, Madam, if it be *ſo*, it is not at it's height—And is it not, while but in it's progreſs, conquerable?—But have I been guilty of *affectation?* of *reſerves?*—If I have, my uncle has been very merciful to the *awkward* girl.

And you think it impoſſible, Madam, but *he* has ſeen women whom he could love, before he ſaw me? Very likely! But was it kind to turn the word *gratitude* upon me in ſuch a manner?

I do ſee what an amiable openneſs of heart there is in Lady D. I admire her for it, and for her other matronly qualities. What can *you* do, Madam? What can *I* do? That is the queſtion, called upon as I am, by my grandmamma as well as by you, to ſpeak ſtill plainer, plain as in your opinion I had ſpoken, and indeed in my own, now I read the free ſentence, drawn out and ſeparated from the reſt of the letter. My grandmamma forgives, and even praiſes me, for this ſentence. She encourages me to ſpeak ſtill plainer. It is no diſgrace, ſhe ſays, for a woman of virtue to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural paſſion, ſhe tells me: Yet cautions me againſt

ſuffering it to triumph over my reaſon; in ſhort, not to love till there ſhall be a certainty of return. And ſo I can love *as I will*, *when* I will, nay *whom* I will; for if *he* won't have me, I am deſired not to reſolve againſt marrying ſome other; Lord D. for example, if *he* will be ſo good as to have me.

Well, but upon a full examination of my heart, how do I find it, now I am called upon by my two moſt venerable friends, to *undraw the curtain*, and to *put off the diſguiſes* through which every *child in love-matters* finds me out? ſhall I ſpeak my whole heart?—To ſuch *ſympathizing* friends ſurely I ought. Well then, I own to you, my honoured grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot think of encouraging any other addreſs. Yet have I no hope. I look upon myſelf as preſumptuous; upon him as too excellent, and too conſiderable: for he has a great eſtate, and ſtill greater expectations; and as to perſonal and intellectual merit, what woman can deſerve him!—Even in the article of fortune only, you think that, in prudence, a man ſo munificent ſhould look higher.

Be pleaſed, therefore, Madam, in conformity to my grandmamma's advice, to tell Lady D. from me, That I think her laudable openneſs deſerves like openneſs.—That your Harriet *was* diſengaged in her affections, abſolutely diſengaged, when you told her that ſhe was:—Tell her what afterwards happened:—Tell her how my *gratitude* engaged me:—That, at firſt, it was no more; but that now, being called upon, on this occaſion, I have owned my gratitude exalted, [it may not, I hope, be ſaid, *debaſed*, the object ſo worthy] into—Love—Yes, ſay *Love*—ſince I act too *awkwardly* in the *diſguiſes* I have aſſumed:—That, therefore, I can no more in *juſtice*, than by *inclination*, think of any other man:—And own to to her, that her ladyſhip has, however, engaged my reſpectful love, even to reverence, by her goodneſs to me in the viſit ſhe honoured me with; and that, for *her* ſake, had I ſeen nothing objectable in Lord D. upon an interview, and farther acquaintance, I could have given ear to this propoſal, preferably to any other that had yet been made me, were my heart as free as it was when ſhe made her firſt propoſal. And yet I own to you, my venerable friends, that I always think of Mr. Orme with grateful pity, for his humble, for his modeſt perſeverance. What would I give to ſee Mr. Orme married to ſome very worthy woman, with whom he could be happy!

Finally, beſpeak for me her ladyſhip's favour and friendſhip; but *not* to be renewed till my lord is married—And may his nuptials be as happy as wiſhed to be by a mother ſo worthy! But tell her, at the ſame time, that I would not, for twelve times my lord's 12,000l. a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the ſtricteſt confidence; among more general reaſons regarding the delicacy of our ſex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, ſhould hate, and, what would be ſtill worſe, deſpiſe, your Harriet for her preſumption!—I think I could not bear that!—Don't mind this great blot—forgive it—it *would* fall—my pen found it before I ſaw it.

* * * *

As to myſelf; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap conſolation from theſe and other paſſages in the two precious letters before me:

'If you love, be not aſhamed to 'own it to *us*——The man is Sir 'Charles Grandiſon.'

'My affection is laudable: the ob'ject of it is a man not mean in un'derſtanding; nor profligate in mo'rals; nor ſordid in degree. All my 'friends are in love with him as well 'as I.'

'My love is a love of the pureſt 'kind.'

'And I ought to acquieſce, be'cauſe Sir Charles, compared to *us*, is 'as the publick to the private. Private 'conſiderations, therefore, ſhould be 'as nothing to me.'

Noble inſtructions! my deareſt two mammas! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your *orphan-girl!* You two, and my honoured uncle, have ſupplied all wanting relations to me: My father then, my grandmamma, and my other mamma, continue

nue to pray for, and to bleſs, not your orphan, but your real daughter, in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHIRLEY-SELBY.

LETTER XI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, TUESDAY MARCH 7.

HERE I am, my dear Lucy, returned to this happy aſylum: but with what different emotions from the firſt time I entered it! how did my heart flutter, when one of Sir Charles's ſervants, who attended us on horſeback, pointed out to us, at the command of the ladies, the very ſpot where the two chariots met, and the conteſt began! The recollection pained me: yet do I not owe to that terrifying incident the friendſhip I am admitted into with ſo amiable a family?

Miſs Grandiſon, ever obliging, has indulged me in my choice of having a room to myſelf. I ſhall have the more leiſure for writing to you, my dear friends.

Both ſhe and Lady L. are very urgent with me to ſhew them ſome of the letters in our correſpondence; and Miſs Grandiſon ſays, if that will encourage me to oblige them, they will ſhew me ſome of their brother's—Who would not be tempted by ſuch an exchange? I am more than half-afraid:—But ſurely, in ſuch a heap of ſtuff as I have written, there is ſomething that I can *read* to them. Shall I be permitted, do you think, to have my letters returned me for this purpoſe? The remarks of theſe ladies on what I ſhall think fit to ſhew them, will be of great uſe in helping to ſettle my judgment. I know I have thrown out many things at random; and, being a young creature, and not paſſed the *age of fancy*, have, in all thoſe ſentiments which are not borrowed, been very ſuperficial. How can it be otherwiſe!

The converſation in the coach turned upon their own family; (for I put in my claim to Miſs Grandiſon's former promiſe on that head;) from which I gathered the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Grandiſon was one of the handſomeſt men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the faſhionable diverſions, except gaming with cards and dice; though he ran into one as expenſive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himſelf upon his breed of race-horſes and hunters, and upon his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profuſion.

His father, Sir Charles, was as frugal as Sir Thomas was profuſe. He was a purchaſer all his life; and left his ſon, beſides an eſtate of 6,000l. a year in England, and near 2,000l. a year in Ireland, rich in money.

His lady was of a noble family; ſiſter to Lord W. She was, as you have already been told, the moſt excellent of women. I was delighted to ſee her two daughters bear teſtimony to her goodneſs, and to their own worth, by their tears. It was impoſſible, in the character of ſo good a woman, not to think of my own mamma; and I could not help, on the remembrance, joining my tears with theirs.

Miſs Jervois alſo wept: not only from tenderneſs of nature and ſympathy; but, as ſhe owned, from regret, that ſhe had not the ſame reaſon to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

What I have written, and ſhall farther write, to the diſadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, I gathered from what was dropt by one lady, and by the other, at different times; for it was beautiful to obſerve with what heſitation and reluctance they mentioned any of his failings, with what pleaſure his good qualities; heightening the one, and extenuating the other. O my Lucy, how would their hearts have overflowed in his praiſes, had they had ſuch a faultleſs father, and excellent man, as was my father! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children!

Lady Grandiſon brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Though his fortune was ſo ample, it was his perſon and his verſes that won the lady from ſeveral competitors. He had not, however, *her* judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather ſay, that to be

be a poet requires a heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment.

This lady took the conſent of all her friends in her choice; but there ſeemed a hint to drop from Lady L. that they conſented, *becauſe* it was her choice; for Sir Thomas, from the day he entered upon his eſtate, ſet out in a way that every body concluded would diminiſh it.

He made, however, a *kind* huſband, as it is called. His good ſenſe and his politeneſs, and the pride he took to be thought one of the beſt-bred men in England, ſecured her *complaiſant* treatment. But Lady Grandiſon had qualities that deſerved one of the beſt and tendereſt of men. Her eye and her ear had certainly miſled her. I believe a woman, who chuſes a man whom every body admires, if the man be not good, muſt expect that he will have calls and inclinations that will make him think the character of a domeſtick man beneath him.

She endeavoured, at ſetting out, to engage his—*companionableneſs*—ſhall I call it? She was fond of her huſband. He had reaſon to be, and was, *proud* of his wife: but when he had ſhewed her every where, and ſhe began to find herſelf in circumſtances which ought to domeſticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandiſon pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant bias; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praiſing her, (he did her that juſtice) he was but little at home in the ſummer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diverſions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At firſt ſetting out in this way, he was ſolicitous to carry his lady with him to town. She always chearfully accepted of his invitation, when ſhe ſaw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for ſo gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards his invitations growing fainter and fainter, and ſhe finding that her preſence lengthened the time of his ſtay in town, and added greatly to his expences, (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country) ſhe declined going up: and having by this time her three children, ſhe found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas as to herſelf, that ſhe ſhould turn her thoughts wholly to the domeſtick duties. Lady Grandiſon, when ſhe found that ſhe could not bring Sir Thomas to leſſen his great expences, ſuppoſed it to be wiſdom to endeavour, to the utmoſt of her power, to enable him to ſupport them without diſcredit to himſelf, or viſible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will ſay, that mothers may not be the *moſt* uſeful perſons in the family, when they do their duty, and their huſbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandiſon's delights centered in himſelf? Lady Grandiſon's in her huſband and children. What a ſuperiority! what an inferiority!

Yet had this lady, with the beſt œconomy, no narrowneſs in her heart. She was beloved for her generoſity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hoſpitable, as well from the largeneſs of her own heart, as to give credit to her huſband; and ſo far to accommodate herſelf to his taſte, as that too great a difference might not be ſeen between his abſence and preſence. As occaſions offered, ſhe would confer benefits in the name of a huſband, whom, perhaps, ſhe had not ſeen of months, and knew not whether ſhe might ſee for months to come. She was ſatisfied, though hers was the *firſt* merit with the *ſecond* merit reflected from that ſhe gave him: 'I am but Sir 'Thomas's almoner; I know I ſhall 'pleaſe Sir Thomas by doing this: 'Sir Thomas would have done thus. 'Perhaps he would have been more 'bountiful had he been preſent.'

He had been once abſent from this admirable wife ſix whole months, when he left her but for one; he deſigned only an excurſion to Paris, when he ſet out; but when in company as gay as himſelf, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was ſtill more inexcuſable, he let his lady hear from him by ſecond-hand only. He never

ver wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to surprize her by a sudden appearance, when she knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intolerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, so secure was he of his lady's unmerited love, that he supposed the joy she would break out into, would banish from her thoughts all memory of his past unkindness.

He asked her, however, after the first emotions, (for she received him with real joy) if she could easily forgive him?—'Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, 'if you can forgive yourself.'

This he called severe. Well he might; for it was just. Lady Grandison's goodness was founded in principle; not in tameness or servility.

'Be not serious, Sir Thomas,' said my lady; and flung her arms about him. 'You know by your question, 'you were unkind. Not one line from 'your own hand neither—But the seeing you now safe and well, compensates me for all the anxieties you 'have given me in the past six tedious months—Can I say they were 'not anxious ones? But I pity you, 'Sir, for the pleasure you have lost by 'so long an absence. Let me lead you 'to the nursery; or, let the dear pratlers 'come down to receive their father's 'blessing. How delightful is their 'dawning reason! Their improvements exceed my hopes: of what 'pleasure do you deprive yourself by 'these long absences!'

'My dear Miss Grandison, *let* me 'write on. I am upon a sweet subject. Why will you tear me from it?' Who, Lucy, would not almost wish to be the wife, the half-slighted wife, of a gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandison?

'One reflection, my dear Miss Grandison, let me make, before I attend 'you, lest I should lose it?' What man who now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandison, though young, gay, and fluttering, himself, can propose to be more happy than Sir Thomas thought himself? What woman, who in like manner, can take in the whole, useful, prudent, serene, benevolent, life of Lady Grandison, whatever turn to pleasure, less solid, and more airy, she may have, sees not, from this imperfect sketch, all that they should wish to be; and the transitory vanity of the one, and the solid happiness that must attend the other, as well here as hereafter!

'Dear lady!—had you not hurried 'me so, how much better should I 'have expressed myself!

'I come. I come.'

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison has been making me read aloud some part of the letter I had just writ to you, Lucy. 'We know,' said she, 'it is about *us*; 'but we shall think what you have 'written, greatly to our disadvantage, 'if we cannot hear some of it.' Then she insisted (she is an arbitrary dear creature) on my giving the company [It was at tea, and Lord L. present] such histories as she should call for of my own family. 'On this condition, 'only,' said she, 'will we consent to 'be made fully known, as I find we 'shall, if I do not steal away your pen 'and ink, to *our* grandmother Shirley, '*our* aunt Selby, and even to *our* 'Lucy.'

Do not you think, Lucy, I ran on with pleasure in describing the persons and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, difficulties; as my grandmamma and aunt had enabled me to do, from what they used to recount in many a long summer-day, and in many a winter-evening, as we girls sat at work—Happy memorials!—Aye, but do you believe she did not question me about later events? She did, indeed, call upon me for two other histories.

'And of whom?' methinks you ask.

I won't tell *you*, Lucy: but if my *aunt* should be solicitous to know, and should *guess* that my uncle's and hers (so entertaining and instructive) was one of them; and if you, Lucy, should *guess* that the history of a young lady, whose discretion got the better of her love, and who cannot be dearer to herself than she is to me, is the other—Why, perhaps, neither my aunt, nor you, my dear, may be much mistaken.

Methinks I would fain rise now and then

then to my former *ſerene perteſs*: [Allow you of the words ſo connected?] But my heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain gentleman's humorous character and courtſhip; with his lady's prudence and goodneſs, in the one ſtory: and in the other, with the young lady's victorious diſcretion. They wiſh to be perſonally acquainted with each, and with my grandmamma. *All* the worthies in the world, my dear, are not in the Grandiſon family!

* *

BEFORE I reſume the continuation of the ladies family-hiſtory, let me aſk; Don't you think, my dear, that God has bleſſed theſe happy children, for the ſake of their excellent mother? And who knows, but for their duty to their leſs-deſerving father? It is my notion, that one perſon's remiſſneſs in duty, where there is a reciprocal one, does not abſolve the other party from the performance of his. It is difficult, indeed, to love ſo well a faulty or remiſs parent, as a kind and good one. But our duty is indiſpenſible; and where it is paid, a bleſſing may the rather be expected, as the parent has not done his. 'If, *when you do well 'and ſuffer for it*,' ſays the apoſtle, '*ye take it patiently, this is acceptable 'with God.*'—Not to mention one conſideration, which, however, ought not be left out of the account; that a good child will be no leſs benefited by the *warning*, as Sir Charles no doubt is, from his father's unhappy turn, than by the *example*, as he is from that of his excellent mother.

Lady L. referred to the paper given in by the ſhort-hand writer, for the occaſion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which theſe three worthy children owed the loſs of ſuch a mother*. And this drew her into a melancholy relation of ſome very affecting particulars. Among other things, ſhe ſaid, her mother regretted, in her laſt hours, that ſhe had no opportunity, that ſhe could think juſt and honourable, to lay by any thing conſiderable for her daughters. Her jewels, and ſome valuable trinkets, ſhe hoped, would be theirs: but that would be at their father's pleaſure. 'I wiſh,' ſaid ſhe, 'that my 'dear girls were to have between them 'the tenth part of what I have ſaved— 'But I have done but my duty.'

'I have told you, Charlotte,' ſaid the counteſs, 'what my mother ſaid to 'me, a few hours before ſhe died; 'and I will repeat it to Miſs Byron.— 'After having, upon general princi- 'ples, recommended filial duty, and 'brotherly and ſiſterly love, to us all; 'and after my brother and ſiſter had 'withdrawn; "My dear Caroline," 'ſaid ſhe, "let me add to the general "arguments of the duty I have been "enforcing upon you all, one reſpect- "ing your *intereſt*, and let your ſiſter "know it. I am afraid there will be "but a ſlender proviſion made for my "dear girls. Your papa has the no- "tion rivetted in him, which is com- "mon to men of ancient families, that "daughters are but incumbrances, "and that the ſon is to be every thing. "He loves his girls; he loves you "dearly; but he has often declared, "that, were he to have entire all the "fortune that deſcended to him from "his father, he would not give to his "daughters, marry whom they would, "more than 5,000l. a piece. Your "brother loves you: he loves me. It "will be in *his* power, ſhould he ſur- "vive your father, to be a friend to "you.—Love your brother."

'To my brother afterwards ſhe ſaid 'ſomething: I believe, recommend- 'ing his ſiſters to him; for we com- 'ing in, boy as he was in years, but 'man in behaviour and underſtanding, 'he took each of our hands.—You 'remember it, Charlotte;' [both ſiſters wept;] 'and kneeling down, and put- 'ting them in my mother's held-out 'dying hands, and bowing his face 'upon all three—"All, Madam— "All, my deareſt, beſt of mamma's, "that you have enjoined—"

'He could ſay no more; and our 'arms were wet with his tears.'— "Enough, enough, my ſon; I diſ- "treſs you!"—And ſhe kiſſed her own 'arm.—"Theſe are precious tears— "You embalm me, my ſon, with your "tears—O how precious the balm!"— 'And ſhe lifted up her head to kiſs his 'cheek, and to repeat her bleſſings to 'the darling of her heart.'

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the repreſentation of ſuch a ſcene? Miſs Jervois and I wept, as if we had been preſent on the ſolemn occaſion.

'But, my Charlotte, give Miſs 'Byron ſome brief account of the part- 'ing

* Letter IV.

Plate XXII. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Mar. 29, 1783.

'ing ſcene between my father and mo-
'ther.—She is affected as a ſiſter ſhould
'be.—Tears, when time has matured
'a pungent grief into a ſweet melan-
'choly, are not hurtful: they are as
'the dew of the morning to the green
'herbage.'

'*I* cannot,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon—
'Do *you*, Lady L.'

Lady L. proceeded—'My father
'had long kept his chamber, from the
'unhappy adventure which coſt him
'and us all ſo dear. My mother, till
'ſhe was forced to take to her bed,
'was conſtantly his attendant: and
'*then* was grieved ſhe could not attend
'him ſtill.

'At laſt, the moment, happy to her,
'long dreaded by us, the releaſing
'moment, approached. One laſt long
'farewel ſhe wiſhed to take of the man
'who had been *ever* dear to her, and
'who had coſt her *ſo* dear. He was
'told of her deſire to be lifted to his
'bed-ſide in her bed; for one of his
'wounds (too ſoon ſkinned over) was
'broken out, and he was confined to
'his bed. He ordered himſelf to be
'carried, in a great chair, to hers.
'But then followed *ſuch* a ſcene—

'All we three children were in the
'room, kneeling by the bed-ſide—
'praying—weeping—O how ineffec-
'tually!—Not even hope remaining—
"Beſt beloved of my ſoul!" in faul-
'tering accents, ſaid my mother, her
'head raiſed by pillows, ſo as that ſhe
'ſat upright—"Forgive the deſire of
"my heart once more to ſee you!—
"They would not bring me to *you!*—
"O how I diſtreſs you!" for my fa-
'ther ſobbed; every feature of his
'face ſeemed ſwelled almoſt to burſt-
'ing, and working as if in mortal
'agonies.—Charlotte, relieve me.'—
The ſweet lady's eyes were drowned
in tears.

'*I* cannot,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon;
her handkerchief ſpread over her face.

Miſs Emily ſobbed. She held her
hand before her eyes: her tears trick-
led through her fingers.

I was affected beyond meaſure—yet
beſought her to proceed. She went
on.

"I have endeavoured," ſaid my mo-
'ther, in broken ſentences, "it was my
"wiſh—it was my pride; indeed, my
"chiefeſt pride—to be a good wife!—"

"O my dear!—You *have* been—"
'My father could not ſay what.

"Forgive my imperfections, Sir!—"

"O my deareſt life! you had no
"imperfections: I, I, was all imper—"
'He could not ſpeak out the word for
'his tears.

"Bleſs your children in my ſight:
"God hitherto has bleſſed them! God
"will continue to bleſs them, if they
"continue to deſerve their father's
"bleſſing. Dear Sir Thomas, as you
"love them, bleſs them in my ſight.
"I doubt not your goodneſs to them—
"but the bleſſing of a dying mother,
"joined with that of a ſurviving fa-
"ther—muſt have efficacy!"

'My father looked earneſtly to us all.
'He could not ſpeak.

'My brother, following my mother's
'dying eye, which was caſt upon my
'father, aroſe from his knees, and ap-
'proaching my father's chair, caſt him-
'ſelf at his feet. My father threw his
'arms about his neck. "God bleſs—
"God bleſs my ſon," ſaid he, "and
"make him a better man than his fa-
"ther." My mother, demanding the
'cheek of her beloved ſon, ſaid, "God
"bleſs my deareſt child, and make
"you an honour to your father's fa-
"mily, and to your mother's me-
"mory."

'We girls followed my brother's ex-
'ample.

"God bleſs my daughters!—God
"bleſs you, ſweet loves!" ſaid my
'father; firſt kiſſing one, then the other,
'as we kneeled.—"God make you as
"good women as your mother! then,
"then, will you deſerve to be happy."

"God bleſs you, my dear girls! God
"bleſs you both," ſaid my mother,
'kiſſing each, "as you are dutiful to
"your father, and as you love one
"another—I hope I have given you no
"bad example."

'My father began to accuſe himſelf.
'My brother, with the piety of the pa-
'triarch's two beſt ſons, retired, that he
'might not hear his father's confeſſions.
'We followed him to the farther end of
'the room. The manly youth ſat down
'between us, and held a hand of each
'between his: his noble heart was pe-
'netrated; he two or three times lifted
'the hand of each to his lips. But he
'could only once ſpeak, his heart ſeem-
'ing ready to burſt; and that was, as I

'remember, "O my ſiſters!—comfort "yourſelves!—But who can ſay com-"fort?—Theſe tears are equally our "duty and our relief."

'My mother retained to the laſt that 'generoſity of mind which had ever diſ-'tinguiſhed her. She would not permit 'my father to proceed with his ſelf-ac-'cuſation. "Let us look forward, my "deareſt, my only love," ſaid ſhe. "I "have a bleſſed hope before me: I "pity, as well as pray for, ſurvivors. "You are a man of ſenſe, Sir, and of "enlarged ſentiments: God direct you "according to them, and comfort you! "All my fear was (and that more par-"ticularly for ſome of the laſt paſt "months) that *I* ſhould have been the "mournful ſurvivor. In a very few "moments all my ſufferings will be "over; and God give you, when you "come to this unavoidable period of "all human vanity, the ſame happy "proſpects that are now opening to "me! O Sir! believe me, all worldly "joys are now nothing; *leſs* than no-"thing: even my love of you, and of "the dear pledges of our mutual love, "with-holds not *now* my wiſhes after a "happier ſtate. There may we meet, "and never be ſeparated!—Forgive me "only, my beloved huſband, if I have "ever made you for one hour unhappy "or uneaſy—forgive the petulances of "my *love!*"

"Who can bear this goodneſs?" ſaid 'my father. "I have not deſerved—"

"Dear Sir, no more—Were you not "the huſband of my choice?—And "now your grief affects me—Leave "*me*, Sir. You bring me back again "to earth—God preſerve you, watch "over you, *heal* you, ſupport you. "Your hand, Sir Thomas Grandiſon, "the hand that was ever ſo pleaſant in "my ears! your hand, Sir! your heart "was my treaſure: I have now, and "only now, a better treaſure, a di-"viner love, in view. Adieu! and in "this world for ever adieu, my huſ-"band, my friend, my Grandiſon!"

'She turned her head from him, ſunk 'upon her pillow, and fainted; and ſo 'ſaw not, had not the *grief* to ſee, the 'ſtronger heart of my father overcome; 'for he fainted away, and was carried 'out in his chair by the ſervants who 'brought him in. He was in a ſtrong 'convulſion fit, between his not half-'cured wounds and his grief; and re-'covered not till all was over with my 'bleſſed mother.

'After my father was carried out, 'ſhe came to herſelf. Her chaplain was 'once more admitted. The fatal mo-'ment approached. She was aſked, if 'ſhe would ſee her children again. "No," ſhe ſaid; but bid her laſt bleſ-'ſing be repeated to them, and her 'charge, of *loving one another*, in the 'words of our Saviour, as *ſhe had loved 'us:* and when the chaplain came to 'read a text which ſhe had imperfectly 'pointed to, but ſo as to be underſtood, 'ſhe repeated, in faultering accents, 'but with more ſtrength of voice than 'ſhe had had for an hour before, "*I* "*have fought a good fight; I have fi-*"*niſhed my courſe, I have kept the* "*faith—There is laid up for me a* "*crown of righteouſneſs:*" and then, 'her voice failing, ſhe gave ſigns of ſa-'tisfaction, in the hope of being enti-'tled to that crown; and expired in an 'ejaculation that her ebbing life could 'not ſupport.'

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two ladies were in ſpeechleſs tears; ſo was Miſs Jervois, ſo was I, for ſome minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent ſon of a lady *ſo* excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for ſome hours, ſubſided, and was as nothing to me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it ſeems as nothing; and the whole world, my dear, is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE ſon was inconſolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mother. His father, though he had given ſo little attention to his education, was exceſſively fond of him: and, no doubt, but he the more eaſily ſatisfied himſelf on this head, as he knew his remiſſneſs was ſo well ſupplied by his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the maſters of the ſeveral ſci-

ences,

nces; who came home to him, at her desire.

A deep melancholy having seized the young gentleman on a loss so irreparable, his father, who himself was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himself as having at least hastened that loss, was alarmed for his son; and yielded to the entreaties of General W. brother of Lord W. to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military service. Sir Thomas allowed his son 800l. a year, from the day of his setting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1000l. Sir Charles was about seventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But she dying in about twelve months after Lady Grandison, they returned to their father; who, by that time, had pretty well got over his grief for the loss of his lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that cost her her life.

He placed over his daughters, as governess, (though they both took exceptions at that title, supposing themselves of age to manage for themselves) the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of strong health, I have heard my grandfather say, and of a riotous turn, should not, in mere *compassion*, keep company with men of feebler constitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one say, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and small fortunes, are equally ill suited; since the expences which will but shake the one, will quite demolish the other.

Mrs. Oldham had fine qualities, and was an œconomist. She deserved a better husband, than had fallen to her lot; and the young ladies having had a foundation laid by a still more excellent manager, received no small advantage from her skill in family affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I must know on a farther acquaintance with their family, if they did not tell it to me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this lady in a way that cost her her reputation. She was obliged, in short, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country, and to come up to town. She had an indisposition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miss Grandison about sixteen, they had spirit enough to oppose the return of this lady to her charge. They undertook themselves to manage every thing at the capital seat in Hampshire.

Sir Thomas had another seat in Essex. Thither, on the reluctance of the young ladies to receive again Mrs. Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well as every body else, for some time, apprehended they were actually married. She was handsome; well descended; and though she became so unhappily sensible of the favours and presents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, she had an untainted character when he took her as a governess to the young ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very faulty, with regard to this poor woman? She had already suffered enough from a bad husband, to whom she remarkably well performed her duty—Poor woman!—The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the relict of his friend; she was under his protection: thrown into it by her unhappy circumstances. —Were not these great aggravations to his crime?—Happy for those parents who live not to see such catastrophes as attended this child! This darling, it seems; not undeservedly so: and whom they thought they had not unhappily married to Mr. Oldham—and he, poor man! thought himself not unhappy in Sir Thomas Grandison's acquaintance; though it ended in his emulating him in his expences, with a much less estate; in the ruin of his fortune, which, indeed, was his own fault; and in the ruin of his wife's virtue, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers.—May I say so?—If I may not, (since women, whose glory is their chastity, must not yield to temptation) had not the husband, however, something to answer for, who, with his eyes open, lived at such a rate, against his wife's dutiful remonstrances, and better ex-

ample, as reduced her (after his death) to the neceſſity of dependence on another's favour, and *ſuch* another!

Sir Thomas was greatly diſpleaſed with his daughters, for reſiſting him in the return of their governeſs. He had thought the reaſon of her withdrawing a ſecret, becauſe he wiſhed it to be one: And yet her diſgrace was, at the time, every where talked of, but in *his* preſence.

This woman is ſtill living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are alſo living; and one by Mr. Oldham. I ſhall be told more of her hiſtory, when the ladies come to give me ſome account of their brother's.

Sir Thomas went on in the ſame gay fluttering way that he had done all his life. The love of *pleaſure*, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He was a *ſlave* to it, and to what he called *freedom*. He was deemed one of the beſt companions among men, and one of the gallanteſt men among women. His advantages of perſon and mind were ſnares to him. Mrs. Oldham was not the only one of her ſex with whom he was intimate: he had another miſtreſs in town, who had a taſte for all it's gaieties, and who even aſſumed his name.

He would now and then, by way of excurſion, and to ſurprize the young ladies, viſit Grandiſon Hall; but though it was once the ſeat he moſt delighted in, neither gave, nor ſeemed to receive, much pleaſure there; hurrying away on a ſudden, as if he had eſcaped from it; though never father had more reaſon to be pleaſed with the conduct and duty of daughters: And this he often declared, boaſting of them in their abſence; but ſnubbing, chiding, and ſtudying to find fault with them, when preſent.

But what equally ſurprized and affected them, was, that his ſon had not been a year abroad, when he prohibited them to write to, or correſpond with, him; and, by their brother's diſcontinuing to write to them, from about the ſame time, they ſuppoſed that he was under the ſame prohibition: And ſo, it ſeems, he was.

They preſumed, their father's reaſon for this unkind prohibition was, his fear that his gaieties would have been one of the ſubjects of the correſpondence; and the rather, as thoſe gaieties were ſo likely to affect all three in their fortunes.

The young ladies, however, for ſome time, continued writing to their brother. Miſs Grandiſon, in mentioning this, ſaid, in her uſual ſprightly manner, that ſhe never had any notion of obeying unreaſonable commands; commands ſo evidently unreaſonable as to be unnatural: And ſhe called upon me to juſtify her in her notion. The counteſs alſo deſired me to ſpeak my mind on this ſubject.

'I am apprehenſive,' ſaid I, 'of 'children's *partiality* in this reſpect: 'If they make themſelves their own 'judges in the performance or non-'performance of a duty, *inclination*, I 'am afraid, will too often be their 'guide, rather than right reaſon. 'They will be too apt, perhaps, to 'call thoſe commands unnatural, 'which are not *ſo* unnatural as this 'ſeems to be.'

'But, Harriet,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'would not you have written 'on, in the like circumſtances?'

'I believe not,' replied I; 'and 'partly for this reaſon: becauſe I 'ſhould have had no doubt but my 'brother would have the ſame pro-'hibition; and I ſhould only have 'ſhewn my brother, as well as my 'father, (were my father to know it) 'an inſtance of my refractorineſs, 'without obtaining the deſired end; 'or, if my brother had written, I 'ſhould have made him a partaker in 'my fault.'

'Your anſwer regards the policy of 'the thing, Harriet,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: 'But ought an unnatural com-'mand—'

There ſhe ſtopt: yet by her looks expected me to ſpeak.

'I ſhould have thought it hard; but 'that it was more meritorious to ſub-'mit, than the contrary. I believe I 'ſhould have ſuppoſed, that my father 'might have reaſons which might 'not appear to me.—But pray, ladies, 'how did your brother—'

'O, he was implicit—'

'Will you forgive me, ladies?—I 'ſhould have been concerned, I think, 'that my brother, in a point of duty,

'though

'though it were one that might be 'disputable, should be more nice, 'more delicate, than his sister.'

Miss Emily looked as if she were pleased with me.

'Well, you are a good girl, a 'very good girl,' said Miss Grandison: 'that, whether your doctrine 'be just or not, is out of dispute.'

This prohibition gave the sisters the more sensible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for distance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had presaged, they were likely, if he survived their father, to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promised, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy of notice, in the courts and places he visited; and had actually begun to do so; and as he had asked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not so proper a person for that employment, as was expected: and to which they had answered, without knowing, for some time, what was the resolution he took.

They asked their father, from time to time, after the welfare of their brother. He would answer them with pleasure, and sometimes with tears in his eyes, 'He is all that is *dutiful*, *brave*, 'pious, *worthy!*' And would sometimes add, '*God reward him! I cannot.*' But when he mentioned the word *dutiful*, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their resisting him in his intention of reinstating their governess; the only time, they could recollect, that they had given him the shadow of displeasure.

The ladies went on, and said, That Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his son. And once Lord W. who himself, on his lady's death, openly indulged himself in liberties which before he was only suspected to take, [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told some gentlemen, who wondered that Sir Thomas Grandison could permit a son so beloved to be absent from him so many years, that the reason Sir Thomas gave, was, that his son's morals and his own were so different, that he should not be able to bear his own consciousness, if he consented to his return to England. The unhappy man was so habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaieties to his intimates, seeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add sometimes, 'I intend 'to set about altering my course of life; 'and then will I send for my son.' But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only *intending*: He lived not to begin the promised *alteration*, nor to see his son!

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand, and of sending for his son; which last act was to be the fore-runner of his reformation.

It happened, that Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, was struck with the small-pox, in the height of her gaiety and pleasure; for she was taken ill at the opera, on seeing a lady of her acquaintance there, whose face bore too strongly the marks of the distemper, and who, it seems, had made her first visit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was so much affected with the warning, that he left town; and, in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, went down to his daughters; talked of sending for his son; and, for some few months, lived like the man of sense and understanding he was known to be.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. returned from his travels about the time that Mrs. Farnborough was taken ill. He had brought some presents to Sir Thomas from his son, who took all opportunities to send him over curiosities, some of considerable value; which served at the same time to shew his œconomy, and his duty. He forgot not, in his way, his sisters, though his accompanying letters were short, and merely polite, and such as required no other answer than thanks: only they could discover by them, that he had warm wishes to be allowed

to

to return to England; but such a submission to his father's pleasure, as entirely to give up his own.

Sir Thomas seemed fond of Lord L. And setting out, on Mrs. Farnborough's death, for Grandison Hall, gave him an invitation to visit him there; for he would listen with pleasure an hour together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him some account of his son. How predominant must those passions, those habits be in his heart, which could take place of a love so laudably paternal!

In pursuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there fell in love with the eldest of the young ladies. He revealed his passion to her. She referred herself wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to their mutual affection. Every body saw it. Lord L.'s passion was of the ardent kind; and he was too honest to wish to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not see it. He behaved, however, with great freedom and civility to my lord; so that the heart of the young lady was insensibly engaged; but Sir Thomas avoided several opportunities, which the lover had lain in wait for, to open his mind, and make proposals.

At last, my lord desired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a subject of the last importance. The baronet, after some little delays, and not without some inauspicious reluctance, granted it: and then my lord revealed his passion to him.

Sir Thomas asked him, if he had made it known to his daughter? And yet must have seen, on an hundred occasions, at breakfast, at dinner, at tea, at supper, how matters stood with both the lovers; if Miss Grandison's pleasant account of the matter may be depended upon.

Lord L. owned he had; and that he had asked her leave to make proposals to her father, to whom she wholly referred herself.

Sir Thomas seemed uneasy; and oddly answered, he was sorry for it: he wished his lordship had not put such notions in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be set a romancing, he supposed. They were, till now, modest young creatures, he said. Young women should not too soon be set to look out of themselves for happiness. He had known many quiet and orderly girls set a madding by the notice of men. He did not know what business young fellows had to find out qualifications in other men's daughters, that the parents of those daughters had not given themselves leisure to discover. A daughter of *his*, he hoped, had not encouraged such discoveries. It was to him but as *yesterday*, when they were crowing in the arms of their nurses; and now, he supposed, they would be set a crowing after wedlock.

What an *odd* father was Sir Thomas, my Lucy! His own life, it is evident, had passed away very pleasantly.

Indeed he could hardly bear to think, he added, of either of his daughters as marriageable yet. 'They have not 'been nursed in the town hot-beds, 'my lord. They are sober country 'girls, and good housewives. I love 'not that girls should marry before 'they have done growing. A young 'wife makes a vapourish mother. I 'forget their age—But twenty-six, or 'twenty-eight, is time enough for a 'woman, either for the sake of mo-'desty or discretion, to marry.'

We may like *gay* men for *husbands*, Lucy; some of us do: but, at this rate, those daughters must be very good girls, who can make their best curtsies to their mothers, and thank them for their *fancies*; or the fathers must be more attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of *his* daughters.—What have I said?—I am here afraid of my uncle.

My lord was surprized; and well he might. Sir Thomas had forgot, as Lady L. observed, that he himself thought Miss *W.* was not too young at seventeen to be *Lady Grandison*.

My lord was a modest man: he was begging (as it may be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved best, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a considerable figure in it; and who, for reasons which would have held with him had he lived to see her *forty*, had no mind to part with her. Yet my lord pleaded his passion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himself;

'self; and modeſtly hinted at the unexceptionableneſs of his own character, and the favour he ſtood in with his ſon; not ſaying the leaſt word of his birth and alliances, which ſome lovers of his rank would not have forgot: and, it ſeems, he was right in forbearing to make theſe accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himſelf upon his anceſtry; and uſed to ſay, that his progenitor, in James the Firſt's time, diſgraced it by accepting of the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed ſomething to the plea of his ſtanding well with his ſon: 'Let me tell you, my lord,' ſaid he, 'that I ſhall take no ſtep in a family affair of this conſequence, without conſulting with my ſon; and the rather, as he is far from expecting ſo much of my conſideration for him. He is the pride of my life.'

My lord deſired, that his ſuit might be put upon the iſſue of his ſon's approbation.

'But pray, my lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I ſuppoſe the return of her love for yours, which you ſeem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a counteſs without a confounded parcel of droſs faſtened to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other ſcale?'

'My circumſtances,' ſaid my honeſt Lord L. 'permit me not, in diſcretion, to make that compliment to my love, which my heart would with tranſport make, were they better: but I will lay them faithfully before you, and be determined by your generoſity.'

'I could not but expect from a young man of your lordſhip's good ſenſe ſuch an anſwer as this: and yet I muſt tell you, that we fathers, who know the world, expect to make ſome advantage of a knowledge that has coſt us ſo much. I ſhould not diſlike a little more romancing in love, from a man that aſks for my daughter, though I care not how little of it is ſhewn by my ſon to another man's. Every father *thinks* thus, my lord; but is not ſo honeſt as to *own* it.'

'I am ſure, Sir Thomas, that you would not think a man worthy of your daughter, who had no regard to any thing but the gratification of his own wiſhes; who could think, for the ſake of that, of involving a young lady in difficulties, which ſhe never knew in her father's houſe.'

'Why, this, my lord, is well ſaid. You and I may afford to make handſome compliments to one another, while compliments are only expected. I have a good ſhare of health: I have not quitted the world ſo entirely, nor think I ought, as to look upon myſelf as the neceſſary tool of my children, to promote their happineſs at the expence of my own. My lord, I have ſtill a ſtrong reliſh for the pleaſures of this world. My daughters *may* be women grown: your lordſhip ſeems to have *found out*, that they *are*; and has perſuaded one of them, that ſhe *is*; and the other will be ready to think ſhe is not three years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought upon me. And as I would be glad to live a little longer for myſelf, I wiſh you to withdraw your ſuit; and leave me to do as well as I *can* with my daughters. I propoſe to carry them to town next winter. They ſhall there look about them, and ſee whom they could like, and who could like them, that they may not be liable to after-repentance, for having taken the firſt man that offered.'

My lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reaſon to imagine, that any thing could poſſibly ariſe from his addreſs that ſhould be incompatible with the happineſs of a father—And was going on in the ſame reaſonable ſtrain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him—

'You muſt not, my lord, ſuppoſe I can be a ſtranger to whatever may be urged by a young man on this ſubject. You ſay you are in love: Caroline is a girl that any body may love; but I have not a mind ſhe ſhould marry ſo ſoon. I know the inconvenience of early marriages. A man's children treading upon his heels, and *ſhouldering him* with their ſhoulders: in ſhort, my lord, I have an averſion to be called a grandfather, before I am a *grey* father.' [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this averſion.] 'Girls will ſtart up, and look up, and parents cannot help it; but what father, in the vigour of his days, would not *wiſh* to help it? I am not fond of their part-

'nerſhip

'nership in my substance. Why should 'I divide my fortune with novices, 'when, making the handsome allow-'ances to them that I do make, it is 'not too much for myself? My son 'should be their example. He is with-'in a year as old as my eldest girl. 'On his future alliances I build, and 'hope to add by them to the conse-'quence of all my family.' [Ah, Lucy!] 'Girls are said to be sooner 'women than boys are men. Let us 'see that they are so by their discre-'tion, as well as by stature.—Let 'them stay—'

And here Sir Thomas abruptly broke off the conversation for that time; to the great distress of Lord L. who had reason to regret, that he had a man of wit, rather than a man of reason, to contend with.

Sir Thomas went directly into his closet, and sent for his two daughters; and, though not ill-naturedly, raillied them both so much on their own *discoveries*, as he wickedly phrased it, and on admitting Lord L. into the secret, that neither of them could hold up her head, for two or three days, *in* his presence: but, *out* of it, Miss Caroline Grandison found that she was in love; and the more for Lord L.'s generous attachment, and Sir Thomas's not so generous discouragement.

My lord wrote over to young Mr. Grandison, to favour his address. Lady L. permitted me to copy the following answer to his application.

'MY LORD,

'I Have the honour of your lordship's 'letter of the 17th. Never brother 'loved his sisters better than I do mine. 'As the natural effects of that love, 'I receive with pleasure the notifica-'tion of your great regard for my 'elder sister. As to myself, I cannot 'have one objection: but what am I 'in this case? She is wholly my fa-'ther's. I also am his. The con-'sideration he gives me in this in-'stance, confounds me: it binds me 'to him in double duty. It would 'look like taking advantage of it, 'were I so much as to offer my humble 'opinion, unless he were pleased to 'command it from me. If he does, 'assure yourself, my lord, that (my 'sister's inclination in your lordship's 'favour pre-supposed) my voice shall 'be warmly given, as you wish. 'I 'am, my lord, with equal affection 'and esteem, *your lordship's faithful 'and obedient servant*.'

Both sisters rejoiced at the perusal of this affectionate letter; for they were afraid that the unnatural prohibition of correspondence between them and their brother had estranged his affections from them.

The particulars of one more conversation I will give you, between my lord and Sir Thomas, on this important subject; for you must believe, that Lord L. could not permit a matter of such consequence to his own happiness to go easily off! especially as neither of the two daughters was able to stand her father's continual raillery, which had banished from the cautious eyes and apprehensive countenances of both ladies, all indications of love; though it reigned with the more absolute power in the heart of Miss Caroline, for that concealment.

In this conversation, my lord began with a little more spirit than he finished the former. The countess lent me my lord's minutes of it; which he took for her to see, and to judge of all that passed at the time.

On my lord's lively, but respectful address to Sir Thomas on the occasion, the baronet went directly into the circumstances of my lord, and his expectations.

Lord L. told him frankly, that he paid interest for 15,000l. for sisters fortunes; three of whom were living, and single: that he believed two of them would soon be advantageously married; and he should wish to pay them their portions on the day; and was contriving to do so, by increasing the incumbrance that his father had left upon the finest part of his estate, to the amount of 5000l. which, and his sisters fortunes, were all that lay upon a clear estate of 5000l. a year. After he had thus opened himself, he referred the whole to Sir Thomas's consideration.

'My advice, my lord, is this,' said the baronet: 'That you should by no 'means think of marriage till you are 'clear of the world. You will have '10,000l. to pay directly: you will 'have the interest of 10,000l. more to 'pay; and you men of title, on your 'marriages,

' marriages; whether you like oſten-
' tation or not, muſt be oſtentatious.
' Your equipages, your houſes, your
' furniture—A certain increaſe of ex-
' pence—By no means, my Lord L.
' think of marriage, till you are quite
' clear of the world, unleſs you could
' meet with ſome rich widow or heir-
' eſs, who could do the buſineſs at
' once.'

Lord L. could only, at firſt, urge his paſſion. [He durſt not his daughter's affection, and the happineſs of both which were at ſtake.] Sir Thomas oppoſed diſcretion to that plea. Poor *paſſion*, Lucy, would be aſhamed to ſee the ſun, if *diſcretion* were always to be attended to in treaties of this kind.

Afterwards he told Sir Thomas, that he would accept the lady upon his own terms. He beſought his conſent to their nuptials. He would wait his own time and pleaſure. He would be content if he gave not Miſs Caroline a ſingle ſhilling.

Sir Thomas was fretful—' And ſo,
' lover-like, you would involve the
' girl you profeſs to love, in difficul-
' ties. I will aſk her if ſhe wants for
' any thing with me, that a modeſt
' girl can wiſh for? But, to be ſerious,
' it is a *plaguy* thing for a man to be
' obliged, by the officious *love*, as it is
' called, of a pretender to his daugh-
' ters, to open his affairs, and expoſe
' his circumſtances to ſtrangers. I
' wiſh, my lord, that you had let my
' girls alone. I wiſh you had not
' found them out in their country re-
' tirement. I ſhould have carried them
' to town, as I told you, in a few
' months. Women ſo brought up, ſo
' qualified, and handſome girls, are
' ſuch rarities in this age, and men
' worth having are ſo affrighted at the
' luxury and expenſiveneſs of the mo-
' dern women, that I doubted not
' but the characters of my girls would
' have made their fortunes with very
' little of my help. They have *fa-*
' *mily*, my lord, to value themſelves
' upon, though but ſpinſters. And
' let me tell you, ſince I ſhall be thought
' a more unnatural man than I am,
' if I do not obey the preſent demand
' upon me to open my circumſtances,
' I owe my ſon a great deal more than
' 30,000 l.'

' I don't underſtand you, Sir Tho-
' mas.'

' Why, thus, my lord, I explain
' myſelf: My father left me what is
' called rich. I leſſened the ready-mo-
' ney, which he had got together for
' a purchaſe he lived not to compleat,
' a great deal. That I looked upon
' as a deodand; ſo was not anſwer-
' able for it; and as I was not married,
' my ſon had no right in it. When
' I was married, and he was given
' me—'

' Forgive me, Sir Thomas: your
' ſon a *right*—And had not your other
' children—'

' No, my lord: they were girls—
' And as to them, had I increaſed my
' fortune by penuriouſneſs, inſtead of
' living *like a man*, I was determined
' as to their fortunes—

' But, as I was ſaying, when Lady
' Grandiſon died, I think (though
' every father does not; nor ſhould I,
' were he not the beſt of ſons, and
' did he *expect* it) the produce of
' her jointure, which is very confide-
' rable, ſhould have been my ſon's.
' As to what I annually allowed him,
' *that* it was my duty to allow him,
' as my ſon, and for my own credit,
' had his mother not brought me a
' ſhilling.—Then, my lord, I have
' been obliged to take up money upon
' my Iriſh eſtate; which being a fa-
' mily-eſtate, my ſon ought to have
' had come clear to him. You ſee, my
' lord, how I expoſe myſelf.'

' You have a generous way of think-
' ing, Sir Thomas, as to your ſon:
' but a man of your ſpirit would de-
' ſpiſe me, if I did not *ſay*, that—'

' I have not ſo generous a way of
' thinking for my daughters—I will
' ſave your lordſhip the trouble of
' ſpeaking out, becauſe it is more
' agreeable from myſelf than it would
' be for any other man to do it. But
' to this anſwer, that the late Earl of
' L. your lordſhip's father, had one
' ſon and three daughters—I have one
' ſon and two. He was an earl—I am
' but a ſimple baronet—If 5000 l. a-
' piece is enough for an earl's daugh-
' ters, half the ſum ought to do for a
' baronet's.'

' Your fortune, Sir Thomas—And
' in England, where eſtates—'

' And where living, my lord, will

'be five times more expensive to you 'than it need to be, if you can con- 'tent yourself to live where your estate 'lies.—As for me, I have lived nobly '—But had I been as rich as my father 'left me, 5000*l.* should have done with 'a daughter, I assure you. You, my 'lord, have *your* notions: I have *mine*. 'Money and a girl you expect from 'me: I ask nothing of you. As mat- 'ters stand, if my girls will *keep*, (and 'I hope they will) I intend to make as 'good a bargain for them, and with 'them, as I can. Not near 5000*l.* a- 'piece must they expect from me. I 'will not rob my son more than I *have* 'done.—See, here is a letter from him. 'It is an answer to one I had written, 'on the refusal of a wretch to lend me, 'upon my Irish estate, a sum that I 'wanted to answer a debt of honour, 'which I had contracted at New- 'market, unless my son (though it is 'an estate *in fee*) would join in the se- 'curity. Does not such a son as this, 'deserve every thing?'

I obtained a sight of this letter; and here is a copy.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I Could almost say I am sorry that 'so superior a spirit as yours 'should vouchsafe to comply with Mr. 'O.'s disagreeable and *unnecessary* de- 'mand. But, at least let me ask, 'why, Sir, did you condescend to 'write to me on the occasion, as if 'for my consent? Why did you not 'send me the deeds, ready to sign? 'Let me beg of you, ever-dear and 'ever-honoured Sir, that you will not 'suffer any difficulties, that I can join 'to remove, to oppress your heart with 'doubts for one moment. Are you 'not my *father?*—And did you not 'give me a mother, whose memory is 'my glory? That *I am*, under God, 'is owing to you. That I am *what* 'I *am*, to your indulgence. Leave 'me not any thing! You have given 'me an education, and I derive from 'you a spirit, that, by God's blessing 'on my duty to you, will enable me 'to make my own fortune: and, in 'that case, the foundation of it will 'be yours; and you will be intitled, 'for that foundation, to my warmest 'gratitude. Permit me, Sir, to add, 'that, be my income ever so small, I 'am resolved to live within it. And 'let me beseech you to remit me but 'one half of your present bounty. 'My reputation is established; and I 'will engage not to discredit my fa- 'ther. All I have ever aimed at, is, 'to be in condition rather to lay, than 'to receive, an obligation. *That* your 'goodness has always enabled me to 'do; and I am rich, through your 'munificence; richer, in your favour.

'Have you any thoughts, Sir, of 'commanding me to attend you at 'Paris, or at the Hague; according 'to the hopes you gave me in your 'last?—I will not, if you do me this 'honour, *press* for a return with you 'to my native country: but I long to 'throw myself at your feet; and, where- 'ever the opportunity of that happiness 'shall be given me, to assure you per- 'sonally of the inviolable duty of *your*

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

Must not such a letter as this, Lucy, have stung to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandison's pride? If not, what *was* his pride?—Sir Thomas had as good an education as his son: yet could not live within the compass of an income of upwards of 7000*l.* a year. His son called himself rich with 800*l.* or 1000*l.* a year; and though abroad, in foreign countries, desired but half that allowance, that he might contribute, by the other half, to lessen the difficulties in which his father had involved himself by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. says, *was* affected with it. He wept: he blessed his son; and resolved, for his sake, to be more cautious in his wagerings than he had hitherto been. Policy, therefore, would have justified the young gentleman's chearful compliance, had he *not* been guided by superior motives. Sir Charles would not, I think one may be sure, have sacrificed to the unreasonable desires even of a father, the fortune to which he had an unquestionable right: an excess of generosity, amiable indeed, but pitiable, as contrary to the justice that every man owes to himself, and to those who may hereafter depend upon him; and what I have often heard my grandmamma lament in the instance of the worthy Mr. M. whose family has suffered

fered from an acquiescence with a father's extravagance, for which *that* father was only the more wretched.

Sir Charles's is the true, the reasonable virtue, that keeps clear of every extreme.—O my dear! the Christian religion is a blessed religion! How does honest policy, as well as true greatness of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MY lord *repeated* his request, that he might have Sir Thomas's consent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promised never to expect a single shilling in dowry, but to leave the whole of that to time, and to his own convenience and pleasure.

'We know,' said Sir Thomas, 'what all this means. You talk, my 'lord, like a young man. You 'ought not to think (you once said it 'yourself) of involving a young woman you love, as well as yourself, in difficulties. I know the world, and 'what is best to be done, if you will 'think no more of my daughter. I 'hope she has discretion. *First love* is 'generally *first folly*. It is seldom *fit* 'to be encouraged. Your quality, my 'lord, to say nothing of your merit, 'will procure you a rich wife from 'the city. And the city now is as 'genteel, as polite, as the court was 'formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are 'apes of us gentry; and succeed 'pretty well, as to outward appearance, in the mimickry. You will, 'by this means, shake off all your father's sins. I speak in the language 'of young fellows, who expect a father to live solely for them, and not 'for himself. Some sober young men 'of quality and fortune, affrighted at 'the gaiety and extravagance of the 'modern women, will find out my 'girls; who, I hope, will have patience. If they have not, let them 'pursue their inclinations; let them 'take their *full of love*, as Solomon 'says; and if they run their heads 'into a hedge, let them stick there by 'the horns, with all my heart!'

See, my dear, what a man a rakish father is!—'O, my good Lady Grandison, how might your choice have 'punished your children!'

'I pray to God, Sir Thomas,' said my lord, bowing, but angry, 'I pray 'to God, to continue me in a different 'way of thinking from yours, if this 'be yours. Give me leave to say, you 'are too young a gentleman to be a 'father of grown-up children. But 'I must love Miss Grandison; and 'still, if possible, poor young lady! 'more than ever, for what has passed 'in this conversation.' And saying this, he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this spirited speech. He sent for his daughter, and forbade her to receive my lord's addresses. He ordered her never to think of him: and directing Miss Charlotte to be called in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his house, if they presumed to encourage any address, but with his knowledge. 'And don't think,' said he, 'of going on to *engage your affections*, as a sensual forwardness is 'called, and then hope to take advantage of *my* weakness, to countenance '*your own*. I know the world: I 'know your sex.—Your sister, I see, 'Charlotte, is a whining fool: see 'how she whimpers!—Be gone from 'my presence, Caroline!—and remember, Charlotte, (for I suppose this 'impertinent lord's address to your 'sister will go near to set you agog) 'that I expect, whether absent or present, to know of any application that 'may be made to you, before your 'liking has taken root in *love*, as it is 'called, and while my advice may 'have the weight that the permission or 'dissent of a father ought to have.'

They both wept, curtsied, and withdrew.

At dinner, Miss Caroline begged to be excused attending her gay and arbitrary father; being excessively grieved, and unfit, as she desired her sister to say, to be seen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miss Charlotte Grandison told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandison's father so?] said on the occasion. 'Women's 'tears are but, as the poet says, the

'sweat of eyes. Caroline's eyes will 'not misbecome them. The more she 'is ashamed of herself, the less reason 'will she give me to be ashamed of 'her. Let me see how the fool looks, 'now she is conscious of her folly. 'Her bashful behaviour will be a half 'confession; and this is the first step 'to amendment. Tell her, that a wo-'man's grief for not having been able 'to carry her point, has always been 'a pleasure to me. I will not be rob-'bed of my pleasure. She owes it 'me for the pain she has given me.'

Lord L. and she had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he said, either ask or expect a shilling of her father: his estate would and should work itself clear, without injury to his sisters, or postponing their marriage. Her prudence and generosity he built upon: they would enable him to be just to every one, and to preserve his own credit. He would not, he generously said, for the beloved daughter's sake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Those, however, would too well justify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand, and for a private marriage. 'Can I bear to 'think with patience, my dearest Miss 'Grandison,' added he, 'that you 'and your sister, according to Sir 'Thomas's scheme, shall be carried to 'town, with minds nobler than the 'minds of any women in it, as ad-'venturers, as *female* fortune-hunt-'ers, to take the chance of attracting 'the eyes and hearts of men, whether 'worthy or unworthy, purely to save 'your father's pocket? No, Madam: 'believe me, I love you not for my 'own sake merely, though Heaven 'knows you are dearer to me than my 'life, but for yours as well; and my 'whole future conduct shall convince 'you that I do. My love, Madam, 'has *friendship* for it's base; and your 'worthy brother, once in an argu-'ment, convined me, that *love* might 'be selfish; that *friendship* could not; 'and that in a pure flame they could 'not be disunited; and when they 'were, that love was a cover only to a 'baseness of heart, which taught the 'pretender to it to seek to gratify his 'own passion, at the expence of the 'happiness or duty of the object pre-'tended to be beloved.'

See, my Lucy!—Did we girls ever think of this nice but just distinction before? And is not *friendship* a nobler band than *love*?—But *is* not Lord L. a good man? Don't you love him, Lucy?—Why have I not met with these notions before in the men I have known?

But Miss Caroline was not less generous than my Lord L. 'No scheme 'of my father's shall make me forget,' said she, 'the merits of Lord L. Your 'lordship's affairs will be made easier 'by time. I will not embarrass you. 'Think not yourself under any obli-'gation to me. Whenever any op-'portunity offers to make you easy all 'at once, (for a mind so generous 'ought not to be laid under difficul-'ties) embrace it: only let me look 'upon you as my *friend*, till envy to 'a happier woman, or other unwor-'thiness in Caroline Grandison, make 'me forfeit your good opinion.'

'Generous creature!' said my lord. 'Never will I think of any other wife 'while you are single. Yet will I not 'fetter *her*, who would leave *me* free. '—May I, Madam, hope, if you 'will not bless me with your hand 'now, that my letters will be re-'ceived?—Your father, in forbidding 'my address to you, has forbidden me 'his house. He is, and ought to be, 'master in it.—May I hope, Madam, 'a correspondence—'

'I am unhappy,' said she, 'that, 'having such a brother as sister never 'had, I cannot consult him. The 'dear Charlotte is too partial to me, 'and too apt to think of what may be 'her own case. But, my lord, I de-'pend upon your honour, which you 'have never given me reason to doubt, 'that you will not put me upon doing 'a wrong thing, either with regard to 'my duty to my father, or to my own 'character. Try me not with a view 'to see the power you have over me. 'That would be ungenerous. I own 'you have some; indeed, a great 'deal.'

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

YOU may guess what were my lord's assurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a private correspondence by letters—'Ah, Lady L. was this *quite* 'right, though it came out happily in 'the event? Does not concealment always imply somewhat wrong? Ought 'you not to have done *your* duty, whether your father did *his* or not? 'Were you not *called upon*, as I may 'say, to a *trial of yours?* and is not 'virtue to be proved by trial? Remember you not who says, "For "what glory is it, if, when ye be "buffeted for your faults, ye shall "take it patiently? But if, when ye "do well, and suffer for it, ye take it "patiently, this is acceptable with "God."—But you, Lady L. lost 'your excellent mother very early.'

The worthy young lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to consent to a private marriage; and my lord took leave of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the softness of heart, overcome by my lord's protestations of everlasting love to her in preference to all the women on earth, voluntarily assured him, that she never would receive any other proposal, while he was living and single.

Sir Thomas shewed himself so much displeased with Lord L. for the freedom of his last speech, that my lord chose not to desire another audience of him; and yet, being unwilling to widen the difference, he took polite leave of the angry baronet in a letter, which was put into his hands just before he had commanded Miss Caroline to attend him at dinner, which she had begged to be excused doing.

Don't you pity the young lady, Lucy, in this situation? Lord L. having but a little before taken leave of her, and set out for London?

Miss Charlotte told her sister, that, were it she, she should hardly have suffered Lord L. to go away by *himself*—were it but to avoid an interview with a father who seemed to have been too much used to women's tears to be moved by them; and who had such a satirical vein, and such odd notions of love.

I was very earnest to know what passed at this dinner-time.

Miss Grandison said, 'It is best for 'me to answer Miss Byron's curiosity, 'I believe; as I was a stander-by, and 'only my father and sister were the 'players.'

'*Players!*' repeated Lady L.—'It 'was a cruel scene.—And I believe, 'Miss Byron, it will make you not 'wonder, that I liked Lord L. much 'the better for being rather a man of 'understanding than a man of wit.'

Miss Grandison began as follows.

'I went up with my father's *peremptory*, as I may call it, to my sister.

"O, my dear mamma!" said Caroline, when she found she must go down, "on what a new occasion do "I want your sweet mediation!—But, "Charlotte, I can neither *walk* nor "*stand*—"

"You must then lean upon me, my "dear, and *creep*: love will creep, "they say, where it cannot go."

"Wicked girl!" interrupted Lady L. I remember that was what she said.

'I said it to make you smile, if I 'could, and take courage: but you 'know I was in tears for you notwithstanding.'

'You thought of what might befal yourself, Charlotte.'

'So I did. We never, I believe, '*properly* feel for others, what does 'not touch ourselves.'

'A compassionate heart,' said I, 'is 'a blessing, though a painful one: 'and yet there would be no supporting 'life, if we felt quite as poignantly 'for others as we do for ourselves. 'How happy was it for my Charlotte, 'that she could smile, when the father's apprehended lecture was intended for the use of both!'

'I thank you for this, Harriet. 'You will not be long my creditor—'But I will proceed.

'Caroline took my advice. She 'leaned upon me; and creep, creep, 'creep, down she *crept*. A fresh 'stream of tears fell from her eyes, 'when she came to the dining-room 'door:

'door: her tremblings were in-
'creased; and down she dropped up-
'on a window-seat in the passage.
"I can go no farther," said she.
'Instantly a voice, that we knew
'must be observed, alarmed our ears.
"Where are you, Caroline?—Char-
"lotte!—Girls!—where are you?"
'The housekeeper was in hearing,
'and ran to us. "Ladies! ladies!
"your papa calls!" And we, in
'spite of the weakness of the one,
'and the unwillingness of the other,
'recovered our feet; and after half a
'dozen creeping motions more, found
'ourselves within the door, and in
'our father's sight, my sister leaning
'upon my arm.

"What devil's in the wind now!
"What tragedy-movements are here!
"—What measured steps!—In some
"cases all women are natural actresses.
"—But come, Caroline, the play is
"over, and you mistake your cue."

"Good Sir!"—Her hands held
'up—I wept for her—and for my own
'remoter case, if you will, Miss
'Byron.

"The prologue is yours, Caroline.
"Charlotte, I doubt not, is ready
"with her epilogue. But come,
"come, it is time to close this farce—
"Take your places, girls! and don't
"be fools.—" "A pretty caution,"
'thought I, said Miss Charlotte,
"when you make us both such!"

'However, the servants entering
'with the dinner, we hemmed, hand-
'kerchiefed, twinkled, took up our
'knives and forks, laid them down,
'and took them up again, when our
'father's eye was upon us; piddled,
'sipped; but were more busy with
'our elbows than with our teeth.
'As for poor sister Caroline, love
'stuck in her throat. She tried to
'swallow, as one in a quinsey; a wry
'face, and a strained neck, denoting
'her difficulty to get down but a lark's
'morsel—And what made her more
'awkward (I am sure it did me) was
'a pair of the sharpest eyes that ever
'were seen in a man's head, and the
'man a father, (the poor things having
'no mother, no aunt, to support
'their spirits) cast first on the one,
'then on the other; and now and then
'an overclouded brow, adding to our
'awkwardness: yet still more appre-
'hensive of dinner-time being over,
'and the withdrawing of the servants.

'The servants loved their young
'ladies. They attended with very
'serious faces; and seemed glad when
'they were dismissed.

'Then it was that Caroline arose
'from her seat, made her curtsey
'awkwardly enough; with the air of
'a boarding-school miss, her hands
'before her.

'My father let her make her
'honours, and go to the door, I
'rising to attend her: but then called
'her back; I dare say, on purpose,
'to enjoy her awkwardness, and to
'punish her.

"Who bid you go? Whither are
"you going, Caroline?—Come back,
"Charlotte.—But it will be always
"thus: A father's company is de-
"spised, when a girl gets a lover into
"her head. Fine encouragement for
"a father, to countenance a passion
"that shall give himself but a second
"or third place, who once had a first
"in his children's affections! But I
"shall have reason to think myself
"fortunate, perhaps, if my children
"do not look upon me as their enemy.
"—Come back when I bid you."

'We crept back more awkwardly
'than we went from table.

"Sit down—" We crossed our
'hands, and stood like a couple of
'fools.

"Sit down, when I bid you. You
"are confoundedly humble. I want
"to talk with you."

'Down sat the two simpletons, on
'the edge of their chairs; their faces
'and necks averted.'

Miss Grandison then gave the following dialogue. She humourously, by her voice, (an humble one for her sister, a less meek one for herself, an imperious one for Sir Thomas) marked the speakers. I will prefix their names.

SIR THOMAS. What sort of leave has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has sent *me* a letter. Has he sent *you* one? I hope he did not think a personal leave due to the daughter, and not to the father.

CHARLOTTE. He thought you were angry with him, Sir, (said I) [Poor Caroline's answer was not ready.]

SIR THO. And supposed that your sister was *not*.—Very well! What leave

leave did he take of you, girl? woman? What do you call yourself?

CHARLOTTE. Sir, my Lord L. I dare say, intended no disrespect to—

'I might as well have been silent, 'Harriet.'

SIR THO. I like not your preface, girl, interrupted he—Tell me not what *you* dare say. I spoke to your sister.—Come, sit upright. None of your averted faces, and wry necks. A little more innocence in your hearts, and you'll have less shame in your countenances. I see what a league there is between you. A promising prospect before me, with you *both!*—But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him hope that you will be his, when you can get the cross father to change his mind; or, what is still better, out of your way for ever? All fathers are plaguy ill-natured, when they do not think of their girls fellows, as their foolish girls think of them!—Answer me, Caroline?

CAROLINE (weeping, at his severe speech.) What can I say, Sir, and not displease you?

SIR THO. What!—Why, that you are all obedience to your father. Cannot you say *that?* Sure you can say *that.*

CAR. I hope, Sir—

SIR THO. And I *hope* too. But it becomes you to be *certain.* Can't you answer for your own heart?

CAR. I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

SIR THO. A man is not more worthy, for making my daughter forget herself, and behave like a fool to her father.

CAR. I may behave like a fool, Sir, but not undutifully. You frighten me, Sir. I am unable to hold up my head before you, when you are angry with me.

SIR THO. Tell me that you have broken with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you will never see him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me, that you will not write to him—

CAR. Pardon me, Sir, for saying, that Lord L.'s behaviour to me has been ever uniformly respectful; he reveres my papa too; how can I treat him with disrespect?—

SIR THO. So! I shall have it all out presently—Go on, girl—And do you, Charlotte, attend to the lesson set you by your elder sister.

CHAR. Indeed, Sir, I can answer for the goodness of my sister's heart, and for her duty to you.

SIR THO. Well said!—Now, Caroline, do you speak up for Charlotte's heart: one good turn deserves another. But say what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your hearts: and facts shall be the test. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any lover that is to keep you in countenance with yours?

CAR. I dare say, Sir, that my sister Charlotte will not disoblige you.

SIR THO. I hope, Caroline, you can say as much for Charlotte's sister.

CAR. I hope I can, Sir.

SIR THO. Then you know my will.

CAR. I presume, Sir, it is your pleasure, that I should always remain single.

SIR THO. Hey-day!—But why, pray, does your ladyship suppose so?—Speak out.

CAR. Because I think, forgive me to say it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are such, that a more creditable proposal cannot be expected.—Pray, Sir, forgive me.——And she held up her hands, pray-pray-fashion, thus—

'Well said, Caroline!' thought I—'Pull up courage my dear!—What a 'deuce—'

SIR THO. His quality!—Gewgaw!—What is a Scottish peerage!—And does your silly heart beat after a coronet? You want to be a countess, do you?—But let me tell you, that if you have a *true* value for Lord L. you will not, incumbered as he is with sisters fortunes, wish him to marry you.

CAR. As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character.—As to prudence, my Lord L. cannot see any thing in me to forfeit his prudence for.

'Well answered, Caroline! thought 'I,' again said Miss Grandison. 'In 'such a laudable choice, all should 'not be left upon the poor *love-yer!*'

SIR THO. So the difficulty lies not with *you*, I find. *You* have no objection

jection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman must be indeed in love, who, once thinking well of herself, can give a preference against herself to her lover.

What business had Sir Thomas to say this, my Lucy?

SIR THO. Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L.—Or rather, perhaps, what hopes he has given *you?*—Why are you silent? Answer me, girl.

CAR. I hope, Sir, I shall not disgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

SIR THO. Nor will he disgrace himself, proud as are the Scottish beggars of their ancestry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

CAR. Lord L. though not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir—

SIR THO. Well said! Go on: go on. Why stops the girl?—And so he *ought*. But if Lord L. is not a beggar for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you say—To be what? Your husband, I suppose. Answer my question; How stand matters between you and Lord L.?

CAR. I cannot, such is my unhappiness! say any thing that will please my father.

SIR THO. How the girl evades my question!—Don't let me repeat it.

CAR. It is not disgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be—

'There she stopt, and half-hid her 'face in her bosom. And I thought,' said Miss Grandison, 'that she never 'looked prettier in her life.'

SIR THO. Rather be Lord L.'s wife than my daughter.—Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are *you* to begin to estrange me from your affections? When are *you* to begin to think your father stands in the way of your happiness? When do *you* cast your purveying eyes upon a mere stranger, and prefer him to your father?—I have done my part, I suppose; I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your lovers, as they are called, will tell you are necessary to their affairs, and then to lie me down and die. Your fellows, then, with you, will dance over my grave; and I shall be no more remembered, than if I had never been—except by your brother.

'I could not help speaking here,' said Miss Grandison.—"O Sir! how "you wound me!—Do all fathers—"Forgive me, Sir—"

'I saw his brow begin to lour.'

SIR THO. I bear not impertinence. I bear not—(there he stopt in wrath.)—But why, Caroline, do you evade my question? You know it. Answer it.

CAR. I should be unworthy of the affection of such a man as Lord L. is, if I disowned my esteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an esteem for Lord L. above any man I ever saw. You, Sir, did not *always* disesteem him—My brother—

SIR THO. So! Now all is out!—You have the forwardness—What shall I call it?—But I did, and I do, esteem Lord L.—But as what?—Not as a son-in-law. He came to me as my son's friend. I invited him down in that character: he, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no sooner came a single man into a single woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful; and he was prudent: prudent for himself. I think you talked of his prudence a while ago. He made his application to you, or you to him, I know not which—['Then how poor Caroline wept! And I,' said Miss Charlotte, 'could hardly forbear saying "*Barbarous!*"] And when he found himself sure of you, then was the fool of the father to be consulted: and for what? Only to know what he would do for two people, who had left him no option in the case. And this is the trick of you all: and the poor father is to be passive, or else to be accounted a tyrant.

CAR. Sir, I admitted not Lord L.'s address, but conditionally, as you should approve of it. Lord L. desired not my approbation upon other terms.

SIR THO. What nonsense is this?—Have you left me any way to help myself?—Come, Caroline, let me try you. I intend to carry you up to town: a young man of quality has made overtures to me. I believe I shall approve of his proposals. I am sure you will, if you are not prepossessed. Tell me, Are you, have you left yourself at liberty to give way to my recommendation?—Why don't you answer me?—

You

You know, that you received Lord L.'s addreſſes *but conditionally, as I ſhould approve of them.* And your ſpark deſired not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what ſay you to this?—What! are you confounded?—Well you may, if you cannot anſwer me as I wiſh! If you can, why don't you?—You ſee, I put you but to your own teſt.

CAR. Sir, it is not for me to argue with my father. Surely, I have not *intended* to be undutiful. Surely, I have not diſgraced my family by admitting Lord L.'s conditional—

SIR THO. *Conditional!*—Fool!—How conditional!—Is it not abſolute, as to the excluſion of me, or of my option? But I have ever found, that the man who condeſcends to argue with a woman, eſpecially on certain points, in which *nature*, and not *reaſon*, is concerned, muſt follow her through a thouſand windings, and find himſelf fartheſt off when he imagines himſelf neareſt; and at laſt muſt content himſelf, panting for breath, to ſit down where he ſet out; while ſhe gambols about, and is ready to lead him a new courſe.

CAR. I hope—

SIR THO. None of your hopes—I will have certainty. May I—Come, I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are.—May I receive propoſals for you from any other man? Anſwer me, Yes or No. Don't deal with me as girls do with *common* fathers.—Don't be diſobedient, and then depend upon my weakneſs to forgive you. I am no *common* father. I know the world. I know your ſex. I have *found* more fools in it than I have *made*.—Indeed, no man makes, or needs to make, you fools. You have folly deep rooted within you. That weed is a native of the ſoil. A very little watering will make it ſprout, and choak the noble flowers that education has planted. I never knew a woman in my life that was wiſe by the experience of other people. But anſwer me; Say—Can you receive a new propoſal? or can you not?

'Caroline anſwered only by her tears.'

SIR THO. Damnably *conſtant*, I ſuppoſe!—So you give up real virtue, give up duty to a *father*, for fidelity, for conſtancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a *lover!* Come hither to me, girl—Why don't you come to me when I bid you?—

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'MISS Caroline aroſe: four creeping ſteps, her handkerchief at her eyes, brought her within her father's reach. He ſnatched her hand, quickened her pace, and brought her cloſe to his knees. "Poor ſiſter Caro-"line," thought I: "O the *ty*—" and I had like, at the time, to have added the ſyllable "*rant*" to myſelf.—He pulled the other hand from her eye. The handkerchief dropt: he might ſee that it was wet and heavy with her tears. Fain would ſhe have turned her blubbered eyes from him. He held both her hands, and burſt out into a laugh—

"And what cries the girl for?—"Why, Caroline, you *ſhall* have a "huſband, I tell you. I will haſten "with you to the London market. "Will you be offered at Ranelagh "market firſt? the concert or break-"faſting?—Or ſhall I ſhew you at the "opera, or at the play? Ha, ha, hah! "—Hold up your head, my amorous "girl! You ſhall ſtick ſome of your "mother's jewels in your hair, and in "your boſom, to draw the eyes of fel-"lows. You muſt ſtrike at once, "while your face is new; or you will "be mingled with the herd of women "who proſtitute their faces at every "polite place. Sweet impatient ſoul! "—Look at me, Caroline." Then he laughed again.

CAR. Indeed, Sir, if you were not my father—

"Well ſaid, Caroline," thought I; and trod on her toe.

SIR THO. Hey-day! But what then?

CAR. I would ſay you are very cruel.

SIR THO. And is that all you would ſay, poor ſoft thing! in ſuch circumſtances, to any *other* man?—Well, but, all this time, you don't tell me (ſtill holding her hands) whether any other man will not do as well as your Scotchman?

CAR. I am not kindly uſed. Indeed, Sir, you don't uſe me kindly. I hope I am *not* an *amorous* creature, as you call me. I am *not* in haſte to be married. I am willing to wait your

time, your pleasure: but, as I presume, that there can be no objection to Lord L. I wish not to be carried to any *London market*.

Sir Tho. (Gravely.) If I am disposed to railly you, Caroline; if I am willing to pass off, in a pleasant manner, a forwardness that I did not expect in my daughter; and for which, in my heart, I have despised the daughters of other men, though I have not told the wenches so; I will not be answered pertly. I will not have you forget yourself.

Car. (Curtseying.) Good Sir, permit me to withdraw. I will recollect myself, and be sorry—

Sir Tho. And is it necessary for you to withdraw, to recollect your *duty?*—But you shall answer my question—How stand you and Lord L.? Are you resolved to have him, and none other?—Will you wait for him, will he wait for you, till death has numbered me with my ancestors?

Car. O Sir! [And she looked down after her dropt handkerchief. She wanted it, and would have withdrawn one of her hands to reach it; and when she could not, the big tears running down her cheeks, (yet she looked pretty) down she dropt on her knees:]—Forgive me, Sir—I dread your displeasure—But must say, that I am not an *amorous* girl: and, to convince you that I am not, I never will marry any man living, if it be not Lord L.

'I all this time was in agitations for 'my poor sister. I tired three chairs; 'and now looked at her; now from 'her; then at my fingers ends, wish-'ing them claws, and the man a *bug-'band*, instead of a father.—Indeed, 'Miss Byron, I could not but make 'Caroline's treatment my own:—and, 'in fancy, not so very remote as you 'imagined, Lady L. Once I said to 'myself, "If some Lord L. tenders him-"self to me, and I like him, I will not "stand all this. The first moon-light "night, if he urge me heartily, and if "I am sure the parson is ready, I will "be under another protection, despi-"cably as I have always thought of "runaway daughters!"—Should I 'have done right, Miss Byron?'

'The *example*, Miss Grandison,' replied I—'Such a mother as you were 'blessed with! The world that would 'have sat in judgment upon the flight 'of the daughter, would not have 'known the cruel treatment of the 'father. I believe, my dear, you are 'glad you had not the trial: and you 'see how Lady L. is rewarded for her 'patient duty.'

'That's my good Harriet!' said Lady L. 'I love you for your answer. '—But, sister, you leave me in too 'much distress. You must release me 'from my knees, and send me up to 'my chamber, as fast as you can.'

'A little patience, Lady L.—But 'what say my minutes?—Miss Byron 'seems all attention.' This is a new 'subject to her. She never had any 'body to controul her.'

'I think I could have borne any 'thing from a father or mother,' said I, 'had it pleased God to continue to 'me so dear a blessing.'

'Fine talking, Harriet!' said Miss Grandison. 'But let me say, that a 'witty father is not a desirable cha-'racter.—By the way, ours was as 'cruel [Shall I say it, Lady L.? You 'are upon your knees, you know] to 'two very worthy sisters of his own: 'one of them ran away from him to a 'relation in Yorkshire, where she lives 'still, and as worthy an old maid she 'is as any in the county; the other 'died before she could get her fortune 'paid, or she would have been mar-'ried to a man she loved, and who 'loved her; but she left every shilling 'of her fortune to her maiden sister, 'and nothing to my father.'

'It is well my brother is not in 'hearing,' said Lady L. 'He would 'not have borne the hundredth part of 'what we have said. But sufferers 'will complain.—Remember, how-'ever, Charlotte, that I am still upon 'my knees.'

See, my Lucy! Rakish men make not either good husbands, or good fathers; nor yet good brothers.—But, no wonder! The narrow-hearted creatures center all their delight in themselves.—Finely do women chuse, who, taken in by their specious airs, vows, protestations, become the abject properties of such wretches! Yet, a reformed rake, they say, makes the best husband.—Against general experience this is said—But by whom? By the vulgar and the inconsiderate only, surely!

Miss

Miss Grandison proceeded.

SIR THO. You will never marry any other man living!—And this is declared, in order to convince me that you are not amorous!—Quibbling nonsense!—Had you *not* been amorous, you had not put yourself into a situation that should give you courage to say this to me. Bold fool! Be gone!

'She arose.

"Yet you shall not go," holding 'both her hands. "And *dare* you thus "declare yourself?—What option, I "again ask you, is left me?—And "yet Lord L. and you, as you pre"tended just now, were determined "only on a *conditional* courtship, as I "should, or should not, *approve* of it! "Confound your sex! This ever was, "and ever will be, the case. The blind "god sets you out, where you mean "the *best*, on a pacing beast; you am"ble, prance, parade, till your giddy "heads turn round; and then you "gallop over hedge and ditch; leap "fences; and duty, decency, and dis"cretion, are trodden under foot."

'Poor Miss Caroline!' said I, Lucy, to them both—'I expected this cruel 'retort.'

'I foresaw it,' replied Lady L. 'And this kept me off so long from 'declaring my preference of Lord L. 'to all the men in the world; as, in 'justice to his merit, my heart several 'times bid me do without scruple.

"Be gone from my presence," said 'Sir Thomas,' proceeded Miss Grandison—'Yet he still held her hands.'—"That little witch!—I have been "watching *her* eyes, and every work"ing muscle of her saucy face," ['Meaning poor me,' said Miss Grandison.] "She takes part with you in "all your distresses.—You are sorely "distressed, are you not? Am I not "a tyrant with you both?—You want "to be gone, both of you; then shall "I be the subject of your free dis"courses. All the resentment, that "now you endeavour to confine, will "then burst out: I shall be intitled to "no more of your duty than is con"sistent with your narrow interest; "Lord L. will be consulted in pre"ference to me, and have the whole "confidence of my daughters against "me. I am now, from this hour, "to be looked upon as your enemy, "and not your father. But I will "renounce you both; and permit "your brother, the joy of my life, "and the hope of my better days, to "come over: and he shall renounce "you, as I do, or I will renounce "him; and, in that case, I shall be "a father without a child, yet three "living by the best of women. How "would she—"

'I broke out here,' said Miss Grandison, 'with an emotion that I 'could not suppress. "O my dear "mamma! How much do we miss "*you!* Were you to have become "angel when we were *infants*, should "we have missed you as we do *now?* "—O my dear mamma! This, this, "is the time that girls most want a "mother!"

'I was about to fly for it. I trembled at the sternness of my father's 'looks, on this apostrophe to my 'mother. He arose. "Caroline, "don't stir," said he: "I have some"thing more to say to you.—Come "hither, Charlotte!" and held out 'both his hands, "You have burst out "at last. I saw your assurance swell"ing to your throat—"

'I threw myself at his feet, and 'besought him to forgive me!

'But taking both my hands in one 'of his, as I held them up folded—"Curse me if I do!" said he. "I "was willing you should be present, "in hopes to make you take warning "by your sister's folly and incon"sistency. Lord L. has been a thief "in my house. He has stolen my "elder daughter's affections from me: "yet has drawn her in, as pretending "that he desired not her favour, but "as I approved of his addresses. I "do *not* approve of them. I hope I "may be allowed to be my own judge "in this case. She however declares, "she will have nobody else. And "have I brought up my children till "the years that they should be of use "and comfort to me; and continued "a widower myself for their sakes,"

'[So my father was pleased to say,' said Miss Grandison;] "and all for "a man I approve not?—And do you, "Charlotte, call your blessed mother "from her peaceful tomb, to relieve "you and your sister against a tyrant "father?—What comfort have I in "prospect before me, from such "daughters?—But leave me: leave

" my houſe. Seek your fortunes " where you will. Take your cloaths; " take all that belongs to you: But " nothing that was your mother's, " I will give you each a draft on " my banker for 500l. When that is " gone, according to what I ſhall " hear of your behaviour, you ſhall, " or ſhall not, have more."

" Dear Sir," ſaid Caroline, flinging herſelf on her knees by me, " forgive my ſiſter!—Dear, good " Sir! whatever become of *me*, for- " give your Charlotte!"

" You are fearleſs of *your* deſtiny, " Caroline. You will throw your- " ſelf into the arms of Lord L. I " doubt not.—I will ſend for your " brother. But you ſhall both leave " this houſe. I will ſhut it up the " moment you are gone. It ſhall " never again be opened while I live. " When my aſhes are mingled with " thoſe of your mother, then may " you keep open houſe in it, and " trample under foot the aſhes of " both."

' I ſobbed out, " Dear Sir, forgive " me! I meant not to reflect upon " my father, when I wiſhed for my " mother. I wiſhed for her, for *your* " ſake, Sir, as well as for *ours*. She " would have mediated—She would " have ſoftened—"

SIR THO. My hard heart—I know what you mean, Charlotte!

' And flung from us a few paces, ' walking about in wrath, leaving us ' kneeling at his vacant chair.

' He then, ringing the bell, the door ' in his hand, ordered in the houſe- ' keeper. She entered. A very good ' woman ſhe was. She trembled for ' her kneeling ladies.

SIR THO. Beckford, do you aſſiſt theſe girls in getting up every thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to ſhake it off. They find themſelves women grown. They want huſbands—

" Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we " don't," ſaid Caroline; interrupted ' by my father—

" Do you give me the lye, bold " face?—"

" Pray your honour—Good your " honour!" intreated honeſt Beck- ' ford: " Never were modeſter young " ladies. They are noted all over " the county for their modeſty and " goodneſs—"

" Woman, woman, argue not with " me. Modeſty never forgets duty. " Caroline loves not her father. Lord " L. has ſtolen away her affections " from me. Charlotte is of her party: " And ſo are *you*, I find. But take " my commands in ſilence—A week " longer they ſtay not in this houſe—"

' Beckford throwing herſelf on her ' knees, repeated — " Good your " honour—"

' We both aroſe and threw ourſelves ' at his feet—

" Forgive us! I beſeech you, for- " give us!—For my mamma's ſake, " forgive us!—" ſaid Caroline—

" For my mamma's ſake, for my " brother's ſake, dear Sir, forgive " your daughters!" cried I, in as ' rueful an accent.

' And we each of us took hold of ' his opened coat, both in tears; and ' Beckford keeping us company.

' Unmoved he went on—" I intend " you a *pleaſure*, girls. I know you " want to be freed from my authority. " You are women grown. The man " who has daughters knows not diſ- " comfort with them, till buſy fel- " lows bid them look out of their " father's houſe for that happineſs, " which they hardly ever find but in " it."

" We are yours, my papa," ſaid I, " —We are nobody's elſe—Do not, " do not expoſe your children to the " cenſures of the world. Hitherto " our reputations are unſullied—"

" Dear Sir," cried Caroline, " throw " us not upon the world, the wide " world! Dear Sir, continue us in " your protection. We want not to " be in any other."

" You ſhall try the experiment, " girls—I am not *fit* to be your coun- " ſellor. Lord L. has diſtanced me " with the one: the other calls upon " her departed mother to appear, to " ſhield her from the cruelty of an " unnatural father. And Lord L. " has the inſolence to tell me to my " face, that I am too young a father " to take upon me the management " of women-grown daughters. And " ſo I find it.—Blubber not, Beck- " ford; aſſiſt your young ladies for " their departure. A week is the " longeſt

" longeſt time they have to ſtay in this " houſe. I want to ſhut it up: never " more to enter it's gates."

' We continued our pleadings.

" O Sir," ſaid Caroline, " turn " not your children out of doors. " We are *daughters*. We never more " wanted a father's protection than " now."

" What have we done, Sir," cried ' I, " to deſerve being turned out of " your doors?—For every offenſive " word we beg your pardon. You " ſhall always have dutiful children " of us. Permit me to write to my " brother—"

" So, ſo! You mend the matter. " You want to intereſt your brother " in your favour—You want to ap- " peal to him, do you? and to make " a ſon ſit in judgment upon his " father!—Prate not, girls! En- " treat not!—Get ready to be gone. " I will ſhut up this houſe—"

" Wherever *you* are, Sir," entreat- ' ed I, " there let *us* be—Renounce not " your children, your penitent chil- " dren."

' He proceeded.—" I ſuppoſe Lord L. " will as ſoon find out your perſon, " Caroline, as he has your inclina- " tion; ſo contrary to my liking.— " As to you, Charlotte, you may go " down to your old aunt *Prue* in " Yorkſhire;" [He calls their aunt Eleanor ſo from the word *Prude*— Yet we have ſeen, Lucy, it was owing to *him* that this lady did not marry:] " She will be able to inſtruct you, " that patience is a virtue; and that " you ought not to be in haſte to take " a firſt offer, for fear you ſhould not " have a ſecond."

' Poor ſiſter Caroline! He looked ' diſdainfully at her.

" You are my father, Sir," ſaid ' ſhe. " All is welcome from you: " but you ſhall have no cauſe to re- " proach me. I will not be in haſte. " And here on my knees I promiſe, " that I will never be Lord L.'s, " without your conſent. I only beg " of you, Sir, not to propoſe to me " any other man."

' My father partly relented, [partly ' Harriet:] " I take you at your " word, girl," ſaid he: " And I " inſiſt that you ſhall not correſpond " with him, nor ſee him—You an- " ſwer not to that. But you know " my will. And once more, anſwer " or not, I require your obedience.— " Beckford, you may go.—Riſe, " Caroline."

" And am *I* forgiven, Sir?" ſaid ' I—" Dear Sir, forgive your Char- " lotte—" [Yet, Miſs Byron, what ' was my crime?'

" Make the beſt uſe of the example " before you, Charlotte: not to " imitate Caroline, in engaging your " affections unknown to me.—Re- " member *that*. She has *her* plagues " in giving *me* plague. It is fit ſhe " ſhould. Where you cannot in duty " follow the example, take the warn- " ing."

' Beckford was withdrawn. He ' graciouſly ſaluted each girl: and ' thus triumphantly made them expreſs ' ſorrow for—Do you know for what, ' Harriet?'

' I wiſh,' thought I to myſelf, Lucy, ' that theſe boiſterous ſpirits, ' either fathers or huſbands, were not ' generally moſt obſerved.

' But was Miſs Grandiſon's ſpirits ' ſo eaſily ſubdued?' thought I.

' You ſmile, Harriet. What do ' you ſmile at?'

' Will you forgive me, if I tell ' you?'

' I don't know.'

' I depend on your good nature—I ' ſmiled to think, Lady L. how finely ' Miſs Grandiſon has got up ſince ' that time.'

Miss Gr. O the ſly girl!—Re- member you not, that I was *before* your debtor?

' A good hit, I proteſt!' ſaid Lady L. ' Yet Charlotte was always a pert ' girl out of her father's preſence. ' But I will add a word or two to my ' ſiſter's narrative.

' My father kept us with him till he ' read Lord L.'s letter, which he ' opened not till then, and plainly, ' as I ſaw, to find ſome new fault with ' him and me on the occaſion: But I ' came off better than I apprehended ' I ſhould at the time; for I had not ' ſeen it. Here is a copy of it.'

Lady L. allowed me, Lucy, to take it up with me, when we parted for the night.

" PERMIT me, Sir, by pen and " ink, rather than in perſon, " as I think it will be moſt acceptable

" to

" to you, to thank you, as I moſt " cordially do, for the kind and " generous treatment I have received " at your hands, during a whole " month's reſidence at Grandiſon " Hall, whither I came with intent to " ſtay but three days.

" I am afraid I ſuffered myſelf to " be ſurprized into an undue warmth " of expreſſion, when I laſt went " from your preſence. I aſk your " pardon, if ſo. You have a right " in your own child. God forbid " that I ſhould ever attempt to invade " it! But what a happy man ſhould " I be, if my love for Miſs Grandi- " ſon, and that right, could be made " to coincide! I may have appeared " to have acted wrong in your appre- " henſion, in applying myſelf firſt to " Miſs Grandiſon: I beg, Sir, your " pardon for that alſo.

" But perhaps I have a ſtill greater " fault to atone for. I need not in- " deed acquaint you with it; but I " had rather intitle myſelf by my in- " genuouſneſs to your forgiveneſs, " than to wiſh to conceal any thing " from you in an article of this high " importance, whether you grant it " me or not. I own then, that when " I laſt departed from your angry " preſence, I directly went to Miſs " Grandiſon, and on my knees im- " plored her hand. I preſumed that " an alliance with me was not a diſ- " graceful one to her; and aſſured " her, that my eſtate ſhould work " itſelf clear without any expectation " from you; as it will, I hope, in a " few years, by good management, " to which I was ſure ſhe would con- " tribute. But ſhe refuſed me, and " reſolved to await the good pleaſure " of her father; yet giving me, I " muſt honeſtly add, condeſcending " hopes of her favour, could your " conſent be obtained.

" Thus is the important affair cir- " cumſtanced.

" I will never marry any other " woman, while there is the leaſt " ſhadow of hope that ſhe can be " mine. The converſation of the beſt " of young men, your ſon, for two " months, in Italy, and one before " *that* in ſome of the German courts, " has made me ambitious of following " ſuch an example in every duty of " life; and if I might obtain, by " your favour, ſo dear a wife, and ſo " worthy a brother, the happieſt man " in the world would then be, *Sir*, " *your obliged and faithful ſervant*,

L."

'Yet my father,' ſaid Lady L. 'called it an artful letter; and ob- 'ſerved, that Lord L. was very ſure 'of me, or he had not offered to make 'a propoſal to me that deſerved not to 'be excuſed. " You were aiming " at prudence, girl, in your refuſal, " I ſee that," ſaid my father. " You " had no reaſon to doubt but Lord " L. would hereafter like you the bet- " ter for declining marriage in that " clandeſtine manner, becauſe the re- " fuſal would give him an oppor- " tunity to make things more con- " venient to himſelf. One half of a " woman's virtue is pride," continued 'he [I hope not truly,' ſaid Lady L;] " the other half, policy. If they were " ſure the man would not think the " worſe of them for it, they would " not wait for a ſecond queſtion. " Had you an independent fortune, " Caroline, what would you have " done?——But go; you are a weak, " and yet a cunning girl. Cunning " is the wiſdom of women. Women's " weakneſs is man's ſtrength. I am " ſorry that *my* daughters are not " compounded of leſs brittle materials. " I wonder that any man who knows " the ſex, marries."

Thus ſpoke the *rakiſh*, the *keeping* father, Lucy, endeavouring to juſtify his private vices by general reflections on the ſex. And thus are wickedneſs and libertiniſm, called a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of human nature. Swift, for often painting a dunghill, and for his abominable Yahoo itory, was complimented with this knowledge: but I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the Deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of ſuch dirty imaginations.

What company, my dear, muſt theſe men be ſuppoſed to have generally kept? How are we authorized to wiſh (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is inſtanced in two ſuch daughters, and ſuch a ſon) that a man of this caſt had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandiſon by his name!

And

And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not eſtabliſh, her virtues. What ſhall we ſay?—

'Whatever is, is in it's cauſes juſt:
'——— But purblind man
'Sees but a part o' th' chain, the neareſt link;
'His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
'That poiſes all above.'

DRYDEN.

I thought, my Lucy, that the converſation I have attempted to give, would not, though long, appear tedious to you; being upon a *new* ſubject, the behaviour of a free-liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not diſpoſed to anſwer; and the rather, as it might ſerve to ſtrengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (though we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us) in our reſolution to reject the ſuits of libertine men by a ſtronger motive even than *for our own ſakes*: and I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recovered health will allow her to look abroad more than ſhe had of late been uſed to do. I am ſure, my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleaſed with it; becauſe it will be a good ſupplement to the leſſons they have conſtantly inculcated upon us, againſt that narrow-hearted race of men, who live only for the gratification of their own lawleſs appetites, and conſider all the reſt of the world as made for themſelves, the worſt and moſt noxious reptiles in it.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THUS far had the ladies proceeded in their intereſting ſtory, when the letters of my grandmamma and aunt were brought me by a man and horſe from London. By my anſwer you will ſee how much I was affected by it's contents. The ladies ſaw my uneaſineſs, and were curious to know the cauſe. I told them from whence the letters came, and what the ſubject was; and that my aunt was to give for me, next Saturday, an anſwer to Lady D. in perſon.

I then retired to write. When I had diſpatched the meſſenger, the ladies wiſhed to know the reſolution I had come to. I told them I had confirmed my negative.

Miſs Grandiſon, with archneſs, held up her hands and eyes. I was vexed ſhe did—'Then, Charlotte,' ſaid I, ſpitefully, '*you* would not have declined accepting his propoſal.'

She looked earneſtly at me, and ſhook her head. 'Ah, Harriet!' ſaid ſhe, 'you are an unaccountable girl! 'You will tell the truth; but not the 'whole truth.'

I bluſhed, as I felt; and believe looked ſilly.

'Ah, Harriet!' repeated ſhe; looking as if ſhe would look me through.

'Dear Miſs Grandiſon!' ſaid I.

'There is ſome Northamptonſhire 'gentleman, of whom we have not 'yet heard.'

I was a little eaſier then. But *can* this lady mean any thing particular? She cannot be ſo ungenerous, ſurely, as to play upon a poor girl, if ſhe thought her *entangled*. All I am afraid of, is, that my temper will be utterly ruined. I am not ſo happy in myſelf, as I uſed to be. Don't you think, Lucy, that taking one thing with another, I am in a ſituation that is very teazing?—But let me find a better ſubject.

* * * *

THE ladies, at my requeſt, purſued their FAMILY-HISTORY.

Lord L. and Miſs Caroline went on, hoping for a change in Sir Thomas's mind. He would no doubt, they ſaid, have been overcome by the young lady's duty, and my Lord L.'s generoſity, had he not made it inconvenient to himſelf, to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his daughters with him; and it is thought would not have been ſorry, had the lovers married without his conſent; for he prohibited anew, on their coming to town, my lord's viſits; ſo that they were obliged to their ſiſter, as ſhe pleaſantly had told Lady L. for contriving to forward their interviews.

Mean time, my lord's affairs growing urgent by reaſon of his two ſiſters marrying, he gave way to the offers

of

of a common friend of his and Lord W.'s, to engage that nobleman, who approved of the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the subject.

Lord W. and the baronet met. My lord was earnest in the cause of the lovers. Sir Thomas was not pleased with his interfering in his family affairs. And indeed a more improper man could hardly have been applied to on the occasion: for Lord W. who is immensely rich, was always despised by Sir Thomas for his avarice; and he as much disliked Sir Thomas for what he called his profusion.

High words passed between them. They parted in passion; and Sir Thomas resenting Lord L.'s appeal to Lord W. the sisters were in a worse situation than before; for now, besides having incurred the indignation of their father, their uncle, who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the necessity of hoping for his assistance, made a pretence of their father's ill-treatment to disclaim all acts of kindness and relation to them.

What concerned the sisters still more, was, my lord's declared antipathy to their brother; and that for no other reason, but because his father (who, he was sure, he said, could neither love nor hate in a right place) doated on him.

In this sad situation were these lovers, when overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daughter: but though Miss Charlotte gave him no pretence to accuse *her* of beginning a love-affair unknown to him; yet those overtures never came to her knowledge from him, though they did from others.

'And would you have wondered, Harriet,' said she, 'with such treatment 'before my eyes as Caroline met with, 'if I had been provoked to take some 'rash step?'

'No provocation,' replied I, 'from 'a father, can justify a rash step in a 'child. I am glad, and so I dare say, 'are you, that your prudence was 'your safeguard, when you were deprived of that which so good a child 'might have expected from a father's 'indulgence, especially when a mother was not in being.'

Miss Grandison coloured, and bit her lip. Why did she colour?

At last Sir Thomas took a resolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved son to come over. From *his* duty, discretion, and good management, he was sure, he said, he should be the happiest of men. But he was at a loss what to do with Mrs. Oldham and her two children. He doubted not but his son had heard of his guilty commerce with her: yet he cared not, that the young gentleman should find her living in a kind of wife-like state in one of the family-seats. And yet she had made too great a sacrifice to him, to be unhandsomely used; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of measures, that he might stand well with a son, whose character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a proposal of marriage was made to him for his son by one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and Italy, saw and fell in love with the young gentleman at Florence: and her brother gave way to his sister's regard for him, for the sake of the character he bore among the people of prime consideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother and the earl his father; and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and making over the whole of his estate to his son, in favour of this match; and once he said, he should by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did, rid himself of many incumbrances; and being not a *king*, was sure of his son's duty to him.

The ladies found a letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's loose papers, which shewed that this offer had been actually made to him. This is a copy of it—

'DEAR AND EVER-HONOURED SIR,

'I Am astonished at the contents of 'your last favour. If the pro'posal made in it arose from the na'tural greatness of your mind, and 'an indulgence which I have so often 'experienced, what shall I say to it? '—I cannot bear it. If it proceed 'from propositals made to you, God 'forbid that I should give your name

'to

' to a woman, how illuſtrious ſoever
' in her deſcent, and how high ſoever
' the circumſtances of her family,
' whoſe friends could propoſe ſuch
' conditions to my father.

' I receive with inexpreſſible joy ſo
' near a hope of the long wiſhed-for
' leave to throw myſelf at your feet in
' my native country. When I have
' this happineſs granted me, I will un-
' boſom my whole heart to my father.
' The credit of your name, and the
' knowledge every one has of your
' goodneſs to me, will be my recom-
' mendation whenever you ſhall wiſh
' me to enlarge the family connexions.

' Till I have this honour, I beſeech
' you, Sir, to diſcontinue the treaty
' already began.

' You are pleaſed to aſk my opinion
' of the lady, and whether I have any
' objection to her perſon. I remem-
' ber, I thought her a very agreeable
' woman.

' You mention, Sir, the high ſenſe
' the lady, as well as Lord and Lady
' N. have of the civilities they received
' from me. My long reſidence abroad
' gives me the power of doing little
' offices for thoſe of my country, who
' viſit France and Italy. The little
' ſervices I did to my lord and the la-
' dies with him, are too gratefully re-
' membered by them.

' I am extremely concerned that you
' have reaſon to be diſpleaſed with any
' part of the conduct of my ſiſters.
' Can the daughters of ſuch a mother
' as you had the happineſs to give
' them, forget themſelves? Their want
' of conſideration ſhall receive no coun-
' tenance from me. I ſhall let them
' know, that my love, my eſteem, if
' it be of conſequence with them, is
' not founded on relation, but merit:
' and that, where duty to a parent is
' wanting, all other good qualities are
' to be ſuſpected.

' You aſk my opinion of Lord L.
' and whether he has ſought to engage
' me to favour his addreſs to your
' Caroline. He wrote to me on that
' ſubject: I incloſe his letter, and a
' copy of my anſwer. As to my opi-
' nion of him, I muſt ſay, that I have
' not met with any Britiſh man abroad,
' of whoſe diſcretion, ſobriety, and
' good nature, I think more highly
' than I do of Lord L.'s. Juſtice re-
' quires of me this teſtimony. But as
' to the affair between him and my ſiſ-
' ter, I ſhall be extremely ſorry, if
' Lord L.'s *firſt* impropriety of beha-
' viour were to you; and if my ſiſter
' has ſuffered her heart to be engaged
' againſt her duty.

' You have the goodneſs to ſay, that
' my return will be a ſtrengthening of
' your hands. May my own be weak-
' ened; may I ever want the power to
' do good to myſelf, or to thoſe I love;
' when I forget, or depart from, the
' duty owing to the moſt indulgent of
' fathers, by *his*

' CHARLES GRANDISON!'

What an excellent young man is this!—But obſerve, Lucy; he ſays he will on his return to England unboſom his whole heart to his father; and till then, he deſires him to diſcontinue the began treaty with Lord N.—Ah, my dear!—What has any *new* acquaintance to expect, were ſhe to be entangled in a *hopeleſs paſſion?* But let us conſider—Had Sir Charles been actually married, would his being ſo, have enabled a woman's *reaſon* to triumph over her paſſion?—If ſo, paſſion is ſurely conquerable: and did I know any body that would allow it to be ſo in the *one* caſe, and not in the *other*, I would bid her take ſhame to herſelf, and, with deep humiliation, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above letter came not to the hands of the young ladies till after their father's death, which happened within a month of his receiving it, and before he had actually given permiſſion for the young gentleman's return. You may ſuppoſe they were exceſſively affected with the bad impreſſions their father had ſought to make in their brother's heart, of their conduct; and, when he died, were the more apprehenſive of their force.

He had ſuſpended the treaty of marriage for his ſon till the young gentleman ſhould arrive. He had perplexed himſelf about his private affairs, which, by long neglect, became very intricate, and of conſequence muſt be very irkſome for ſuch a man to look into. He was reſolved, therefore, to leave it to each ſteward, (having perſuaded himſelf, againſt appearances, to have a good opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not

only as this would give the leaſt trouble to himſelf, but as they had ſeveral items to charge, which he had no mind ſhould be explained to his ſon. Nor were thoſe gentlemen leſs ſolicitous to obtain diſcharges from him; for, being apprized of his reaſon for looking into his affairs, they were afraid of the inſpection of ſo good a manager as their young maſter was known to be.

Mr. Filmer, the ſteward for the Iriſh eſtate, came over, on this occaſion, with his accounts: the two ſtewards acted in concert; and on the report of each, Sir Thomas examined totals only, and ordered releaſes to be drawn for his ſigning,

What a degrader even of *high* ſpirits, is vice! What meanneſs was there in Sir Thomas's pride! to be afraid of the eye of a ſon, of whoſe duty he was always boaſting!

But who ſhall anſwer for the reformation of an habitual libertine, when a temptation offers? Obſerve what followed.

Mr. Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's frailty, had brought over with him, and with a view to enſnare the unhappy man, a fine young creature, not more than ſixteen, on pretence of viſiting her aunt, who lived in Pall Mall, and who was a relation of his wife. She was innocent of actual crime: but her parents had no virtue, and had not made it a part of the young woman's education; but on the contrary, had brought her up with a notion that her beauty would make her fortune; and ſhe knew it was all the fortune they had to give her.

Mr. Filmer, in his attendance on Sir Thomas, was always praiſing the beauty of Miſs Obrien; her genteel deſcent, as well as figure! her innocence; [innocence! the attractive equally to the attempts of rakes and devils!] but the baronet, intent upon purſuing his better ſchemes, for ſome time, only gave the artful man the hearing. At laſt, however, (for curioſity-ſake) he was prevailed upon to make the aunt a viſit. The niece was not abſent. She more than anſwered all that Filmer had ſaid in her praiſe, as to the beauty of her perſon. Sir Thomas repeated his viſits. The girl was well tutored; behaved with prudence, with *reſerve* rather; and, in ſhort, made ſuch an impreſſion on his heart, that he declared, to Filmer that he could not live without her.

Advantage was endeavoured to be taken of his infatuation. He offered high terms: but for ſome time the aunt inſiſted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a *leader* in the free world, to be ſo *taken-in*, as it is called. But at laſt, a propoſal was made him, from no part of which the aunt declared ſhe would recede, though the poor girl (who, it was pretended, loved him above all the men ſhe had ever ſeen) were to break her heart for him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to a man who numbered near three times her years; and who was ſtill fond of making conqueſts!

The terms were: that he ſhould ſettle upon the young woman 500l. a year for her life; and on her father and mother, if they could be brought to conſent to the (infamous) bargain, 200l. a year for their joint and ſeparate lives: that Miſs Obrien ſhould live at one of Sir Thomas's ſeats in England; be allowed genteel equipages, his livery; and even (for her credit-ſake in the eye of her own relations, who were of figure) to be connived at in taking his name. The aunt left it to his generoſity to reward *her* for the part ſhe had taken, and was to take, to bring all this about with the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought theſe demands much too high: he ſtood out for ſome time; but artifice being uſed on all ſides to draw him on, *love*, as it is called, (proſtituted word!) obliged him to comply.

His whole concern was now, how to provide for this new expence, without *robbing*, as he called it, his ſon, [daughters were but daughters, and no part of the queſtion with him;] and to find excuſes for continuing the young gentleman abroad.

Mrs. Oldham had for ſome time been uneaſy herſelf, and made him ſo, by her compunction on their guilty commerce; and, on Sir Thomas's communicating his intention to recal his ſon, hinted her wiſhes to be allowed to quit the houſe in Eſſex, and to retire both from that and him; for fear of making the young gentleman as much her enemy, as the two ſiſters avowedly were.

Sir Thomas, now that he was acquainted with Miſs Obrien, better reliſhed

liſhed Mrs. Oldham's propoſal than otherwiſe he would have done: and before he actually ſigned and ſealed with Miſs Obrien's aunt, for her niece, he thought it beſt to ſound that unhappy woman, whether ſhe in earneſt deſired to retire; and if ſo, what were her expectations from him: reſolving, in order to provide for both expences, to cut down timber, that, he ſaid, groaned for the axe; but which hitherto he had let ſtand as a reſource for his ſon, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had laid upon a part of his eſtate.

Accordingly, he ſet out for his ſeat in Eſſex.

THERE, while he was planning future ſchemes of living, and reckoning upon his ſavings in ſeveral articles, in order the better to ſupport an expence ſo guiltily to be incurred; and had actually began to treat with Mrs. Oldham; who agreed, at the firſt word, to retire; not knowing but his motive, (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation—There was he attacked by a violent fever; which in three days deprived him of the uſe of the reaſon he had ſo much abuſed.

Mr. Bever, his Engliſh ſteward, poſted down, on the firſt news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to ſign the ready-drawn up releaſes. But the eagerneſs he ſhewed to have this done, giving cauſe of ſuſpicion to Mrs. Oldham, ſhe would not let him ſee his maſter, though he arrived on the ſecond day of Sir Thomas's illneſs, which was before the fever had ſeized his brain.

Mr. Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs. Obrien, the mother of the girl, who came over to ſee the ſale of the poor victim's honour compleated; [Could you have thought, Lucy, there was ſuch a mother in the world?] and it was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illneſs that he got to him, with his releaſes alſo already drawn up, as well as the articles between him and the Obriens, in hopes to find him well enough to ſign both. He was in a viſible conſternation when he found his maſter ſo ill. He would have ſtaid in the houſe to watch the event; but Mrs. Oldham not permitting him to do ſo, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the diſtemper.

On the ſixth day, the phyſicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs. Oldham ſent to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger; and they inſtantly ſet out to attend their father.

They could not be ſuppoſed to love Mrs. Oldham; and, taking Mr. Grandiſon's advice, who accompanied them, they let the unhappy woman know, that there was no farther occaſion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that ſhe might give the leſs offence to the two ladies, removed her ſon by her former huſband, and her two children by Sir Thomas; but inſiſted on continuing about him, and in the houſe, as well from motives of tenderneſs, as for her own ſecurity, leſt ſhe ſhould be charged with embezzlements; for ſhe expected not mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was that by which ſhe held!

Miſs Caroline conſented, and brought her ſiſter to conſent that ſhe ſhould ſtay; abſolutely againſt Mr. Grandiſon's advice; who, libertine as he was himſelf, was very zealous to puniſh a poor Magdalen, who, *though* faulty, was not ſo faulty as himſelf. Wicked people, I believe, my dear, are the ſevereſt puniſhers of thoſe wicked people, who adminiſter not to their own particular gratifications. Can mercy be expected from ſuch? Mercy is a *virtue*.

It was ſhocking to the laſt degree to the worthy daughters to hear their raving father call upon nobody ſo often, as upon Miſs Obrien; though they then knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs. Oldham inform them, who or what ſhe was. Sometimes, when the unhappy man was quieteſt, he would call upon his ſon, in words generally of kindneſs and love; once in particular, crying out—'O ſave me! ſave 'me! my Grandiſon, by thy pre'ſence!—I ſhall be conſumed by the 'fire that is already lighted up in my 'boiling blood!'

On the ninth day, no hope being left, and the phyſicians declaring him to be a dying man, they diſpatched a letter by a meſſenger to haſten over their brother, who (having left his ward, Miſs Emily Jervois, at Florence, in the protection of the worthy Dr. Bartlett) was come to Paris, as

he had written, in expectation of receiving there his father's permission to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas came a little to himself. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wished he had been kinder to them. He was sensible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, 'God is just. I am, I have been, 'very wicked!—Repentance! repentance! how hard a task!' said he once to the minister who attended him, and whose prayers he desired. And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his sight—'O Mrs. Oldham!' said he, 'what is 'this world now? What would I 'give—But repent, repent—Put your 'good resolutions in practice, lest I 'have more souls than my own to answer for.'

Soon after this his delirium returned; and he expired about eleven at night, in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man!—Join a tear with mine, my Lucy, on the awful exit of Sir Thomas Grandison, though we knew him not.

Poor man! in the pursuit—Poor man!—He lived not to see his beloved son!—

The two daughters, and Mr. Grandison, and Mrs. Oldham, (for her own security) put their respective seals on every place, at that house, where papers, or any thing of value, were supposed to be reposited: and Mr. Grandison, assuming that part of the management, dismissed Mrs. Oldham from the house; and would not permit her to take with her more than one suit of cloaths, besides those she had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harsh treatment: but was not pitied; and was referred by Mr. Grandison to his absent cousin for still more rigorous justice.

She appealed to the ladies; but they reproached her with having lived a life of shame, against better knowledge; and said, that now she must take the consequence. Her punishment was but beginning: their brother would do her strict justice, they doubted not; but a man of his virtue, they were sure, would abhor her. She had misled their father, they said. It was not in *his* temper to be cruel to his children. She had lived upon their fortunes; and now they had nothing but their brother's favour to depend upon.

Daughters so dutiful, my Lucy, did right to excuse their father all they could: but Mrs. Oldham suffered for all.

* *

I AM so much interested in this important history, that I have not the heart to break into it, to tell you how very agreeably I pass my time with these ladies, and Lord L. in those parts of the day when we are all assembled. Miss Emily has a fine mind; gentle, delicate, innocently childish beyond her stature and womanly appearance, but not her years. The two ladies are very good to her. Lord L. is an excellent man.

This is Friday morning: and no Sir Charles! *Canterbury* is surely a charming place. Was you ever at *Canterbury*, Lucy?

To-morrow, Lady D. is to visit my aunt. My letter to my aunt will be in time, I hope. I long to know.—Yet why should I?—But Lady D. is so *good* a woman! I hope she will take kindly my denial; and look upon it as an absolute one.

I have a great deal more of the family-history to give you: I wish I could write as fast as we can talk. But, Lucy, concerning the lady, with whose father Sir Thomas was in treaty for his son? Don't you want to know something more about her?—But, ah! my dear, be this as it may, there *is* a lady in whose favour both sisters interest themselves. I have found that out. Nor will it be long, I suppose, before I shall be informed who she is; and whether or not Sir Charles encourages the proposal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will soon have another letter from *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

YOU see, my dear, how many important matters depended on the conduct and determination of the young baronet.

Lord L. was at this time in Scotland, where he had seen married two of his three

three ſiſters; and was buſying himſelf in putting his affairs in ſuch a way, as ſhould enable him to depend the leſs either on the juſtice or generoſity of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, whoſe beloved daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miſs Charlotte was abſolutely dependent upon her brother's generoſity; and both ſiſters had reaſon to be the more uneaſy, as it was now, in the worldly-wiſe way of thinking, become his *intereſt* to keep up the diſtance which their unhappy father had been ſolicitous to create between them, from a policy low, and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs. Oldham had already received a ſevere inſtance of the change of her fortune; and had no reaſon to doubt, but that the ſiſters, who had always from the time ſhe was ſet over them as their governeſs, looked upon her with an evil eye; and afterwards had but too juſt a pretence for their averſion; would incenſe againſt her a brother, whoſe fortune had been leſſened by his father's profuſion: the few relations ſhe had living, were people of honour, who had renounced all correſpondence with her, from the time ſhe had thrown herſelf ſo abſolutely into the power of Sir Thomas Grandiſon; and ſhe had three ſons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the Engliſh and Iriſh ſtewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would ſign thoſe accounts of theirs, to which they had no reaſon to queſtion but his father would have ſet his hand, had he not been taken ſo ſuddenly ill, and remained delirious almoſt to the end of his life.

Miſs Obrien, her mother, and aunt, I ſhall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great diſlike to his nephew, for no other reaſon, as I have ſaid, than becauſe he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almoſt entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the ſenſe, or moderation, of Mrs. Oldham, to put in the contrary ſcale againſt her loſt virtue; but abounded, it ſeems, in a low ſelfiſh cunning, by which ſhe never failed to carry every point ſhe ſet her heart upon: for, as is uſual, they ſay, with theſe keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teazing, what he would not have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: but the *real ſlave* imagined himſelf maſter of his *liberty*; and ſat down ſatisfied with the ſound of the word.

The ſuſpended treaty of marriage with Lord N.'s ſiſter was alſo to be taken into conſideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as ſhould be concluded by both parties.

This was the ſituation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He returned not an anſwer to his ſiſter's notification of his father's danger; but immediately ſet out for Calais, embarked, and the ſame day arrived at the houſe of his late father in St. James's Square. His ſiſters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as ſoon as a letter could come; they therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumſtances, (ſiſterly love out of the queſtion, which yet it could not be) how awful muſt be to them, after eight or nine years abſence, the firſt appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accuſed by a father, now ſo lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unqueſtionable!

In the *ſame* moment he alighted from his poſt-chaiſe, the door was opened; he entered; and his two ſiſters met him in the hall.

The graceful youth of ſeventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his ſhoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence ſparkling in his fine free eyes; and good-humour ſweetening his lively features; they remembered: and, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened in the ſame ſpace of time, they ſeemed not to expect that manly ſtature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who ſees this brother, admires in his noble aſpect; an aſpect then appearing more ſolemn than uſual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

'O my brother,' ſaid Caroline, with open arms; but, ſhrinking from his embrace;

embrace; 'May I say, my brother?' —and was just fainting. He clasped her in his arms, to support her—

Charlotte, surprized at her sister's emotion, and affected with his presence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herself upon a settee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and with eyes of expectation, 'My Charlotte!' said he, his inviting hand held out, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet; and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom: 'Receive, my dearest sisters, re-'ceive your brother, your friend; 'assure yourselves of my unabated 'love.'

That assurance, they said, was balm to their hearts; and when each was seated, he, sitting over-against them, looked first on one, then on the other; and, taking each by the hand, 'Charm-'ing women!' said he: 'how I ad-'mire my sisters! You *must* have 'minds answerable to your persons. 'What pleasure, what pride, shall I 'take in my sisters!'

'My dear Charlotte!' said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, 'has not our brother, now we see him 'near, all the brother in his aspect? 'His goodness only looks stronger, 'and more perfect: what was I afraid 'of?'

'*My* heart also sunk,' said Charlotte; 'I know not why. But we 'feared—Indeed, Sir, we both feared '—O my brother!'—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—'We meant 'not to be *undutiful*—'

'Love your brother, my sisters, as 'he will endeavour to deserve your 'love. My mother's daughters could 'not be undutiful! Mistake only!— 'Unhappy misapprehension! We have 'all something—Shades as well as 'lights there must be!—A kind, a 'dutiful veil—'

He pressed the hand of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief.

What must he have had in his thoughts? No doubt, but his father's unhappy turn, and recent departure! No wonder, that such a son could not, without pious emotion, bear the reflections that must crowd into his mind at that instant!

Then turning towards them, 'Per-'mit me, my dear sisters,' said he, 'to retire for a few moments.' He turned his face from them. 'My fa-'ther,' said he, 'demands this tri-'bute. I will not ask *your* excuse, my 'sisters.'

They joined in the payment of it; and waited on him to his apartment, with silent respect. 'No ceremony, I hope, 'my Caroline—my Charlotte. We 'were true sisters and brother a few 'years ago. See your Charles as you 'saw him then. Let not absence, 'which has increased my love, lessen 'yours.'

Each sister took a hand, and would have kissed it. He clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them.

He cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion; then on them; and again saluted each.

They withdrew He waited on them to the stairs head. 'Sweet obliging-'ness! Amiable sisters! In a quar-'ter of an hour I seek your presence.'

Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dress, and re-saluted his sisters with an air of tenderness, that banished fear, and left room for nothing but sisterly love.

Mr. Grandison came in soon after. That gentleman, who (as I believe I once before mentioned) had affected, in support of his own free way of life, to talk how he would laugh at his cousin Charles, when he came to England, on his *pious* turn, as he called it: and even to boast, that he would enter him into the town diversions, and make a *man* of him; was struck with the dignity of his person, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. 'Good God!' said he to the ladies afterwards, 'what a fine 'young man is your brother!—What 'a self-denier was your father!'—

The ladies retiring, Mr. Grandison entered upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death; which, he told his sisters, he touched *tenderly*: as tenderly, I suppose, as a man of his unfeeling heart *could* touch such a subject. He inveighed against Mrs. Oldham; and with some exultation over her, told his cousin what they had done as to

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Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Dec. 14 1782.

to her: and exclaimed againſt her for the ſtate ſhe had lived in; and the difficulty ſhe made to reſign Sir Thomas to his daughters care in his illneſs; and particularly for preſuming to inſiſt upon putting her ſeal with theirs to the cabinets and cloſet, where they ſuppoſed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without ſaying one word, either of approbation or otherwiſe.

'Are you not pleaſed with what we 'have done, as to this vile woman, 'Sir Charles?'

'I have no doubt, couſin,' replied Sir Charles, 'that every thing was de-'ſigned for the beſt.'

And then Mr. Grandiſon, as he told the ſiſters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour, when ſhe was obliged to quit the houſe, where, he ſaid, ſhe had reigned ſo long Lady Paramount?

Sir Charles aſked, if they had ſearched for or found a will?

Mr. Grandiſon ſaid, they had looked in every probable place; but found none.

'What I think to do, couſin,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'is, to inter the venerable 'remains (I muſt always ſpeak in this 'dialect, Sir) with thoſe of my mo-'ther. This, I know, was his de-'ſire. I will have an elegant, but 'not ſumptuous, monument erected 'to the memory of both, with a mo-'deſt inſcription, that ſhall rather be 'matter of inſtruction to the living, 'than a panegyrick on the departed. 'The funeral ſhall be decent, but not 'oſtentatious. The difference in the 'expence ſhall be privately applied to 'relieve or aſſiſt diſtreſſed houſekeepers, 'or ſome of my father's poor tenants, 'who have large families, and have not 'been wanting in their honeſt endea-'vours to maintain them. My ſiſters, 'I hope, will not think themſelves 'neglected, if I ſpare them the pain of 'conferring with them on a ſubject that 'muſt afflict them.'

Theſe ſentiments were new to Mr. Grandiſon. He told the ſiſters what Sir Charles had ſaid. 'I did not con-'tradict him,' ſaid he: 'but as Sir 'Thomas had ſo magnificent a mind, 'and always lived up to it, I ſhould 'have thought he ought to have been 'honoured with a magnificent funeral. 'But I cannot but own, however, that 'what your brother ſaid, had ſome-'thing great and noble in it.'

The two ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquieſced with all he propoſed; and all was performed according to his directions which he himſelf wrote down. He allowed of his ſiſters compliance with the faſhion: but he in perſon ſaw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the laſt offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in buſineſs. Were I to expreſs myſelf in the language of Miſs Grandiſon, I ſhould ſay, that 'a ſun-beam is not more penetrating.' He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both ſides of a queſtion to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be ſtaid by perverſe accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foreſight: and when he finds *that* to be the caſe, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himſelf unable to purſue his journey by one road, becauſe of a ſudden inundation, takes another, which, though a little about, carries him home in ſafety.

As ſoon as the ſolemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every thing at Grandiſon Hall as he found it, and the ſeals unbroken, came to town, and, in the preſence of his ſiſters, broke the ſeals that had been affixed to the cabinets and eſcritores in the houſe there.

The ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inſpection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His anſwer was, 'I hope, my ſiſters 'we ſhall have but one intereſt. It 'is for you to make demands upon 'me, and for me to anſwer them as I 'ſhall be able.'

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with ſurprizing expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank-note of 350l. in the private drawer of one of the bureaus in the apartment that was his father's. 'Be pleaſed, my ſiſter,' ſaid he, preſenting it to Miſs Caroline, 'to add 'that to the money in your hands, to 'anſwer family calls.'

He then went with his ſiſters to the houſe in Eſſex. When there, he told them, it was neceſſary for Mrs. Oldham (who had lodgings at a neighbouring

bouring farm-houſe) to be preſent at the breaking of the ſeals, as ſhe had hers affixed; and accordingly ſent for her.

They deſired to be excuſed ſeeing her.

'It will be a concern to me,' ſaid he, 'to ſee her: but what *ought* to be 'done, *muſt* be done.'

The poor woman came with fear and trembling.

You will not, Lucy, be diſpleaſed with an account of what paſſed on the occaſion. I was very attentive to it, as given by Miſs Grandiſon, whoſe memory was aided by the recollection of her ſiſter. And, as I am uſed to aim at giving affecting ſcenes in the very words of the perſons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you will expect that I ſhould attempt to do ſo in this caſe.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mrs. Oldham would be there ſo ſoon, was in his ſtud with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horſes: for there were moſt of the hunters and racers, ſome of the fineſt beaſts in the kingdom.

By the miſtake of Miſs Caroline's maid, the poor woman was ſhewn into the room where the two ladies were. She was in great confuſion; curtſied; wept; and ſtood, as well as ſhe could ſtand; but leaned againſt the tapeſtry-hung wall.

'How came this?' ſaid Miſs Caroline to her maid. '*She* was not to be 'ſhewn into us.'

'I beg pardon;' curtſeying, and was for withdrawing; but ſtopt on Charlotte's ſpeech to her—'My *bro-* '*ther* ſent for you, Madam—Not *we*, 'I aſſure you.—He ſays it is neceſſary, 'as you thought fit to put your ſeal 'with ours to the locked-up places, 'that you ſhould be preſent at the 'breaking them. Yet he will ſee you 'with as much pain as you give us. 'Prepare yourſelf to ſee him. You 'ſeem mighty unfit—No wonder!'

You have heard, Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of alteration for the better in her temper, and even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

'Indeed, I *am* unfit, *very* unfit,' ſaid the poor woman. 'Let me, la- 'dies, beſpeak your generoſity: a lit- 'tle of your pity; a little of your 'countenance. I am, indeed, an un- 'happy woman!'

'And ſo you deſerve to be.'

'I am ſure *we* are the ſufferers,' ſaid Caroline.

Lord L. as ſhe owned, was then in her head, as well as heart.

'If I may withdraw without ſeeing 'Sir Charles, I ſhould take it for a 'favour. I find I cannot bear to ſee 'him. I inſiſt not upon being preſent 'at the breaking the ſeals. I throw 'myſelf upon your mercy, ladies, and 'upon his.'

Cruel girls! ſhall I call them, Lucy? I think I will—*Cruel* girls! They aſked her not to ſit down, though they ſaw the terror ſhe was in: and that ſhe had the modeſty to forbear ſitting in their preſence.

What an humbling thing is the conſciouſneſs of having lived faulty, when calamity ſeizes upon the heart!—But ſhall not virtue be appeaſed, when the hand of God is acknowledged in the words, countenance, and behaviour, of the offender! Yet, perhaps, it is hard for ſufferers—Let me conſider—Have I from my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—I will examine into that another time.

'And ſo you have put yourſelf into 'mourning, Madam?'

Shall I ſay, that Caroline ſaid this, and what follows? Yet I am glad it was not Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline thought herſelf a ſufferer by her, in an eſpecial manner—However, I am ſorry it was either.

'Pretty *deep* too! Your weeds, I 'ſuppoſe, are at your lodgings—'

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs. Oldham by many was called Lady Grandiſon; and that her birth, her education, good ſenſe, though all was not ſufficient to ſupport her virtue againſt neceſſity and temptation, (poor woman!) might have given her a claim to the title.

'Indeed, ladies, I am a *real* 'mourner: but I never myſelf aſſumed 'a character, to which it was never in 'my thought to ſolicit a right.'

'Then *Madam*, the world does you 'injuſtice, *Madam*,' ſaid Charlotte.

'Here, ladies, are the keys of the 'ſtores; of the confectionary; of the 'wine vaults: you demanded them 'not, when you diſmiſſed me from 'this houſe. I thought to ſend them: 'but

'but by the time I could provide myself with a lodging, you were gone; and left only two common servants, besides the groom and helpers: and I thought it was best to keep the keys, till I could deliver them to your order, or Sir Charles's. I have not been a bad manager, ladies, considered as a housekeeper. All I have in the world is under the seals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy.'

The sisters ordered their woman to take the keys, and bring them to the foot of their thrones.—Dear ladies, forgive me, if you should, by surprize, see this. I know that you think and act in a different manner now!

'Here comes my brother!' said Caroline.

'You'll soon know, Madam, what you have to trust to from *him*,' said Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and turned pale. O how her heart must throb!

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SIR Charles entered. She was near the door. His sisters were at the other end of the room.

He bowed to her—'Mrs. Oldham, I presume,' said he—'Pray, Madam, be seated. I sent to you, that you might see the seals—Pray, Madam, sit down.'

He took her hand, and led her to a chair not far distant from them; and sat down in one between them and her.

His sisters owned, they were startled at his complaisance to her. Dear ladies; they forgot, at that moment, that *mercy* and *justice* are sister-graces, and cannot be separated in a virtuous bosom.

'Pray, Madam, compose yourself;' looking upon her with eyes of anguish and pity mingled, as the ladies said, they afterwards recollected with more approbation than at the time. What, my Lucy, must be the reflections of this humane man, respecting his father, and her, at that moment!

He turned to his sisters, as if to give Mrs. Oldham time to recover herself. A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to suppress her audible sobs, and, most considerately, he would not hear them. Her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—'I am not a stranger to your melancholy story, Mrs. Oldham—Be not discomposed—'

He stopt to give her a few moments time to recover herself—Resuming; 'See in me a friend, ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones.'

She could not bear this. She threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair.

'Poor Mr. Oldham,' said he, 'was unhappily careless! Yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house—By written evidences I can justify you; evidences that no one here will, I am sure, dispute.'

It was plain that his father had written in her praise, as an œconomist; the only light in which this pious son was then willing to consider her.

'Indeed, I have—And I would still have been—'

'No more of that, Madam. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me that he treated you with unkindness. He owns you were patient under it. Patience never yet was a solitary virtue. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal; but he was mistaken: you did right, as to the thing; and I dare say, a woman of your prudence did not wrong in the manner. No one can judge properly of another, that cannot be that very other in imagination, when he takes the judgment-seat.'

'O my brother! O my brother!'—said both ladies at one time—half in admiration, though half-concerned, at a goodness so eclipsing.

'Bear with me, my sisters. We have *all* something to be forgiven for.'

They knew not how far they were concerned, in his opinion, in the admonition, from what their father had written of *them*. They owned, that they were mortified: yet knew not how to be angry with a brother, who, though more than an equal sufferer with them, could preserve *his* charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time, as he said, not being near, for chocolate: and referred to Mrs. Oldham to direct it, as knowing best where every thing was. She referred to the delivered-up keys. Caroline called in her servant, and gave them to her. Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham to be so good as to direct the maid.

The ladies easily saw, that he intended by this, to relieve the poor woman by some little employment; and to take the opportunity of her absence, to endeavour to reconcile them to his intentions, as well as manner of behaving to her.

The moment she was gone out of the room, he thus addressed himself to the ladies:

'My dear sisters, let me beg of you 'to think favourably of me on this 'occasion. I would not disoblige 'you for the world. I consider not 'the case of this poor woman, on the 'foot of her own merits, with regard 'to us. Our father's memory, is 'concerned. Was *he* accountable to 'us, was *she*, for what each did?—'Neither of them was. She is in'titled to justice, for it's own sake; 'to generosity, for ours; to kind'ness, for my father's. Mr. Gran'dison accused her of living in too 'much state, as he called it. Can 'that be said to be *her* fault? With 'regard to *us*, was it *any-body's?* 'My father's magnificent spirit is 'well known. He was often at this 'house. Wherever he was, he lived 'in the same taste. He praises to me 'Mrs. Oldham's œconomy in several 'of his letters. He had a right to do 'what he would with his own for'tune. It was not *ours* till now. 'Whatever he *has* left us, he might 'have still lessened it. That œcono'my is all that concerns us in inte'rest; and that is in her favour. If 'any act of kindness to my sisters was 'wanting from the parent, they will 'rejoice, that they *deserved* what they 'hoped to meet with from him: and 'where the parent had an option, they 'will be glad, that they acquiesced 'under it. He could have given Mrs. 'Oldham a title to a name that would 'have commanded our respect, if not 'our reverence. My sisters have en'larged minds: they are daughters 'of the most charitable, the most for'giving of women. Mr. Grandison '(it could not be *you*) has carried too 'severe a hand towards her. Yet he 'meant service to us all. I was will'ing, before I commended this poor 'woman to your *mercy*, (since it was 'necessary to see her) to judge of her 'behaviour. Is she not humbled 'enough? From my soul I pity her. 'She loved my father; and I have no 'doubt but mourns for him in secret; 'yet dares not own, dares not plead, 'her love. I am willing to consider 'her only as one who has executed a 'principal office in this house: it be'comes us so to behave to her, as 'that the world should think we con'sider her in that light only. As to 'the *living proofs*, (unhappy inno'cents!) I am concerned, that what 'are the delight of other parents, are 'the disgrace of this. But let *us* not, 'by resentments, publish faults that 'could not be *hers only*.—Need I say 'more?—It would pain me to be 'obliged to it. With pain have I said 'thus much—The circumstances of 'the case are such, that I cannot give 'it it's full force. I ask it of you as 'a favour, not as a right, (I should 'hate myself, were I capable of 'exerting to the utmost any power that 'may be devolved upon me) that you 'will be so good as to leave the con'duct of this affair to me. You will 'greatly oblige me, if you can give 'me your chearful acquiescence.'

They answered by tears. They could not speak.

By this time Mrs. Oldham returned; and, in an humble manner, offered chocolate to each young lady. They bent their necks, not their bodies, with cold civility, as they owned; each extending her stately hand, as if she knew not whether she should put it out or not.

Methinks I see them. How could such gracious girls be so ungracious, after what Sir Charles had said!

Their brother, they saw, seemed displeased.

displeased. He took the salver from Mrs. Oldham. 'Pray, Madam, sit 'down,' said he, offering her a dish, which she declined; and held the toasted bread to his sisters, who then were ready enough to take each some—And when they had drank their chocolate; 'Now, Mrs. Oldham,' said he, 'I will attend you—Sisters, you 'will give me your company.'

They arose to follow him. The poor woman curtsied, I warrant, and stood by while they passed: and methinks I see the dear girls bridle, and walk as stately, and as upright, as Duchesses may be supposed to do in a coronation-procession.

Miss Grandison acknowledged, that she grudged her brother's extraordinary complaisance to Mrs. Oldham; and said to her sister, as arm in arm they went out, 'Politeness is a charming 'thing, Caroline!'

'I don't quite understand it,' replied the other.

They did not intend their brother should hear what they said: but he did; and turned back to them, (Mrs. Oldham being at distance, and, on his speaking low, dropping still farther behind them:) 'Don't you, my 'sisters, do too little, and I will not 'do too much. She is a gentlewoman. 'She is unhappy from *within*. Thank 'God, *you* are not. And she is not 'now, nor ever was, your servant.'

They reddened, and looked upon each other in some confusion.

He pressed each of their hands, as in love. 'Don't let me give you 'concern,' said he; 'only permit me 'to remind you, while it is yet in 'time, that you have an opportunity 'given you to shew yourselves Gran-'disons.'

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excused attending them in it. She wept. 'You will find every thing 'there, Sir,' said she, 'to be as it 'ought. I am ready to answer all 'questions. Permit me to wait in the 'adjoining drawing-room.'

Sir Charles allowed her request.

'Poor woman!' said he: 'How 'unhappily circumstanced is she, that 'she dares not, in *this* company, shew 'the tenderness, which is the glory, 'not only of the female, but of the 'human nature!'

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, and a paper wafered upon the back of it; with these words written in Sir Thomas's hand, '*My wife's jewels*,' &c.

The key was tied to one of the silver handles.

'Had you not my mother's jewels 'divided between you?' asked he.

'My father once shewed us this 'casket at Grandison Hall,' answered Caroline. 'We thought it was still 'there.'

'My dear sisters, let me ask you: 'Did my father forbear presenting these 'to you, from any declared *misap-'prehension* of your want of duty to 'him?'

'No,' replied Miss Caroline. 'But 'he told us, they should be ours when 'we married. You have heard, I 'dare say, that he was not fond of 'seeing us dressed.'

'It must have been *misapprehension* 'only, had it been so. You could 'not be undutiful to a *father*.'

He would not permit it to be opened before him: but, presenting it to them, 'Receive your right, my sisters. It is 'heavy. I hope there is more than 'jewels in it. I know that my mother 'used to deposit in it her little hoard. 'I am sure there can be no dispute 'between such affectionate sisters, on 'the partition of the contents of this 'casket.'

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open this casket.

They found three purses in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500l. inclosed in a paper, thus inscribed by Lady Grandison—'*From 'my maiden money.*' 120 Carolus's were also in this purse in two papers; the one inscribed, '*From my aunt 'Molly*,' the other, '*From my aunt 'Kitty*.'

In the second purse were 115 Jacobus's, in a paper, thus inscribed by the same lady, '*Presents made at dif-'ferent times by my honoured Mamma, 'Lady W.*' three Bank-notes, and an India-bond, to the amount of 300l.

The third purse was thus labelled, as Lady L. shewed me by a copy she had of it in her memorandum book.

" *For my beloved ſon:* in acknow-
" ledgment of his duty to his
" father and me from infancy to
" this hour Jan. 1, 17 . . .—
" Of his love to his ſiſters—Of
" the generoſity of his temper;
" never once having taken ad-
" vantage of the indulgence ſhewn
" him by parents ſo fond of him,
" that, as the only ſon of an
" ancient family, he might have
" done what he pleaſed with them
" —Of his love of truth: and of
" his modeſty, courage, benevo-
" lence, ſteadineſs of mind, do-
" cility, and other great and
" amiable qualities, by which he
" gives a moral aſſurance of
" making A GOOD MAN—
" GOD grant it. Amen!"

The ladies immediately carried this purſe, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his ſiſters, as he read;—'Excellent woman!' ſaid he, when he had read it, '*Being dead, ſhe ſpeaks*—May her pious prayer be 'anſwered!' looking up. Then opening the purſe, he found five coronation medals of different princes in it, and ſeveral others of value; a gold ſnuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one ſignified to be his grandfather's; the two others, an uncle's and brother's of Lady Grandiſon; but what was more valuable to him than all the reſt, the ladies ſaid, was a miniature picture of his mother, ſet in gold; an admirable likeneſs, they told me; and they would get their brother to let me ſee it.

Neglecting all the reſt, he eagerly took it out of the ſhagreen caſe; gazed at it in ſilence; kiſſed it; a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his heart: withdrew for a few moments; and returned with a chearful aſpect.

The ladies told him what was in the other two purſes. They ſaid they made no ſcruple of accepting the jewels; but the bonds, the notes, and the money, they offered to him.

He aſked, If there were no particular direction upon either? They anſwered, 'No.'

He took them; and emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents of both together. 'There may be a 'difference in the value of each: thus 'mingled, you, my ſiſters, will equally 'divide them between you. This pic-'ture (putting his hand on his boſom, 'where it yet was) is of infinite more 'value than all the three purſes con-'tained beſides.'

You will excuſe theſe particularities, my dear friends: but if you do not, I can't help it. We are all apt, I believe, to purſue the ſubjects that moſt delight us. Don't grudge me my pleaſure? Perhaps I ſhall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can expreſs.

Saturday night—And *no* Sir Charles Grandiſon. With all my heart!

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

WHEN Sir Charles and his ſiſters had looked over every other place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs. Oldham to hers.

'A very handſome apartment, upon 'my word!'

How *could* Miſs Grandiſon—She knew the ſituation the unhappy woman had been in: miſtreſs of that houſe.

Her brother looked at her.

Mrs. Oldham ſhewed them which of the furniture and pictures (ſome of the latter valuable ones) ſhe had brought into the houſe, ſaved, as ſhe ſaid, from the wreck of her huſband's fortune.—'But,' ſaid ſhe, 'with the conſent of 'creditors. I, for *my* part, did not 'wrong any body.

'In that cloſet, Sir,' continued ſhe, pointing to it, 'is all that I account 'myſelf worth in the world. Mr. 'Grandiſon was pleaſed to put his ſeal 'upon the door. I beſought him to 'let me take 50l. out of it; having 'but very little money about me; but 'he would not: his refuſal, beſides 'the diſgrace, has put me to ſome 'ſhifts. But, weeping, I throw my-'ſelf upon your mercy, Sir.'

The ſiſters frankly owned, that they hardened each other by fault-finding. They whiſpered, that ſhe expected no mercy from *them*, it was plain. O what a glory belongs to goodneſs, as well in it's influences, as in itſelf! Not even theſe two amiable ſiſters, as Miſs Charlotte once acknowledged, were

were so noble in themselves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

'Assure yourself of justice, Madam,' said Sir Charles. 'Mr. Grandison is 'hasty: but he would have done you 'justice, I dare say.' He thought he 'was acting for a trust.—You may 'have letters, you may have things, 'here in this closet, that we have no 'business with.' Then, breaking the seal; 'I leave it to you, to shew us 'any thing proper for us to take ac-'count of. The rest I wish not to see.'

'My ladies, Sir—They will be 'pleased to—'

'Yes, Mrs. Oldham,' said Caroline: and was putting herself before her brother, and so was her sister, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the closet: but he took each by her hand, interrupting Caroline—

'NO, *Mrs. Oldham.*—Do you lay 'out things as you please: we will step 'into the next apartment.'

He accordingly led them both out.

'You are very generous, Sir,' said Miss Grandison.

'I *would* be so, Charlotte. Ought 'not the private drawers of women to 'be sacred?'

'But such a *creature*, Sir—' said Miss Caroline—

'Every creature is intitled to justice. '—Can ladies forget decorum? You 'see she was surprized by Mr. Gran-'dison. She has suffered disgrace: 'has been put to difficulties.'

'Well, Sir, if she will do *justice*—'

'Remember,' (with looks of meaning) 'whose *housekeeper* she was.'

They owned they were daunted, ['And so, dear ladies, you ought to 'have been!'] but not convinced at that instant. 'It is generous to own 'this, ladies; because the behaviour 'makes not for your honour.'

Mrs. Oldham, with tears in her eyes, came curtseying to the ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her closet. They found, that she had spread on her table in it, and in the two windows, and in the chairs, letters, papers, laces, fine linen, *&c.*

'These papers, Sir,' said she, 'be-'long to you. I was *bid* to keep them 'safe.' [Poor woman! she knew not how to say, *by whom* bid.] 'You will 'see, Sir, the seals are whole.'

'Perhaps a *will*,' said he.

'No, Sir, I believe not. I was told 'they belonged to the Irish estate. 'Alas!' and she wiped her eyes, 'I 'have reason to think, there was not 'time for a will.'—

'I suppose, Mrs. Oldham, you' '*urged* for a will—' said Miss Charlotte.

'Indeed, ladies, I often did; I 'own it.'

'I don't doubt it,' said Miss Caroline.

'And very *prudently*,' said Sir Charles, 'I myself have always had a will by 'me. *I* should think it a kind of *pre-'sumption* to be a week without one.'

'In this drawer, Sir, are the money, 'and notes, and securities, that I have 'been getting together; I do assure 'you, Sir, very honestly:'—pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

'To what amount, Mrs. Oldham,' 'if I may be *so bold?*' asked Caroline.

'No matter, sister Caroline, to what 'amount,' said Sir Charles. 'You 'hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are ho-'nestly got together. I dare say, that 'my father's bounty enabled even his 'meanest *servants* to save money. I 'would not keep one that I thought 'did not.—I make no comparisons, 'Mrs. Oldham: you are a gentlewo-'man.'

The two ladies only whispered to each other, as they owned, '*So we 'think!*'—Were there ever such perverse girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himself justified by them on this occasion, when he asserts, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when she sets out wrong. If it be generally so with us, I am sure we ought to be very careful of prepossession.—And has he not said, Lucy, that the best women, when wrong, are most tenacious? It may be so: but then, I hope, he will allow, that at the time they *think* themselves right.

'I believe there is near 1200l.' said Mrs. Oldham; and looked, the ladies observed, as if she was afraid of their censures.

'Near 1200l. Mrs. Oldham!' said Miss Charlotte.—'Lord, sister, how 'glad would we have been sometimes 'of as many shillings between us!'

'And what, Caroline—what, Char-'lotte, young ladies as you were, only

'growing

'growing up into women, and in your 'father's houſe, would you have done 'with more than current money? Now 'you have a claim to independency, I 'hope that 1200l. will not be the ſum 'of either of your ſtores!'

They curtſied, they ſaid; but yet thought 1200l. a great ſaving. —Dear ladies! how could you forget, and what a pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs. Oldham had *two* children; to ſay nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, 'Here,' ſaid ſhe, 'in this private drawer, are 'ſome preſents.—I diſclaim them. If 'you believe me, ladies, I never wiſhed 'for them. I never was ſeen in them 'but once. I never ſhall wear them.'— Offering to pull out the drawer.

'Forbear, Mrs. Oldham. Preſents 'are yours. The money in that drawer 'is yours. Never will I either diſpa-'rage or diminiſh my father's bounty. 'He had a right to do as he pleaſed. 'Have not we, to do as we pleaſe? 'Had he made a will, would they not 'have been yours?—If you, Mrs. 'Oldham—if you, my ſiſters, can tell 'me of any thing he but intended or 'inclined to do by any one of his peo-'ple, that intention will I execute with 'as much exactneſs, as if he had made 'a will, and it was part of it. Shall 'we do nothing but *legal* juſtice?— 'The law was not made for a man of 'conſcience.'

Lord bleſs me, my Lucy! what ſhall *I* do about this man?

* * *

HERE (would you believe it?) I laid down my pen; pondered, and wept for *joy*; I think, it *was* for joy, that there is ſuch a young man in the world; for what elſe could it be?— And now, with a watry eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I reſume it.

His ſiſters owned, they were confounded; but that ſtill the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he ſaid and did.

Mrs. Oldham wept at his goodneſs. She wept, I make no doubt alſo, as a penitent.—'If my ladies,' ſaid ſhe, 'will be pleaſed to—' And ſeemed to be about making an offer to them—of the jewels, as I ſuppoſe.

'My ſiſters, Mrs. Oldham,' ſaid Sir Charles, interrupting her, 'are 'Grandiſons. Pray, Madam—' holding in her hand, which was extended to the drawer—

She took out of another drawer 40l. and ſome ſilver. 'This, Sir, is money 'that belongs to you. I received it in 'Sir Thomas's illneſs. I have ſome 'other monies; and my accounts want-'ed but a few hours of being perfected, 'when I was diſmiſſed. They ſhall be 'compleated, and laid before you.'

'Let this money, Mrs. Oldham, be 'a part of thoſe accounts.' Declining, then, to take it.

'There are letters, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'I would with-hold nothing from you. 'I know not, if, among ſome things, 'that I wiſh not *any-body* to ſee, there 'are not concerns, that you ought to 'be made acquainted with, relating to 'perſons and things, particularly to 'Mr. Bever and Mr. Filmer, and their 'accounts. I *hope* they are good men. '—You muſt ſee theſe letters, I be-'lieve.'

'Let me deſire you, Mrs Oldham, 'to make ſuch extracts from thoſe let-'ters, or any others, as you think 'will concern me; and as ſoon as you 'can: for thoſe gentlemen have written 'to me to ſign their accounts; which, 'they hint, had my father's approba-'tion.'

She then told Sir Charles (as I have already related) how earneſt Mr. Bever was to get to the ſpeech of Sir Thomas; and how mortified Mr. Filmer was to find him incapable of writing his name; which both ſaid was all that was wanted.

'An honeſt man,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'fears not inſpection. They ſhall want 'no favour from me. I hope nothing 'but juſtice from them.'

She then ſhewed him ſome other papers; and, while he was turning them over, the ladies and ſhe withdrew to another apartment, in which, in two mahogany cheſts, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inſpect it, as ſhe had always made a great figure. She was intending to oblige them; and had actually opened one of the cheſts, and, though reluctantly, taken out a gown, when Sir Charles entered.

He ſeemed diſpleaſed; and taking his

his sisters aside, 'Tell me,' said he, 'can what this poor woman seems to 'be about, proceed from her own motion? I beg of you to say, you put 'her upon it. I would not have reason to imagine, that any woman, in 'such circumstances, could make a 'display of her apparel.'

'Why, the motion is partly mine, 'I must needs say,' answered Charlotte.

'*Wholly*, I hope; and the compliance owing to the poor woman's 'mortified situation.—You are young 'women. You may not have considered this matter. Do you imagine, that your curiosity will yield 'you pleasure? Don't you know what 'to expect from the magnificent and 'bountiful spirit of him, to whose 'memory you owe duty?'

They recollected themselves, blushed, and desired Mrs. Oldham to lock up the chest. She did; and seemed pleased to be excused from the mortifying task.

Ah, my Lucy, one thing I am afraid of; and that is, that Sir Charles Grandison, politely as he behaves to us all, thinks us women in general very contemptible creatures. I wish I knew that he did; and that for two reasons: that I might have something to think him blameable for: and to have the pride of assuring myself, that he would be convinced of that fault, were he to be acquainted with my grandmamma, and aunt.

But, do you wonder, that the sisters, whose minds were thus opened and enlarged by the example of such a brother, blazing upon them all at once, as I may say, in manly goodness, on his return from abroad, whither he set out a stripling, should, on all occasions, break out into raptures, whenever they mention THEIR brother?—Well may Miss Grandison despise her lovers, when she thinks of him and of them at the same time.

Sunday. Sir Charles is in town we hear: came thither but last night.—Nay, for that matter, his sisters are more vexed at him than I am.—But what pretence have I to be disturbed? But I say of him, as I do of Lady D. he is so good, that one would be willing to stand well with him.—Then is he my *brother*, you know.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

AFTER Sir Charles had inspected into every thing in this house, and taken minutes of papers, letters, writings, &c. and looked up the plate, and other valuables, in one room, he ordered his servants to carry into Mrs. Oldham's apartment all that belonged to her; and gave her the key of that; and directed the housekeeper to be assisting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleasure, and to suffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if she had never '*left the house*,' were his words.

How the poor woman curtsied and wept! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her—and perhaps expressed a grudging spirit; for they said, this was their brother's address to them at the time:

'You may look upon the justice I 'aim at doing to persons who can 'claim *only* justice from me, as an 'earnest, that I will do *more* than justice to my beloved sisters: and you 'should have been the first to have 'found the fruits of the love I bear 'you, had I not been afraid, that 'prudence would have narrowed my 'intentions. The moment I know 'what I can do, I will do it; and 'I request you to hope largely: if I 'have ability, I will exceed your 'hopes.

'My dear sisters,' continued he, and took one hand of each, 'I am 'sorry, for your *spirits* sake, that you 'are left in my power. The best of 'women was always afraid it would 'be so. But the moment I can, I 'will give you an absolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your 'own.'

'Surely, Sir,' said Caroline, (and they both wept) 'we must think it the 'highest felicity, that we *are* in the 'power of such a brother. As to our '*spirits*, Sir—'

She would have said more, but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her sister left off: 'Best of brothers,' said she, 'our *spirits* shall, as much 'as possible, (I can answer for both) 'be

'be guided hereafter by yours. For-
'give what you have seen amiss in us.
'—But we *desire* to depend upon our
'good behaviour. We cannot, we
'will not, be independent of you.'

'We will talk of these matters,' replied he, 'when we can do *more* than 'talk. I will ask you, Caroline, 'after your inclinations — and you, 'Charlotte, after *yours*—in the same 'hour that I know what I can do for 'you both, in the way of promoting 'them. Enter, mean time, upon your 'measures; reckon upon my best 'assistance; banish suspense. One of 'my first pleasures will be, to see you 'both happily married.'

They did not *say*, when they related this to me, that they threw themselves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: but I fancy they *did*.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, said, 'I would be glad to 'know, Madam, how you dispose of 'yourself: every unhappy person has 'a right to the good offices of those 'who are less embarrassed. When you 'are settled, pray let me know the 'manner: and if you acquaint me 'with the state of your affairs, and 'what you propose to do for and with 'those who are intitled to your first 'care, your confidence in me will not 'be misplaced.'

'And pray, and pray,' asked I of the ladies, 'what said Mrs. Oldham? 'How did she behave upon this?'

'Our Harriet is strangely taken with 'Mrs. Oldham's story,' said Miss Grandison.—'Why, she wept plenti-'fully, you may be sure. She clasped 'her hands, and kneeled to pray to 'God to bless him, and all that.— 'She could not do otherwise.'

See Lucy!—But am I, my grandmamma—am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconsistent with the strictest virtue to be charmed with such a story?—May not virtue itself pity the lapsed?—O yes, it may! I am sure, you, and Sir Charles Grandison, will say it may. A while ago, I thought myself a poor creature, compared to these two ladies: but now I *believe* I am as good as they in some things.—But *they* had not such a grandmamma and aunt as I am blessed with: *they* lost their excellent mother while they were young; and their brother is but lately come over; and his superior excellence, like sun-shine, breaking out on a sudden, finds out, and brings to sight, those spots and freckles, that were hardly before discoverable.

Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham would give in writing what she proposed to do for herself, and for those *who were under her care*. She did, at her first opportunity. It was, That she purposed going to London, for the sake of the young people's education; of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, she should think above her then situation in life; of living retired in a little genteel house; and she gave in an estimate of her worth; to what amount the ladies knew not; but this they know, that their brother allows her an annuity, for the sake of her sons by his father; and they doubt not but he will be still kinder to them, when they are old enough to be put into the world.

This the ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life. I will not dare to pronounce upon it, because I may be thought partial to the generous man: but should be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be said, that Sir Charles Grandison has no vices of his own to cover by the extensiveness of his charity and beneficence; and if it be not goodness in him to do thus, it is greatness; and this, if it be not praise-worthy, is the first instance that I have known goodness and greatness of soul separable.

The brother and sisters went down, after this, to Grandison Hall; and Sir Charles had reason to be pleased with the good order in which he found every thing there.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE next thing the ladies mentioned was, Sir Charles's management with the two stewards.

I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-history.

When Sir Charles found that his father had left the inspection of each steward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himself; and though he allowed them several

several disputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour, than they had made themselves debtors for. This was the use he made of detecting them, to his sisters.—'You 'see, sisters, that my father was not 'so profuse as some people thought 'him. He had partners in his estate; 'and I have reason to think that he 'often paid interest for his own mo-'ney.'

On his settling with Filmer, the treaty with Miss Obrien came out. Mr. Filmer had, by surprize, brought that beautiful girl into Sir Charles's presence; and he owned to his sisters, that she was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt found, that he only admired her as a man would a fine picture, they insisted that Sir Thomas had promised to marry Miss Obrien privately; and produced two of his letters to her, that seemed to give ground for such an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved, for the sake of his father's memory, at this transaction; and much more on finding that the unhappy man went down to his seat in Essex, his head and heart full of this scheme, when he was struck with his last illness.

A meeting was proposed by Filmer, between Sir Charles, the mother, the aunt, and himself, at the aunt's house in Pall Mall. Sir Charles was very desirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them: but before he entered into discourse, made it his request to be allowed half an hour's conversation with Miss Obrien by herself; at the same time, praising, as it deserved, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that she would be able to make an impression on the heart of so young and so lively a man; and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for so unexpected a visit, her aunt gave her her cue: but, instead of her captivating him, he brought her to such confessions, as sufficiently let him into the baseness of their views.

He returned to company, the young woman in his hand. He represented to the mother the wickedness of the part she had come over to act, in such strong terms that she fell into a fit. The aunt was terrified. The young creature wept; and vowed that she would be honest.

Sir Charles told them, that if they would give him up his father's two letters, and make a solemn promise never to open their lips on the affair; and would procure for her an honest husband, he would give her 1000l. on the day of marriage; and, if she made a good wife, would be farther kind to her.

Filmer was very desirous to clear himself of having any hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not seem solicitous to detect and expose him: but left the whole upon his conscience. And having made before several objections to his account, which could not be so well obviated in England, he went over to Ireland with Filmer; and there very speedily settled every thing to his own satisfaction; and, dismissing him more genteelly than he deserved, took upon himself the management of that estate, directing several obvious improvements to be made; which are likely to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miss Obrien was ill of the small-pox. He was not, for her own sake, sorry for it. She suffered in her face, but still was pretty and genteel: and she is now the honest and happy wife of a tradesman near Golden Square; who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promised sum, and 100l. more for wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happiness and her husband's is, that her aunt, supposing she had disgraced herself by this match, never comes near her: and her mother is returned to Ireland to her husband, greatly dissatisfied with her daughter on the same account.

While these matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what steps had been taken with regard to the alliance proposed between himself and Lady Frances N.

He paid his first visit to the father and brother of that lady.

All that the sisters know of the matter, is, that the treaty was, on this first visit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, speaks of the lady, and of the whole family, with great respect. The lady is known to esteem him highly. Her father, her brother, speak of him every where with great regard: Lord N. calls him the finest young gentleman in England. And

-ſo, Lucy, I believe he is. 'Sir Charles 'Grandiſon,' Lord N. once ſaid, 'knows 'better by non-compliance, how to cre-'ate friendſhips, than moſt men do by 'compliance.'

Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, who, as I have before intimated, favour another lady, once ſaid to him, that the earl and his ſon Lord N. were ſo conſtantly ſpeaking in his praiſe, that they could not but think that it would at laſt be a match between him and Lady Frances. His anſwer was, 'The 'lady is infinitely deſerving: *but it* 'cannot be.'

I am ready to wiſh, he would ſay, what *can* be, that we need not—Ah, Lucy! I know not what I would ſay: but ſo it will always be with ſilly girls, that diſtinguiſh not between the *would* and the *ſhould*; one of which, is *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Will proceed with the family-hiſtory.

Sir Charles forgot not, on his arrival in England, to pay an early viſit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who was then at his houſe near Windſor.

I have told you, that my lord had conceived a diſlike to him; and that for no other reaſon than becauſe his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with the gout when he came: but he was inſtantly admitted into his ſtately preſence. The firſt ſalutations, on one ſide, were reſpectful; on the other, coldly civil. My lord often ſurveyed his kinſman from head to foot, as he ſat; as if he were loth to like him, I ſuppoſe; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, that it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father ſpoken ſlightly of. He deſired his lordſhip to forbear reflections of that ſort. 'My father,' ſaid he, 'is 'no more. I deſire not to be made a 'party in any diſputes that may have 'happened between him and your lord-'ſhip. I come to attend you as a duty 'which I owe to my mother's memory; 'and I hope this may be done, with-'out wounding that of my father.'

'You ſay well,' ſaid my lord; 'but 'I am afraid, kinſman, by your air 'and manner, and *ſpeech* too, that 'you want not your father's proud 'ſpirit.'

'I revere my father for his ſpirit, 'my lord. It might not always be 'exerted as your lordſhip, and his 'other relations, might wiſh: but he 'had a manly one. As to myſelf, I 'will help your lordſhip to my cha-'racter at once. I am, indeed, a very 'proud man. I cannot ſtoop to flat-'ter, and leaſt of all men, the great 'and the rich: finding it difficult to 'reſtrain this fault, it is my whole 'ſtudy to direct it to laudable ends; 'and I hope, that I am too proud to 'do any thing unworthy of my fa-'ther's name, or of my mother's vir-'tue.'

'Why, Sir,' (and looked at him again from head to foot) 'your father 'never in his whole life ſaid ſo good a 'thing.'

'Your lordſhip knew not my father 'as he deſerved to be known. Where 'there are miſunderſtandings between 'two perſons, though relations, the 'character of either is not to be taken 'from the other. But, my lord, this 'is, as I ſaid before, a viſit of duty: 'I have nothing to aſk of your lord-'ſhip but your good opinion; and no 'longer than I deſerve it.'

My lord was diſpleaſed. 'You have 'nothing to aſk of me!'—repeated he. 'Let me tell you, *independent* Sir, 'that I like not your ſpeech. You 'may leave me, if you pleaſe: and 'when I want to ſee you again, I will 'ſend for you.'

'Your ſervant, my lord. And let 'me ſay, that I will not again attend 'you, till you do. But *when* you 'do, the ſummons of my *mother's* 'brother ſhall be chearfully obeyed, 'notwithſtanding this unkind treat-'ment of *Lord W.*'

The very next day, my lord, hearing he was ſtill at Windſor, viewing the curioſities of the place, ſent to him: he directly went. My lord expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with his readineſs to come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him nephew, and ſwore, that he was juſt ſuch a young man as he had wiſhed to ſee. 'Your mother 'uſed to ſay,' proceeded he, 'that 'you

'you could do what you would with 'her, should you even be unreasonable; and I beg of you to ask me no 'favour but what is fit for me to 'grant, for I fear I should grudge it 'after I had granted it; and call in 'question, what no man is willing to 'do, my own discretion.'

He then asked him about the methods he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles answered, that he was resolved to dispose of his racers, hunters, and dogs, as soon as he could; that he would take a survey of the timber upon his estate, and sell that which would be the worse for standing; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampshire would turn to good account; but that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the sake of posterity. He was determined, he said, to lett the house in Essex; and even to sell the estate there, if it were necessary, to clear incumbrances; and to pay off the mortgage upon the Irish estate, which he had a notion was very improveable.

What did he propose to do for his sisters? who were, he found, absolutely in his power?

'Marry them, my lord, as soon as 'I can. I have a good opinion of 'Lord L. My elder sister loves him. 'I will enquire what will make him 'easy: and easy I will make him, on 'his marriage with her, if it be in my 'power. I will endeavour to make 'the younger happy too. And when 'these two points are settled, but not 'before, because I will not deceive 'the family with which I may engage, 'I will think of myself.'

'Bravo! bravo!' said my lord; and his eyes, that were brimful some minutes before, then ran over. 'As 'I hope to be saved, I had a good 'mind to—to—to—' And there he stopt.

'I only ask for your approbation, 'my lord, or correction, if wrong. 'My father has been very regardful of 'my interests. He knew my heart, or 'he would perhaps have been more solicitous for his daughters. I don't 'find that my circumstances will be 'very narrow: and if they *are*, I will 'live within compass, and even lay 'up. I endeavour to make a virtue 'of my pride, in this respect: I cannot live under obligation. I will 'endeavour to be just; and then, if I 'can, I will be generous. That is 'another species of my pride. I told 'your lordship, that if I could not 'conquer it, I would endeavour to 'make it innocent at least.'

'Bravo! bravo!' again cried my lord—And threw his arms about his neck, and kissed his cheek, though he screamed out at the same time, having hurt his gouty knee with the effort.

'And then, and then—' said my lord, 'you will marry yourself. And 'if you marry with discretion, good 'Lord, what a *great* man will you 'be!—And how I shall love you!—'Have you any thoughts of marriage, 'kinsman?—Let me be consulted in 'your match—and—and—and—you 'will vastly oblige me. Now I believe, I shall begin to think the name 'of Grandison has a very agreeable 'sound with it. What a fine thing 'it is, for a young man to be able to 'clear up his mother's prudence so 'many years after she is gone, and 'lessen his father's follies! Your father did not use me well; and I must 'be allowed sometimes to speak my 'mind of him.'

'That, my lord, is the only point 'on which your lordship and I *can* 'differ.'

'Well, well, we *won't* differ—'Only one thing, my dear kinsman: 'if you sell, give me the preference. 'Your father told me, that he would 'mortgage to any man upon God's 'earth sooner than to me. I took that 'very heinously.'

'There was a misunderstanding between you, my lord. My father had 'a noble spirit. He might think, 'that there would be a selfishness in 'the appearance, had he asked of your 'lordship a favour. Little-spirited 'men sometimes chuse to be obliged 'to relations, in hopes that payment 'will be less rigorously exacted, than 'by a stranger—'

'Ah, kinsman! kinsman!—That's 'the white side of the business.'

'Indeed, my lord, that would be a 'motive with me to avoid troubling 'your lordship in an exigence, were 'it to happen. For mistrust will arise 'from possibilities of being ungrate-

'ful, when perhaps there is no room, 'were the heart to be known, for the 'ſuſpicion.'

'Well ſaid, however. You are 'a young man that one need not be 'afraid to be acquainted with. But 'what would you do as a lender? 'Would you think hardly of a man 'that wanted to be obliged to *you?*'

'O no!—But in this caſe I would 'be determined by prudence. If my 'friend regarded *himſelf* as the firſt 'perſon in the friendſhip; *me* but as 'the ſecond, in caſes that might hurt 'my fortune, and diſable me from 'acting up to my ſpirit, to other 'friends; I would then let him know, 'that he thought as meanly of my 'underſtanding as of my juſtice.'

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over propheſied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful diſpatch, executed thoſe deſigns, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the ſale of the timber he cut down in Hampſhire, and which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the uſe of the government, furniſhed him with a very conſiderable ſum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his ſetting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward, Miſs Jervois, at the former place, in the protection of good Dr. Bartlett. He ſoon ſent for them both over, and placed the young lady with a diſcreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; ſometimes indulging her with leave to viſit his ſiſters, who are very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, that ſhe is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as ſhe calls it, to be conſtantly reſident with Miſs Grandiſon. She will be, ſhe ſays, the beſt girl in the world, if ſhe may be allowed this favour: and not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miſs Grandiſon, or of Lady L. ſhall be loſt upon her—'And beſides, as good women,' ſaid ſhe, 'as Mrs. Lane and her daughters '*are*, what protection can women 'give me, were my unhappy mother 'to be troubleſome, and reſolve to '*have me*, as ſhe is continually 'threatening?'

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too dearly for her knowledge!—She *would*, I believe you think, were ſhe to be *entangled in a hopeleſs love*.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His firſt viſit was to the young baronet; who, on my lord's avowing his paſſion for his ſiſter, and her acknowledging her eſteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: 'With pleaſure,' ſaid he, 'I join hands where hearts ſo worthy 'are united.—Do me, my lord, the 'honour, from this moment, to look 'upon me as your brother. My 'father, I find, was a little em-'barraſſed in his affairs. He loved 'his daughters, and perhaps was loth 'that they ſhould early claim *another* 'protection: but had he lived to make 'himſelf eaſy, I have no doubt, but 'he would have made them happy. 'He has left that duty upon me—and 'I will perform it.'

His ſiſter was unable to ſpeak for joy. My lord's tears were ready to ſtart.

'My father,' proceeded Sir Charles, 'in one of his letters to me, acquaint-'ed me with the ſtate of your lord-'ſhip's affairs. Reckon upon my beſt 'ſervices: promiſe, engage, under-'take. The brother, my lord, hopes 'to make you eaſy: the ſiſter will 'make you happy.'

Miſs Charlotte was affected with this ſcene: and ſhe prayed, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: the whole world would then, ſhe ſaid, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear Mr. Reeves, that Miſs Grandiſon, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain

contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is spoken of?

'And has not my Charlotte,' said he, turning towards her, and looking at Miss Caroline, 'some happy man, 'that she can distinguish by her love? '—You are *equally* dear to me, my 'sisters.—Make me your confident, 'Charlotte. Your inclinations shall 'be my choice.'

Dear Miss Grandison, why did you mislead me by your boasts of unreservedness? What room was there for reserves to such a brother?—And yet it is plain, you have not let him know all your *heart*; and he seems to think so too. And now you are uneasy at a hint he has thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his sister's hands a paper sealed up. 'Receive these, my 'Caroline,' said he, 'as from your 'father's bounty, in compliance with 'what your mother would have wished, 'had we been blessed with her life. 'When you oblige Lord L. with one 'hand, make him, with the other, 'this present: and intitle *yourself* to 'all the gratitude, with which I know 'his worthy heart will overflow, on 'both occasions. I have done but my 'duty. I have performed only an 'article of the will, which I have 'made in my mind for my father, 'as time was not lent to make one 'for himself.'

He saluted her, and withdrew, before she broke the seal: and when she did, she found in it Bank-notes for 10,000l.

She threw herself into a chair, and was unable for some time to stir; but recovering herself, hurried out to find her brother. She was told, he was in her sister's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had just left her, 'What 'ails my Charlotte?'

'O this brother, my Caroline!—'There is no bearing his generous 'goodness. See that deed! See that 'paper that lies upon it!' She took it up; and these were the contents of the paper:

"I have just now paid my sister "Caroline the sum that I think she "would have been intitled to expect "from my father's bounty, and the "family circumstances, had life been "lent him to settle his affairs, and "make a will. I have an entire confidence in the discretion of my "Charlotte: And have by the inclosed deed, established for her, "beyond the power of revocation, "that independency as to fortune, "to which, from my father's death, "I think her intitled. And for this, "having acted but as an executor, I "claim no merit, but that of having "fulfilled the supposed will of either "of our parents, as either survived "the other. Cherish, therefore, in "your grateful heart, *their* memory. "Remember, that when you marry, "you change the name of Grandison. "Yet, with all my pride, what is "name?—Let the man be worthy of "you: and be he who he will that "you intitle to your vows, I will embrace him as the brother of *your* "*affectionate*

"CHARLES GRANDISON."

The deed was for the same sum as he had given her sister, and to carry interest.

The two sisters congratulated, and wept over each other, as if distressed.—To be sure, they *were* distressed.

Caroline found out her brother: but when she approached him, could not utter one word of what she had meditated to say: but, dropping down on one knee, blessed him, as she owned, in heart, both for Lord L. and herself; but could only express her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

Just as he had raised and seated her, entered to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, taking a hand of each, he thus addressed himself to them:

'My dearest sisters, you are *too* 'sensible of these but *due* instances of 'my brotherly love. It has pleased 'God to take from us our father and 'mother. We are *more* than brother 'and sisters; and must supply to each 'other the wanting relations. Look 'upon me only as executor of a will, 'that *ought* to have been made, and 'perhaps *would*, had time been given. 'My circumstances are greater than I 'expected; greater, I dare say, than 'my father thought they would be.

'Less

'Leſs than I have done, could not be 'done, by a brother who had *power* to 'do this. You don't know how much 'you will oblige me, if you never ſay 'one word more on this ſubject. You 'will act with leſs dignity than be-'comes my ſiſters, if you look upon 'what I have done in any other light 'than as your due.'

O my aunt! be ſo good, as to let the ſervants prepare my apartment at Selby-houſe. There is no living within the blazing glory of this man! But, for one's comfort, he ſeems to have one fault; and he owns it—And yet, does not acknowledgment annihilate that fault!—O no! for he thinks not of *correcting* it. This fault is *pride*. Do you mind *what* a ſtreſs he lays now and then on the family name? and, as above, '*Dignity*,' ſays he, '*that becomes my ſiſters!*'—Proud mortal!—O my Lucy! he *is* proud; *too* proud, I doubt, as well as *too* conſiderable in his fortunes—What would I ſay?—Yet, I know who would *ſtudy* to make him the happieſt of men—Spare me, ſpare me here, my uncle—Or rather, ſkip over this paſſage, Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L.

Charlotte has two humble ſervants, Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as you have ſeen in my former letters; but likes not either of them.

Lord L. carried his lady down to Scotland, where ſhe was greatly admired and careſſed by all his relations. How happy for your Harriet was their critically-propoſed return, which carried down Sir Charles and Miſs Charlotte to prepare every thing at Colnebrook for their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and Lady L. as far on the way to Scotland as York; where he made a viſit to Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon, his father's maiden ſiſter, who reſides there. She, having heard of his goodneſs to his ſiſters, and to every-body elſe with whom he had concerns, longed to ſee him; and on this occaſion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bleſs, and applaud, her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I farther to tell you, relating to this *ſtrange* man!—*Let* me call him names.

I enquired after the hiſtory of the good Dr. Bartlett: but the ladies ſaid, as they knew not the whole of it, they would refer me to the doctor himſelf. They knew however enough, they ſaid, to reverence him as one of the moſt worthy and moſt pious of men. They believed, that he knew all the ſecrets of their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that theſe ſecrets lie ſo *deep!* Yet there does not ſeem any thing ſo *very* forbidding, either in Sir Charles or the doctor, but that one might aſk them a few innocent queſtions. And yet I did not uſe to be ſo very curious neither. Why ſhould I be more ſo than his ſiſters?—Yet perſons coming ſtrangers into a family of extraordinary merit, are *apt*, I believe, to be more inquiſitive about the affairs and particularities of that family, than thoſe who make a part of it: and when they have no other motive for their curioſity, than a deſire to applaud and imitate, I ſee not any great harm in it.

I was alſo very anxious to know, what, at ſo early an age, (for Sir Charles was not then eighteen) were the faults he found with the governor appointed for him. It ſeems, the man was not only profligate himſelf, but, in order to keep himſelf in countenance, laid ſnares for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happineſs to eſcape, though at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was alſo contentious, quarrelſome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles at the time acknowledged to his ſiſters) it had ſo very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance-ſake, as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till he became inſupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the honour of the young gentleman's frankneſs and magnanimity, that when, at laſt, he found himſelf obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the letter he wrote, as ſoon as he ſent it away. 'You may make, Sir,' ſaid he, 'what uſe you pleaſe of the ſtep 'I have taken. You ſee my charge. 'I have not aggravated it. Only let 'me caution you, that, as I have not 'given you by my own miſconduct 'any advantage over me, you do not 'make

'make a ſtill worſe figure in my re-
'ply, if you give me occaſion to juſtify
'my charge. My father loves his
'ſon, I *muſt* be his ſon. An alter-
'cation cannot end in your favour.'

But on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man, (who might have tainted the morals of one of the fineſt youths on earth) which the ſon beſought the father to make, before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas diſmiſſed him, and made a compliment to his ſon, that he ſhould have no other governor for the future, than his own diſcretion*.

Miſs Jervois's hiſtory is briefly this:

She had one of the beſt of father's: Her mother is one of the worſt of women. A termagant, a ſwearer, a drinker, unchaſte—Poor Mr. Jervois! —I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country, to avoid her. Yet ſhe wants to have her daughter under her tuition —Terrible!—Sir Charles has had trouble with her. He expects to have more—Poor Miſs Jervois!

Miſs Emily's fortune is very great. The ladies ſay, not leſs than 50,000l. Her father was an Italian and Turkey merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that ſum, by the recovery of ſome thouſands of pounds, which Mr. Jervois had thought deſperate.

* *

And thus have I brought down, as briefly as I was able, though writing almoſt night and day, (and greatly indulged in the latter by the ladies, who ſaw my heart was in the taſk) the hiſtory of this family, to the time when I had the happineſs (by means, however, moſt ſhockingly undeſirable) to be firſt acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to preſent ſituations.

Sir Charles is not yet come down, Lucy. And this is Monday!—Very well!—He made excuſes by his couſin Grandiſon, who came down with my couſin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yeſterday—Vaſtly buſy, no doubt!—He will be here to-morrow, I *think*, he ſays. His excuſes were to his ſiſters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himſelf the importance with your Harriet, to make any to her on his abſence.

Miſs Grandiſon complains, that I open not my heart to her. She wants, ſhe ſays, to open hers to me; but as ſhe has intricacies that I cannot have, ſhe ſays I muſt *begin*: ſhe knows not *how*, ſhe pretends. What her ſecrets may be, I preſume not to gueſs: but ſurely I cannot tell a ſiſter, who, with *her* ſiſter, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be ſure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, ſhe juſt now told me, if I will not let her know who the happy man in Northamptonſhire is, whom I prefer to all others. That there *is* ſuch a one *ſomewhere*, ſhe ſays, ſhe has no doubt: and if ſhe find it out before I tell her, ſhe will give me *no quarter*, ſpeaking in the military phraſe; which ſometimes ſhe is apt to do. Lady L. ſmiles, and eyes me with great attention, when her ſiſter is raillying me, as if ſhe, alſo, wanted to find out ſome reaſon for my refuſing Lord D. I told them an hour ago, that I am beſet with their eyes, and Lord L.'s; for Lady L. keeps no one ſecret of her heart, nor, I believe, any body's elſe that ſhe is miſtreſs of, from her lord. Him, I think, of all the men I know, (my uncle not excepted) I could ſooneſt entruſt with a ſecret. But have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a ſecret to myſelf, that never will be unfolded, even *to* myſelf, that I love a man, who has not made profeſſions of love to me. As to Sir Charles Grandiſon—But have done, Harriet! Thou haſt named a man, that will lead thee—Whither will it lead me?

More than I am at preſent my own, I am, and will be ever, my dear Lucy, *your affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MAR. 13.

I Will now tell you, who the lady is to whom the two ſiſters have given their intereſt.

* See farther, Letter XXXVII.

It

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vaſt fortune, it ſeems, independent of her father; and yet certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon, on a viſit to the two ladies. With all my heart. I hope ſhe is a very agreeable lady. I hope ſhe has a capacious mind. I hope—I don't know what to hope.—And why? Becauſe I find myſelf out to be a ſelfiſh wretch, and don't wiſh her to be ſo fine and ſo good a woman, as I *ſay* I do. Is love, if I *muſt* own love, a narrower of the heart?—I don't know whether, while it is in ſuſpenſe, and is only on one ſide, it be not the parent of jealouſy, envy, diſſimulation; making the perſon pretend generoſity, diſintereſtedneſs, and I cannot tell what; but ſecretly wiſhing, that her rival may not be ſo worthy, ſo lovely, as ſhe pretends to wiſh her to be.—Ah! Lucy, were one *ſure*, one could afford to be *generous*: one might then look down with pity upon a rival, inſtead of being mortified with apprehenſions of being looked down upon.

But I will be juſt to the education given me, and the examples ſet me. Whatever I ſhall be able to do or to wiſh, while I am in *ſuſpenſe*; when any happy woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandiſon, I will revere her; and wiſh her, for his ſake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will diſown that heart.

The two ladies ſet upon Mr. Grandiſon on Sunday, to get out of him the buſineſs that carried Sir Charles ſo often of late to Canterbury. But though he owned, that he was not enjoined ſecreſy, he affected to amuſe them, and ſtrangely to romance; hinting to them a ſtory of a fine woman in love with *him*, and he with *her*; yet neither of them thinking of marriage: Mr. Grandiſon valued not truth, nor ſcrupled ſolemn words, though ludicrouſly uttered, to make the moſt improbable ſtuff perplexing and teazing; and then the wretch laughed immoderately at the ſuſpenſe he ſuppoſed he had cauſed.

What witleſs creatures, what mere nothings, are theſe beaux, fine fellows, and laughers, of men!—How ſilly muſt they think us women!—And how ſilly indeed are ſuch of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour laſt night; and, in a very ſerious manner, beſought me to receive his addreſſes. I was greatly diſpleaſed with the two ſiſters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am not ſunk 'ſo low in the eyes of the ladies of 'ſuch a family as this, as to be thought 'by them a fit wife to the only worth-'leſs perſon in it, becauſe I have not 'the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will 'hear,' thought I, 'what Miſs Gran-'diſon ſays to this; and, although I 'had made excuſes to my couſin 'Reeves's, at *their* requeſt, for ſtay-'ing here longer than I had intended, 'I will get away to town as faſt as I 'can. Proud as they are of the name 'of Grandiſon,' thought I, 'the name '*only* won't do with Harriet Byron. 'I am as proud as they.'

I ſaid nothing of my reſentment: but told both ladies, the moment I ſaw them, of Mr. Grandiſon's declaration. They expreſſed themſelves highly diſpleaſed with him for it; and ſaid, they would talk to him. Miſs Grandiſon ſaid ſhe wondered at his *preſumption*. His fortune was indeed very conſiderable, ſhe ſaid, notwithſtanding the extravagance of his youth: but it was a high degree of confidence, in a man of ſuch free principles, to think himſelf intitled to countenance from—in ſhort, from ſuch a lady, as your Harriet, Lucy; whatever you may think of her in theſe days of her humiliation.

She added the goodneſs of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. *Then* it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occaſion: and the two ladies inſtantly went to their couſin, and talked to him in ſuch a manner, that he promiſed, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occaſion for them to reprimand him on this ſubject. He had indeed, he owned, no very *ſtrong aſpirations* after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himſelf to declare his paſſion ſo ſeriouſly: but only, as it was probable, that he might at one time or other enter the *pale*, he thought

thought he never in his life ſaw a woman with whom he could be ſo happy as with me.

But you ſee, Lucy, by this addreſs of Mr. Grandiſon, that nothing is thought of in the family of *another* nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwiſe I believe I ſhould be, is, that all you, my dear friends, are ſo much in love with this really great, becauſe good man. It is a very happy circumſtance for a young woman, to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves. But what can't be, can't. I ſhall ſee what merit Lady Anne has bye and bye. But if fortune—Indeed, my dear, were I the firſt princeſs on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him. And ſo I ſay, that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken ſuch meaſures, I hope, as will not diſturb me in my reſolution. It is *fixed*, my dear. I cannot help it. I *muſt* not, I *ought* not, I therefore *will* not, give my *hand*, whatever has paſſed between that lady and my aunt, to any man living, and leave a preference in my *heart* againſt that man. Gratitude, juſtice, virtue, decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I ſee no hope, nor trace for hope, I have began to attempt the conqueſt of my *hopeleſs*—What ſhall I call it?—*Paſſion?*—Well, if I *muſt* call it ſo, I muſt. A '*child in love matters*,' if I did not, would '*find me out*,' you know. Nor will I, however *hopeleſs*, be aſhamed of owning it, if I can help it. Is not reaſon, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it *perſon* that I am in love with, if I *am* in love? No: it is virtue, it is goodneſs, it is generoſity, it is true politeneſs, that I am captivated by; all centered in this one *good man*. What then have I to be aſhamed of?—And yet I *am* a little aſhamed now and then, for all that.

After all, that love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a love, I ſhould think, that may, and oftentimes *ought* to be overcome: but that which is founded on interior worth; that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are ſignally exerted by the object beloved; how can ſuch a love as that be reſtrained, damped, ſuppreſſed? How can it, without dumping every ſpark of generous goodneſs, in what my partial grandmamma calls a '*fellow heart*,' admiring and longing to promote and ſhare in ſuch glorious philanthropy?

Philanthropy!—Yes, my uncle: why ſhould women, in compliance with the petulance of narrow-minded men, forbear to uſe words that ſome ſeem to think above them, when no other ſingle word will equally expreſs their ſenſe? It will be ſaid, 'They need not *write*'. Well, then, don't let them *read*: and carry it a little farther, and they may be forbidden to *ſpeak*. And every lordly man will then be a Grand Signior, and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart a little at eaſe, that I can thus trifle? I would fain have it be at eaſe; and that makes me give way to any chearful idea that riſes to my mind.

The ladies here have made me read to them ſeveral paſſages out of my letters to you before I ſend them. They are more generous than I think I wiſh them to be, in allowing me to ſkip and paſs over ſentences and paragraphs as I pleaſe: for is not this allowing that I have ſomething to write, or have written ſomething, that they think I *ought* to keep from their knowledge; and which they do not *deſire* to know? With all my heart. I will not be mean, Lucy.

* *

Well, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here, and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't ſay but ſhe is *very* agreeable. And were ſhe actually Lady Grandiſon, I think I could reſpect her. I *think* I could.—But O, my dear friends, what a happy creature was I, before I came to London!

There was a good deal of diſcourſe about Sir Charles. She owned, that ſhe thought him the handſomeſt man ſhe ever ſaw in her life. She was in love with his great *character*, ſhe ſaid. She could go no-where, but he was the ſubject. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and made me a hundred compliments on the occaſion; and ſaid, That her having heard that I was at Colnebrook, was one inducement to her to make this viſit.

It ſeems, ſhe told Miſs Grandiſon, that ſhe thought me the prettieſt creature ſhe ever beheld.—'*Creature*,' was her word.—We are all creatures, 'tis

true: but I think I never was more displeased with the sound of the word *creature*, than I was from Lady Anne.

* *

My aunt's letter relating to what passed between her and Lady D. is just brought me.

And so Lady D. was greatly chagrined!—I am sorry for it. But, my dear aunt, you say, that she is not displeased with me in the main, and commends my sincerity. That, I hope, is but doing me justice. I am very glad to find, that she knew not how to get over my prepossession in favour of another man. It was worthy of herself, and of my Lord D.'s character. I shall always respect her. I hope this affair is quite over.

My grandmamma regrets the uncertainty I am in: but did she not say herself, that Sir Charles Grandison was too considerable in his fortune; in his merit? That we were but as the private, he the publick, in this particular? What room is there then for regret? Why is the word *uncertainty* used? We may be *certain*—And there's an end of it. His sisters can railly me; 'Some happy man in Northampton-'shire!'—As much as to say, 'You 'must not think of our brother.' 'Lady Anne S. has a vast fortune.' Is not that saying, 'What hope 'can *you* have, Harriet Byron?'—Well, I don't care: this life is but a passage, a short and a dark passage, to a better: and let one jostle, and another elbow; another push me, because they know the weakest must give way, yet I will endeavour steadily to pursue my course, till I get through it, and into broad and open day.

One word only more on this subject.—There is but one man in the world, whom I can honestly marry, my mind continuing what it is. His I cannot expect to be: I must then of necessity be a single woman as long as I live. Well! And where is the great evil of that? Shall I not have less cares, less anxieties?—I *shall*. And let me beg of my dear friends, that none of you will ever again mention marriage to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

SIR Charles is come at last! He came time enough to breakfast, and with him the good Dr. Bartlett. My philosophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at least. I must take sanctuary, and that very soon, at Selby House.

Every word that passes now, seems to me worth repeating. There is no describing how the presence of this man animates every one in company. But take only part of what passed.

'We were in hopes, Sir Charles,' said Lord L. 'that we should have had 'the pleasure of seeing you before 'now.'

'My heart was with you, my lord: 'and,' (taking my hand; for he sat next me, and bowing) 'the more ar-'dently, I must own, for the pleasure 'I should have shared with you all, 'in the company of this your lovely 'guest.'

[What business had he to take my hand? But indeed the character of *brother* might warrant the freedom.]

'I was engaged most part of last 'week in a very melancholy attend-'ance, as Mr. Grandison could have 'informed you.'

'But not a word of the matter,' said Mr. Grandison, 'did I tell the la-'dies;' looking at his two cousins. 'I amused them, as they love to do 'all mankind, when they have power.'

'The ladies, I hope, cousin, will 'punish you for this reflection.'

'I came not to town till Saturday,' proceeded Sir Charles; 'and found a 'billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, 'inviting himself, Mr. Merceda, Mr. 'Bagenhall, and Mr. Jordan, to pass 'the Sunday evening with me at St. 'James's Square. The company was 'not suitable to the day, nor the day 'to the purposed meeting. I made 'my excuses, and desired them to fa-'vour me at breakfast on Monday 'morning. They came. And when 'we were all in good humour with 'one another, I proposed, and was

'seconded

'seconded by Mr. Jordan, that we 'would make a visit—You will hardly 'guess to whom, Miss Byron—It was 'to the widow Awberry at Paddington.'

I started and even trembled. What I suffered there was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, though not without some difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, actually engaged him to draw upon his banker for the 100 l. he had promised Wilson; Mr. Merceda, on his banker for 50l. and he himself generously added 50l. more; and, giving, as he said, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promise, they all of them went to Paddington. There satisfying themselves of the girl's love for Wilson, and of the widow's opinion of Wilson's good intentions by the girl; they let them know, that the sum of 200l. was deposited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage, as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as soon as they thought fit. Neither Wilson nor the widow's son was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoyed at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards shewed Sir Charles, it seems, every scene of my distress; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room) my whole sad story. Sir Charles was pleased to say, that he was so much affected with it, that he had some little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it seems, the gentlemen insisted Sir Charles should consent, as an inducement for them to comply with his proposal. It was, that Sir Charles should dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his house on the Forest, some one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all insisted upon it; and Sir Charles said, he came the more readily into the proposal, as they declared it would be the last time they should see him for at least a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to prosecute their intended tour.

Wilson and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the same evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilson says, that his widow sister in Smithfield, will, he is sure, admit him into a partnership with her, now that he shall have something to carry into the stock; for she loves his wife-elect; and the saving both of body and soul will be owing, he declared (with transport that left him speechless) to Sir Charles Grandison.

Every body was delighted with the relation he gave. 'Dear Sir Charles,' said Mr. Grandison, 'let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholick 'doctrine of supererogation; and let 'me express my hope, that I your 'kinsman may be the better for your 'good works. If all you do, is but 'necessary, the Lord have mercy upon 'me!'

Miss Grandison said, if I had written to my friends the account of what I suffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as she doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herself, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruse it.

'When I am favoured,' replied I, 'with the return of my letters, I will 'very chearfully communicate to you, 'my dear ladies, my relation of this 'shocking affair.'

They all expressed a pleasure in my frankness. Sir Charles said, he admired me beyond expression, for that noble criterion of innocence and goodness.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that part, but what they may see.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE two sisters and Lord L. were then solicitous to know what was the occasion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attendance so many days at Canterbury.

'It is *really* a melancholy occasion,' replied he. 'You must not be sur-'prized, my lord—nor you, my sisters '—if you see me in mourning in a few 'days.' His sisters started. And so *truly*, must I. But I am his third sister, you know. He seemed in haste to explain himself, lest he should keep us in painful suspense. My journeyings to Canterbury have been occasioned by the melancholy necessity of

viſiting a ſick friend, who is now no more.

'You had all ſuch an opinion,' ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, 'that I could keep no 'ſecret, that—'

'You were reſolved,' interrupted Miſs Grandiſon, 'to ſay any thing 'but the truth. Indeed, couſin, you 'had better have been ſilent at this 'time—Is there a neceſſity, brother, 'for *us* to go into mourning?'

'There is not. I had a true value 'for the departed. But cuſtom will 'oblige me to mourn outwardly, as 'an *executor* only. And I have given 'orders about that, and other neceſ-'ſary matters.'

'Did we know the deceaſed gen-'tleman, brother?' ſaid Lady L.

'No. His name was Danby. He 'was an eminent merchant; an Eng-'liſhman; but, from his youth, ſet-'tled in France. He had for months 'been in a languiſhing ſtate of health; 'and at laſt, finding his recovery deſ-'perate, was deſirous to die in his 'native country. He landed at Dover 'about two months ago: but his ma-'lady ſo greatly increaſed, that he was 'obliged to ſtop at Canterbury in his 'way to town; and there at laſt yield-'ed to the common deſtiny. The 'body was brought to town as this 'night. I have ordered it to an un-'dertaker's. I muſt lock myſelf up 'for a day or two, when I go to town. 'His concerns are large; but, he told 'me, not intricate. He deſired, that 'his will might not be opened till after 'his interment; and that that might 'be private. He has two nephews 'and a niece. I would have had him 'join them in the truſt with me: but 'he refuſed to do ſo. An attempt 'once had been made upon his life, 'by villains ſet at work by a wicked 'brother, father of thoſe nephews, and 'that niece, of which they were in-'nocent: they are worthy young peo-'ple. I had the happineſs to ſave his 'life: but had no merit in it; for my 'own ſafety was involved in his. I 'am afraid he has been too grate-'ful.'

'But, my good brother,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'were you not a little re-'ſerved on this occaſion? You went 'and returned, and went and re-'turned, to Canterbury, and never 'ſaid one word to us of the call you 'had to go thither. For my part, 'I thought there was a lady in the caſe, 'I do aſſure you.'

'My reſerve, as you call it, Char-'lotte, was rather accidental, than 'deſigned; and yet I do now and then 'treat your agreeable curioſity as ma-'riners are ſaid to do a whale; I throw 'out a tub to divert it. But this was 'too melancholy an occaſion to be 'ſported with. I was affected by it. 'Had the gentleman lived to come 'to town, you would all have been 'acquainted with him. I love to com-'municate pleaſure, but not pain; 'when, eſpecially, no good end can 'be anſwered by the communication. 'I go to different places, and return, 'and hardly think it worth troubling 'my ſiſters with every movement. 'Had I thought you had any curioſity 'about my little journeyings to Can-'terbury, you ſhould have had it an-'ſwered. And yet I know my ſiſter 'Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find 'out ſecrets where none are intended.'

She bluſhed; and ſo did I. 'Your 'ſervant, Sir!' was all ſhe ſaid.

'But, Charlotte,' proceeded he, 'you thought it was a *lady* that I vi-'ſited: you know not your brother.— 'I never will keep a ſecret of that na-'ture from *you*, my good lord—nor 'from *you*, my ſiſters—when I find 'myſelf either encouraged or inclined 'to make a ſecond viſit.—It is for *your* 'ſex, Charlotte, to be very chary of 'ſuch ſecrets; and reaſon good, if 'you have any doubt, either of the 'man's worthineſs, or of your own 'conſequence with him.'

He looked very earneſtly at her, but ſmiled.

'So, my brother! I thank you,' humorouſly rubbing one ſide of her face; (though ſhe needed not to do ſo, to make both cheeks glow) 'this is 'another box on the ſame ear. I have 'been uneaſy, I can tell you, Sir, at 'a hint you threw out before you laſt 'went to Canterbury, as if I kept 'from you ſomething that it behoved 'you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will 'you be pleaſed to explain yourſelf?'

'And, ſince you put it ſo ſtrongly to 'me, Charlotte, let me aſk you, have 'you not?'

'And let me aſk you, Sir—Do you 'think I have?'

'Perhaps, Charlotte, your ſolici-

'tude

'tude on this subject, now, and the 'alarm you took at the time, on a very 'slight hint, might warrant—'

'No *warrants*, brother!—Pray, be 'so good as to speak all that lies on 'your mind.'

'Ah, Charlotte!' and looked, tho' smilingly, with meaning.

'I will not bear this, "*Ah, Char-* "*lotte!*" and that meaning look.'

'And are you willing, my dear, to 'try this cause?'

'I demand my trial.'

'Charming innocence!' thought I, at the time—'Now shall I find some 'fault, I hope, in this almost perfect 'brother.' I triumphed in my mind, for my Charlotte.

'Who shall be your judge?'

'Yourself, Sir.'

'God grant you may be found 'guilty, cousin,' said Mr. Grandison, 'for your plaguing of me.'

'Has that wretch,' looking at Mr. Grandison, 'insinuated any thing?'—She stopt.

'Are you afraid, my sister?'

'I would not give that creature any 'advantage over me.'

SIR CH. 'I think *I* would, if there 'were fair room—You have too often 'all the game in your own hands. 'You should allow Mr. Grandison his 'chance.'

MISS GR. 'Not to arise from such 'an observing by-stander, as my bro- 'ther.'

SIR CH. 'Conscious, Charlotte!'

MISS GR. 'May be not—'

SIR CH. '*May be*, is doubtful; 'may be *no*, implies may be *yes*.'

LADY L. 'You have made Char- 'lotte uneasy: indeed, brother, you 'have. The poor girl has been harp- 'ing upon this string, ever since you 'have been gone.'

SIR CH. 'I am sorry what I said 'pressed so hard—Do *you*, Lady L. 'if this delinquency comes to trial, 'offer yourself as an advocate for Char- 'lotte?'

LADY L. 'I know not any act of 'delinquency she has committed.'

SIR CH. 'The act of delinquency 'is this—Shall I, Charlotte, explain 'myself?'

MISS GR. 'Teazing man! How 'can you—'

Mr. Grandison rubbed his hands, and rejoiced. Miss Grandison was nettled. She gave Mr. Grandison *such a* look!—I never saw such a contemptuous one—'Pray, Sir, do *you* withdraw, if you please.'

MR. GR. 'Not I, by the mass! 'Are you afraid of a trial in open 'court? O-ho, cousin Charlotte!—'

MISS GR. 'Have I not a *cruel* bro- 'ther, Miss Byron?'

LORD L. 'Our sister Charlotte real- 'ly suffers, Sir Charles.'

SIR CH. 'I am sorry for it. The 'innocent should not suffer. We will 'drop the cause.'

LADY L. 'Worse and worse, bro- 'ther.'

SIR CH. 'How so, Lady L.? Is 'not Charlotte innocent?'

DR. BARTLETT. 'If an advocate 'be required, and you, Sir Charles, 'are judge, and not a pleader in this 'cause, I offer myself to Miss Gran- 'dison.'

SIR CH. 'A very powerful one she 'will then have. You think her cause 'a just one, doctor, by your offer.— 'Will you, Charlotte, give Dr. Bart- 'lett a brief? Or *have* you given him 'one?'

DR. BART. 'I have no doubt of 'the justice of the cause.'

SIR CH. 'Nor of the justice of the 'accuser, I hope. I cannot be a *judge* 'in it.'

LADY L. 'Nay, then!—Poor Char- 'lotte!'

MISS GR. 'I wish, cousin Gran- 'dison, you would withdraw.'

MR. GR. 'I wish, cousin Char- 'lotte, you would *not* wish it.'

MISS GR. 'But are you serious, 'brother?'

SIR CH. 'Let us call another cause, 'sister, if you please.—Pray, my lord, 'what visiters have you had since I had 'the honour to attend you?'

MISS GR. 'Nay, brother—Don't 'think—'

SIR CH. 'Be QUIET, Charlotte.'

LADY L. 'Your own words, sis- 'ter!—But we had a visit from Lady 'Anne S. yesterday.'

[I am glad to hear Lady L. say this. But nothing came of it.]

SIR CH. 'You have seen Lady 'Anne more than once, my Emily; 'How do you like Lady Anne?'

MISS EMILY. 'Very well, Sir. 'She is a very agreeable lady. Don't 'you think so, Sir?'

SIR

SIR CH. 'I do—But, Charlotte,' (and looked tenderly upon her) 'I 'muſt not have you uneaſy.'

She ſat vexed—her complexion raiſed; and playing with a lump of ſugar; and ſometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, through earneſtneſs of talking, were not taken away, though the ſervants were withdrawn.

MR. GR. 'Well, I will leave you 'together, I think. Poor couſin Char-'lotte!'—[Riſing he tapped her ſhoulder.] 'Poor couſin Charlotte! Ha, ha, 'ha, hah!'

MISS GR. 'Impertinence!' with a look, the fellow to that ſhe gave him before.

MISS EMILY. 'I will withdraw, 'if you pleaſe, Madam;' riſing, and curtſeying.'

Miſs Grandiſon nodded her aſſent. And Emily withdrew likewiſe.

Dr. Bartlett offered to do ſo. Miſs Grandiſon ſeemed not to diſapprove of his motion: but Sir Charles ſaid, 'The doctor is retained on your part, 'Charlotte: he muſt hear the charge. 'Shall Miſs Byron be judge?'

I begged to be excuſed. The matter began to look like earneſt.

MISS GR. (Whiſpering me.) 'I 'wiſh, Harriet, I had opened my whole 'heart to you. Your naſty ſcrib-'bling! Eternally at your pen; or I 'had.'

Then I began to be afraid for her. 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon!' re-whiſpered I, 'it was not for me to obtrude— 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon, my pen ſhould 'never have interfered, if—'

MISS GR. (Still whiſpering.) 'One ſhould be courted out of ſome 'ſort of ſecrets. One is not very for-'ward to begin ſome ſort of diſcourſes '—Yet the ſubjects moſt in our hearts, 'perhaps. But don't deſpiſe me. 'You ſee what an accuſer I have: and 'ſo generous a one too, that one muſt 'half condemn one's ſelf at ſetting out.

HARRIET. (Whiſpering.) 'Fear 'nothing, my Charlotte. You are in 'a brother's hands.'

MISS GR. 'Well, Sir Charles; 'and now, if you pleaſe, for the 'charge. But you ſay you cannot 'be judge and accuſer: who ſhall be 'judge?'

SIR CH. 'Your own heart, Char-'lotte. I deſire all preſent to be your 'advocates, if their judgment be with 'you: and if it be *not*, that they will 'pity you in ſilence.'

He looked ſmilingly ſerious. 'Good 'Heaven!' thought I.

MISS GR. 'Pity me!—Nay, then '—But, pray, Sir, your charge?'

SIR CH. 'The matter is too ſerious 'to be ſpoken of in metaphor.'

MISS GR. 'Good God!—Hem!' and twice more ſhe hemmed—'Pray, 'Sir, begin. Begin while I have 'breath.'

Lord and Lady L. and Dr. Bartlett, and I, looked very grave; and Miſs Grandiſon looked, in general, *fretfully humble*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf: and every thing being removed, but the table, ſhe played with her diamond ring; ſometimes pulling it off, and putting it on; ſometimes putting the tip of her finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and turning it round and round, ſwifter or ſlower, and ſtopping through downcaſt vexation, or earneſt attention, as ſhe found herſelf more or leſs affected—What a ſweet confuſion.

SIR CH. 'You know, my dear 'Charlotte, that I, very early after 'my arrival, enquired after the ſtate 'of your heart. You told me it was 'abſolutely free.'

MISS GR. 'Well, Sir.'

SIR CH. 'Not ſatisfied with your 'own acknowledgment; as I know 'that young ladies are too apt to make 'ſecrets of a paſſion that is not in it-'ſelf illaudable [I know not why, 'when *proper* perſons make enquiries, 'and for motives not ungenerous;] 'I aſked your elder ſiſter, who ſcrupled 'not to own hers, whether there were 'any one man, whom you preferred 'to another?——She aſſured me, that 'ſhe knew not of any one.'

LADY L. 'My ſiſter knows I ſaid 'truth.'

MISS GR. 'Well, well, Lady L. 'nobody doubts your veracity.'

SIR CH. 'Dear Charlotte, keep 'your temper.'

MISS GR. 'Pray, Sir, proceed—' And the ring turned round very faſt.

SIR CH. 'On ſeveral occaſions I 'put the ſame queſtion, and had the 'ſame aſſurances. My reaſon for '*repeating* my queſtion, was owing 'to an early intelligence—Of which 'more bye and bye.'

MISS GR. 'Sir!'

SIR CH. 'And that I might either 'provide the money that was due to 'her as my ſiſter, or take time to pay 'it, according to the circumſtances of 'her engagement; and take from her 'all apprehenſions of controul, in caſe 'that might affect the happineſs of 'her life—Theſe, and brotherly love, 'were the motives of my enquiry.'

MISS GR. 'Your generoſity, Sir, 'was without example.'

SIR CH. 'Not ſo, I hope. My 'ſiſters had an *equitable*, if not a *legal*, 'right to what has been done. I 'found on looking into my affairs, 'that, by a moderate calculation of 'the family circumſtances, no man 'ſhould think of addreſſing a daughter 'of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, without 'ſuppoſing himſelf intitled, either by 'his merits or fortune, to expect '10;000l. with her—And this, even 'allowing to the ſon the cuſtomary 'preferences given to men as men; 'though given for the ſake of pride, 'perhaps, rather than natural juſtice. 'For does not tyrant cuſtom make a 'daughter change *her* name in mar-'riage, and give to a ſon, for the ſake 'of *name* only, the eſtate of the com-'mon anceſtor of both?'

This generous hint affected me. It was nearly my own caſe, you know. I might otherwiſe have been a rich heireſs, and might have had as ſtrong pretenſions to be diſtinguiſhed by the Grandiſons, for my fortune, as any Lady S. in the kingdom. But worth-leſs as thoſe are, to whom, for the ſake of the name, my father's eſtate is paſſed, I never grudged it to them till I came acquainted with theſe Grandiſons.

LORD L. 'But who, Sir Charles, 'but you—'

SIR CH. 'Pray, my lord, let not 'your generoſity miſlead you to think 'that a favour, which is but a due. 'We ſhall not be judged by com-'pariſon. The laws of truth and 'juſtice are always the ſame. What 'others would not have done in the 'like ſituation, that let them look to: 'but what is the *mortal* man, who 'ſhould make an unjuſt advantage of 'mortality?'

Miſs Grandiſon pulled out her hand-kerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on, and half off, by turns, her ring, looked now and then at me, as if ſhe wiſhed me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: every one did? and ſo did her judge. I dare ſay, in his heart. But juſtice, my Lucy, is a ſevere thing. Who can bear a trial, if the integrity and great-neſs of this man's heart is to be the rule by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you ſhall hear how generous he was.

SIR CH. 'Allow me for Miſs 'Byron's ſake, who has been but 'lately *reſtored* to our family, to be a 'little more particular, than otherwiſe 'I need to be. I had not been long 'in England, before Sir Walter Wat-'kyns deſired my intereſt with my 'ſiſter. I told him, that ſhe was en-'tirely her own miſtreſs: and that I 'ſhould not offer to lead her choice. 'Lord G. made his court to her like-'wiſe; and, applying to me, received 'the ſame anſwer.'

'I entered, however, into ſerious 'talk with my ſiſter upon this ſubject. 'She aſked me what *I* thought of each 'gentleman. I told her frankly.'

MISS GR. 'And pray, brother, 'be ſo good as to repeat what you ſaid 'of them. Let Miſs Byron be judge, 'whether either of the portraits was 'very inviting.'

SIR CH. 'I told her, Miſs Byron, 'that Sir Walter would, I preſumed, 'be thought the handſomer man of the 'two. He was gay, lively, genteel; 'and had that courage in his air and 'manner, that ladies were ſeldom 'diſpleaſed with. I had not, how-'ever, diſcovered any great depth in 'him. My ſiſter, I imagined, if ſhe 'married him, would have the ſu-'periority in good ſenſe: but I 'queſtion whether Sir Walter would 'eaſily find that out; or allow it, if 'he did. He was a briſk man for an 'hour, and might have wit and ſenſe 'too; but indeed I hardly ever ſaw 'him out of ladies company; and he 'ſeemed to be of opinion, that flaſh 'rather than fire, was what would 'recommend him to them. Some-'times I have thought, I told her, 'that women of ſenſe ſhould puniſh 'ſuch men with their contempt, and 'not reward them with their appro-'bation, for thus indirectly affronting 'their underſtandings; but that I had

'known

'known women of sense approve a 'man of that character; and each 'woman must determine for herself, 'what appeared most agreeable to her.

MISS GR. (Whispering.) 'Well, 'Harriet.—'

HAR. (Whispering.) 'Don't interrupt him.'

SIR CH. 'You remember, my dear 'Charlotte, that it was in this kind of 'way I spoke about Sir Walter Watkyns; and added, that he was independent; in possession of the family-estate, which I believed was a good 'one; and that he talked handsomely 'to me of settlements.'

'I do remember this,' said Miss Grandison; and whispering me, 'I 'am afraid,' said she, 'he knows too 'much; but the *person* he cannot 'know.—Well, Sir, and pray be 'pleased to repeat what you said of 'Lord G.'

SIR CH. 'Lord G. I told you, 'was a gay-dressing man, but of a 'graver cast than the other. The fashion, rather than his inclination, 'seemed to govern his outward appearance. He was a modest man, 'and I feared had too much doubt of 'himself to appear with that dignity 'in the eye of a lively woman, which 'should give him a first consequence 'with her.'

MISS GR. 'Your servant, Sir.'

SIR CH. 'I believed he would 'make a good husband; so perhaps 'might Sir Walter: but the one would '*bear*, the other perhaps must be *borne* '*with*. Ladies, as well as men, I 'presumed, had some foibles, that they 'would not care to part with. As to 'fortune, I added, that Lord G. was 'dependent on his father's pleasure. 'He had, indeed, his father's entire approbation, I found, in his address: 'and I hoped that a sister of mine 'would not wish for any man's death, 'for the sake of either title or fortune. '—You have seen Lord G. Miss Byron?'

HAR. 'What, Sir Charles, was 'Miss Grandison's answer?'

[I did not care to give any opinion, that might either *hurt* or *humour* my Charlotte.]

SIR CH. 'Charlotte told me, in 'so many words, That she did not 'approve of either. "Each gentle-"man," said I, "has besought me "to be his advocate. A task that I "have not undertaken. I only told "them, That I would talk to my sister "upon the subject: but did not think "a brother ought to expect an influence "over a sister, when the gentlemen "suspected their own. You will re-"member," said I to my sister, "that "women cannot chuse where they "will; and that the same man cannot "be every thing."—She desired me to 'tell her, which of the two *I* would 'prefer?—"First," said I, "let me "repeat the question I have more than "once put to you: Have you any the "least shadow of a preference in your "heart, to any third person?"—What 'was my sister's answer? She said, 'she had not. And yet, had I not 'had the private intelligence I hinted 'at, I should have been apt to imagine, that I had some reason to repeat the question, from the *warmth*, 'both of *manner* and *accent*, with 'which she declared, that she approved 'of neither. Women, I believe, do 'not, with *earnestness*, reject a man 'who is not *quite* disagreeable, and to 'whose quality and fortune there can 'be no objection, if they are absolutely unprejudiced in another's favour.'

We women looked upon one another. 'I have no *doubt*,' thought I, 'but Sir Charles came *honestly* by his 'knowledge of us.'

The dear Charlotte sat uneasy. He proceeded.

'However, I now made no question 'but my sister's affections were absolutely disengaged. "My dear Char-'lotte," said I, "I would rather be "excused telling you *which* gentle-"man's suit I should incline to favour, "lest my opinion should not have your "inclination with it; and your mind, "by that means, should suffer any em-"barrassment." She desired to know it.

MISS GR. 'You were very gene-'rous, Sir; I owned you were, in this 'point, as well as in all others.

SIR CH. 'I then declared in favour of Lord G. as the man who 'would be most likely to make her 'happy; who would think himself 'most obliged to her for her favour: 'and I took the liberty to hint, that 'though I admired her for her vivacity, and even, when her wit carried 'it's keenest edge, loved to be awaken-

'ed

'ed by it, and wiſhed it never to loſe 'that edge; yet I imagined, that it 'would *hurt* ſuch a man as Sir Walter. Lord G. it would *enliven*: 'and I hoped if ſhe took pleaſure in 'her innocent ſallies, that ſhe would 'think it *ſomething*, ſo to chuſe, as 'that ſhe ſhould not be under a ne'ceſſity of repreſſing thoſe ſprightly 'powers, that *very ſeldom* were to be 'wiſhed to be reined in.'

MISS GR. 'True, Sir. You ſaid, "*very ſeldom*," I remember.'

SIR CH. 'I never will flatter either 'a prince, or a lady; yet ſhould be 'ſorry to treat either of them rudely. '—She then aſked me after my *own* 'inclinations. I took this for a deſire 'to avoid the ſubject we were upon; 'and would have *withdrawn*; but not 'in ill-humour. There was no reaſon 'for it. My ſiſter was not obliged to 'follow me in a ſubject that was not 'agreeable to her: but I took care to 'let her know, that *her* queſtion was 'not a diſagreeable one to *me*; but 'would be more properly anſwered on 'ſome other occaſion. She would have 'had me to ſtay.—"For the ſake of "the former ſubject, do you aſk me to "ſtay, Charlotte?"—"No," ſaid ſhe.

"Well then, my dear, take time to "conſider of it; and at ſome other "opportunity we will reſume it."—'Thus tender did I *intend* to be, with 'regard to my ſiſter's inclinations.'

Miſs Grandiſon wiped her eyes—And ſaid, but with an accent that had a little peeviſhneſs in it, 'You wanted 'not, Sir, all this preparation. No'body has the ſhadow of belief, that '*you* could be wrong.'

SIR CH. 'If this, Charlotte, be 'well ſaid; if, in that accent, it be '*generouſly* ſaid; I have done—and 'from my heart acquit you, and as 'cordially condemn myſelf, if I have 'appeared in your eye to intend to raiſe 'my own character, at the expence of 'yours. Believe me, Charlotte, I had 'much rather, in a point of delicacy, 'that the brother ſhould be found 'faulty than the ſiſter: and let it paſs, 'that I am ſo.—And only tell me, in 'what way you would wiſh me to ſerve 'you?'

MISS GR. 'Pardon me, brother. 'You can add forgiveneſs to the other 'obligations under which I labour. 'I was petulant.'

SIR CH. 'I do; moſt cordially 'I do.'

MISS GR. (Wiping her eyes.) 'But won't you proceed, *Sir?*'

SIR CH. 'At another opportunity, '*Madam*.'

MISS GR. "MADAM!"—Nay, 'now you are indeed angry with me. 'Pray, proceed.'

SIR CH. 'I am not: but you ſhall 'allow me an hour's converſation with 'you in your dreſſing-room, when you 'pleaſe.'

MISS GR. 'No!—Pray, proceed. 'Every one here is dear to me. Every 'one preſent muſt hear either my ac'quittal or condemnation. Pray, Sir, 'proceed.—Miſs Byron, pray ſit ſtill. '—Pray,' (for we were all riſing to go out) 'keep your ſeats. I believe I 'have been wrong. My brother ſaid, 'you muſt pity me in ſilence, if you 'found me faulty. Perhaps I ſhall be 'obliged to you for your pity.—Pray, 'Sir, be pleaſed to acquaint me with 'what you know of my faults.'

SIR CH. 'My dear Charlotte, I 'have ſaid enough to point your fault 'to your own heart. If you know it, '*that*, I hope, is ſufficient.—Do not 'imagine, my dear, that I want to 'controul you—but—' He ſtopt.

MISS GR. 'BUT *what*, Sir?—'Pray, Sir—' And ſhe trembled with eagerneſs.

SIR CH. 'But it was not right 'to—And yet, I wiſh that I were miſ'taken in this point, and my ſiſter not 'wrong!'

MISS GR. 'Well, Sir, you have 'reaſon, I ſuppoſe, to think—' There ſhe ſtopt.

SIR CH. 'That there is a man 'whom you can approve of—notwith'ſtanding—'

MISS GR. 'All I have ſaid to the 'contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it 'is a great fault to have denied it.'

SIR CH. 'That is all I mean.—'It is no fault for you to prefer one 'man to another. It is no fault in 'you to give this preference to any 'man, without conſulting your bro'ther. I propoſed that you ſhould be 'entirely miſtreſs of your own con'duct and actions. It would have 'been ungenerous in me, to have ſup'poſed you accountable to me, who 'had done no more than my duty by 'you. Dear Charlotte, do not ima-

'gine me capable of laying such a 'load on your free will: but I should 'not have been made to pronounce to 'Lord G. and even to the earl his fa-'ther, (on their enquiries whether your 'affections were or were not engaged) 'in such a manner as gave them hopes 'of succeeding.'

Miss Gr. 'Are you sure, Sir?'

Sir Ch. 'O my sister, how hard 'fought (now must I say?) is this 'battle!—I can urge it no farther. 'For *your* sake, I can urge it no far-'ther.'

Miss Gr. 'Name your man, Sir!—'

Sir Ch. 'Not *my* man, Charlotte, '—Captain Anderson is not *my* man.'

He arose; and, taking her motion-less hand, pressed it with his lips:—'Be not too much disturbed,' said he. 'I am distressed, my sister, for your 'distress—I think, more than I am for 'the error.' And, saying this, bow-ing to her, he withdrew.

He saw and pitied her confusion. She was quite confounded. It was very good of him to withdraw, to give her time to recover herself. Lady L. gave her her salts. Miss Grandison hardly ever wanted salts before.

'O what a poor creature am I,' said she, 'even in my own eyes!—Don't 'despise me, Harriet.—Dr. Bartlett, 'can you excuse me for so *sturdy* a 'perseverance?—Forgive me, my lord! '—Lady L. be indulgent to a sister's 'fault.—But my brother will always 'see me in this depreciating light! "A battle hard fought," indeed! How 'one error, persisted in, produces an-'other!'

When Sir Charles heard her voice, as talking, every one soothing and pitying her, he returned. She would have risen, with a disposition seemingly, as if she would have humbled herself at his feet: but he took her folded hands in one of his, and with the other drew a chair close to her, and sat down; with what sweet majesty, and mingled compassion in his countenance! Miss Grandison's *consciousness* made it ter-rible *only* to her.—'Forgive me, Sir!' were her words.

'Dear Charlotte, I do. We have 'all something to be forgiven for. We 'pity others then most cordially, when 'we want pity ourselves. Remember 'only, in the cases of other persons, 'to soften the severity of your virtue.'

He had Mrs. Oldham in his thoughts, as we all afterwards concluded.

'We know not,' said he, 'to what 'inconveniences a small departure from 'principle will lead: and now let us 'look forward. But first, had you 'rather shew me into your dressing-'room?'

Miss Gr. 'I have now no wish 'to conceal any thing from the persons 'present. I will only withdraw for a 'few moments.'

She went out. I followed her. And then, wanting somebody to divide her fault with, the dear Charlotte blamed my *nasty* scribbling again: 'But for 'that,' said she, 'I should have told 'you all.'

'And what, my dear, would that 'have done?' returned I:—'That 'would not have prevented—'

'No; but yet you might have given 'me your advice: I should have had 'the benefit of that; and my confes-'sions would have been, then, perhaps, 'aforehand with his accusations.—'But forgive me, Harriet—'

'O my Charlotte,' thought I to myself, 'could you but rein in your 'charming spirit, a little, *very* little, 'you would not have had two forgive-'nesses to ask instead of one.'

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

Miss Grandison desired me to return to the company. I did. She soon followed me; took her seat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, delivered herself after this manner.

'If it be not too late, after a perse-'verance in error so obstinate, to re-'instate myself in my brother's good 'opinion, dearer to me than that of 'the whole world besides, my inge-'nuousness shall make atonement for 'that error.'

Sir Ch. 'I would spare my sister 'the—'

Miss Gr. 'I will not be spared, 'Sir.—Pray hear me.—I would not, 'in order to extenuate my own faults, '(I hope I have not many) seek to 'throw blame upon the absent; much 'less upon the *everlastingly* absent: 'and yet my brother's piety must not

'be

'be offended, if I am obliged to say 'something that may seem to cast a 'shade on a memory—Be not hurt, 'Sir—I will be favourable to that me- 'mory, and just to my own fault.— 'You, Harriet, would no more ex- 'cuse me, than my brother, if I failed 'in either.'

I bowed and blushed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aspect.

'My *father*,' proceeded she, 'thought 'fit to be, or to *seem* to be, displeased 'with something that passed between 'him and Lord L. on the application 'made by my lord to him for my 'sister.'

SIR CH. 'He was not willing, per- 'haps, that a treaty of marriage should 'be began but at his own first motion, 'however unexceptionable the man, 'or the proposal.'

MISS GR. 'Every one knows that 'my father had great abilities; and 'they were adorned with a vivacity 'and spirit, that, where-ever pointed, 'there was no resisting. He took his 'two daughters to task upon this oc- 'casion; and being desirous to discou- 'rage in them, at that time, any 'thoughts of marriage, he exerted, 'besides his authority, on this occa- 'sion, (which I can truly say, had *due* 'weight with us both) that vein of hu- 'mour and raillery for which he was 'noted: insomuch that his poor girls 'were confounded, and unable to hold 'up their heads. My sister, in parti- 'cular, was made to be ashamed of a 'passion, that surely no young wo- 'man, the object so worthy, ought to be 'ashamed of. My father also thought 'fit (perhaps for wise reasons) to ac- 'quaint us, that he designed for us 'but small fortunes: and this depreci- 'ated me with myself. My sister had 'a stronger mind, and had better pro- 'spects. I could not but apprehend, 'from what my *sister* suffered, what 'must be *my* sufferings in turn; and I 'thought I could be induced to take 'any step, however rash, where virtue 'was not to be wounded, rather than 'undergo what she underwent, from 'the raillery of a man so lively, and 'so humorous, and who stood in so 'venerable a degree of relation to me. 'While these impressions were strong 'in my mind, Captain Anderson, who 'was quartered near us, had an op- 'portunity to fall into my company at 'an assembly. He is a sprightly man, 'and was well received by every body; 'and particularly a favourite of three 'young ladies, who could hardly be 'civil to each other on his account: 'and this, I own, when he made assi- 'duous court to me, in preference to 'them, and to every other woman, 'gave him some consequence with me; 'and then, being the principal officer 'in that part of the country, he was 'caressed as if he were a general. A 'daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison 'was deemed a prize worthy of his 'ambition, by every body, as well as 'by himself: while this poor daugh- 'ter, dreading the difficulties that her 'sister had met with, and being led to 'think, by what her father declared 'to both sisters, that two or three 'thousand pounds would be the height 'of her fortune, had only to appre- 'hend, that a captain either of horse 'or foot, who had been perhaps for 'years a frequenter of publick places, 'both in town and country, in hopes 'of raising his fortune, would think 'himself but poorly paid for his pains, '(were she even to obtain her father's 'pardon) should she engage without 'waiting for his consent; as she was 'urged to do, by letters, which he 'found ways unsuspectedly to send 'her.—I hope, Sir—I hope, my lord, '—and you, my two sisters—that you 'will *now*, from what I have said, 'acquit me of insincerity, though you 'cannot of *past* indiscretion.

'Nevertheless, my pride at times 'was piqued: sometimes I declared 'off; at other times was prevailed 'upon by arts which men are masters 'of, to go on again; till I found my- 'self entangled, and at a loss to know 'how to go either backward or for- 'ward. The gentleman was indeed 'of a genteel family: but the object 'of my sister's regard had so much to 'be said for *him*; stood so well with 'my brother; and even with my fa- 'ther; was so much the man of qua- 'lity, in every respect; that a rash step 'in me, I could not but think, would 'be looked upon as the more disgrace- 'ful, on that account; and that if I 'married Captain Anderson, I must 'be rejected, scorned, for one while, 'if not for ever.

"And what title," often thought 'I, when I permitted myself seriously

'to think, "have I to give my father "a *ſon*, my brother, my ſiſter, my "Lord L. (ſhould he and my ſiſter "marry) a *brother*, whom they would "not have choſen, nor will probably "own?—Have not they a better *right* "to reject him for *their* relation, than "I have to chuſe him for my huſ-"band? And ſhall Charlotte Gran-"diſon, the daughter of the moſt pru-"dent of mothers, take a ſtep that "ſhall make her be looked upon as "the diſgrace of her family? Shall "*ſhe* be obliged to follow a ſoldier's "fortune into different quarters, and "perhaps diſtant regions?"

'Such as theſe were, at times, my 'reaſonings; and perhaps they would 'have had the leſs force with me, 'had I, in giving myſelf a *huſband*, 'had none of theſe relations living, 'on whom to obtrude a new one, to 'their diſlike, by my marriage.

'Hence I could not bear to reveal 'the matter to my ſiſter, who, in *her* 'choice, had ſo much advantage over 'me. I thought within theſe few 'weeks paſt, I could reveal it to my 'new-found ſiſter; and it was one of 'my motives to come hither, at your 'invitation, Lord and Lady L. when 'you told me ſhe was ſo obliging as 'to accompany you down: but ſhe 'was *everlaſtingly* writing; and I was 'ſhy of *forcing* an opportunity, as 'none agreeably offered.'

SIR CH. 'I would not interrupt 'you, Charlotte.—But may I aſk, If 'this whole affair was carried on by 'letter? Did you not ſometimes ſee 'each other?'

MISS GR. 'We did. But our 'meetings were not frequent, becauſe 'he was at one time quartered in 'Scotland; at another, was ſent to 'Ireland, where he ſtaid ſix or ſeven 'months; at others, in diſtant parts 'of the kingdom.'

SIR CH. 'In what part of the king's 'dominions is the captain now?'

MISS GR. 'Dear Sir, could not 'the perſon who acquainted you with 'the affair, inform you of that?'

SIR CH. (Smiling.) 'The perſon '*could*, Madam; and did. He is in 'London.'

MISS GR. 'I hope, my brother, 'after the freedom of my confeſſion, 'and an ingenuouſneſs that is not 'often found in ſuch caſes as *this*, 'will not be ſo unkind as to imagine, 'that I ought to have traps laid for 'me, as if I were not now at laſt 'frank and unreſerved.'

SIR CH. 'Exceedingly juſt, Char-'lotte! exceedingly juſt!—I beg your 'pardon. I ſaid, we had all ſome-'thing to be forgiven for. I am not 'however queſtioning you, with in-'tent to *caſt a ſtone*, but to *lend you a* 'hand.'

MISS GR. 'O that we had had li-'berty granted to us, having *ſuch* a 'brother, to correſpond with him!—'Happy ſhall I be, if I can atone—' There ſhe ſtopt.

SIR CH. 'Proceed with your ſtory, 'my dear Charlotte.—Greatly does 'the atonement overbalance the fault!'

MISS GR. (Bowing to her bro-ther) 'Captain Anderſon *is* in town. 'I have ſeen him twice. I was to 'have ſeen him at the play, had I not 'come down to Colnebrook. Not 'a tittle of the truth will I hide from 'you. Now I have recovered the 'right path, not one wry ſtep will I 'ever again wilfully take. I have 'ſuffered enough by thoſe I had taken, 'though I endeavoured to carry it off 'as well as I could (even ſometimes 'by a ſpirit of bravery) when it lay 'heavy *here*!' Putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles roſe from his ſeat; and taking one of his ſiſter's hands between both his, 'Worthy ſiſter! amiable 'Charlotte! After this noble frank-'neſs, I muſt not permit you to ac-'cuſe yourſelf. An error gracefully 'acknowledged, is a victory won. 'If you think Captain Anderſon 'worthy of *your* heart, he ſhall have 'a place in *mine*; and I will uſe my 'intereſt with Lord and Lady L. to 'allow of his relation to *them*. Miſs 'Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look 'upon him as their friend.'

He ſat down again; his countenance ſhining with brotherly love.

MISS GR. 'O Sir, what ſhall I 'ſay? You add to my difficulties by 'your goodneſs. I have told you how 'I had entangled myſelf. Captain 'Anderſon's addreſs began with hopes 'of a great fortune, which he imagined 'a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandi-'ſon could not fail, firſt or laſt, to 'have. That this was his principal 'motive, has been, on many occa-'ſions,

'sions, (on too many for his advantage) visible to me. *My* allowance of his address, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehensions, that I should not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time, our life was a confined one; and I girlishly wished for liberty—MATRIMONY and LIBERTY—Girlish connexion! as I have since thought.'

We could none of us help smiling at this lively sally: but she went on more seriously.

'I thought at first, that I could break with him when I would: but he holds me to it; and the more, since he has heard of your goodness to me; and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance.'

SIR CH. 'But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?'

MISS GR. 'I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have said, has come out, avowedly, to be to my fortune. If I regulate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason that he likes me, to approve of him.'

SIR CH. 'I do not wonder that the captain is desirous to "*hold you to it*," to use your words: but, my dear Charlotte, answer me, have you had less liking to Captain Anderson since your fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you had before?'

MISS GR. 'Not on *that* account, if I know my heart: but he has been a much more earnest suiter since your goodness to me was generally known, than before. When public report had made me absolutely dependent on my brother; and diminished (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family; and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I then heard but little from Captain Anderson; and that little was *so* prudent, and *so* cold—But I had found out the man before.'

Lord and Lady L. with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him so; and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

SIR CH. 'Poor man!—He seems to have been too prudent, to trust even to Providence.—But what, my sister, *are now* your difficulties?'

MISS GR. 'They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me at first, a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. *He* spoke without doubt; and *I* had therefore the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his side; since, to doubt his veracity, would be to question her own merit. When he came to *write*, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a *safe footing* with me, he then lost his hand-writing, and his stile, and even his orthography, I blush to say it; and then I blushed to see it.'

SIR CH. 'Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those, whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men who are not so *ready* as the captain seems to have been, to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson, perhaps, lost his letter-writer, by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange that a man of family, as the captain is, should be so very illiterate.'

MISS GR. 'His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard, made him run from school, before he had acquired common school-learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him: and his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, considered not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, though not large, was well conditioned, and capable of improvement; besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon itself: but I could not help *despising* him, when I found myself so grossly imposed upon by the letters he had procured to be written for him; and

'that

'that he was not either the man of 'ſenſe, or learning, that he would 'have had me think him.'

SIR CH. 'But what was the *ſafe-footing*, my ſiſter, that he thought 'he was upon with you?'

MISS GR. 'O Sir! while all theſe 'good appearances held in his favour, 'he had teazed me into a promiſe. 'And when he had gained that point, '*then* it was, or *ſoon after*, that he 'wrote to me with his own hand. 'And yet, though he convinced me 'by doing ſo, that he had *before* em-'ployed another, it was a point agreed 'upon, that our intercourſe was to be 'an abſolute ſecret; and I trembled 'to find myſelf expoſed to his ſcribe, 'a man I knew not; and who muſt 'certainly deſpiſe the lover whom he 'helped to all his agreeable flouriſhes; 'and, in deſpiſing *him*, muſt proba-'bly deſpiſe *me*. Yet I *will* ſay, 'that my letters were ſuch as I can 'ſubmit to the ſevereſt eye. It was 'indeed giving him encouragement 'enough, that I anſwered him by pen 'and ink: and he preſumed enough 'upon it, or he had never dared to 'teaze me for a promiſe, as he did for 'months before I made him one.'

SIR CH. 'Women ſhould never be 'drawn in to fetter themſelves by 'promiſes. On the contrary, they 'ought always to deſpiſe, and directly 'to break with, the man who offers 'to exact a promiſe from them. To 'what end is a promiſe of this kind 'endeavoured to be obtained, if the 'urger ſuſpects not the fitneſs of his 'addreſſes in the eyes of thoſe who 'have a right to be conſulted; and if 'he did not doubt either his own 'merit, or the lady's honour, and 'feared her returning diſcretion?—'Therefore wanted to put it out of 'her own power to be dutiful; or '(if ſhe had began to ſwerve, by 'liſtening to a clandeſtine addreſs) to 'recover herſelf? Your father, my 'dear, (but you might not know that) 'could have abſolved you from this 'promiſe*. You have not now, 'however, any body to controul you; 'you are abſolutely your own miſtreſs: 'and I ſee not but a promiſe—But, 'pray, of what nature was this pro-'miſe?'

MISS GR. 'O my folly!—I de-'clared, that I never would marry 'any other man without his *conſent*, 'while he was ſingle. By this means '(to my confuſion) I own, that I 'made him my father, my guardian, 'my brother; at leaſt, I made the 'influences over me, of ſuch of them 'as had been living, of no avail, in 'the moſt material article of my life; 'teazed, as I told you, into it; and 'againſt my judgment.'

'Soon after, he let me know, as I 'ſaid, in his own hand-writing, what 'an illiterate, what a mere ſuper-'ficial man I had entered into treaty 'with. And ever ſince I have been 'endeavouring by pen, as well as in 'perſon, to get him to abſolve me 'from my raſh promiſe. And this 'was my view and endeavour before 'I had a title to the independence, in 'which, Sir, you was ſo good as to 'eſtabliſh me.

'I once thought,' proceeded ſhe, 'that he would eaſily have complied, 'and have looked out elſewhere for a 'wife; for I ſought not to *fetter* him, 'as you juſtly call it: he was not of 'ſo much conſequence with me; and 'this renders me, perhaps, the leſs 'excuſeable—But you held me not 'long enough in ſuſpenſe, as to the 'great things you intended to do for 'me, to enable me to obtain that re-'leaſe from Captain Anderſon, which 'I was meditating to procure, before 'he knew what thoſe were.

'All this time I kept my own ſe-'cret. I had not confidence enough 'in the ſteps I had ſo raſhly taken, (in-'deed had not *humility* enough) to 'make any living creature acquainted 'with my ſituation: and this was the 'reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that I never was 'gueſſed at or found out. The pro-'verb ſays, "*Two can keep a ſecret, "when one is away:*" But my Harriet 'knows,' [I bowed] 'that I very 'early, in my knowledge of her, dropt 'hints of an *entanglement*, as I ludi-'crouſly called it; for I could not, 'with juſtice, ſay *love*.'

SIR CH. 'Charming frankneſs! 'How do your virtues ſhine through 'your very miſtakes!—But there are 'many women who have ſuffered them-'ſelves to be worſe entangled, even 'beyond recovery, when they have not 'had to plead the apprehenſions which 'you had at entering into this affair.'

MISS GR. 'You are Sir *Charles*

* Numbers xxx. 3, 4, 5.

'*Grandiſon*,

'*Grandison*, Sir: I need not say more. We often dread, in rash engagements, to make those communications, which only can be a means to extricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourselves. Had I, for the last six or seven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him; had I been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence; not a step would I have taken, but with his approbation.'

SIR CH. 'Perhaps I was too implicit on this occasion: but I always thought it more safe, in a disputable case, to check, than to give way to, an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine, that my sisters, the *youngest* near as old as myself, would want my advice, in material articles: and to break through a father's commands, for the sake merely of gratifying *myself*—I don't know how—But I could *not* do it: and as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleasure those instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary; methinks I am the more satisfied with myself, for having obeyed a command, that however, at the time, I knew not how to account for.'

MISS GR. 'You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more unhappy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God he knew nothing of it. But now, Sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson; nor wish to do so: for the man that once I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is intitled, I think, to my good *wishes*, though he prove not quite so worthy as I once believed him.

'Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him, but with great reluctance. Had I not come to Colnebrook, I should have *seen* him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him, never to be his; and to be a single woman all my life, if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased,' (looking round her to every one present) 'to advise me what to do.'

LORD L. 'I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him.'

LADY L. 'Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I must say, that he acts most ungenerously and unworthily, to hold you to an *unequal* promise: a promise, the like of which you offered not to bind *him* by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise: and the poor trick of getting another person to write his letters for him, and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation—How I should hate him!—What say you, sister Harriet?'

HARRIET. 'I should be unworthy of this kind confidence, if thus called upon, I did not say something, though it came out to be next to nothing—There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at *any* time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think?'

SIR CH. 'A very proper question.'

MISS GR. 'There was not, on *either* side, I believe. I have hinted at *my* motives, and at *his*. In every letter of his, he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness: and now his principal plea to hold me to my promise, is, *his* interest. I would not to him, I never did, plead *mine*; though his example would excuse me, if I did.'

LORD L. 'Was the promise given in writing, sister?'

MISS GR. 'Indeed it was.' She looked down.

HARRIET. 'May I be pardoned, Madam?—The substance of your promise was, that you would never marry any other man without his consent, while he remained unmarried—Did you promise, that, if ever you did marry at all, it should be to him?'

MISS GR. 'No. He wanted me to promise that; but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?'

HARRIET. 'I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's

'lett's opinion—and yours, Sir—' (to Sir Charles) 'before I presume to give 'mine.'

Sir Charles looked at the doctor. The doctor referred himself to him.

SIR CH. 'Then, doctor, you must 'set me right, if I am wrong. You 'are a casuist.

'As to what Lord L. has said, I 'think with his lordship, that Captain 'Anderson appears not, in any of his 'conduct, to be worthy of Miss 'Grandison: and in truth, I don't 'know many who are. If I am par-'tial, excuse the *brother*.'

She bowed. Every one was pleased that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head, as she did on this compliment from her brother.

SIR CH. 'I think also if my sister 'esteems him not, she is in the right 'to resolve never to be his. But what 'shall we say, as to her promise, *Ne-'ver* to be the wife of any other man 'without his consent, while he remains 'unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, 'while her father was living; who 'might, I believe, doctor, you will al-'low, have absolved her from it: but 'then, her very treating with him since 'to dispense with it, shews, that in her 'own conscience she thinks herself 'bound by it.'

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

'Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts 'ungenerously and unworthily, to en-'deavour to hold her to an unequal 'promise: but what man, except a '*very* generous one indeed, having 'obtained an advantage over such a 'woman as Charlotte' [She reddened] 'would not try to hold it? Must he 'not, by giving up this advantage, 'vote against himself? Women should 'be sure of the men in whom they 'place a confidence that concerns them 'highly. Can you think that the 'man who engages a woman to make 'a promise, does not *intend* to hold her 'to it? When he *teazes* her to make 'it, he as good as tells her he *does*, let 'what will happen to make her wish 'she had not.'

MISS GR. 'O my brother! The re-'petition of that word *teazes!*—Are 'you not raillying me?—Indeed I de-'serve it.'

SIR CH. 'Men gain all their ad-'vantages by *teazing*, by *promises*, by '*importunities*—Be not concerned, my 'Charlotte, that I use your word.'

MISS GR. 'O my brother, what 'shall I do, if you railly me on my 'folly?'

SIR CH. 'I mean not to railly you. 'But I know something of my own 'sex; and must have been very negli-'gent of my opportunities, if I know 'not something of the *world*.' [I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word *other* instead of the word *world*.] 'We have heard her reason 'for not binding the captain by a like 'promise; which was, that she did 'not value him enough to exact it: 'and was not that his misfortune?

'She is apprehensive of blame on 'this head; but her situation will be 'considered: I *must not* repeat the cir-'cumstances. I was grieved to hear 'that my sisters had been in *such* cir-'cumstances! What pity, that those 'who believe they *best* know the sex, 'think themselves intitled to treat it 'with least respect!' [How we wo-men looked upon one another!] 'I 'should hope in charity,' [In charity, Lucy,] 'and for the true value I bear 'it, as I think a good woman one of 'the greatest glories of the creation, 'that the fault is not *generally* in the 'sex.

'As to the captain's artifice to ob-'tain a footing by letters of another 'man's writing; that was enough in-'deed to make a woman, who herself 'writes finely, despise him when she 'knew it. But to what will not 'some persons stoop to gain a point, on 'which their hearts are fixed?—This 'is no *new* method. One single in-'stance I mention. Madam Mainte-'non, it is reported, was employed 'in this way, by a favourite mistress 'of Louis XIV. And this was said to 'be the means of introducing her to 'the monarch's favour, on the ruins 'of her employer. Let me repeat, 'that women should be *sure* of their 'men, before they embark with them 'in the voyage of love. "*Hate the* "*man*," says Lady L. "for *exposing* "*her to the letter-writer!*"—*Expos-'ing!*—Let me say, that women, who 'would not be *exposed*, should not put 'themselves out of their own power.

'—O Miss

'—O Miſs Byron!' (turning, to my confuſion, to me, who was too ready to apply the firſt part of the caution) 'be ſo good as to tell my Emily, that 'ſhe muſt never love a man, of whoſe 'love ſhe is not well aſſured; that 'ſhe muſt never permit a man to know 'his conſequence with her, till ſhe is 'ſure he is grateful, juſt, and gene-'rous; and that ſhe muſt deſpiſe him 'as a mean and intereſted man, the 'firſt moment he ſeeks to engage her 'in a *promiſe*.—Forgive me, Char-'lotte: you ſo generouſly blame your-'ſelf, that you will not ſcruple to have '*your* experience pleaded for an ex-'ample to a young creature who may 'not be able, if entangled, to behave 'with your magnanimity.'

Seaſonably did he ſay this laſt part, ſo immediately after his reference to me; for I made Miſs Grandiſon's confuſion a half-cover for my own; and I fear but a half-cover.

I find I muſt not allow myſelf to be long from you, my dear friends; at leaſt in this company. Miſs Cantillon, Miſs Barnevelt, and half a dozen more miſſes and maſters, with whoſe characters and deſcriptions I firſt paraded; Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I ſaw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was eaſy and unapprehenſive: I could then throw my little ſquibs about me at pleaſure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the ſingeing of my own cloaths!

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'BUT now what remains to be 'done for our ſiſter?' aſked Lady L. Charlotte looked round her, as ſeconding the queſtion. Every one referred to Sir Charles.

'In the firſt place, let me aſſure you, 'my dear Charlotte,' reſumed he, 'that if you have but the ſhadow of a 'preference for Captain Anderſon; 'and if you believe, from what has 'paſſed between you, and from the 'ſuſpenſe you have kept him in, (which 'may have been an hindrance to his 'fortune or preferment) that you *ought* 'to be his, whether in juſtice, or by 'inclination; I will amicably meet 'him, in order to make and to receive 'propoſals. If we do not *find* him 'grateful or generous, we will *make* 'him ſo, by our example; and I will 'begin to ſet it.'

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett as much as any body. Miſs Grandiſon could hardly ſit ſtill; her chair was uneaſy to her; while her brother looked like one who was too much accuſtomed to acts of beneficence, to ſuppoſe he had ſaid any thing extraordinary.

Miſs Grandiſon, after ſome heſitation, replied, 'Indeed, Sir, Captain 'Anderſon is *not* worthy of being 'called *your* brother. I will not enter 'into the particulars of his unworthineſs; becauſe I am determined 'not to have him. He knows I am; 'nor does my promiſe engage me to be 'his. Had he virtue, had he generoſity—But indeed he has not either, 'in the degree that would make me 'reſpect him, as a woman ſhould re-'ſpect her huſband.'

SIR CH. 'Well, then, Charlotte, I 'would have you excuſe yourſelf, if 'you have given him hopes of meet-'ing him; let him know that you have 'acquainted me with all that has paſ-'ſed between you; and that you re-'fer yourſelf wholly to me; but with 'a reſolution (if ſuch be your reſolu-'tion) never to be his.'

MISS GR. 'I ſhall dread his violent 'temper—'

SIR CH. 'Dread nothing! Men who 'are violent to a woman when they 'have a point to carry by being ſo, are 'not always violent to men. But I 'ſhall treat him civilly. If the man 'ever hoped to call you his, he will 'be unhappy enough in loſing ſuch a 'prize. You may tell him, that I 'will give him a meeting wherever he 'pleaſes. Mean time, it may not be 'amiſs, if you have no objection, to 'ſhew me ſome of the letters that have 'paſſed between you; of thoſe particularly, in which you have declared 'your reſolution not to be his; the 'farther backward, the better, if from 'the date of ſuch you have *always* 'been of the ſame mind.'

MISS GR. 'You ſhall ſee the co-'pies of *all* my letters; and *all* his, if 'you pleaſe. And you will gather 'from both, Sir, that it was owing to 'the unhappy ſituation I thought my-'ſelf in, from the unkind treatment

'my sister met with, and to the being 'forbidden to expect a fortune that 'would entitle me to look up to a man 'of figure in the world, that I was 'ever approachable by Captain An-'derson.'

SIR CH. 'Unhappy! But let us 'look forward. I will meet Captain 'Anderson. If there are any letters, 'in which he has treated my sister un-'handsomely, you must not let me see 'them. My motive for looking into '*any* of them, is service to you, Char-'lotte, and not curiosity. But let me, 'nevertheless, see all that is necessary 'to the question, that I may not, when 'I meet him, hear any thing from 'him, that I have not heard from you; 'and which may make for him, and 'against you. I do assure you, that I 'will allow in his favour, all that 'shall appear favourable to him, 'though against my sister. I may meet 'him *prejudiced*, but not *determined*; 'and I hope you see by my behaviour 'to you, Charlotte, that were you and 'he to have been fond lovers in your let-'ters, you need not be afraid of my eye. 'I never am severe on lovers foibles. 'Our passions may be made subser-'vient to excellent purposes. Don't 'think you have a supercilious bro-'ther. A susceptibility of the passion 'called *love*, I condemn not as a fault; 'but the contrary—Your *brother*, la-'dies,' (looking upon all three) 'is 'no stoick.'

'And have you been in love, Sir 'Charles Grandison?' thought I to myself.—Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall I be glad if he *has?*—But after all, is it not strange, that in all this time one knows so little of his history while he was abroad?—And yet, he said, that he was not angry at his sister for questioning him on the subject. Had *I* been his sister, questions of that sort would not have been to be *now* asked.

But here is a new task for her brother. I shall long to know how this affair will end.

The *trial* of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our sex, on the general liking, which he said women have for military men. He did not know, he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

'What say you, Emily?' said he. 'Do not a cockade, and a scarlet coat, 'become a *fine gentleman*, and help to 'make him so, in your eyes?'

'Be pleased, Sir, to tell me how 'such a one should look in my eyes, 'and I will endeavour to make them 'conform to your lessons.'

He bowed to the happy girl: 'For 'my part,' said he, 'I cannot but say, 'that I dislike the life of a soldier in 'general; whose trade is in blood; 'who must be as much a slave to the 'will of *his* superiors in command, as 'he is almost *obliged* to be a tyrant to 'those under him.

'But as to the sex, if it were not, 'that ladies, where love and their own 'happiness interfere, are the most in-'competent judges of all others for 'themselves—Pardon me—'

'Your servant, Sir,' said Lady L. —And we all bowed to him.

'How can a woman,' proceeded he, 'who really loves her husband, subject 'herself, of *choice*, to the necessary 'absences, to the continual apprehen-'sions, which she must be under for 'his safety, when he is in the height 'of what is emphatically called his 'DUTY?' He stopt. No answer being made, 'Perhaps,' resumed he, 'it may be thus accounted for: wo-'men are the most delicate part of the 'creation. Conscious of the weakness 'of their sex, and that they stand in 'need of protection, (for apprehen-'siveness, the child of prudence, is as 'characteristick in them, as courage 'in a man) they naturally love brave 'men.—And are not all military men 'supposed to be brave?

'But how are they mistaken in their 'main end, supposing *this* to be it!

'I honour a good, a generous, a 'brave, an humane soldier: but were 'such a one to be the bravest of men, 'how can his wife expect constant 'protection from the husband who is 'less *his own*, and consequently less '*hers*, than almost any other man can 'be, (a *sailor* excepted,) and who 'must therefore, oftener than any

'other

'ether man, leave her expoſed to thoſe 'inſults, from which he ſeems to think 'he can beſt defend her?'

LADY L. (Smiling.) 'But may it 'not be ſaid, Sir, that thoſe women 'who make ſoldiers their choice, de'ſerve, in ſome degree, a rank with 'heroes; when they can part with 'their huſbands for the ſake of their 'country's glory?'

SIR CH. 'Change your word *glory* 'for *ſafety*, Lady L. and your queſtion 'will be ſtrengthened. The word and 'thing called *glory*, what miſchief 'has it not occaſioned!—As to the 'queſtion itſelf, were you *ſerious*, let 'every one, I anſwer, who can plead 'the *motive*, be intitled to the *praiſe* 'that is due to it.'

MISS GR. 'There is ſo much 'weight in what my brother has ſaid, 'that, I thank Heaven, I am not in 'danger of being the wife of a ſoldier.'

We, who knew what ſhe alluded to, ſmiled at it; and Mr. Grandiſon looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words than they could import to him: and then was very earneſt to know how his couſin had come off.

SIR CH. 'Triumphantly, couſin. 'Charlotte's ſuppoſed fault has brought 'to light additional excellences.'

MR. GR. 'I am ſorry for that with 'all my ſoul.—There was no bearing 'her before.—And now what will be'come of me?'

MISS GR. 'You have nothing now 'to fear, Mr. Grandiſon, I aſſure you. 'I have been detected in real faults. 'I have been generouſly treated; and 'repent of my fault. Let me have an 'inſtance of like ingenuouſneſs in you; 'and I will ſay, there are hopes of us 'both.'

MR. GR. 'Your ſervant, couſin. '*Either* way I muſt have it. But were 'you to follow the example by which 'you own yourſelf amended, I might 'have the better chance, perhaps, of 'coming up to you in ingenuouſneſs.'

LORD L. 'Upon my word, ſiſter 'Charlotte, Mr. Grandiſon has ſaid 'a good thing.'

MISS GR. 'I think ſo too, my 'lord. I will put it down.—And if 'you are wiſe, Sir,' (to him) 'aſk me 'to ſew up your lips till to-morrow 'dinner-time.'

Mr. Grandiſon looked offended.

SIR CH. 'Fie, Charlotte!'

'I am glad,' thought I, 'my good 'Miſs Grandiſon, that you have not 'loſt much ſpirit by your trial!'

* *

MISS Grandiſon has ſhewed me ſome of the letters that paſſed between Captain Anderſon and her. How muſt ſhe have deſpiſed him, had ſhe been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to *her* brother! How muſt ſhe have bluſhed at every civility paid him in ſuch a family! Yet from ſome paſſages in his letters, I dare ſay, he would have had the higher opinion of himſelf; firſt for having ſucceeded with her, and next for thoſe very civilities.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandiſon, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine underſtanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet good ſenſe, nor generoſity of heart, to countenance his pretenſions to ſuch a lady, or her for marrying beneath herſelf.

This is a copy of what Miſs Grandiſon has written to ſend to Captain Anderſon.

'SIR,

'HAD I had a generous man to 'deal with, I needed not to have 'expoſed myſelf to the apprehended 'cenſures of a brother, whoſe virtues 'made a ſiſter, leſs perfect than him'ſelf, afraid that he would think her 'unworthy of that tender relation to 'him, from the occaſion. But he is 'the nobleſt of brothers. He pities 'me; and undertakes to talk with 'you, in the moſt friendly manner, at 'your own appointment, upon a ſub'ject that has long greatly diſtreſſed 'me; as *well* you know. I will not 'recriminate, as I might: but this 'aſſurance I muſt, for the hundredth 'time, repeat, That I never can, ne'ver will be to you, any other than

'CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.'

She is diſſatisfied with what ſhe has written: but I tell her, I think it will do very well.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16.

SIR Charles has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his executorſhip. He breakfaſted with us firſt.

Dr. Bartlett, with whom already I have made myſelf very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. *That* we knew before.—No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leiſure, I ſuppoſe, to attend to the calls of ſuch an idle paſſion.

You will do me the juſtice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby Houſe, I never knew any thing of the matter: but indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandiſon; firſt to engage my gratitude, and then my heart. So it is; I muſt not, it ſeems, *deny* it. If I did, 'a child in love matters would de-'tect me.'

* *

O MY Lucy! I have been hard ſet by theſe ſiſters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it paſſed.

I had been ſo buſy with my pen, that, though accuſtomed to be firſt dreſſed, wherever I was, I was now the laſt. They entered my dreſſing-room arm in arm; and I have ſince recollected, that they looked as if they had miſchief in their hearts; Miſs Grandiſon eſpecially. She had ſaid, ſhe would play me a trick.

I was in ſome little hurry, to be ſo much behind-hand, when I ſaw them dreſſed.

Miſs Grandiſon would do me the honour of aſſiſting me, and diſmiſſed Jenny, who had but juſt come in to offer her ſervice.

She called me charming creature twice, as ſhe was obligingly buſy about me; and the ſecond time ſaid, 'Well 'may my brother, Lady L. ſay what 'he did of this girl!'

With too great earneſtneſs, 'What, 'what,' ſaid I—I was going to add—'*did he ſay?*'—But, catching myſelf up, in a tone of leſs ſurprize—deſigning to turn it off—'WHAT *honour you* '*do me, Madam, in this your kind* '*aſſiſtance!*'

Miſs Grandiſon leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. 'This Harriet 'of ours,' ſaid ſhe, 'is more than 'half a rogue.'

'Puniſh her then, Charlotte,' ſaid Lady L. 'You have, though with 'much ado, been brought to ſpeak out 'yourſelf; and ſo have acquired a kind 'of right to puniſh thoſe who affect 'diſguiſes to their beſt friends.'

'Lord bleſs me, ladies!' And down I ſat—'What, what—' I was going to ſay, '*do you mean?*' But ſtopt, and I felt my face glow.

"*What, what!*" repeated Miſs Grandiſon—'My ſweet girl can ſay nothing 'but "*What, what!*"—One of my 'fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in 'her head, I ſuppoſe.—Did you ever 'ſee *Wat*— Watkyns, Harriet?'

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

MISS GR. 'Confirmation, Lady L.! 'Confirmation!'

LADY L. 'I think ſo, truly.—But 'it wanted none to me.'

HAR. 'I am ſurprized! Pray, la-'dies, what can you mean by this ſud-'den attack?'

MISS GR. 'And what, Harriet, can 'you mean by theſe "*What, what's,*" 'and this ſudden emotion?—Give me 'your handkerchief!—What doings 'are here!'

She ſnatched it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck.—'Why this *ſudden* palpitation?—Ah, 'Harriet! why won't you make con-'fidents of your two ſiſters? Do you 'think we have not found you out be-'fore this?'

HAR. 'Found me out! How found 'me out?—Dear Miſs Grandiſon, you 'are the moſt alarming lady that ever 'lived!—'

I ſtood up, trembling.

MISS GR. 'Am I ſo! But, to cut 'the matter ſhort—[Sit down, Harriet. 'You can hardly ſtand.]—Is it ſuch a 'diſgraceful thing for a fine girl to be 'in love?'

HAR. 'Who, I! I, in love!'

MISS GR. (Laughing.) 'So, Lady 'L. you ſee that Harriet has found 'herſelf out to be a *fine* girl!—Diſ-'qualify now; can't you, my dear?

'Tell

'Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are '*not* a fine girl, and ſo forth.'

HAR. 'Dear Miſs Grandiſon—It 'was *your* turn yeſterday. How can 'you forget—'

MISS GR. 'Spiteful too! My life 'to a farthing, you pay for *this*, Har-'riet!—But, child, I was not in love. '—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in 'Northamptonſhire—Did you think 'we ſhould not find you out?'

This heartened me a little.

HAR. 'O Madam, do you think 'to come at any thing by ſuch me-'thods as this? I ought to have been 'aware of Miſs Grandiſon's alarming 'ways.'

MISS GR. 'You pay for *this*, alſo, 'Harriet. Did you not ſay, that I 'ſhould take the reins, Lady L.? I 'will have no mercy on our younger 'ſiſter for this abominable affectation 'and reſerve.'

HAR. 'And ſo, ladies, I ſuppoſe 'you think, that Mr. Orme—'

LADY L. 'Take the reins, Char-'lotte,' (making a motion with a ſweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if ſhe toſſed her ſomething;) 'I myſelf, 'Harriet, am againſt you now. I 'wanted a trial of that frankneſs of 'heart, for which I have heard you ſo 'much commended: and, ſurely, you 'might have ſhewed it, if to any per-'ſons living, to your two ſiſters.'

MISS GR. 'No more, no more, 'Lady L. Have you not left her to 'me? I will puniſh her. *You* will 'have too much lenity.—And now 'tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr. 'Orme better than any man you ever 'yet ſaw?'

HAR. 'Indeed I do not.'

MISS GR. 'Whom do you love 'better, Harriet?'

HAR. 'Pray, Miſs Grandiſon!'

MISS GR. 'And *pray*, Miſs By-'ron!'

HAR. 'Reſume the reins, Lady L. '—Pray do!—Miſs Grandiſon has no 'mercy! Yet met with a great deal 'yeſter—'

MISS GR. 'Yeſterday?—Very 'well!—But then I was ingenuous—'

HAR. 'And am not I?—Pray, 'Lady L.'

LADY L. 'I think not—'

And ſhe ſeemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

MISS GR. 'And you ſay, that 'there is no one gentleman in Nor-'thamptonſhire—'

HAR. 'What is the meaning of 'this, ladies? But I do aſſure you, 'there is not—'

MISS GR. 'See Lady L. there are 'ſome queſtions that the girl can an-'ſwer readily enough.'

I believe I looked ſerious. I was ſilent. Indeed my very ſoul was vexed.

MISS GR. 'Aye, Harriet, be ſul-'len: don't anſwer any queſtions at 'all. That's your only way, now.—'And then we go no farther, you 'know. But tell me—Don't you re-'pent, that you have given a denial 'to Lady D.?'

HAR. 'I won't be ſullen, ladies. 'Yet I am not pleaſed to be thus—'

MISS GR. 'Then own yourſelf a 'woman, Harriet; and that, in ſome 'certain inſtances, you have both af-'fectation, and reſerve. There are 'ſome caſes, my dear, in which it is 'impoſſible but a woman muſt be guil-'ty of affectation.'

HAR. 'Well, then, ſuppoſe I *am*. 'I never pretended to be clear of the 'foibles which you impute to the ſex. 'I am a weak, a very weak creature: 'you ſee I am—'

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

MISS GR. 'Aye, weep, love. My 'ſiſter has heard me ſay, that I never 'in my life ſaw a girl ſo lovely in 'tears.'

HAR. 'What have I done to de-'ſerve—'

MISS GR. 'Such a compliment!—'hay?—But you ſhan't weep neither. '—Why, why, is this ſubject ſo af-'fecting, Harriet?'

HAR. 'You ſurprize me!—Parted 'with you but an hour or two ago—'and nothing of theſe reproaches.—'And now, all at once, *both* ladies—'

MISS GR. 'Reproaches, Harriet!'

HAR. 'I believe ſo. I don't know 'what elſe to call them.'

MISS GR. 'What! is it a reproach 'to be taxed with love—'

HAR. 'But the manner, Madam—'

MISS GR. 'The *manner* you are 'taxed with it, is the thing then.—'Well,'—putting on a grave look, and aſſuming a ſofter accent—'you '*are* in love, however: but with whom? 'is the queſtion.—Are we, your ſiſters, 'intitled to know with whom?'

'Surely,

'Surely, ladies,' thought I, 'you 'have something to say, that will make 'me amends for all this intolerable 'teazing:' and yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, swelled a little, that *they* should think *that* would be such high amends, which, however, I by myself, communing only with my own heart, would have thought so.

LADY L. (Coming to me, and taking my hand) 'Let me tell you, our 'dearest Harriet, that you are the most 'insensible girl in the world, if you 'are *not* in love.—And *now* what say 'you?'

HAR. 'Perhaps I do know, ladies, 'enough of the passion, to wish to be 'less alarmingly treated.'

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

'I think I *will* resume the reins, 'Charlotte,' said the countess. 'We 'are both cruel.—But tell us, my 'lovely sister, in one word tell your 'Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you 'have any confidence in our love, (and 'indeed we love you, or we would not 'have teazed you as we have done) if 'there be not one man in the world 'whom you love above all men in it?'

I was silent. I looked down. I had, in the same moment, an ague, in it's cold, and in it's hot fit. They vouchsafed, each, to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

'Be not afraid to speak out, my 'dear,' said Miss Grandison. 'Assure 'yourself of my love; my true *sisterly* 'love. I once intended to lead the 'way to the opening of your heart by 'the discovery of my own, before my 'brother, as I hoped, could have 'found me out—But nothing can be 'hid—'

'Madam!—ladies!' said I, and stood up in a hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again—'Your brother has not, could not—'I would die before—'

MISS GR. 'Amiable delicacy!—'He has not—But say you, Harriet, 'he *could* not?—If you would not be 'teazed, don't aim at reserves—But 'think you, that we could not see, 'on a hundred occasions, your heart 'at your eyes?—That we could not 'affix a proper meaning to those sud'den throbs just here,' patting my neck; 'those half suppressed, but 'always involuntary sighs—'[I sighed] '—Aye, just such as that!—[I was confounded]—'But, to be serious, 'we do assure you, Harriet, that had 'we not thought ourselves under some 'little obligation to Lady Anne S. 'we should have talked to you before 'on this subject. The friends of that 'lady have been very solicitous with 'us—And Lady Anne is not averse—'

HAR. 'Dear ladies!' withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; 'you 'say, you love me!—Won't you de'spise whom you love?—I do own—'

There I stopt; and dried my eyes.

LADY L. 'What does my Har'riet own?'

HAR. 'O Madam, had I a greater 'opinion of my own merit, than I 'have reason to have, (and I never 'had so little a one, as since I have 'known you two) I could open to 'you, without reserve, my whole 'heart—But one request I have to 'make you—You must grant it.'

They both in a breath asked what that was.

HAR. 'It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town 'this very afternoon—And long shall 'not that *town* hold your Harriet—'Indeed, indeed, ladies, I cannot now 'ever look your brother in the face—'And you will also both despise me! 'I know you will!'

Sweet, and as *seasonable* as sweet, (for I was very much affected) were the assurances they gave me of their continued love.

MISS GR. 'We have talked with 'our brother this morning—'

HAR. 'About me! I hope he has 'not a notion, that—' There I stopt.

LADY L. 'You were mentioned: 'but we intend not to alarm you 'farther. We will tell you what 'passed. Lady Anne was our sub'ject.'

I was all attention.

MISS GR. 'We asked him if he 'had any thoughts of marriage? The 'question came in properly enough, 'from the subject that preceded it. 'He was silent: but sighed and look'ed grave.' [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?] 'We re'peated the question. "You told us "brother," said I, "that you do not "intend to resume the treaty began

"by

Plate I. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Nov. 2, 1782.

" by my father for Lady Frances N.
" What think you of Lady Anne S.?
" We need not mention to you how
" conſiderable her fortune is; what
" an enlargement it would give to
" your power of doing good; nor
" what her diſpoſition and qualities
" are: her perſon is far from being
" diſagreeable; and ſhe has a great
" eſteem for you."

" I think Lady Anne a very agree-
" able woman," replied he: " But
" if ſhe honours me, with a preferable
" eſteem, ſhe gives me a regret; be-
" cauſe it is not in my power to re-
" turn it."

" Not in your *power*, brother?"

" It is not in my power to return
" it."

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold, as before, almoſt in the ſame moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me farther. But theſe are ſubjects that cannot be touched upon without raiſing emotion in the boſom of a perſon who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of ſuſpenſe! How every new inſtance of it tears in pieces my before almoſt burſting heart!

Miss Gr. 'My brother went on—
" You have often hinted to me at
" diſtance this ſubject. I will not, as
" I might, anſwer your queſtion, now
" ſo *directly* put, by ſaying, that it is
" my wiſh to ſee you, Charlotte, hap-
" pily married, before I engage my-
" ſelf. But, perhaps, I ſhall be
" better enabled ſome time hence,
" than I am at preſent, to return ſuch
" an anſwer as you may expect from
" a brother."

'Now, my Harriet, we are afraid,
' by the words, " *Not in his power*;"
' and by the hint, that he cannot at
' preſent anſwer our queſtion as he
' may be enabled to do ſome time
' hence; we are afraid, that ſome
' foreign lady—'

They had raiſed my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by ſo well-grounded an apprehenſion, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L.'s ſalts to my noſe. I could not help expoſing myſelf; my heart having been weakened too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the ſhoulder of Miſs Grandiſon. Tears relieved me.

I deſired their pity. They aſſured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendſhip, to open my whole heart to them.

I pauſed. I heſitated. Words did not immediately offer themſelves. But at laſt, I ſaid, 'Could I have thought 'myſelf intitled to your excuſe, ladies, 'your Harriet, honoured as ſhe was, 'from the firſt, with the appellation 'of *ſiſter*, would have had no reſerve 'to *her* ſiſters. But a juſt conſcious-'neſs of my own unworthineſs over-'came a temper, that, I will ſay, 'is naturally frank and unreſerved. 'Now, however—'

There I ſtopt, and held down my head.

Lady L. 'Speak out, my dear—
'What "*Now*—"

Miss Gr. 'What "*Now, how-ever*—"

Har. 'Thus called upon; thus 'encouraged'—And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could, (but it was not, I believe, very boldly) 'I 'will own, that the man, who by ſo 'ſignal an inſtance of his bravery and 'goodneſs engaged my gratitude, has 'poſſeſſion of my whole heart.'

And then, almoſt unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I ſat between them, round Lady L.'s neck, the other round Miſs Grandiſon's; my glowing face ſeeking to hide itſelf in Lady L.'s boſom.

They both embraced me, and aſſured me of their united intereſt. They ſaid, They knew I had alſo Dr. Bartlett's high regard: but that they had in vain ſought to procure new lights from him; he conſtantly, in every thing that related to their brother, referring himſelf to him: and they aſſured me, that I had likewiſe the beſt wiſhes and intereſt of Lord L. to the fulleſt extent.

This, Lucy, is ſome—conſolation—muſt I ſay? ſome eaſe to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: but yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at the ſtrengthening of hope to obtain an intereſt in the heart of a man, of whoſe engagements none of us know any thing? But if, at laſt, it ſhall prove, that that worthieſt of hearts is diſengaged; and if I *can* obtain an intereſt in it; be pride out of the queſtion! 'The man,' as my aunt wrote, 'is Sir Charles Grandiſon.'

I was very earneſt to know, ſince my

my eyes had been such tell-tales, if their brother had any suspicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they said, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been so much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wish that he *should* suspect me. The best of men, they said, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the short-hand writer—That he would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if he were not assured, that she loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, suffer a great deal in the apprehension, at one time, of disgusting the object of our passion by too forward a love; and, at another, of disobliging him by too great a reserve. Don't you think so?

The ladies said, They were extremely solicitous to see their brother married. They wished it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, That I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother said of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming conversation.

'When my brother had let us 'know,' said Miss Grandison, 'that 'it was not in his power to return a 'preferable esteem for a like esteem, 'if Lady Anne honoured him with 'it; I said—"If Lady Anne had as "many advantages to boast of, as "Miss Byron has, could you then, "brother, like Lady Anne?"

"Miss Byron," replied he, "is "a charming woman."

'Lady L. (Slily enough,' continued Miss Grandison) 'said, "Miss "Byron is one of the prettiest "women I ever beheld. I never saw "in any face, youth and dignity, and "sweetness of aspect, so happily "blended."

On this occasion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, so long as I *repeat* only, and repeat justly.

"Forgive me, Lady L." replied my 'brother—"But as Alexander would "be drawn only by Apelles; so "would I say to all those who leave "*mind* out of the description of Miss "Byron, That *they* are not to describe "her. This young lady" [You *may* 'look proud, Harriet!] "has *united* "in her face *feature*, *complexion*, *grace*, "and *expression*, which very few wo-"men, even of those who are most "celebrated for beauty, have *singly* "in equal degree: but, what is in-"finitely more valuable, she has a "heart that is equally pure and open. "She has a fine mind; and it is legi-"ble in her face. Have you not ob-"served, Charlotte," added he, "what "intelligence her very silence pro-"mises? And yet, when she speaks, "she never disappoints the most raised "expectation."

I was speechless, Lucy.

"Well, brother," continued Miss Grandison—"If there is not every "thing you say in Miss Byron's face "and mind, there seems to me little "less than the warmth of love in "the description—You are another "Apelles, Sir, if his colours were "the most glowing of those of all "painters."

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, what answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

'Ah, Harriet!' smiling—'That's 'a meaning look, with all it's bash-'fulness. This was my brother's 'answer—"Every body must love "Miss Byron—You know, Char-"lotte, that I presented her to *you*, "and you to *her*, as a third sister: "and what man better loves his sisters, "than your brother?"

'We both looked down, Harriet; 'but not quite so silly and so disap-'pointed, as you *now* look—'

'Dear Miss Grandison!'

'Well, then, another time don't let 'your eyes ask questions, instead of 'your lips.'

'*Third Sister!*' my Lucy: Indeed, I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I *was* disappointed.

HAR. 'And this was all that 'passed? You hear by my question, 'ladies,

'ladies, that my lips *will* keep my 'eyes in countenance.'

MISS GR. 'It was; for he retired 'as soon as he had said this.'

HAR. '*How*, retired Madam?—'Any *discompo*—You laugh at my 'folly; at my presumption perhaps.'

They both smiled. 'No, I can't 'say that there seemed to be, either 'in his words or manner, any *distinguishing* emotion; any great *discompo*—He was about to retire be-'fore.'

'Well, ladies, I will only say, 'That the best thing I can do, is, to 'borrow a chariot and six, and drive 'away to Northamptonshire.'

'But why so, Harriet?'

'Because it is impossible but I must 'suffer in your brother's opinion, 'every time he sees me, and that 'whether I am silent or speaking.'

They made me fine compliments: but they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandison meant any thing, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said *one* very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself—Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant-custom, out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to *let go*, as their merits *pulled*—And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could *till* now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wished me to declare, that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than she would wish him to think himself.—

But why am I studious to torment myself? What *will* be, *must*. 'Who 'knows what Providence has designed 'for Sir Charles Grandison?'—May *he* be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise at this time.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

I Will not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had on Tuesday night after supper. You may be sure, Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in it. It would be impossible to give you more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions so quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one subject, Lucy, I particularly *owe* you some account.

Miss Grandison, in her lively way, (and lively she was, notwithstanding her trial so lately over) led me into talking of the detested masquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy scene, which those dreadfully interesting ones that followed it had made me wish to blot out of my memory.

'I spared you at the time, Harriet,' said she. 'I asked you no questions 'about the masquerade, when you 'flew to us first, poor frighted bird! 'with all your gay plumage about you.'

I coloured a deep crimson, I believe. What were Sir Charles's first thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantastick, that hated dress? The smile of the bird too, was *his*, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

'My dear Miss Grandison, spare 'me still. Let me forget, that ever 'I presumptuously ventered into such 'a scene of folly.'

'Do not call it by harsh names, 'Miss Byron,' said Sir Charles. 'We are too much obliged to it.'

'Can I, Sir Charles, call it by *too* 'harsh a name, when I think, how 'fatal, in numberless ways, the event 'might have proved! But I do not 'speak only with reference to that.—'Don't think, my dear Miss Grandison, that my dislike to myself, 'and to this foolish diversion, springs 'altogether from what befel *me*. I 'had on the spot the same contempts,

'the same disdain of myself, the same 'dislike of all those who seemed ca-'pable of joy on the light, the foolish 'occasion.'

'My good Charlotte,' said Sir Charles, smiling, 'is less timorous 'than her younger sister. *She* might 'be persuaded, I fancy, to venture—'

'Under your conduct, Sir Charles. 'You know, Lady L. and I, who 'have not yet had an opportunity of 'this sort, were trying to engage you 'against the next subscription-ball.'

'Indeed,' said Lady L. 'our Har-'riet's distress has led me into re-'flections I never made before on this 'kind of diversion; and I fancy her 'account of it will perfectly satisfy '*my* curiosity.'

Sir Ch. 'Proceed, good Miss By-'ron. I am as curious as your sisters, 'to hear what you say of it. The 'scene was quite new to you. You 'probably expected entertainment from 'it. Forget for a while the acci-'dental consequences, and tell us how 'you were at the time amused.'

'Amused, Sir Charles!—Indeed I 'had no opinion of the diversion, even 'before I went. I knew I should 'despise it. I knew I should often 'wish myself at home before the 'evening were over. And so indeed 'I did; I whispered my cousin Reeves 'more than once, "O Madam! this "is sad, this is intolerable stuff! "This place is one great Bedlam! "Good Heaven! Could there be in "this one town so many creatures de-"void of reason, as are here got "together? I hope we are *all* here."

'Yet you see,' said Miss Grandi-son, 'however Lady L. is, or seems 'to be, instantaneously reformed, 'there were *two*, who would gladly 'have been there: the more, you may 'be sure, for it's having been a di-'version prohibited to us, at our first 'coming to town. Sir Charles lived 'long in the land of masquerades—O 'my dear! we used to please ourselves 'with hopes, that when he was per-'mitted to come over to England, 'we should see golden days under his 'auspices.'

Sir Ch. (Smiling.) 'Will you ac-'company us to the next subscription-'ball, Miss Byron?'

'I, Sir Charles, should be inex-'cusable, if I thought—'

Miss Gr. (Interrupting, and look-ing archly.) 'Not under *our brother's* 'conduct, Harriet?'

'Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, 'had the diversion not been *prohibited*, 'had you once seen the wild, the 'senseless confusion, you would think 'just as I do: and you will have one 'stronger reason against countenancing 'it by your presence; for who, at this 'rate, shall make the stand of virtue 'and decorum, if such ladies as Miss 'Grandison and Lady L. do not?—'But I speak of the common mas-'querades, which I believe are more 'disorderly. I was disgusted at the 'freedoms taken with me, though 'but the common freedoms of the 'place, by persons who singled me 'from the throng, hurried me round 'the rooms, and engaged me in fifty 'idle conversations; and to whom, 'by the privilege of the place, I was 'obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and 'to aim at repartee and smartness; 'the current wit of that witless place. 'They once got me into a country 'dance. No prude could come, or if 'she came, could be a prude there.'

Sir Ch. 'Were you not pleased, 'Miss Byron, with the first coup d'oeil 'of that gay apartment?'

'A momentary pleasure: but when 'I came to reflect, the bright light, 'striking on my tinsel dress, made me 'seem to myself the more conspicuous 'fool. Let me be kept in countenance 'as I might, by scores of still more 'ridiculous figures, "What," thought 'I, "are other people's follies to me? "Am I to make an appearance that "shall want the countenance of the "vainest, if not the silliest, part of the "creation? What would my good "grandfather have thought, could he "have seen his Harriet, the girl" '(excuse me; they were my thoughts 'at the time) "whose mind he took "pains to form and enlarge, ming-"ling in a habit so preposterously rich "and gaudy, with a crowd of satyrs, "harlequins, scaramouches, fauns, and "dryads; nay, of witches and devils!" 'The graver habits striving which 'should most disgrace the characters 'they assumed, and every one en-

'deavouring

'deavouring to be thought the direct 'contrary of what he or she appeared 'to be?'

MISS GR. 'Well then, the devils, 'at least, must have been charming 'creatures!'

LADY L. 'But, Sir Charles, might 'not a masquerade, if decorum were 'observed, and every one would sup-'port with wit and spirit the assumed 'character—'

MR. GR. 'Devils and all, Lady 'L.?'

LADY L. 'It is contrary to deco-'rum for such shocking characters to 'be assumed at all—But might it not, 'Sir Charles, so regulated, be a ra-'tional, and an almost instructive, 'entertainment?'

SIR CH. 'You would scarcely be 'able, my dear sister, to collect eight 'or nine hundred people, all wits, 'and all observant of decorum. And 'if you could, does not the example 'reach down to those who are capable 'of taking only the bad and dangerous 'part of a diversion: which you may 'see by every common newspaper is 'become dreadfully general?'

MR. GR. 'Well, Sir Charles, 'and why should not the poor devils 'in *low life* divert themselves as well 'as their betters? For my part, I re-'joice when I see advertised an eigh-'teen-penny masquerade, for all the 'pretty prentice souls, who will that 'evening be Arcadian shepherdesses, 'goddesses, and queens.'

MISS GR. 'What low profligate 'scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, 'good man! if thou wert in proper 'company! I warrant those goddesses 'have not wanted an adorer in our 'cousin Everard.'

MR. GR. 'Dear Miss Charlotte, 'take care! I protest, you begin to 'talk with the spite of an old maid.'

MISS GR. 'There, brother! Do 'you hear the wretch? Will not you, 'knight-errant like, defend the cause 'of a whole class of distressed dam-'sels, with our good Yorkshire aunt 'at the head of them?'

SIR CH. 'Those general preju-'dices and aspersions, Charlotte, are 'indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am 'for having every body marry.—Ba-'chelors, cousin Everard, and maids, 'when long single, are looked upon 'as houses long empty, which nobody 'cares to take. As the house in time, 'by long disuse, will be thought by 'the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, 'so will the others, by the *many*, be 'thought possessed by no good ones.'

The transition was some-how made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one another. 'We must in these cases,' said Sir Charles, 'throw merit in one 'scale, demerit in the other; and if 'the former weigh down the latter, 'we must in charity pronounce to the 'person's advantage. So it is humbly 'hoped we shall finally be judged our-'selves: for who is faultless?

'Yet,' said he, 'for my own part, 'that I may not be wanting to pru-'dence, I have sometimes, where the 'merit is not very striking, allowed 'persons, at first acquaintance, a short 'lease only in my good opinion; some 'for three, some for six, some for nine, 'others for twelve months, renewable 'or not, as they answer expectation. 'And by this means I leave it to every 'one to make his own character with 'me; I preserve my charity, and my 'complacency; and enter directly, with 'frankness, into conversation with him; 'and generally continue that freedom 'to the end of the respective person's 'lease.'

MISS GR. 'I wonder how many 'of your leases, brother, have been 'granted to ladies?'

SIR CH. 'Many, Charlotte, of the 'friendly sort: but the kind you arch-'ly mean, are out of the question at 'present. We were talking of esteem.'

This insensibly led the conversation to love and courtship; and he said, [What do you think he said, Lucy?] That he should not, perhaps, were he in love, be over-forward to declare his passion by words; but rather shew it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object: and in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

'Some think,' proceeded he, 'that 'the days of courtship are the happiest 'days of life. But the man, who, as 'a lover, thinks so, is not to be for-'given. Yet it must be confessed,

'that *hope* gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.'

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit—

'I am endeavouring,' said he, 'to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable lover might think himself intitled; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, ladies!] to develope the plaits and folds of the female heart.'

This developement stuck with us women a little. We talked of it afterwards. And Miss Grandison *then* said, It was well her cousin Everard said not that. And *he* answered, 'Sir Charles may with more safety *steal a horse*, than I *look over the hedge*.'

Miss Gr. 'Aye, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach, as that of an Old Maid.'

Mr. Gr. 'Aspersing a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: and a class too (this of the rakes) that many a generous-spirited girl chuses out of, when she would dispose of herself, and her fortune.'

Miss Gr. 'How malapert this Everard!'

What Sir Charles *next* said, made him own the character more decently by his blushes.

'The woman who chuses a rake,' said he, 'does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shewn to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad: the disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform, (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflections on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: if not, what has she chosen? He married not from honest principles; a rake despises matrimony: if still a rake, what hold will she have of him? A rake in *passion* is not a man in *love*. Such a one can seldom be in love: from a *laudable* passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His love deserves a vile name: and if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife.'

What he said, was openly approved by the gentlemen; tacitly by the ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years; 'I knew,' said Lord L. 'a woman of character, and not reckoned to want sense, who married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young rake of twenty-two. She is rich; and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.'

'Retribution,' replied Sir Charles, 'will frequently take it's course. The lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was, that she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one; forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes.—Don't you think, my lord, that it is suitable to the Divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend it's sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man?'

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: but you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison; and whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily,

Emily, were almoſt equally, and attentively, ſilent, till the laſt ſcene: and then the doctor ſaid, 'I muſt ſhew 'you a little tranſlation of Miſs Emi-'ly's from the Italian.' She bluſhed, and looked as if ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould ſtay or go. 'I ſhould be 'glad to ſee any thing of my Emily's,' ſaid Sir Charles. 'I know ſhe is a 'miſtreſs of that language, and ele-'gant in her own.—Pray, my dear,' (to her) 'let us be obliged, if it will 'not pain you.'

She bluſhed, and bowed.

'I muſt firſt tell you,' ſaid the doctor, 'that I was the occaſion of her 'chuſing ſo grave a ſubject, as you 'will find that of the ſonnet from 'which hers is taken.'

'A ſonnet!' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. 'My dear little POETESS, you muſt 'ſet it, and ſing it to us.'

'No, indeed, Madam,' ſaid Miſs Jervois, bluſhing ſtill more. 'Dr. 'Bartlett would by no means have me a *poeteſs*, I am ſure: and did you 'not, dear Madam, ſpeak that word, 'as if you meant to call me a name?'

'I think ſhe did, my dear,' ſaid Sir Charles: 'nor would I have my 'Emily diſtinguiſhed by any name, 'but that of a diſcreet, an ingenious, 'and an amiable young woman. The 'titles of *Wit* and *Poeteſs* have been 'diſgraced too often by Sappho's and 'Corinna's, ancient and modern. Was 'not this in your head, ſiſter?—But 'do not be diſturbed, my Emily.' [The poor girl's eyes gliſtened:] 'I 'mean no check to livelineſs and mo-'deſt ingenuity. The eaſy productions of a fine fancy, not made the buſineſs of life, or it's boaſt, confer 'no denomination that is diſgraceful, 'but very much the contrary.'

'I am very glad, for all *that*,' ſaid Miſs Jervois, 'that my little tranſla-'tion is in plain proſe: had it not, I 'ſhould have been very much afraid 'to have it ſeen.'

'Even in *that* caſe, you need not to 'have been afraid, my dear Miſs Jer-'vois,' ſaid the good Dr. Bartlett: 'Sir Charles is an admirer of good 'poetry; and Miſs Grandiſon would 'have recollected the Philomela's, the 'Orinda's, and other names among 'her own ſex, whoſe fine genius does 'it honour.'

'Your diffidence and ſweet humility, my dear Emily,' ſaid Lady L. 'would, in you, make the moſt en-'vied accompliſhments amiable.'

'I am ſure,' ſaid the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to ſtart, 'I have reaſon to be affected 'with the ſubject.—The indulgent 'mother is deſcribed with ſo much 'ſweet tenderneſs—O what pleaſures 'do mothers loſe, who want tender-'neſs!'

We all, either by eyes or voices, called for the ſonnet, and her tranſlation. Dr. Bartlett ſhewed them to us; and I ſend copies of both.

'SONNET OF VINCENZIO DA FILI-'CAJA.

'*Qual madre i figli con pietoſo affetto*
'*Mira, e d'amor ſi ſtrugge a lor davante;*
'*E un bacia in fronte, ed un ſi ſtringe al*
'*petto,*
'*Uno tien sù i ginocchi, un ſulle piante,*
'*E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all'aſpetto*
'*Lor voglie intende sì diverſe, e tante,*
'*A queſti un guardo, a quei diſpenſa un*
'*detto,*
'*E ſe ride, o s'adira, è ſempre amante:*
'*Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita*
'*Veglia, e queſti conforta, e quei provvede,*
'*E tutti aſcolta, e porge a tutti aita.*
'*E ſe niega talor grazia, o mercede,*
'*O niega ſol, perchè a pregar ne invita;*
'*O negar finge, e nel negar concede.*'

'See a fond mother incircled by her 'children: with pious tenderneſs ſhe 'looks around, and her ſoul even melts 'with maternal love. One ſhe kiſſes 'on the forehead: and claſps another 'to her boſom. One ſhe ſets upon her 'knee; and finds a ſeat upon her foot 'for another. And while, by their 'actions, their liſping words, and 'aſking eyes, ſhe underſtands their va-'rious numberleſs little wiſhes, to theſe 'ſhe diſpenſes a look; a word to thoſe; 'and whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender love.

'Such to us, though infinitely high 'and awful, is PROVIDENCE: ſo it 'watches over us; comforting thoſe; 'providing for thoſe; liſtening to all; 'aſſiſting every one; and if ſometimes 'it denies the favour we implore, it 'denies but to invite our more earneſt 'prayers; or ſeeming to deny a bleſ-'ſing, grants one in that refuſal.'

When the tranſlation was read aloud, the tears that before were ſtarting, trickled

trickled down the ſweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and eſpecially the praiſes given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS GRANDISON.

'MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

'FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

'I Have already ſeen Captain Anderſon. Richard Saunders, whom 'I ſent with your letter, as ſoon as I 'came to town, found him at his 'lodgings near Whitehall. He ex-'preſſed himſelf, on reading it before 'the ſervant, with *indiſcreet* warmth. 'I would not make minute enquiries 'after his words, becauſe I intended 'an amicable meeting with him.

'We met at four yeſterday after-'noon, at the Cocoa Tree, in Pall 'Mall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and 'Major Dillon, two of his friends, 'with whom I had no acquaintance, 'were with him. The captain and I 'withdrew to a private room. The 'two gentlemen entered it with us.

'You will on this occaſion, I know, 'expect me to be particular: yet muſt 'allow, that I had no good cauſe to 'manage; ſince thoſe points that had 'moſt weight, (and which were the 'ground of your objections to him 'when you ſaw him in a near light) 'could not be pleaded without affront-'ing him; and if they had, would 'hardly have met with his allowance; 'and could therefore have no force in 'the argument.

'On the two gentlemen entering the 'room with us, without apology or 'objection, I aſked the captain, if they 'were acquainted with the affair we 'met upon? He ſaid, they were his 'dear and inſeparable friends, and 'knew every ſecret of his heart. "Perhaps in this caſe, Captain An-"derſon," returned I, "it were as "well they did not."

"We are men of honour, Sir "Charles Grandiſon," ſaid the ma-'jor, briſkly.

"I don't doubt it, Sir. But where "the delicacy of a lady is concerned, "the hearts of the principals ſhould "be the whole world to each other. "But what is done, is done. I am "ready to enter upon the affair before "theſe gentlemen, if you chuſe it, "captain."

"You will find us to be gentlemen, "Sir Charles," ſaid the colonel.

'The captain then began, with 'warmth, his own ſtory. Indeed he 'told it very well. I was pleaſed, for 'my *ſiſter's ſake* (pardon me, Char-'lotte) that he did. He is not con-'temptible, either in perſon or un-'derſtanding. He may be ſaid, per-'haps, to be an illiterate, but he is 'not an ignorant man; though not 'the perſon whom the friends of 'Charlotte Grandiſon would think 'worthy of the firſt place in her heart.

'After he had told his ſtory, (which I 'need not repeat to you) he inſiſted upon 'your promiſe: and his two friends 'declared in his favour, with airs, 'each man, a little too peremptory. 'I told them ſo; and that they muſt 'do me the juſtice to conſider me as a 'man of ſome ſpirit, as well as them-'ſelves. "I came hither with a "friendly intention, gentlemen," ſaid 'I. "I do not love to follow the "lead of haſty ſpirits: but if you "expect to carry any point with me, "it muſt not be either by raiſed voices, "or heightened complexions."

'Their features were all at once 'changed: and they ſaid, they meant 'not to be warm.

'I told the captain, that I would 'not enter into a minute defence of 'the lady, though my ſiſter. I owned 'that there had appeared a precipita-'tion in her conduct. Her treatment 'at home, as ſhe apprehended, was 'not anſwerable to her merits. She 'was young, and knew nothing of 'the world. Young ladies were of-'ten ſtruck by appearances. "You, "Captain Anderſon," ſaid I, "have "advantages in perſon and manner, "that might obtain for you a young "lady's attention. And as ſhe be-"lieved herſelf circumſtanced in her "family, I wonder not that ſhe lent "an ear to the addreſs of a gallant "man; whoſe command in that "neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, "whoſe behaviour in that command, "added to his conſequence. But I "take it for granted, Sir, that you "met with difficulties from her, when

"ſhe

" she came to reflect upon the disrepu-
" tation of a young woman's carrying
" on clandestinely a correspondence
" with a man, of whose address, her
" father, then living, was not likely
" to approve. There was none of that
" violent passion on either side, that
" precludes reason, discretion, duty.
" It is no wonder, then, that a wo-
" man of Charlotte Grandison's known
" good sense, should reflect, should
" consider: and perhaps the less, that
" you should therefore seek to engage
" her by promise. But what *was* the
" promise? It was not the promise
" that, it seems, you sought to engage
" her to make; to be absolutely yours,
" and no other man's: but it was, that
" she would not marry any other man
" without your consent, while you re-
" mained single. An unreasonable
" promise, however, I will presume
" to say, either to be proposed, or
" submitted to."

" *Sir!*" said the captain, and look-
ed the soldier.

' I repeated what I last said.

" Sir!" again said the captain; and
looked upon his friends, who point-
ed each his head at the other, and at
him, by turns—as if they had said,
" Very free language."

" For, Sir," proceeded I, " did it
" not give room to think, that you had
" either some doubts of your own
" merit with the lady, or of her af-
" fection and steadiness? And in either
" case, ought it to have been proposed?
" ought it to have been made? for
" my part, I should disdain to think
" of any woman for a wife, who gave
" me reason to imagine, that she was
" likely to balance a moment, as to
" her choice of me, or any other man."

" Something in that!" said the co-
lonel.

" As you explain yourself, Sir
" Charles," said the major—

' The captain, however, sat swell-
ing. He was not so easily satisfied.

" Your motive, we are not to ques-
" tion, captain, was love. Miss
" Grandison is a young woman whom
" any man may love. By the way,
" where a man is assured of a return
" in love, there is no occasion for a
" promise. But a promise *was* made.
" My sister is a woman of honour.
" She thinks herself bound by it; and
" she is content to lead a single life to
" the end of it, if you will not ac-
" quit her of this promise. Yet she
" leaves, and at the *time* did leave,
" *you* free. You will have the justice,
" Sir, to allow, that there is a gene-
" rosity in her conduct to you, which
" remains for you to shew to her, since
" a promise should not be made but
" on equal terms. Would you hold
" her to it, and be not held yourself?
" She desires not to hold you. Let
" me tell you, captain, that if I had
" been in your situation, and had been
" able to *prevail upon myself* to en-
" deavour to bring a lady to make me
" such a promise, I should have doubt-
" ed her love of me, had she not
" sought to bind me to her by an equal
" tie. " What!" should I have said
" to myself, " Is this lady dearer to
" *me* than all the women upon earth?
" Do I seek to bind her to me by a so-
" lemn promise, which shall give me
" a power over *her?* And has she so
" little regard for me, as not to va-
" lue, whether I marry any other wo-
" man?"

' The gentlemen looked upon one
another; but were silent. I pro-
ceeded.

" Let us set this matter in it's true
" light. Here is a young woman,
" who had suffered herself to be em-
" barrassed in a treaty, that her whole
" heart, she assures me, was never
" in. *This was her fault.* But know
" we not how inextricable are the en-
" tanglements of *love*, as it is called,
" when young women are brought to
" enter into correspondence with men?
" Our sex have opportunities of know-
" ing the world, which the other have
" not. Experience, gentlemen, en-
" gaging with inexperience, and per-
" haps to the difference of twice the
" number of years, [" Sir!" said the
" captain!] the combat must be too
" unequal. How artfully do men en-
" deavour to draw in the woman whom
" they think it worth their while to
" pursue!—But would any man here
" wish to marry a woman, who de-
" clares that she was insensibly drawn
" in beyond her purpose? Who shew-
" ed, when she refused to promise that
" she would be his, in preference to
" all other men, that she did not love
" him above all other men? Who,
" when she was prevailed on to fetter
" herself, made him not of conse-
" quence

" quence enough to herſelf to bind " *him?* And, in a word, who has " long ago declared to him, and ſtea- " dily perſiſts in the declaration, that " ſhe *never* will be his?—You ſeem, " gentlemen, to be men of ſpirit, " would you wiſh to marry the firſt " woman on earth on theſe terms, if " you *could* obtain her?—which, how- " ever, is not the caſe; ſince Miſs " Grandiſon's promiſe extends not ſo " far as to oblige her to marry Captain " Anderſon."

' The captain did not, he told me, ' like ſome part of what I had ſaid; ' and ſtill leſs ſome of the words I had ' uſed—And ſeemed to be diſpoſing ' his features to take a fiercer turn than ' became the occaſion. I interrupted ' him therefore: " I met you not, " captain," ſaid I, " either to hear, " or to obviate, cavils upon words. " When I have told you, that I came " with an amicable intention, I ex- " pect to be believed. I intend not " offence. But let us be *men*. I am " perhaps a younger man by ten years, " than any one preſent: but I have " ſeen the world, as much as any man " of my age; and know what is due " to the character of a gentleman, " whether it be Captain Anderſon's, " or my own: and expect not wilful " miſconſtructions."

" All I mean is, Sir," ſaid the cap- ' tain, " that I will not be treated con- " temptuouſly; no, not even by the " brother of Miſs Grandiſon."

" The brother of Miſs Grandiſon, " Sir, is not accuſtomed to treat any " man contemptuouſly. Don't treat " yourſelf ſo, and you are ſafe from " unworthy treatment from me. Let " me add, Sir, that I permit every " man to fix his character with me, " as he pleaſes. I will venture to ſay, " I have a large charity; but I extend " it not to credulity: but yet will al- " ways allow a third perſon to decide " upon the juſtice of my intentions " and actions."

' The captain ſaid, that he aſcribed ' a great deal of my ſiſter's *poſitiveneſs* ' *in her denial of him*, (thoſe were his ' words) to the time of my arrival in ' England; and he doubted not, that ' I had encouraged the propoſals, either ' of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord ' G. becauſe of their quality and for- ' tunes: and hence his difficulties were ' increaſed.

' And then up he roſe, ſlapt one ' hand upon the table, put the other ' on his ſword, and was going to ſay ' ſome very fierce things, prefacing ' them with damning his blood; when ' I ſtood up: " Hold, captain; be calm, " if poſſible—Hear from me the naked " truth: I will make you a fair re- " preſentation; and when I have done, " do you reſume, if you think it ne- " ceſſary, that angry air you got up " with, and ſee what you'll make of " it."

' His friends interpoſed. He ſat ' down, half out of breath with an- ' ger. His ſwelled features went down ' by degrees.

" The truth of the matter is ſtrictly ' and briefly this.

" All my ſiſter's difficulties (which, " perhaps, were greater in apprehen- " ſion than in fact) ended with my fa- " ther's life. I made it my buſineſs, " on my arrival, as ſoon as poſſible to " aſcertain my ſiſters fortunes. Lord " L. married the elder. The two gen- " tlemen you have mentioned made " their addreſſes to the younger. I " knew nothing of you, Captain An- " derſon. My ſiſter had wholly kept " the affair between you and her, in " her own breaſt. She had not re- " vealed it even to her ſiſter. The " reaſon ſhe gives, and to which you, " Sir, could be no ſtranger, was, that " ſhe was determined never to be yours. " The ſubject requires explicitneſs, " Captain Anderſon: and I am not " accuſtomed to palliate, whenever it " does. She hoped to prevail upon " you to leave her as generouſly free " as ſhe had left you. I do aſſure " you, upon my honour, that ſhe fa- " vours not either of the gentlemen. " I know not the man ſhe *does* favour. " It is I, her brother, not herſelf, that " am ſolicitous for her marrying. " And, upon the indifference ſhe ex- " preſſed to change her condition, on " terms to which no objection could " be made, I ſuppoſed ſhe muſt have " a ſecret preference to ſome other " man. I was afterwards informed, " that letters had paſſed between her " and you, by a lady, who had it " from a gentleman of your acquaint- " ance. You have ſhewn me, Sir, by

" the

" the preſence of theſe gentlemen, that " you were not ſo careful of the ſe- " cret, as my ſiſter had been."—They ' looked upon one another.

" I charged my ſiſter, upon this diſ- " covery, with reſerve to me: but of- " fered her my ſervice in her own way; " aſſuring her, that if her heart were " engaged, the want of quality, title, " and fortune, ſhould not be of weight " with me, and that whomſoever ſhe " accepted for her huſband, him would " I receive for my brother."

' The colonel and the major extra- ' vagantly applauded a behaviour on ' this occaſion, which deſerved no more ' than a common approbation.

" She ſolemnly aſſured me," pro- ' ceeded I, " that although ſhe held " herſelf bound by the promiſe which " youth, inexperience, and ſolicita- " tion, had drawn her in to make, " ſhe reſolved to perform it by a per- " petual ſingle life, if it were inſiſted " upon. And thus, Sir, you ſee, that " it depends upon you to keep Char- " lotte Grandiſon a ſingle woman, till " you marry ſome other lady, (a power, " let me tell you, that no man ought " to ſeek to obtain over a young wo- " man) or, generouſly to acquit her " of it, and leave her as free as ſhe " has left you.—And now, gentle- " men," (to the major and colonel) " if you came hither not ſo much par- " ties as judges, I leave this matter " upon your conſideration; and will " withdraw for a few moments."

' I left every mouth ready to burſt ' into words; and walked into the ' publick room. There I met with ' Colonel Martin, whom I had ſeen ' abroad; and who had juſt aſked after ' Major Dillon. He, to my great ' ſurprize, took notice to me of the ' buſineſs that brought me thither.

' You ſee, my ſiſter, the conſequence ' you were of to Captain Anderſon. ' He had not been able to forbear ' boaſting of the honour which a daugh- ' ter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon had ' done him, and of his enlarged pro- ' ſpects, by her intereſt. Dear Char- ' lotte—How unhappy was the man, ' that your pride ſhould make you ' think yourſelf concerned to keep ſe- ' cret an affair that he thought a glory ' to him to make known to many! ' For we ſee, (ſhall I not ſay, to the ' advantage of this gentleman's cha- ' racter?) that he has many *dear* and ' *inſeparable friends*, from whom he ' *concealed not any ſecret of his heart.*

' Colonel Mackenzie came out ſoon ' after, and we withdrew to the corner ' of the room. He talked a great deal ' of the ſtrength of the captain's paſ- ' ſion; of the hopes he had conceived ' of making his fortune, through the ' intereſt of a family to which he im- ' puted conſideration: he made me ' many compliments; he talked of the ' great detriment this long-ſuſpended ' affair had been to his friend; and ' told me, with a grave countenance, ' that the captain was grown as many ' years older, as it had been in hand; ' and was ready to rate very highly ſo ' much time loſt in the prime of life. ' In ſhort, he aſcribed to the captain ' the views and the diſappointments of ' a military fortune-hunter too plainly ' for his honour, in my eye, had I ' been diſpoſed to take *proper* notice of ' the meaning of what he ſaid.

' After having heard him out, I de- ' ſired the colonel to let me know what ' all this meant, and what were the ' captain's expectations.

' He paraded on again a long time; ' and aſked me, at laſt, If there were ' no hopes that the lady—

" None at all," interrupted I. " She " has ſteadily declared as much. Char- " lotte Grandiſon is a woman of fine " ſenſe. She has great qualities. She " has inſuperable objections to the " captain, which are founded on a " more perfect knowledge of the man, " and of her own heart, than ſhe could " have at firſt. It is not my intention " to depreciate him with his friend; " I ſhall not, therefore, enter into parti- " culars. Let me know, colonel, what " the gentleman pretends to. He is " paſſionate, I ſee; I am not a tame " man: but God forbid, that Captain " Anderſon, who hoped to be benefited " by an alliance with the daughter of " Sir Thomas Grandiſon, ſhould re- " ceive hurt, or hard treatment from " her brother!"

' Here Colonel Martin, who had ' heard ſomething of what was ſaid, ' deſired to ſpeak with Colonel Mac- ' kenzie. They were not ſo diſtant, ' but my ear unavoidably caught part ' of their ſubject. Colonel Martin ' expatiated, in a very high manner, ' on my character, when I was abroad.

'He imputed bravery to me, (a great 'article among military men, and with 'you ladies) and I know not how 'many good qualities.—And Colonel 'Mackenzie took him in with him to 'the other two gentlemen: where, I 'suppose, every thing that had passed 'was repeated.

'After a while, I was desired by 'Colonel Martin, in the name of the 'gentlemen, to walk in; he himself 'sitting down in the publick room.

'They received me with respect. I 'was obliged to hear and say a great 'many things, that I had said and 'heard before: but at last two pro-'posals were made me; either of which, 'they said, if complied with, would be 'taken as laying the captain under a 'very high obligation.

'Poor man! I had compassion for 'him, and closed with one of them; 'declining the other for a reason which 'I did not give to them. To say truth, 'Charlotte, I did not chuse to promise 'my *interest* in behalf of a man, of 'whose merit I was not assured, had I 'been able to challenge any, as per-'haps I might by Lord W.'s means; 'who stands well with proper persons. 'A man ought to think himself, in 'some measure, accountable for *warm* 'recommendations; especially where 'the publick is concerned: and could 'I give my promise, and be cool as to 'the performance? And I should think 'myself also answerable to a worthy 'man, and to every one connected with 'him, if I were a means of lifting one 'less worthy over his head. I chose 'therefore to do that service to him, 'for which I am responsible only to '*myself*. After I have said this, my 'sister must ask me no questions.

'I gave a rough draught, at the 'captain's request, of the manner in 'which I would have releases drawn. 'Colonel Martin was desired to walk 'in. And all the gentlemen promised 'to bury in silence all that had ever 'come to their knowledge, of what 'had passed between Charlotte Gran-'dison and Captain Anderson.

'Let not the mentioning to you these 'measures, hurt you, my sister. Many 'young ladies of sense and family have 'been drawn in to still greater incon-'veniences than you have suffered. 'Persons of eminent abilities (I have 'a very high opinion of my Char-'lotte's) seldom err in *small* points. 'Most young women, who begin a 'correspondence with our designing 'sex, think they can stop when they 'will. But it is not so. We, and the 'dark spirit that sets us at work, 'which we sometimes mis-call love, 'will not permit you to do so. Men 'and women are devils to one another. 'They need no other tempter.

'All will be compleated to-morrow; 'and your written promise, of conse-'quence, given up. I congratulate 'my sister on the happy conclusion of 'this affair. You are now your own 'mistress, and free to chuse for your-'self. I should never forgive myself, 'were I, who have been the means of 'freeing you from one controul, to 'endeavour to lay you under another. 'Think not either of Sir Walter, or 'of Lord G. if your heart declare not 'in favour of either. You have some-'times thought me *earnest* in behalf of 'Lord G. But I have never spoken in 'his favour, but when you have put 'me upon answering objections to him, 'which I have thought insufficient: 'and indeed, Charlotte, some of your 'objections have been so slight, that I 'was ready to believe, you put them 'for the pleasure of having them an-'swered.

'My Charlotte need not doubt of 'admirers, wherever she sets her foot. 'And I repeat, that whoever be the 'man she inclines to favour, she may 'depend upon the approbation and 'good offices of *her ever affectionate* 'brother,

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

I Send you inclosed (to be returned by the first opportunity) Sir Charles's letter to his sister, acquainting her with the happy conclusion of the affair between Captain Anderson and her. Her brother, as you will see, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his justice. O the dear Charlotte! how her

her pride is piqued at the meanneſs of the man!—But no more of this ſubject, as the letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thouſand thanks for the great pacquet of my letters juſt ſent me, with a moſt indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two ladies hands, and my lord's, without reſerve, all the letters that reach to the maſquerade affair, from the time of my ſetting out for London; and when they have read thoſe, I have promiſed them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no ſmall earneſtneſs, in peruſing them.

This gives me an opportunity of purſuing my own devices.—And what, beſides ſcribbling, do you think one of them is?—A kind of perſecution of Dr. Bartlett; by which, however, I ſuſpect, that I myſelf am the greateſt ſufferer. He is an excellent man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his cloſet; encouraged by his aſſurances of welcome.

Let me ſtop to ſay, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement; ſurrounded by his books, his table generally covered with thoſe on pious ſubjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the ſaint, and inheritor of future glory: and, in that great view, am the more deſirous to cultivate his friendſhip.

And what do you think is our ſubject? Sir Charles, I ſuppoſe, you gueſs—And ſo it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few converſations we have yet had time to hold: but, I do aſſure you, we begin with the ſublimeſt; though I muſt ſay, to my ſhame, that it has not ſo much of my heart, at preſent, as once it had, and I hope again will one day have.—The great and glorious truths of Chriſtianity are this ſubject; which *yet*, from this good Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as often as he enters into it. But this very ſubject, ſublime as it is, brings on the other, as of conſequence: for Sir Charles Grandiſon, without making an oſtentatious pretenſion to religion, is the very Chriſtian in practice, that theſe doctrines teach a man to be. Muſt not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the divine example? It was upon good grounds he once ſaid, That as he muſt one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The ladies had referred me to the doctor himſelf for a more ſatisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he firſt came acquainted. I told him ſo, and aſked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he ſaid, the hiſtory of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuenſis, ſhould make me out, from that little hiſtory, an account of it, which I might ſhew, he was pleaſed to ſay, to ſuch of my ſelect friends, as I entruſted with the knowledge of my own heart.

I ſhall impatiently expect the abſtract of this little hiſtory; and the more, as the doctor tells me there will be included ſome particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the doctor ſpeaks of with love, as his patron's deareſt friend, and whom he calls a ſecond Sir Charles Grandiſon.

* *

See, my Lucy, the reward of frankneſs of heart. My communicativeneſs has been already encouraged with the peruſal of two letters from the ſame excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days, (as I ſhall be ſoon more particularly informed) he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The doctor drew himſelf in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: and he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a ſight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other letter, by the very next poſt. He ſays, he can deny me nothing. I wiſh I may not be too bold with him.—As for Miſs Grandiſon, ſhe vows, that ſhe will not let the good man reſt till ſhe gets him to communicate what he ſhall not abſolutely declare to be a ſecret, to *us* three ſiſters, and my Lord L. 'If the 'firſt man,' ſhe ſays, 'could not reſiſt '*one* woman, how will the doctor deal 'with *three*, not one of them behind-'hand with the *firſt* in curioſity? And

'all loving him, and whom he profeſſes 'to eſteem?' You ſee, Lucy, that Miſs Grandiſon has pretty well got up her ſpirits again.

* *

JUST now Miſs Grandiſon has related to me a converſation that paſſed between my Lord and Lady L. herſelf, and Doctor Bartlett; in which the ſubject was their brother and I. The ladies and my lord are entirely in my intereſts, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the doctor, That, being extremely earneſt to have their brother marry, they knew not the perſon living, whom they wiſhed to call his wife preferably to Miſs Byron; could they be ſure that I were abſolutely diſengaged. 'Now, doctor,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'tell us frankly, 'What is your opinion of our choice 'for a more than nominal ſiſter?'

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this converſation.

LORD L. 'Aye, my good Dr. Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.'

DR. B. 'Miſs Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for ſhe has 'more than once, ſince I have been 'down, done me the honour of entering into very free and ſerious converſations with me) is one of the moſt 'excellent of women.'

And then he went on, praiſing me for ingenuouſneſs, ſeriouſneſs, chearfulneſs, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: and added, 'Would to Heaven that ſhe 'were neither more nor leſs than Lady 'Grandiſon!'

'God bleſs him!' thought I.—Don't you join, my Lucy, to ſay, at this place, you, who love me ſo dearly, 'God bleſs you, Dr. Bartlett?'

LADY L. 'Well but, doctor, you 'ſay that Miſs Byron talks freely with 'you; cannot you gather from her, 'whether ſhe is inclined to marriage? 'Whether ſhe is abſolutely diſengaged? Lady D. made a propoſal to her 'for Lord D. and inſiſted on an anſwer to this very queſtion: that matter is gone off. As our *gueſt*, we 'would not have Miſs Byron think us 'impertinent. She is very delicate. 'And as ſhe is ſo amiably frank-hearted, thoſe things ſhe chuſes not 'to mention of her own accord, one 'would not, you know, officiouſly put 'to her.'

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think ſo, Lucy? The doctor, it is evident by his anſwer, did.

DR. B. 'It is not likely that ſuch 'a ſubject can ariſe between Miſs Byron and me: and it is ſtrange, methinks, that ladies calling each other 'ſiſters, ſhould not be abſolutely miſtreſſes of this queſtion.'

LORD L. 'Very right, Doctor 'Bartlett. But ladies will, in theſe 'points, take a compaſs before they 'explain themſelves.—A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightneſs, ladies, ſhould not be treated with diſtance.—We are of opinion, doctor, that Miſs Byron, ſuppoſing that ſhe is abſolutely diſengaged, could make no difficulty to 'prefer my brother to all the men in 'the world. What think you?'

DR. B. 'I have no doubt of it: 'ſhe thinks herſelf under obligation 'to him. She is goodneſs itſelf. She 'muſt love goodneſs. Sir Charles's perſon, his vivacity, his addreſs, his underſtanding—What woman would 'not prefer him to all the men ſhe ever 'ſaw? He has met with admirers among the ſex in every nation in 'which he has ſet his foot.' [Ah! Lucy!] 'You ladies muſt have ſeen, 'forgive me,' (bowing to each) 'that 'Miſs Byron has a more than grateful 'reſpect for your brother.'

MISS GR. 'We think ſo, doctor; 'and wanted to know if *you* did: and 'ſo, as my lord ſays, fetched a little 'compaſs about; which we ſhould not 'have done to *you*. But you ſay, That 'my brother has had numbers of admirers.—Pray, doctor, is there any '*one* lady (we imagine there is) that 'he has preferred to another, in the 'different nations he has travelled 'through?'

LORD L. 'Aye, doctor, we want 'to know this; and if you thought 'there were *not*, we ſhould make no 'ſcruple to explain ourſelves as well 'to Miſs Byron, as to my brother.'

Don't you long to know what anſwer the doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience, when Miſs Grandiſon repeated it to me.

The doctor heſitated—And at laſt ſaid,

said, 'I wish, with all my heart, Miss 'Byron could be Lady Grandison!'

Miss Gr. "Could be?—*Could* "be?" said each.

And 'could be?' said the fool to Miss Grandison, when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

Dr. B. (Smiling.) 'You hinted, 'ladies, that you are not *sure*, that 'Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. 'But, to be open, and above-board, 'I have reason to believe, that your 'brother would be concerned, if he 'knew it, that you should think of 'putting such a question as this to 'any body but himself. Why don't 'you? He once complained to me, 'that he was afraid his sisters looked 'upon him as a reserved man; and 'condescended to call upon me to put 'him right, if I thought his appear-'ance such as would give you grounds 'for the surmise. There are two or 'three affairs of intricacy that he is 'engaged in, and particularly one, 'that hangs in suspense; and would 'not be fond, I believe, of men-'tioning it, till he can do it with cer-'tainty: but else, ladies, there is not 'a more frank-hearted man in the 'world, than *your* brother.'

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of others, especially on those of good men, when we want to fasten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their superior worth) to bring them down to our own level! —For are we not all apt to measure the merits of others by our own standard, and to give praise or dispraise to actions or sentiments, as they square with our own?

Lord L. 'Perhaps, Doctor Bart-'lett, you don't think yourself at li-'berty to answer, whether these par-'ticular affairs are of such a nature, 'as will interfere with the *hopes* we 'have of bringing to effect a marriage 'between my brother and Miss Byron?'

Dr. B. 'I had rather refer to Sir 'Charles himself on this subject. If 'any man in the world deserves from 'prudence and integrity of heart to be 'happy in this life, that man is Sir 'Charles Grandison. But he is not '*quite* happy.'

Ah, Lucy!—The doctor proceeded. 'Your brother, ladies, has often said 'to me, That there was hardly a man 'living who had a more sincere value 'for the sex than he had; who had 'been more distinguished by the favour 'of worthy women; yet, who had 'paid dearer for that distinction than 'he had done.'

Lady L. 'Paid dearer! Good 'Heaven!'

Miss Gr. 'How could that be?'

Lord L. 'I always abroad heard 'the ladies reckon upon Sir Charles 'as their own man. His vivacity, his 'personal accomplishments, his polite-'ness, his generosity, his bravery!— 'Every woman who spoke of him, put 'him down for a man of gallantry. 'And is he not a *truly* gallant man?— 'I never mentioned it before.—But a 'Lady Olivia, of Florence, was much 'talked of, when I was in that city, 'as being in love with the handsome 'Englishman, as our brother was com-'monly called there.'—

"Lady Olivia!"—"Lady Olivia!"— repeated each sister; 'and why did not 'your lordship—'

'Why? Because, though she was 'in love with him, he had no thoughts 'of her: and, as the doctor says, she 'is but *one* of those, who, where-ever 'he set his foot, admired him.'

'Bless me,' thought I, 'what a 'black swan is a good man!—Why," (as I have often thought, to the credit of our sex) 'will not all the men be 'good?'

Lady L. 'My lord, you must tell 'us more of this Lady Olivia.'

Lord L. 'I know very little more 'of her. She was reputed to be a 'woman of high quality and fortune, 'and great spirit. I once saw her. 'She is a fine figure of a woman. Dr. 'Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an 'account of her.'

Miss Gr. 'Ah, doctor! what a 'history could you give us of our bro-'ther, if you pleased!—But as there 'is no likelihood that this lady will 'be any thing to my brother, let us 'return to our first subject.'

Lady L. 'By all means.—Pray, 'Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my 'brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?'

Dr. B. 'The highest that man can 'have of woman.'

Lady L. 'As we are so very de-'sirous to see my brother happily mar-'ried, and think he never could have 'a woman so likely to make him hap-'py,

'py, would you adviſe us to propoſe 'the alliance to him? We would 'not to *her*, unleſs we thought there 'were room to hope for his approba-'tion, and that in a very high degree.'

DR. B. 'I am under ſome con-'cern, my dear ladies, to be thought 'to know more of your brother's 'heart than ſiſters do, whom he loves 'ſo dearly, and who equally love 'him. I beſeech you, give me not ſo 'much more conſequence with him 'than you imagine you have your-'ſelves. I ſhall be afraid, if you do, 'that the favour I wiſh to ſtand in 'with you, is owing more to your 'brother's diſtinction of me, than to 'your own hearts.'

LORD L. 'I ſee not why we may 'not talk to my brother directly on this 'head. Whence is it, that we are all 'three inſenſibly drawn in, by each 'other's example, to this diſtance 'between him and us?—It is not '*his* fault. Did we ever aſk him a 'queſtion, that he did not directly 'anſwer, and that without ſhewing 'the leaſt affectation or reſerve?'

MISS GR. 'He came over to us all 'at once ſo perfect, after an eight or 'nine years abſence, with ſo much 'power, and ſuch a will to do us good, 'that we were awed into a kind of 'reverence for him.'

LADY L. 'Too great obligations 'from one ſide, will indeed create 'diſtance on the other. Grateful 'hearts will always retain a ſenſe of 'favours heaped upon them.'

DR. B. 'You would give pain to 'his noble heart, did he think that 'you put ſuch a value upon what he 'has done. I do aſſure you, that he 'thinks he has hardly performed his 'duty by his ſiſters: and, as occa-'ſions may ſtill offer, you will *find* 'he thinks ſo. But let me beg of you 'to treat him without reſerve or diffi-'dence; and that you would put to 'him all thoſe queſtions which you 'would wiſh to be anſwered. You 'will find him, I dare ſay, very can-'did, and very explicit.'

MISS GR. 'That ſhall be my taſk, 'when I next ſee him. But, dear 'Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, 'communicate to us all that is proper 'for us to ſee, of the correſpondence 'that paſſes between him and you.'

The doctor, it ſeems, bowed; but anſwered not.

So you ſee, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reaſon* to build ſo much, as my uncle, in his laſt letter, imagines I do, on the intereſt of theſe ladies, and my Lord L. with their brother. 'Two *or three intricate* 'affairs on his hands—One of them 'ſtill *in ſuſpenſe*—of which, for that 'reaſon, he makes a ſecret—He is not 'quite *happy—greatly diſtinguiſhed by* 'the *favour of worthy women*!' Who would wonder at that?—But 'has 'paid *dear for the diſtinction!*'—What can one ſay? What can one think? He once ſaid himſelf, That his life was a various life; and that ſome unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of ſuch a man could not ſhield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from *worthy* women too?—That's the wonder!—But is this Olivia one of the *worthy* women?—I fancy he muſt deſpiſe us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himſelf with one of a ſex, that has made him pay ſo dear for the general diſtinction he has met with from it. As to his politeneſs to us; a man may *afford* to ſhew politeneſs to thoſe he has reſolved to keep at diſtance from his heart.

But, ah, Lucy!—There muſt be one happy woman, whom he wiſhes *not* to keep at diſtance. This is the affair, that *hangs in ſuſpenſe*; and of which, therefore, he chuſes to ſay nothing.

* *

I HAVE had the pleaſure of a viſit from my Godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The ladies, Dr. Bartlett, and my Lord L. are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleaſure. He took me aſide, and charged me *ſo* home—He was *too* inquiſitive. I never knew him to be ſo *very* urgent to know my heart. But I was frank; very frank: I ſhould hardly have been excuſeable, if I had not, to ſo good a man, and ſo dear a friend. Yet he ſcarce knew how to be ſatisfied with my frankneſs.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I uſed to do. That may very well be. My very *ſoul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir

Charles

Charles is in ſuſpenſe too, from ſomebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but ſome faults; ſome great blemiſhes; I fancy I ſhould be eaſier about him. But to hear nothing of him, but what is ſo greatly praiſeworthy, and my heart ſo delighted with acts of beneficence—And now my Godfather Deane, at this viſit, running on in his praiſes, and commending, inſtead of blaming me, for my preſumptuous thoughts: nay, exalting me, and telling me, that I deſerve him—that I deſerve Sir Charles Grandiſon!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not diſſuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit anſwerable?—A man who knows ſo well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt ſuch a mind as his. 'Cæſar,' ſaid Dr. Bartlett, ſpeaking of him before Mr. Deane and all of us, 'was 'not quicker to deſtroy, than Sir 'Charles Grandiſon is to relieve.' Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expreſſion; and, drying them, ſhe looked proudly round on us all, as if ſhe had ſaid, 'This is 'my guardian!'

But what do you think, Lucy? My godfather will have it, that he ſees a young paſſion in Miſs Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* ſhall caution the innocent girl? She muſt have a ſweet pleaſure in it, creeping, ſtealing, upon her. How can ſo unexperienced a heart, ſect the indulgence? 'But, O my 'Emily! ſweet girl! do not let your 'love get the better of your gratitude, 'leſt it make you unhappy! and, what 'would be ſtill more affecting to a wor'thy heart, make the generous object 'of a paſſion that cannot be grati'fied, unhappy; and for *that* very 'reaſon; becauſe he cannot reward it! 'See you not already, that, with all 'his goodneſs, he is not quite happy? 'He is a ſufferer from *worthy* women? '—O my Emily, do not *you* add to the 'infelicity of a man, who can make but '*one* woman happy; yet wiſhes to be'friend all the world'—But huſh! ſelfiſh adviſer! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet ſhe knew not, that he had any previous engagements: and may Death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before ſhe become an additional diſturbance to his! He knows not, I hope, he gueſſes not, though Dr. Bartlett has found me out as well as the ſiſters, that I am captivated, heart and ſoul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the ſhadow of uneaſineſs!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord L. and the ladies were warmly intereſted in my favour. 'Thank 'God for that!' he ſaid. All muſt happen to his wiſh. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodneſs would be *rewarded* in having ſuch a wife: but what wife can do more than her duty to any huſband who is not abſolutely a ſavage? How then can all I could do, *reward* ſuch a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you bluſh for me on reading this laſt paſſage of my writing? You *may*, ſince I bluſh myſelf on re-peruſing it. 'For ſhame, 'Harriet Byron, put a period to this 'letter!'—I will; nor ſubſcribe to it ſo much as the initials of my name.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

'FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

'LAST night I ſaw interred the 'remains of my worthy friend 'Mr. Danby. I had cauſed his two 'nephews and his niece to be invited: 'but they did not attend.'

'As the will was not to be opened 'till the funeral was over, about 'which the good man had given me 'verbal directions; apprehending, I 'believe, expoſtulations from me, had 'I known the contents; I ſent to 'them this morning to be preſent at 'the opening.'

'Their attorney, Mr. Sylveſter, a 'man of character, and good beha'viour, brought me a letter, ſigned 'by all three, excuſing themſelves on 'very ſlight pretences, and deſiring 'that *he* might be preſent for them. 'I took notice to him, that the be'haviour of his principals over-night 'and

'and now, was neither reſpectful to 'the memory of their uncle, nor civil 'with regard to me. He honeſtly 'owned, that Mr. Danby having ac-'quainted his two nephews, a little 'before he died, that he had made 'his will, and that they had very 'little to expect from him, they, who 'had been educated by his direction, 'and made merchants, at his expence, 'with hopes given them, that he would 'at his death, do very handſomely for 'them, and had never diſobliged him, 'could not be preſent at the opening 'of a will, the contents of which 'they expected to be ſo mortifying to 'them.

'I opened it in preſence of this 'gentleman. The preamble was an 'angry one; giving reaſons for his 'reſentment againſt the father of theſe 'young perſons, who (though his 'brother) had once, as I hinted to 'you at Colnebrook, made a very 'ſhocking attempt upon his life. I 'was hurt, however, to find a re-'ſentment carried ſo far as againſt the 'innocent children of the offender, 'and into the laſt will of ſo good a 'man; that will ſo lately made, as 'within three weeks of his death; 'and he given over for three months 'before.

'Will the tenderneſs due to the 'memory of a friend permit me to 'aſk, where would that reſentment 'have ſtopt, had the private man been 'a monarch, which he could carry 'into his laſt will?

'But ſee we not, on the other hand, 'that theſe children, had they power, 'would have puniſhed their uncle, 'for diſpoſing, as he thought fit, of 'his own fortune; no part of which 'came to him by inheritance?

'They had been educated, as I have 'ſaid, at his expence; and, in the 'phraſe of buſineſs, well put out: 'expences their careleſs father would 'not have been at; he is, in every 'light, a bad man. How much bet-'ter had theſe children's title been to a 'more conſiderable part of their uncle's 'eſtate than he has bequeathed to 'them, had they been thankful for 'the benefits they had actually re-'ceived! Benefits, which are of ſuch 'a nature, that they cannot be taken 'from them.

'Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each 'of the three, one thouſand pounds; 'but, on expreſs condition, that they 'ſignify to his executor, within two 'months after his demiſe, their ac-'ceptance of it, in full of all demands 'upon his eſtate. If they do not, '(tender being duly made) the three 'thouſand pounds are to be carried to 'the uſes of the will.

'He then appoints his executor; 'and makes him reſiduary legatee; 'giving for reaſon, that he had been 'the principal inſtrument in the hand 'of Providence, of ſaving his life.

'He bequeaths ſome generous re-'membrances to three of his friends 'in France; and requeſts his executor 'to diſpoſe of three thouſand pounds 'to charitable uſes, either in France 'or England, as he thinks fit, and to 'what particular objects he pleaſes.

'And, by an inventory annexed to 'the will, his effects in money, bills, 'actions, and jewels, are made to 'amount to upwards of thirty thouſand 'pounds ſterling.

'Mr. Sylveſter complimented me 'on this great *wind-fall*, as he called 'it; and aſſured me, that it ſhould be 'his advice to his clients, that each 'take his and her legacy, and ſit down 'contented with it: and he believed, 'that they the rather would, as, from 'what their uncle had hinted, they 'apprehended, that the ſum of a 'hundred pounds each, was all they 'had to hope for.

'I enquired into the inclinations 'and views of the three; and received 'a very good general account of them; 'with a hint, that the girl was en-'gaged in a love-affair.

'Their father, after his vile attempt 'upon his brother's life, was deteſted 'by all his friends and relations, and 'went abroad; and the laſt news they 'heard of him was, that he was in 'a very ill ſtate of health, and in un-'happy circumſtances, in Barbadoes: 'and very probably by this time is no 'more.

'I deſired Mr. Sylveſter to adviſe 'the young people to recollect them-'ſelves; and ſaid, that I had a diſpo-'ſition to be kind to them: and as he 'could give me only general accounts 'of their views, proſpects, and en-'gagements, I wiſhed they would,

'with

'with marks of confidence in me, give 'me particular ones: but that, whether they complimented me as I 'wiſhed, or not, I was determined, for 'the ſake of their uncle's memory, to 'do all reaſonable ſervices to them. "Tell them, in a word, Mr. Sylveſter, and do you forgive the ſeeming vanity, that I am not accuſtomed "to ſuffer the narrowneſs of other "people's hearts to contract mine."

'The man went away very much 'pleaſed with what I had ſaid; and, 'in about two hours, ſent me a note, 'in the names of all his clients, expreſſing gratitude and obligation; 'and requeſting me to allow him to 'introduce them all three to me this 'afternoon.

'I have ſome neceſſary things to do, 'and perſons to ſee, in relation to my 'deceaſed friend, which will be diſpatched over a diſh of tea. And therefore I have invited the honeſt 'attorney, and his three clients, to ſup 'with me.

'I will not ſend this to Colnebrook, where I hope you are all 'happy, [All muſt; for are they not 'all good? And are not *you* with 'them?] till I accompany it with the 'reſult of this evening's converſation. 'Yet I am too fond of every occaſion 'that offers to tell you, what, however you cannot doubt, how much 'I am *yours*, not to ſign to that truth 'the name of

'CHARLES GRANDISON.'

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

'FRIDAY-NIGHT, MARCH 17.

'MR. Sylveſter, an honeſt plea'ſure ſhining in his countenance, preſented to me, firſt, Miſs 'Danby; then, each of her brothers; 'who all received my welcome with a 'little conſciouſneſs as if they had 'ſomething to reproach themſelves 'with, and were generouſly aſhamed 'to be overcome. The ſiſter had the 'leaſt of it: and I ſaw by that, that 'ſhe was the leaſt blameable, not the 'leaſt modeſt; ſince I dare ſay, ſhe 'had but followed her brothers lead; 'while they looked down and baſhful, 'as having all that was done amiſs to 'anſwer for.

'Miſs Danby is a very pretty, and 'very genteel young woman. Mr. 'Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby are 'agreeable in their perſons and manners, and want not ſenſe.

'In the firſt moment I diſſipated 'all their uneaſineſs; and we ſat down 'together with confidence in each 'other. The honeſt attorney had prepared them to be eaſy after the firſt 'introduction.

"I offer not to read to you," ſaid 'I, "the will of your uncle. It is "ſufficient to repeat what Mr. Sylveſter has, no doubt, told you; that "you are each of you intitled by it to "a thouſand pounds."

'They all bowed; and the elder 'brother ſignified their united conſent 'to accept it upon the terms of the 'will.

"Three thouſand pounds more are "to be diſpoſed of to charitable uſes, "at the diſcretion of the executor; "three other legacies are left to three "different gentlemen in France; and "the large remainder, which will not "be leſs than four and twenty thouſand pounds, falls to the executor, "as reſiduary legatee, equally unexpected and undeſired."

'The elder brother ſaid, "God "bleſs you with it, Sir." The ſecond ſaid, "It could not have fallen "to a worthier man." The young 'lady's lips moved: but words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes 'ſhewed, that her lips made me a 'compliment.

'It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to 'keep expecting minds in ſuſpenſe, 'though with a view of obliging in 'the end. The ſurprize intended to 'be raiſed on ſuch an occaſion, carries 'in it's appearances an air of inſult. "I have," ſaid I, "a great deſire to "do you ſervice. Now let me "know, gentlemen, (I will talk to "the young lady ſingly, perhaps) "what your expectations were upon "your uncle; what will do for each "of you to enable you to enter the "world with advantage, in the way "you have been brought up; and, as "I told your worthy friend, Mr. Sylveſter, I will be ready to do you "all reaſonable ſervice.—But hold,

" Sir;" for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to speak; " you shall consider " before you answer me. The matter " is of importance. Be explicit. I " love openness and sincerity. I will " withdraw, till you have consulted " together. Command me in when " you have determined."

I withdrew to my study: and, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. " Come, " gentlemen, don't fear to speak: " consider me, for your uncle's sake, " as your brother."

The elder brother was going to speak; but hesitating, " Come," said I, " let me *lead* you into the matter. " —Pray, Sir, what is your present " situation? What are your present " circumstances?"

" My father, Sir, was unhappy— " My father—"

" Well, Sir, no more of your fa- " ther—He *could* do nothing for you. " Your whole dependence, I presume, " was upon your uncle."

" My uncle, Sir, gave us all our " education—My uncle gave each bro- " ther a thousand guineas for putting " out each to a merchant; five hun- " dred only of which sums were so " employed; and the other five hun- " dred guineas are in safe hands."

" Your uncle, Sir, all reverence " to his memory, was an excellent " man."

" Indeed, Sir, he was."

" And what, Sir, is the business " you were brought up to?"

" My master is a West India mer- " chant."

" And what, Mr. Danby, are your " prospects in that way?"

" Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would " have been—My master intended to " propose to my uncle, had he lived " to come to town, to take me in a " quarter partner with him directly; " and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half- " partner."

" A very good sign in your favour, Sir. You must have behaved your- self well.—And will he now do it?"

" Ah, Sir!"—and was silent.

" Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, " would he have proposed to your " uncle to take you in a quarter part- " ner?"

" Sir—he talked of—"

" Of what?"

" Four thousand pounds, Sir. But " my uncle never gave us hopes of " more than three thousand guineas " each, besides the thousand he had " given: and when he had so much " reason to resent the unhappy steps of " my father, he let us know, that he " would not do *any thing* for us; and " to say truth, the thousand pounds " left us in the will, is more than we " expected."

" Very ingenuous. I love you for " your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, " will four thousand pounds be well " laid out in a quarter partnership?"

" To say truth, Sir, my master had " a view, at the year's end, if nothing " unexpected happened to prevent it, " to give me his niece in marriage; " and then to admit me into a half of " the business, which would be equi- " valent to a fortune of as much " more."

" And do you love the young wo- " man?"

" Indeed I do."

" And does she countenance your " address?"

" If her uncle—I don't doubt if " *her* uncle could have prevailed upon " *my* uncle—"

" Well, Sir, I am your uncle's " executor.—Now, Sir," (to Mr. Ed- ward Danby) " let me know *your* " situation; *your* prospects?"

" Sir, I was put to a French wine- " merchant. My master is in years. I " am the sole manager of his busi- " ness; and he would leave off to me, " I believe, and to his nephew, who " knows not so much of it as I do; " nor has the acquaintance, either in " France or England, that I have; " could I raise money to purchase half " the stock."

" And what, Sir, is necessary for " that purpose?"

" O Sir! at least six thousand pounds. " —But had my uncle left me the three " thousand I once hoped for, I could " have got the other half at an easy " interest; for I am well beloved, and " have always borne a good character."

" What did you suppose your uncle " would do with the bulk of his for- " tune,

" tune, (you judged it, I ſuppoſe, to
" be large) if you expected no more
" than three thouſand guineas each at
" the moſt, beſides what he had given
" you?"

" We all thought, Sir," ſaid Mr.
' Edward Danby, " it would be *yours*,
" from the time that he owed his life
" to your courage and conduct. We
" never entertained hopes of being
" his heirs general: and he ſeveral
" times told me, when I was in France,
" that *you* ſhould be his heir."

" He never hinted that to me. What
" I did was as neceſſary to be done
" for my own ſafety, as for his. He
" much over-rated my ſervices. But
" what are your proſpects, Mr. Ed-
" ward Danby, in the French wine-
" trade?"

" O Sir, very great!"

" And will your maſter leave off to
" you and his nephew, think you?"

" I dare ſay he would, and be glad
" of retiring to Enfield, where he has
" a houſe he is ſo fond of, that he
" would be continually there by his
" good-will."

" And have you, Sir, any proſpect
" of adding to your circumſtances by
" marriage?"

" Women are a drug, Sir. I have
" no doubt of offers, if once I were
" my own maſter."

' I ſtarted. His ſiſter looked angry.
' His brother was not pleaſed: Mr.
' Sylveſter, who, it ſeems, is an old
' bachelor, laughed'.

" A *true* merchant this already!"
' thought I.

" Well, now, ſhall I have your
" conſents, gentlemen, to take your
" ſiſter aſide?—Will you truſt your-
" ſelf with me, Miſs Danby? Or had
" you rather anſwer my queſtions in
" company?"

" Sir, your character, your good-
" neſs, is ſo well known, I ſcruple
" not to attend you."

' I took her hand, and led her to
' my ſtudy, leaving the door open to
' the drawing-room in which they
' were. I ſeated her. Then ſat down,
' but ſtill held her hand.

" Now, my dear Miſs Danby, you
" are to ſuppoſe me, as the executor
" of your uncle, his repreſentative.
" If you had that good uncle before
" you, and he was urging you to tell
" him what would make you happy,
" with an aſſurance, that he would do
" all in his power towards it; and if
" you would open your mind freely to
" him; with equal freedom open it to
" me. There was only this difference
" between us: he had reſentments
" againſt your father, which he car-
" ried too far when he extended them
" to his innocent children, [But it was
" an atrocious attempt, that embittered
" his otherwiſe benevolent ſpirit;] I
" have no reſentment; and am armed
" with his power, and have all the
" will he ever could have, to ſerve
" you. And now, let me know,
" what will effectually do it?"

' The worthy girl wept. She look-
' ed down. She ſeemed as if ſhe were
' pulling threads out of her handker-
' chief. But was unable to return
' any other anſwer, than what her
' eyes once caſt up, as if to Heaven,
' made for her.

" Give me, my good Miſs Danby,
" (I would not diſtreſs you) give me,
" as your brothers did of *their* ſitu-
" ation, ſome account of *yours*. Do
" you live with either of your bro-
" thers?"

" No, Sir. I live with an aunt:
" my mother's ſiſter."

" Is ſhe good to you?"

" Yes, Sir, very good. But ſhe
" has children; and cannot be ſo
" good as ſhe would be to me. Yet
" ſhe has always been kind; and has
" made the beſt of my uncle's al-
" lowance for my education; and my
" fortune, which is unbroken, is the
" ſame ſum that he gave my brothers;
" and it is in good hands; and the in-
" tereſt of it, with my aunt's addi-
" tional goodneſs and management,
" enables me to make a genteel figure;
" and with my own houſewifery, I
" never have wanted ſome little mat-
" ters for my pocket."

" Good girl!" thought I—" Mer-
" cantile carle! thy brother Edward,
" pretty one! How *dared* he to ſay,
" that women are drugs?—Who in
" their œconomy, ſhort as their power
" is, are generally ſuperior to men!"

" Your uncle was very good to put
" you upon a foot with your brothers,
" in his bounty to them; as now he
" has alſo done in his will: and aſſure
" yourſelf, that his repreſentative will
" be equally kind to you as to your
" brothers. But ſhall I aſk you, as

" your uncle would have done—Is " there any one man in the world, " whom you prefer to another?"

' She was silent; looked down; and ' again picked her handkerchief.

' I called in her elder brother, (not ' the drug-merchant) and asked him ' what he knew of his sister's affec- ' tions?

' Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are ' these women ashamed of owning a ' laudable passion? Surely there is no- ' thing shameful in *discreet* love.

' Her brother acquainted me with ' the story of her love; the good girl ' blushing, and looking down all the ' while, with the consciousness of a ' sweet thief who had stolen a heart, ' and, being required to restore it, had ' been guilty of a new cheat, and ' given her own instead of it.

' The son of Mr. Galliard, an emi- ' nent Turky-merchant, is the man ' with whom she has made this ex- ' change. His father, who lives in ' the neighbourhood of her aunt, had ' sent him abroad, in the way of his ' traffick, partly with a view to pre- ' vent his marrying Miss Danby, till ' it should be seen whether her uncle ' would do any thing considerable for ' her; and he was but just returned; ' and, in order to be allowed to stay at ' home, had promised his father never ' to marry without his consent: but ' nevertheless loved his sister, Mr. Dan- ' by said, above all women; and de- ' clared that he never would be the ' husband of any other.

' I asked, whether the father had ' any objections, but those of fortune, ' to his son's choice; and was an- ' swered, "No." He *could* have no ' other, the young man, like a bro- ' ther, said: there was not a more ' virtuous and discreet young woman ' in the kingdom than his sister, though ' he said it, that should not say it.

" Though you say it, that *should* not " say it! Is not our relation intitled " to the same justice that we would " do to another?

" We must not blame indiscrimi- " nately," continued I, " all fathers " who expect a fortune to be brought " into their family, in some measure " equivalent to the benefit the new- " comer hopes to receive from it; " especially in mercantile families, if " the young man is to be admitted " into a share with his father; who, " by the way, *may* have other chil- " dren—"

" He has—"

" Something by way of equivalent " for the part he gives up, should be " done. Love is a selfish deity. He " puts two persons upon preferring " their own interests, nay, a gratifica- " tion of their passion often *against* " their interests, to those of every body " else; and reason, discretion, duty, " are frequently given up in a compe- " tition with it. But love, neverthe- " less, will not do every thing for the " ardent pair. Parents know this: " and ought not to pay for the rash- " ness they wish to prevent, but can- " not."

' They were attentive. I proceeded, ' addressing myself to both in the mer- ' cantile style.

" Is a father, who, by his prudence, " has weathered many a storm, and " got safe into port, obliged to re- " embark in the voyage of life, with " the young folks, who perhaps, in " a little while, will consider him as " an incumbrance, and grudge him " his cabin? Parents (though a young " man, I have always thought in this " manner) should be indulgent; but " children, when they put themselves " into one scale, should allow the pa- " rent his due weight in the other.— " You are angry at this father, are " you not, my dear Miss Danby?"

' I said this, to hear what answer she ' would return.

" Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard " knows best his own affairs, and what " they require. I have said so twenty " and twenty times: and young Mr. " Galliard is convinced, that his fa- " ther is not to be blamed, having " other children. And, to own the " truth," (looking on the floor) "we " both sit down, and wish together, " now and then: but what signifies " wishing?"

" My sister will now have two thou- " sand pounds: perhaps when old " Mr. Galliard sees that his son's " affections—"

" Old Mr. Galliard," interrupted ' I, " shall be asked to do nothing in- " convenient to himself, or that is not " strictly right by his other children:

" nor

" nor shall the niece of my late worthy " friend enter into his family with " discredit to herself."

'Notice being given that supper was 'ready, I took the brother and sister 'each by the hand; and, entering the 'drawing-room with them, "Enjoy," 'said I, "the little repast that will be " set before you. If it be in my power " to make you all three happy, happy " you shall be."

'It must give great pleasure, my 'dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe, 'to a man of my lively sensations, to 'see three very different faces in the 'same persons, from those they had 'entered with. I imagined more than 'once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, 'and tongues of the brothers, ex-'pressed their joy, that I saw my late 'worthy friend looking down upon us, 'delighted, and not with disapproba-'tion, upon his choice of an executor, 'who was determined to supply the 'defects, which the frailty of human 'nature, by an over-strong resentment 'on one hand, and an overflowing 'gratitude on the other, had occa-'sioned.

'I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that, 'besides his legacy, he might reckon 'upon five thousand pounds, and en-'ter accordingly into treaty for and 'with his master's niece.

'Mr. Edward Danby I commission-'ed, on the strength of the like addi-'tional sum, to treat with the gentle-'man he had served.

" And you, my good Miss Danby," 'said I, " shall acquaint your favoured " Mr. Galliard, That, besides the two " thousand pounds already yours, you " will have five thousand pounds more " at his service. And if these sums " answer not your full purposes, I " expect you will let me know; since, " whether they do or not, my respect " to the memory of your worthy uncle " shall be shewn to the value of more " than these three sums to his rela-" tions. I never will be a richer man " than I ought to be: and you must " inform me what other relations you " have, and of their different situations " in life, that I may be enabled to " amend a will made in a long and " painful sickness, which might sour " a disposition that was naturally all " benevolence."

'They wept; looked at one ano-'ther; dried their eyes, and wept 'again. *I* thought my presence pain-'ful to them, and withdrew to my 'study, and shut the door, that I 'might not add to their pain.

'At my return—" Do you—Do " you"—referred each brother to the 'other: and Mr. Thomas Danby get-'ting up to speak, "I see, my friends," 'said I, " your grateful hearts in your " countenances. Do you think my " pleasure is not, at least, equal to " yours? I am *more* than rewarded in " the consciousness of having endea-" voured to make a right use of the " power entrusted to me. You will " each of you, I hope, (thus set for-" ward) be eminent in his particular " business. The merchants of Great-" Britain are the most useful members " of the community. If I have ob-" liged you, let me recommend to you, " each in his several way, according to " his ability, and as opportunity may " offer, to raise those worthy hearts, " that inevitable calamities shall make " spiritless. Look upon what is done " for you, not as the reward of any " particular merits in yourselves, but " as your debt to that Providence, " which makes it a principal part of " your religion, to do good to your " fellow-creatures. In a word, let me " enjoin you, in all your transactions, " to *remember mercy*, as well as *jus-" tice*."

'The brothers, with folded hands, 'declared, that their hearts were open-'ed by the example set them: and, 'they hoped, would never be shut. 'The sister *looked* the same declara-'tion.

'Mr. Sylvester, raised with this 'scene of gratitude, tears in his honest 'eyes, said, That he should be impa-'tient till he had looked into his af-'fairs, and through his acquaintance, 'in order to qualify himself to do 'some little good, after such a *self-'rewarding* example.

'If a private man, my dear Dr. 'Bartlett, could be a means of ex-'panding thus the hearts of four per-'sons, none of them unworthy, what 'good might not princes, and those 'who have princely fortunes, do?— 'Yet, you see, I have done nothing 'but mere justice. I have not given

'up

'up any thing that was my own, before this will gave me a power, that 'perhaps was put into my hands, as a 'new trial of the integrity of my heart.

'But what poor creatures are we, 'my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occasion of a wrong action 'should gladden our hearts, as with 'the conscioufneſs of ſomething meritorious!

'At parting, I told the nephews, 'That I expected to hear from them 'the moment any thing ſhould be 'brought to effect; and let their maſters and them agree, or not, I would 'take the ſpeedieſt methods that could 'be fallen upon, to transfer to them, 'and to their ſiſter, ſuch actions and 'ſtocks, as would put them in full 'poſſeſſion of what they were intitled 'to, as well by my promiſe, as by 'their uncle's will.

'I was obliged to enjoin them ſilence.

'Their ſiſter wept; and when I 'preſſed her hand at taking leave of 'her, gratefully returned the preſſure; 'but in a manner ſo modeſt, (recollecting herſelf into ſome little confuſion) that ſhewed gratitude had 'poſſeſſion of her whole heart, and ſet 'her above the forms of her ſex.

'The good attorney, as much raiſed 'as if he were one of the perſons benefited, joined with the two brothers 'in invoking bleſſings upon me.

'So much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, 'for this night. The paſt day is a day 'that I am not diſpleaſed with.'

LETTER XXXVII.

DR. BARTLETT, TO MISS BYRON.

'MARCH 18.

'I Preſent to you, Madam, the account you deſired to ſee, as extracted by my kinſman from my papers. You ſeemed to wiſh it to be 'haſtened for you: it is not what it 'might have been; but mere facts, I 'preſume, will anſwer your intention. 'Be pleaſed, therefore, to accept it 'with your uſual goodneſs.

* * *

"DR. Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; "Mr. Lorimer I am to call him, to "conceal his real name. He was the "very reverſe of young Mr. Grandiſon. He was not only rude and "ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even baſe.

"The doctor was exceedingly averſe "to take upon him the charge of the "wicked youth abroad; having had "too many inſtances of the badneſs of "his nature while in England: but "he was prevailed upon by the ſolicitations of his father, (who repreſented it as an act of the greateſt "charity to him and his family) as "well as by the ſolemn promiſes of "good behaviour from the young "man; for he was known to regard "the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than "that of any other perſon.

"The doctor and Mr. Lorimer "were at Turin, when young Mr. "Grandiſon (who had been ſome "months in France) for the firſt time "arrived in that city; then in the "eighteenth year of his age.

"Dr. Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil, than Mr. Grandiſon "had a governor; though recommended by General W. his uncle "by the mother's ſide. It uſed to be "obſerved in places where they made "but a few days reſidence, that the "young gentleman ought to have been "the governor, Monſieur Creutzer the "governed. Mr. Grandiſon had, in "ſhort, the happineſs, by his prudence, to eſcape ſeveral ſnares laid "for his virtue, by a wretch, who "hoped, if he could betray him into "them, to ſilence the remonſtrances "of the young man, upon his evil "conduct; and to hinder him from "complaining of him to his father.

"Mr. Grandiſon became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: "Monſieur Creutzer, at the ſame time, "commenced an intimacy with Mr. "Lorimer; and the two former were "not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from "bad.

"Several riotous things were done "by Creutzer and Lorimer; who, "whatever the doctor could do to ſeparate them, were hardly ever aſunder. One of their enormities fell "under the cognizance of the civil "magiſtrate; and was not made eaſy "to Lorimer without great intereſt "and expence: while Creutzer fled

"to

" to Rome; to avoid condign punish-
" ment; and wrote to Mr. Grandison
" to join him there.

" Then it was, that Mr. Grandison
" wrote (as he had often ineffectually
" threatened to do) to represent to his
" father the profligacy of the man;
" and to request him to appoint him
" another governor; or to permit him
" to return to England till he had
" made choice of one for him; beg-
" ging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would
" allow him, till he had an answer from
" his father, to apply to him for ad-
" vice and instruction.

" The answer of his father was,
" that he heard of his prudence from
" every mouth; that he was at liberty
" to chuse what *companion* he pleased:
" but that he gave him no *governor*
" but his own discretion.

" Mr. Grandison then, more ear-
" nestly than before, and with an
" humility and diffidence, suited to
" his natural generosity of temper,
" that never grew upon indulgence,
" besought the doctor's direction: and
" when they were obliged to separate,
" they established a correspondence,
" which never will end but with the
" life of one of them.

" Mr. Grandison laid before the
" doctor all his plan; submitting his
" conduct to him, as well with regard
" to the prosecution of his studies, as
" to his travels: but they had not
" long corresponded in this manner,
" when the doctor let him know,
" that it was needless to consult him
" *aforehand*; and the more so, as it
" often occasioned a suspension of ex-
" cellent resolutions: but he besought
" him to continue to him an account
" of all he undertook, of all he per-
" formed, and of every material inci-
" dent of his life; not only as his
" narrations would be matter of the
" highest entertainment to him; but
" as they would furnish him with
" lessons from example, that might
" be of greater force upon the unhap-
" py Lorimer, than his own precepts.

" While Lorimer was passing through
" but a few of the cities in Lombardy,
" Mr. Grandison made almost the
" tour of Europe; and yet gave him-
" self time to make such remarks upon
" persons, places, and things, as
" could hardly be believed to be the
" observations of so young a man.
" Lorimer, mean time, was engaged
" in shews, spectacles, and in the di-
" versions of the places in *which he*
" *lived*, as it might be said, rather
" than *through which he passed*.

" The doctor, at one time, was
" the more patient with these delays,
" as he was willing that the carnival
" at Venice should be over, before he
" suffered his pupil to go to that city.
" But Lorimer, suspecting his inten-
" tion, slipt thither unknown to his
" governor, at the very beginning of
" it; and the doctor was forced to
" follow him: and when there, had
" the mortification of *hearing* of him
" (for the young man avoided his
" governor as much as possible) as
" one of the most riotous persons there.

" In vain did the doctor, when he
" saw his pupil, set before him the
" example of Mr. Grandison; a much
" younger man. All the effect which
" the reading of Mr. Grandison's
" letters had upon him, was to make
" him hate the more both his governor
" and that gentleman. By one of
" these letters only, did he do himself
" temporary credit. It was written
" some months before it was shewn
" him, and described some places of
" note through which Mr. Grandison
" had passed, and through which the
" doctor and his charge had also more
" lately passed. The mean creature
" contrived to steal it, and his father
" having often urged for a specimen
" of his son's observations on his
" travels, he copied it almost verba-
" tim, and transmitted it as his own
" to his father; only letting the
" doctor know, after he had sent it
" away, that he *had* written.

" The doctor doubted not but
" Lorimer had exposed himself; but
" was very much surprized, when he
" received a congratulatory letter from
" the father on his son's improve-
" ments, mingled with some little
" asperity on the doctor, for having
" set out his son to his disadvantage:
" I could not doubt," said the fond
" father, " that a son of mine had
" genius: he wanted nothing but to
" apply."—And then he gave orders
" for doubling the value of his next
" remittance.

" The doctor took the young gen-
" tleman to task about it. He owned
" what he had done, and gloried in
" his

" his contrivance. But his governor " thought it incumbent upon him to " undeceive the father, and to ſave " him the extraordinary part of his " remittance.

" The young man was enraged at " the doctor, for *expoſing* him, as he " called it, to his father, and for the " check he was continually giving to " his lawleſs appetites; and falling " into acquaintance with a courtezan, " who was infamous for ruining many " young travellers by her ſubtle and " dangerous contrivances, they joined " in a reſolution to revenge themſelves " on the doctor, whom they conſidered " as their greateſt enemy.

" Several projects they fell upon: " one in particular was to accuſe " him, by a third hand, as concerning " himſelf with affairs of ſtate in " Venice: a crime which, in that " jealous republic, is never over-" looked, and generally ends fatally " for the accuſed; who, if ſeized, is " hardly ever heard of afterwards. " From this danger he narrowly " eſcaped, by means of his general " good character, and remarkable in-" offenſiveneſs, and the proſligateneſs " of his accuſers; nor knew he his " danger till many months afterwards. " The doctor believes, that he fared " the better for being an Engliſhman, " and a governor to the ſon of a Bri-" tiſh nobleman, who made ſo con-" ſiderable a figure in England; be-" cauſe the Italians in general reap ſo " much advantage from the travellers " of this nation, that they are ready " to favour and encourage them above " thoſe of any other.

" The doctor had been very ſolici-" tous to be acquitted of his un-" gracious charge. In every letter " he wrote to England, this was one " of his prayers: but ſtill the father, " who knew not what to do with his " ſon at home, had beſought his pa-" tience; and wrote to his ſon in the " ſtrongeſt terms, after reproaching " him for his ungraciouſneſs, to pay " an implicit obedience to the doctor.

" The father was a learned man. " Great pains had been taken with " Lorimer, to make him know ſome-" thing of the ancient Greek and Ro-" man hiſtories. The father was " *very* deſirous, that his ſon ſhould " ſee the famous places of old Greece, " of which he himſelf had read ſo " much: and with great difficulty, " the doctor got the young man to leave " Venice, where the vile woman, and " the diverſions of the place, had taken " ſcandalous hold of him.

" Athens was the city at which the " father had deſired they would make " ſome ſtay; and from thence viſit " other parts of the Morea: and there " the young man found his woman " got before him, according to pri-" vate agreement between them.

" It was ſome time before the doc-" tor found out, that the very wo-" man who had acted ſo abandoned a " part with Lorimer at Venice, was " his miſtreſs at Athens: and when he " did, he applied, on ſome freſh enor-" mities committed by Lorimer, to " the tribunal which the Chriſtians " have there, conſiſting of eight vene-" rable men choſen out of the eight " quarters of the city, to determine " cauſes among Chriſtians; and they " taking cognizance of the facts, the " wicked woman ſuborned wretches " to accuſe the doctor to the Cadi, " who is the Turkiſh judge of the " place, as a dangerous and diſſaf-" fected perſon; and the Cadi being, " as it was ſuppoſed, corrupted by " preſents, got the vayvode, or go-" vernor, to interfere; and the doctor " was ſeized and thrown into priſon: " his Chriſtian friends in the place " were forbidden to interpoſe in his fa-" vour; and pen and ink, and all ac-" ceſs to him, were prohibited.

" The vile woman, having con-" certed meaſures with the perſons ſhe " had ſuborned, for continuing the " doctor in his ſevere confinement, ſet " out with her paramour for Venice; " and there they rioted as before.

" Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of " learning and fine parts, happened to " make an acquaintance with Mr. " Grandiſon in the iſland of Candia, " where they met as countrymen, which " from a ſympathy of mind, grew " immediately into an intimacy that " will hardly ever end. This young " gentleman, in the courſe of his " travels, viſiting Athens about this " time, was informed of the doctor's " misfortune, by one of the eight " Chriſtians who conſtituted the tri-" bunal above mentioned, and who " was an affectionate friend of the " doctor,

" the doctor, though forbidden to " busy himself in his cause: and Mr. " Beauchamp, (who had heard Mr. " Grandison speak of the doctor with " an uncommon affection) knowing " that Mr. Grandison was then at " Constantinople, dispatched a man " on purpose, to acquaint him with " the affair, and with all the particu- " lars he could get of the case, au- " thenticated as much as the nature " of the thing would admit.

" Mr. Grandison was equally griev- " ed and astonished at the information. " He instantly applied to the English " ambassador at the Porte, as also to " the French minister there, with " whom he had made an acquaintance; " they to the grand vizir; and an or- " der was issued for setting the doctor " at liberty. Mr. Grandison, in or- " der to urge the dispatch of the chiaux " who carried it, accompanied him, " and arrived at Athens, just as the " vayvode had determined to get rid " of the whole affair in a private man- " ner (the doctor's finances being ex- " hausted) by the bow-string. The " danger endeared the doctor to Mr. " Grandison; a relief so seasonable " endeared Mr. Grandison to the doc- " tor; to them *both* Mr. Beauchamp, " who would not stir from Athens till " he had seen him delivered; having " busied himself in the interim, in the " best manner he could, (though he " was obliged to use caution and se- " cresy) to do him service, and to " suspend the fatal blow.

" Here was a cement to a friend- " ship (that had been begun between " the young gentlemen from likeness " of manners) between them and the " doctor, whom they have had the " goodness ever since to regard as their " father: and to this day it is one of " the doctor's delights to write to his " worthy son Beauchamp all that he " can come at, relating to the life and " actions of a man, whom the one re- " gards as an example, the other as an " honour to the human race.

" It was some time before the doc- " tor knew for certain, that the un- " gracious Lorimer had been consent- " ing to the shocking treatment he had " met with; for the wretches whom " the vile woman had suborned, had " made their escape from Athens be- " fore the arrival of Mr. Grandison " and the chiaux; the flagitious youth " had written to his father, in terms " of the deepest sorrow, an account of " what had befallen his governor; and " his father had taken the best mea- " sures that could be fallen upon at so " great distance, for the doctor's suc- " cour and liberty: but, in all proba- " bility, he would have been lost be- " fore those measures could have taken " effect.

" Lorimer's father, little thinking " that his son had connived at the plot " formed against his governor, be- " sought him, when he had obtained " his liberty, not to leave his son to " his own devices. The doctor, as " little thinking then, that Lorimer " had been capable of a baseness so " very villainous, in compassion both " to father and son, went to Venice, " and got him out of the hands of the " vile woman; and then to Rome: " but there, the unhappy wretch con- " tinuing his profligate courses, be- " came at last a sacrifice to his disso- " luteness; and his death was a de- " liverance to his family, to the doc- " tor, and to the earth.

" On his death-bed he confessed the " plot, which the infamous courtezan " had meditated against the doctor at " Venice, as well as his connivance at " that which she had carried into exe- " cution at Athens. He died in horror " not to be described; begging for " longer life, and promising reforma- " tion on that condition. The man- " ner of his death, and the crimes he " confessed himself guilty of, by the " instigation of the most abandoned of " women, besides those committed a- " gainst his governor, so shocked and " grieved the doctor, that he fell ill, " and his recovery was long doubted of.

" Mean time Mr. Grandison visited " some parts of Asia and Africa, Egypt " particularly; corresponding all the " time with Dr. Bartlett, and allow- " ing the correspondence to pass into " the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as " he did that which he held with Mr. " Beauchamp, to be communicated to " the doctor.

" When Mr. Grandison returned to " Italy, finding there his two friends, " he engaged the doctor to accompany " Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his " tour into some of the eastern re- " gions, which he himself had been

" particularly pleased with, and, as he " said, wanted to be more particularly " informed of: and *therefore* insisted, " that it should be taken at his own " expence. He knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother, who had " prevailed on his father to take off " two-thirds of the allowance he made " him on his travels.

" Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly " complied with the condition so generously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, that such a tour would " be the most likely means to establish " the health of a man equally dear to " both.

" Mr. Grandison never was at a loss " for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make their acceptance " of his favours appear not only to be " their duty, but an obligation laid " on himself.

" Mr. Grandison himself, when the " two gentlemen set out on their tour, " was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him " great embarrassment.

" Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Beauchamp " visited the principal islands of the " Archipelago: after which, the doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, " with intention to visit some parts of " Asia, and took the opportunity of a " vessel that was bound for Leghorn, " to return thither.

" His health was happily established: and, knowing that Mr. Grandison expected the long-desired call " from his father to return to England, and that it was *likely* that he " could be of use to his ward Miss " Jervois, and her affairs, in her guardian's absence, he was the more desirous to return to Italy.

" Mr. Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: and soon after set out for " Paris, in order to attend there the " expected call; leaving Emily, in the " interim, to his care.

" Lorimer's father did not long survive his son. He expressed himself " in his last hours highly sensible of " the doctor's care of his unhappy " boy; and earnestly desired his lady " to see him handsomely rewarded for " his trouble. But not making a will, " and the lady having, by her early " over-indulgence, ruined the morals " of her child, (never suffering him " to be either corrected or chidden, " were his enormities ever so flagrant) " she bore a secret grudge to the doctor for his honest representations to " her lord of the young man's immoralities: and not even the interposition of a Sir Charles Grandison has " hitherto been able to procure the " least acknowledgment to the doctor, " though the loss, as well of his reputation as life, might have been the " consequence of the faithful services " he had endeavoured to render to the " profligate youth, and in him to the " whole family."

LETTER XXXVIII.

DR. BARTLETT. IN CONTINUATION.

[INCLOSING THE PRECEDING.]

' THUS far, dear Miss Byron, ' (delight of every one who is ' so happy as to know you!) reach my ' kinsman's extracts from my papers. ' I will add some particulars in answer ' to your enquiries about Mr. Beauchamp, if, writing of a man I so ' greatly love, I can write but a few.

' Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young ' man in his person: when I call him ' a second Sir Charles Grandison, you ' and the ladies, and my Lord L. will ' conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other ' amiable qualities. He is of an ancient family. His father, Sir Harry ' Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and ' keeps him abroad equally against ' both their wills; especially against ' Mr. Beauchamp's, now his beloved ' friend is in England. This is done ' to humour an imperious, vindictive ' woman, who, when a widow, had ' cast her eye upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining, that ' her great wealth (her person not disagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was ' unknown to the father; who made ' his addresses to her much about the ' time that Mr. Beauchamp had given ' an absolute denial (perhaps with too ' little ceremony) to an overture made ' to him by a friend of hers. This ' enraged her. She was resolved to be

' revenged

revenged on him, and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power, as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addresses; and on her obtaining such terms as in a great measure put both father and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

'She soon gained an absolute ascendant over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600l. a year. She never rested till she had got 400l. a year to be struck off; and the remaining 200l. was so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr. Grandison.

'Yet it is said, that this lady is not destitute of some good qualities, and in cases where the *son* is not the subject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: but being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his receiver and treasurer; and by that means has put it out of his power to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

'The lady and Sir Harry both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the letters Mr. Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour; and on this, as well I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way, can make himself personally acquainted with the lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recal; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interest might strengthen the lady's animosity.

'Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will, pay all due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country; but declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman.' In the mean time he 'proposes to set out from Vienna, 'where he now is, for Paris, to be 'near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks 'can manage any point he undertakes, '(and who in this, will be seconded 'by his father's love) can prevail with 'his mother-in-law.

'I long, ladies, to have you all 'acquainted with this other excellent 'young man. You, Miss Byron, I 'am sure, in particular, will admire 'Sir Charles Grandison's, and my 'Beauchamp: of spirit so manly, 'yet of manners so delicate, I end as 'I began; he is a second Sir Charles 'Grandison.

'I shall think myself, ladies, very 'happy, if I can find it in my power 'to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made 'you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L. Lord L. 'and Miss Grandison, to throw off 'all reserves to the most affectionate 'of brothers. He will have none to 'you, in cases which he knows will 'give you pleasure; and if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint 'you with some certain affairs, it is 'because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

'As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to 'you by good Lord L. she never can 'be more to my patron than she now 'is.

'Allow me to be, my good Miss 'Byron, with a true paternal affection, '*your admirer and humble servant*,

'AMBROSE BARTLETT.'

SUBJOINED IN A SEPARATE PAPER, BY MISS BYRON TO HER LUCY.

HOW is this, Lucy? Let me collect some of the contents of these letters. 'If Sir Charles forbear, of 'his own accord, to acquaint his 'sisters with some certain affairs — 'Issue hidden from himself.—Engaged in some affair at Bologna and 'Florence, that embarrass him.'—[*Is*, or *was* so engaged, means the doctor?] 'Sir Charles not reserved; yet reserved.'—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the doctor say, 'That I 'shall particularly admire Mr. Beauchamp?'—What *means* the doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me

ſo much as to mean any thing but to ſhew his own love to the worthy young man. The doctor longs for us to ſee him: if I do ſee him, he muſt come quickly; for ſhall I not ſoon return to my laſt, my beſt refuge, the arms of my indulgent grandmamma and aunt?—I ſhall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any ſpite in you? Are you capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, ſit down, and wiſh the perſon you hate to be in love with a man (I muſt, it ſeems, ſpeak out) whom ſhe thinks, and every body knows, to be ſuperior to herſelf, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune: and be doubtful (far, far worſe is *doubtful* than *ſure!*) among ſome faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me ſpeak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the doctor's compliment at the beginning of this letter, a little particular?—'Delight of EVERY ONE 'who is ſo happy as to know you.' Charming words!—But are they, or are they not, officiouſly inſerted!—Am I the delight of Sir Charles Grandiſon's heart? Does *he* not know *me?*—Weak, ſilly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Be gone, paper—mean confeſſion of my conjecturing folly——Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half through, as you'll ſee, in anger at myſelf; but I will ſtitch it to the doctor's letter, to be taken off by you, and to be ſeen by nobody elſe.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a ſanctifier, if one would give way to it's partialities, of actions, which in others we ſhould have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a miſleader; an idol, at whoſe ſhrine we ſometimes offer up our ſincerity; but, in that caſe, it ſhould be called *indelicacy*.

Nothing, ſurely, can be delicate that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: yet how was I pleaſed with Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, for endeavouring to paſs me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would ſo remain, till the gentleman had diſcovered his.

And are there ſome ſituations, in which a woman muſt conceal her true ſentiments? In which it would be thought immodeſty to ſpeak out?—Why was I born with a heart ſo open and ſincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has ſaid in his letter relating to the Danby's, ſhould women be blamed, for owning modeſtly a paſſion for a worthy and ſuitable object? Is it, that they will not ſpeak out, leſt, if their wiſhes ſhould not be crowned with ſucceſs by *one* man, they ſhould deprive themſelves of the chance to ſucceed with *another*? Do they not propoſe to make the man they love, happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge, that they are ſo well diſpoſed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat: for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleneſs is there in the cuſtom that compels us to be inſincere? And ſuppoſe we do not ſucceed with a firſt object, ſhall we cheat a future lover with the notion that *he* was the firſt?

Hitherto I had acted with ſome ſelf-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not ſeen the man to whom I could wiſh to give my hand at the altar: but when I found my heart engaged, I was deſirous Lady D. ſhould know that it was. But yet, miſled by this ſame notion of delicacy, I could think myſelf obliged to the two ſiſters, and my lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett: when the right meaſure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commiſſioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and

and not to have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is love, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—'Be gone, love! I banish 'thee, if thou wouldest corrupt the 'simplicity of that heart, which was 'taught to glory in truth.'

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: for, what do you think!—Miss Grandison had, (by some means or other, she would not tell me how) in Dr. Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the canons of Windsor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

'Here, Harriet,' said she, 'is the 'letter so lately brought, not perhaps 'quite honestly come at, from my 'brother to Dr. Bartlett;' (holding it out to me.) 'You are warmly men-'tioned in it. Shall I put it where I 'had it? Or will you so far partake 'of my fault as to read it first?'

'O Miss Grandison!' said I: 'And '*am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray 'oblige me with the perusal of it.' And held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it; but immediately recollecting myself, 'Did 'you not hint that you came at it by 'means not honest?—Take it again; 'I will not partake of your fault—'But, cruel Charlotte! how could 'you tempt me so?' and I laid it on a chair.—

'Read the first paragraph, Harriet.' She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

'Tempter,' said I, 'how can you 'wish me to imitate our first pattern!' And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. 'Take it 'away, take it away, while yet I am 'innocent! Dear Miss Grandison, do 'not give me cause for self-reproach. 'I will not partake of your *acknow-'ledged* fault.'

She read a line or two; and then said, 'Shall I read farther, Harriet? 'The very next word is your name.

'I will—'

'No, no, no,' said I, putting my fingers to my ears.—'Yet, had you 'come honestly by it, I should have 'longed to read it—By what means,—'

'Why, if people will leave their 'closet doors open, let them take the 'consequence.'

'*If* people will do so—But was it 'so? And yet, if it was, would '*you* be willing to have your letters 'looked into?'

'Well then, I will carry it back—'Shall I?' (holding it out to me) 'Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it 'where I had it—Shall I?' And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

'Only tell me, Miss Grandison, 'is there any thing in it that you 'think your brother would not have 'us see?—But I am sure there is, or 'the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has 'shewn others, would have favoured 'us with communicating the contents 'of this.'

'I would not but have seen this 'letter for half I am worth! O Har-'riet! there are *such* things in it—'Bologna! Paris! Grandison Hall!'

'Be gone, Siren! Letters are sacred 'things. Replace it!—Do not you 'own, that you came not honestly by 'it—And yet—'

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: but, recollecting myself, 'Be gone,' said I; 'carry back the letter: I am afraid 'of myself.'

'Why, Harriet, here is one passage, 'the contents of which you must be 'acquainted with in a very little 'while.'

'I will not be tempted, Miss Gran-'dison. I will stay till it is com-'municated to me, be it what it will.'

'But you may be surprized, Har-'riet, at the time, and know not 'what answer to give it—You had as 'good read it—Here, take it—was 'there ever such a scrupulous creature! '—It is about you and Emily.'

'About me and Emily! O Miss 'Grandison! What *can* there be about 'me and Emily?'

'And where's the difference, Har-'riet, between asking me about the 'contents, and reading them?—But 'I tell you—'

'No, you shall not: I will not 'hear the contents. I never will ask 'you. Can nobody act greatly but 'your brother? Let you and me,

'Charlotte,

'Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so used myself.'

'Such praises did I never hear of woman!—Oh Harriet!—Such praises—'

'Praises, Charlotte!—From your brother!—O this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: but I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter, and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.'

'How you reflect upon me, Harriet?—But let me ask you, are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire?—Answer me that.'

'Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal as that mentioned?—But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be made: it will be too soon whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

'But let me say, Madam,' (and tears were in my eyes) 'that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself, (you are a sister, Madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call for it.'

'My dear, you are serious—Twice, *Madam*, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that passage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.'

And she was looking for it; I supposed intending to read it to me.

'No, Miss Grandison,' said I, laying my spread hand upon the letter; 'I will neither read it, nor hear it read.' I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—'Excuse me, Madam.'

I went to the door, and was opening it—when she ran to me—'Dear creature! you are angry with me: but how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.'

'Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakness you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at.' I own that I had like to have been overcome: and if I had, all the information it would have given me, could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

'Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother) I will never mention any of them to you; unless the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.'

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to re-consider all that had passed on the occasion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grandmamma, and my aunt, will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was a hard struggle, I own; in the suspense I am in, a very hard struggle: but though wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been if I had. And then, methinks, my pride

pride is gratified in the superiority this lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: for what use could I have made of any knowledge I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have appeared to be quite new to me. And what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation, in your Harriet! —And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowledge so faultily obtained!

And had I been discovered; had I given cause of suspicion either to Dr. Bartlett, or Sir Charles; I should have appeared as the principal in the fact: it would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr. Bartlett before had not refused to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself; especially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus, you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justifies me: and in this particular I am a happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L. says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the letter, by what means soever come at; 'For 'how,' said she, 'did I know what 'secrets there might be in it, before I 'read it? But I think verily, when it 'had been got at, and offered me, I 'could not have been Miss Byron.'

And she threw her arms about me: 'Dear creature,' said she, 'you *must* 'be Lady Grandison!'

'*Must!*' said Miss Grandison: 'she '*shall.*'

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L. of it's being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison Hill; and she to go with him on a tour to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the will of his late friend Mr. Danby—

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to it's period. Why am I not reminded that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it, what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praise. I could have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I *do* love to hear him praised. But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

* *

Of what a happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us; but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets every thing right with her. She has been raillying Lord L. with as much life and spirit, as if she had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of Captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she rally me within a few hours after! —Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person which we should hold utterly inexcuseable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that

is

is very true; but if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

LETTER II.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[THE LETTER WHICH MISS BYRON REFUSED TO READ, OR HEAR READ.]

FRIDAY NIGHT, MAR. 17.

I Hope my Lord L. and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrook so agreeable to Miss Byron, that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; *and must not be denied*, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says, that his lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a letter from Bologna, from the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the bishop said in her hearing, it would be *kind*, if I would. Were such a visit to be requested *generally*; and it were likely to be of service; you may believe that I would chearfully make it.

I should go for a fortnight at least to Grandison Hall. Burgess has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the church is compleatly beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at farthest; and intreat my presence, both as patron and benefactor. I would now hasten my designed alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the entreaties of the churchwardens; who in their letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of seeing me, and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr. Dobson, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he say not one word that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation, does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to support a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? she is of the stature of a woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into publick life. I am not fond of that life: and what knowledge she will gain by the introduction, she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the taste of the times in which we live. Women's minds have generally a lighter turn than those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that last winter I attended her, and my sisters, very often to the places of publick entertainment; that she, having seen every thing that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal scenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other publick diversions, with tranquillity; and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the par-

ticular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L.

But new scenes will arise in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: but as I cannot intend any thing with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observant of the world's opinion, than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, though we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of her discretion. But she is but a girl. Women's eyes are wanderers; and too often bring home guests that are very troublesome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons to one that she has now, to chuse out of: for how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000 l.

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits though they may not deserve 5,000 l. nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction, (and how easy is that now made, at publick places!) a woman of the greatest fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked and prevailed upon, by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slendereſt; and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater ease; since, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantick turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, she will meet him her full half way.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe what a mother, though ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian, at the same time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence, as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the Court of Chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: but a hint of this nature distressed her for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future husband for her: but, where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive, that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the second, *if* the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp would the slights of a husband give to the genius of a young woman, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: but have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender,

tender, so gentle, so ductile, as she is, a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: and as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer before she could return indifference for disrespect, and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is! My sister only could deal with such an one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he must love her: every body's respect to her would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *she* do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men, for are there not many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: and yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately since my arrival at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world than I have, I cannot but think, that Englishmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage by their contempt the free-livers. A good woman, as *such*, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour, to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how every body reveres *her*? Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the same time she meets with the love of all good men, and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men, is her beauty. I am afraid, that few see in that admirable young lady what I see in her; a mind great and noble; a sincerity beyond that of women; a goodness unaffected, and which shows itself in action, and not merely in words and outward appearance; a wit lively and inoffensive; and an understanding solid and useful: all which render her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour; and yet she thinks herself not above the knowledge of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such a guardian and companion as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her?—Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to, would be a farther happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities: but if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people, (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship, *other* people) will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison Hall, and St. James's Square, are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world, that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not chuse to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think she would be safe there in a family of women, though very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the sex, who having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother; and especially now that the unhappy woman has began to be troublesome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett who know more of my heart and situation than any one living, (my dear Beauchamp excepted) to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself in to enumerate the engagements, which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject—I must soon go to Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend, as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds,

which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses, in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope, that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate, divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, though it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting in France and in England too, is, that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is, that you will assist me in executing the will of my late friend; make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You were very desirous, some time ago, to retire to the Hall: but I knew not how to spare you; and I hoped to attend you thither. You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, every thing that we would say to each other, were we together, *that*, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3,000l.

Make enquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects.—The industrious poor, of all persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; those who labour under incurable maladies; youth, of either sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; these, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500l. down with you for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

LETTER III.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

SATURDAY NIGHT, MARCH 18.

I Have furnished the ladies, and my lord, with more letters. And so they have all my heart before them!—I don't care, the man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they rally me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserve to them. Indeed it would be cruel if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two sisters used me severely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done so by them, had situations been exchanged: and I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before.—But they are good women, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them; and so must my grandmamma.

I am sorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And *did* she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte?—O the dear, the indulgent parent!—How tender was it of my aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did indeed (as she distinguishes in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: as if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raillery*.—Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name. They did not, I am sure they did not, mean to hurt me so much, as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and raillery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing them, than he has reason to do.

My

My uncle was charmed with the ſcene; and thinks the two ladies did juſt as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I preſume: but I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery to the poor frighted Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankneſs on the occaſion, are not diſapproved at Selby Houſe, and Shirley Manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter reſt.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I bluſh ten times a day, when alone, to find myſelf waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an abſence, that your goodneſs makes painful to you, in the ſame hope. It looks—Don't it, Lucy?—ſo like a deſign upon—I don't know how it looks!—But at times, I can't endure myſelf. And yet while the love of virtue (perhaps a little too perſonal) is the foundation of theſe deſigns, theſe waitings, theſe emotions, I think I am not wholly inexcuſable.

I am ſure I ſhould not eſteem him, were he not the good man he is.—Pray let me aſk you—Do you think he can always go on thus triumphantly?—So young a man—So admired, ſo applauded—Will he never be led into doing ſomething unworthy of his character?—If he could, do you think I ſhould then be partial to him? O no! I am ſure I ſhould not!—I ſhould diſdain him.—I might grieve, I might pity.—But what a multitude of fooliſh notions comes into the head of a ſilly girl, who, little as ſhe knows, knows more of any thing, or of any body, than ſhe knows of herſelf!

* *

I WISH my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cheriſhing (perhaps unknown to herſelf) a flame that will devour her peace. For, to be ſure this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000l. is a vaſt fortune.—But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon has a price?—I am ſure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is ſpoken of: and with pity I ſee, that he cannot be named, but her eyes ſparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as ſhe happens to be engaged in either, and ſhe ſeems as if ſhe would look the perſon through who is praiſing her guardian. For the life of her ſhe cannot *work* and *hear*. And then ſhe ſighs.—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no ſuch thing as proceeding with his praiſes before her—the girl ſo ſighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more obſervant of her, than I ſhould otherwiſe perhaps have been, (additional to my godfather's obſervation) is a hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps ſhe has from Miſs Grandiſon, and *ſhe* not unlikely from the ſtoſen letter; for Miſs Grandiſon hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curioſity. [When one is not in good humour, how one's very ſtile is encumbered!] The hint is this, That it is more than probable, it will actually be propoſed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonſhire this young lady—I, who want a governeſs myſelf, to be—But *let* it be propoſed.

In a converſation that paſſed juſt now between us women, on the ſubject of love, (a favourite topick with all girls) *this* poor thing gave her opinion unaſk'd; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She uſed to be more attentive than talkative.

I whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon once, 'Don't you think Miſs Jervois talks 'more than ſhe uſed to do, Madam?'

'I think ſhe does, *Madam*,' re-whiſpered the arch lady.

'I beg your pardon—*Charlotte*, 'then.'

'You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But 'let her prate. She is not often in the 'humour.'

'Nay, with all my heart; I love 'Miſs Jervois: but I can't but watch 'when habits begin to change. And 'I am always afraid of young creatures expoſing themſelves when they 'are between girls and women.'

'I don't love whiſpering,' ſaid Miſs Jervois, more pertly than ever: 'but 'my guardian loves me; and you, 'ladies, love me, and ſo my heart is 'eaſy.'

Her

Her heart eaſy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily ſhan't go down with me, Lucy.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 19.

O BUT, Lucy, we are alarmed here, on Miſs Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late laſt night from Sir Charles; ſo ſhewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfaſt. The unhappy woman, her mother, has made him a viſit. Poor Emily! Dear child! What a mother ſhe has!

I have ſo much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have juſt peruſed, (and, let me ſay, with high approbation) that he made no ſcruple of allowing me to ſend this letter to you. I aſked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every thing the doctor ſhall entruſt me with by the firſt opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his ſiſter's wiſhes of a correſpondence with him by letter. He conſents to it, you will all ſee; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* ſiſters; for he puts me in. '*Three 'ſiſters!*' His *third* ſiſter!—The repetition has ſuch an officiouſneſs in it. He is a good man; but he can be ſevere upon our ſex.—'*It is not in woman to 'be unreſerved.*'—You'll find *that* one of the reflections upon us: he adds; 'And, to be *impartial, perhaps they 'ſhould not.*' Why ſo?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myſelf, to make me more reſerved than I am? But he gives not himſelf opportunity to ſee whether I am or am not reſerved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deſerve* to be deſpiſed by him.—No! though he were the ſovereign of the greateſt empire on earth. In this believe *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

MARCH 18.

I Have had a viſit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one alſo at Colnebrook, before I can be ſo happy as to get thither. I diſpatch this therefore, to apprize you and Lord L. of ſuch a probability; which is the greater, as ſhe knows Emily to be there, through the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what paſſed between us, for your better information, if ſhe goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when ſhe ſent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the aſſurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would ſalute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-ſide. You have never ſeen her. She thinks herſelf ſtill handſome; and, did not her vices render her odious, and her *whole aſpect* ſhow her heart, ſhe would not be much miſtaken.

'How does Emily, Sir?' gallanting her fan: 'Is the girl here? Bid her 'come to me. I *will* ſee her.'

'She is not here, Madam.'

'Where is ſhe then? She has not 'been at Mrs. Lane's for ſome time.'

'She is in the beſt protection: ſhe 'is with my two ſiſters.'

'And pray, Sir Charles Grandiſon, 'what do you intend to do with her? 'The girl begins to be womanly.'

She laughed; and her heart ſpoke out at her eyes.

'Tell me what you propoſe to do 'with her? You know,' added ſhe, affecting a ſerious air, 'that ſhe is my 'child.'

'If, Madam, you deſerve to be 'thought her mother, you will be ſa-'tisfied with the hands ſhe is in.'

'Piſh!—I never loved you good 'men: where a fine girl comes in their 'way, I know what I know.'—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

'I am not to talk ſeriouſly with you, 'Mrs. Jervois! But what have you 'to *ſay* to my ward?'

'*Say!* Why, you know, Sir, I am 'her mother: and I have a mind to 'have the care of her perſon myſelf. 'You muſt (ſo her father directed) 'have the care of her fortune: but I 'have a mind, for her reputation-'ſake, to take the girl out of the hands 'of ſo young a guardian. I hope you 'would not oppoſe me?'

'If this be all your buſineſs, Ma-'dam,

'dam, I must be excused. I am pre-
'paring, as you see, to dress.'

'Where is Emily? I *will* see the
'girl.'

'If your motive be motherly love,
'little, Madam, as you have acted the
'mother by her, you shall see her
'when she is in town. But her *per-*
'*son*, and *reputation*, as well as *for-*
'*tune*, must be my care.'

'I am married, Sir; and my hus-
'band is a man of honour.'

'Your marriage, Madam, gives a
'new reason why Emily must not be
'in your care.'

'Let me tell you, Sir, that my
'husband is a man of honour, and as
'brave a man as yourself; and he will
'see me righted.'

'Be who he will, he can have no
'business with Emily. Did you come
'to tell me you are married, Ma-
'dam?'

'I did, Sir. Don't you wish me
'joy?'—

'Joy, Madam! I wish you to de-
'serve joy, and you will then perhaps
'have it. You'll excuse me—I shall
'make my friends wait.'

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year. 'Well, Sir, then 'you will find time, perhaps, to talk 'with Major O'Hara. He is of one of 'the best families in Ireland. And he 'will not let me be robbed of my 'daughter.'

'Major O'Hara, Madam, has no-
'thing to do with the daughter of my
'late unhappy friend. Nor have I any
'thing to say to *him*. Emily is in my
'protection; and I am sorry to say, that
'she never had been so, were not the
'woman who calls herself her mother,
'the person least fit to be entrusted
'with her daughter. Permit me the
'favour of leading you to your chair.'

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O'Hara; and told me, he had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

'I will call again to-morrow after-
'noon,' said she, (threatening with her head;) 'perhaps with the major,
'Sir. And I expect you will produce
'the little harlotry.'

I left her in silent contempt.—Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement, but the annuity, if he *has* married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my lord, that I might be under a necessity of objecting to her company: and were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, just as I was concluding. I am greatly interested in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me, that my sisters, though my absences are short, would be glad to receive now and then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any thing. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his sisters than I do mine: and now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could

I could eaſily carry on a correſpondence with my ſiſters, were they to be very earneſt about it: but then it muſt be a *correſpondence*; the writing muſt not be all of one ſide. Do they think I ſhould not be equally pleaſed to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occaſionally, their ſentiments are, upon perſons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wiſh, (for young ladies often wiſh, and think no more of the matter) then propoſe the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I diſcover, that they are leſs frank, and more reſerved, than I am, there will be an end of the correſpondence. My *three* ſiſters are moſt amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the liſts, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! they dare not. It is not in woman to be unreſerved in ſome points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they ſhould not: yet, ſurely, there is now and then a man, a *brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence repoſed in him.

Were this propoſal to be accepted, I could write to them many things that I communicate to you. I have but few ſecrets. I only wiſh to keep from relations ſo dear to me, things that could not poſſibly yield them pleaſure. I am ſure I could truſt to your judgment, the paſſages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myſelf with Charlotte's humorous curioſity: for ſhe ſeems, as I told her lately, to love to ſuppoſe ſecrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own ſagacity, when ſhe thinks ſhe has found them out; and I love at ſuch times to ſee her puzzled, and at a fault, as a puniſhment for her declining to ſpeak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuſe for the diſtance which my *two elder ſiſters* obſerve to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why ſhould there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is ſpontaneous, and invincible, in them, there muſt be ſome fault in my behaviour, ſome ſeeming want of freedom in my manner, which you will not acquaint me with: it is otherwiſe impoſſible, that between brothers and ſiſters, where the love is not doubted on either ſide, ſuch a diſtance ſhould ſubſiſt. You muſt conſult them upon it, and get them to explain themſelves on this ſubject to you; and when they have done ſo, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myſelf more agreeable (more familiar, ſhall I ſay?) to them. But I will not by any means excuſe them, if they give me cauſe to think, that the diſtance is owing to the will and the power I have been bleſſed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not juſtice from their brother? But no more of this ſubject at preſent. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in ſome caſes, it is found to be, by *your*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, SUNDAY EVENING.

POOR Emily! her heart is almoſt broken. This ignoble paſſion, what a mean-ſpirited creature had it like to have made me!—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before ſo little?—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherleſs girl, juſt ſtarting into woman, and therefore into more danger than ſhe ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *mother*.—Dreadful circumſtance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be deſpiſed by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-diſcovered envy, jealouſy, littleneſs, at leaſt with regard to this unhappy girl, whoſe calamity endears her to me!

'Dear child! ſweet Emily! You 'ſhall go down with me, if it be pro-'poſed. My grandmamma, and uncle, 'and aunt, will permit me to carry 'you with me. They are generous; 'they

'they have no little paſſion to miſlead 'their beneficence; they are what I 'hope to be, now I have found my- 'ſelf out.'—And what if her grati- tude ſhall make her heart overflow into love; has ſhe not excuſe for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occaſion of the poor Emily's diſtreſs.—About twelve this day, ſoon after Lord L. and the two ſiſters and I came from church, (for Emily happened not to go) a coach and four ſtopped at the gate, and a ſervant in a ſorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dreſs and appearance were military men, and one lady were in it.

My lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his uſual politeneſs.

Don't let me call this unhappy wo- man Emily's mother: O'Hara is the name ſhe owns.

She addreſſed herſelf to my lord. 'I 'am the mother of Emily Jervois, my 'lord: this gentleman, Major O'Ha- 'ra, is my huſband.'

The major bowed, ſtrutted, and ac- knowledged her for his wife: 'And 'this gentleman, my lord,' ſaid he, 'is Captain Salmonet; a very brave 'man: he is in foreign ſervice. His 'lady is my own ſiſter.'

My lord took notice of each.

'I underſtand, my lord, that my 'daughter is here: I deſire to ſee her.'

One of my lord's ſervants, at that time, paſſing by the door, which was open, 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid ſhe to him, 'let Miſs Jervois know, that her 'mamma is come to ſee her. Deſire her 'to come to me.'

MAJOR. 'I long to ſee my new 'daughter: I hear ſhe is a charming 'young lady. She may depend upon 'the kindneſs of a father from me.'

CAPT. 'De man of honour and 'good nature be my broder's general 'cha-*ract*-er, I do aſſure your lord- 'ſhip.'

He ſpoke Engliſh as a Frenchman, my lord ſays; but pronounced the word character as an Iriſhman.

MAJOR. (*Bowing.*) 'No need of 'this, my dear friend. My lord has 'the cha-*ract*-er of a fine gentleman 'himſelf, and knows how to receive 'a gentleman who waits upon him 'with due reſpect.'

LORD L. 'I hope I do.—But, Ma- 'dam, you know whoſe protection the 'lady is in.'

MRS. O'HARA. 'I do, my lord. 'Sir Charles Grandiſon is a very fine 'gentleman.'

CAPT. 'De vineſt cha-*ract*-er in 'de vorld. By my ſalvation, every 'body ſay ſo.'

MRS. O'HARA. 'But Sir Charles, 'my lord, is a very young gentleman 'to be a guardian to ſo young a crea- 'ture; eſpecially now that ſhe is grow- 'ing into woman. I have had ſome 'few faults, I own. Who lives, that 'has not? But I have been baſely 'ſcandalized. My firſt huſband had '*bis*; and much greater than I had. 'He was ſet againſt me by ſome of his 'own relations: vile creatures!—He 'left me, and went abroad: but he 'has anſwered for all by this time; 'and for the ſcanty allowance he made 'me, his great fortune conſidered; 'but as long as my child will be the 'better for it, that I can forgive.— 'Emily, my dear!—'

She ſtepped to the door on hearing the ruſtling of ſilks, ſuppoſing her at hand: but it was Miſs Grandiſon, fol- lowed by a ſervant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to ſee the viſitors; and at the ſame time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to ex- pect to be aſked to ſtay to dinner.

It is to Miſs Grandiſon that I owe the deſcription of each, the account of what paſſed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O'Hara has been a handſome woman; but well might Sir Charles be diſguſted with her aſpect. She has a leering, ſly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dreſs denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, fallowiſh, ſtreaked with red, makes her face (which is not ſo plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miſs Grandiſon has a way of ſay- ing ill-natured things in ſuch a good- natured manner, that one cannot for- bear ſmiling, though one ſhould not altogether approve of them; and yet ſometimes one would be ready to wonder how ſhe came by her images.

The major is pert, bold, vain, and ſeemed particularly fond of his new ſcarlet coat and laced waiſtcoat. 'He 'is certainly,' Miſs Grandiſon ſays,

'a low man, though a soldier. Anderson,' added she, 'is worth fifty 'of him.' His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths; which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which, not sitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called, 'The 'swagger of soldierly importance.'

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror: for the servant to whom Mrs. O'Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs. O'Hara had said in defence of her own character, my lord answered, 'Mr. Jervois had a right, 'Madam, to do what he pleased with 'a fortune acquired by his own in'dustry. A disagreement in marriage 'is very unhappy; but in this case, as 'in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever 'in fault. I have nothing to do in 'this matter. Miss Jervois is very 'happy in Sir Charles Grandison's 'protection. *She* thinks so; and so 'does every body that knows her. It 'is your misfortune if *you* do not.'

Mrs O'Hara. 'My lord, I make 'no dispute of Sir Charles's being the 'guardian of her fortune: but no fa'ther can give away the authority a 'mother has, as well as himself, over 'a child.'

Major. 'That child a daughter 'too, my lord.'

Lord L. 'To all this I have no'thing to say. You will not be able, 'I believe, to persuade my brother 'Grandison to give up his ward's per'son to you, Madam.'

Mrs. O'Hara. 'Chancery may, 'my lord.'—

Lord L. 'I have nothing to say to 'this, Madam. No man in England 'knows better what is to be done, in 'this case, than Sir Charles Gran'dison; and no man will be readier to 'do what is just and fitting, without 'law; but I enter not into the case; 'you must not talk to me on this sub'ject.'

Miss Gr. 'Do you think, Madam, 'that your marriage intitles you the '*rather* to have the care of Miss Jer'vois?'

Major. (*With great quickness.*) 'I 'hope, Madam, that my honour and 'cha-*ract*-er—'

Miss Gr. 'Be they ever so un'questionable, will not intitle you, 'Sir, to the guardianship of Miss 'Jervois's person.'

Major. 'I do not pretend to it, 'Madam. But I hope that no fa'ther's will, no guardian's power, is 'to set aside the natural authority 'which a mother has over her child.'

Lord L. 'This is not my affair. 'I am not *inclined* to enter into a dis'pute with you, Madam, on this sub'ject.'

Mrs. O'Hara. 'Let Emily be 'called down to her mother. I hope 'I may see my child. She is in this 'house, my lord. I hope I may see 'my child.'

Major. 'Your lordship—and you, 'Madam, will allow, that it would 'be the greatest hardship in the world, 'to deny to a mother the sight of her 'child.'

Capt. 'De very greatest hardship 'of all hardships. Your lordship will 'not refuse to let de daughter come to 'her moder.'

Lord L. 'Her guardian perhaps 'will not deny it. You must apply to 'him. He is in town. Miss Jervois 'is here but as a guest. She will be 'soon in town. I must not have her 'alarmed. She has very weak spirits.'

Mrs. O'Hara. 'Weak *spirits*, my 'lord!—A child to have spirits too 'weak to see her mother!'—And she felt for her handkerchief.

Miss Gr. 'It sounds a little harsh'ly, I own, to deny to a mother the 'sight of her daughter: but unless 'my brother were present, I think, my 'lord, it cannot be allowed.'

Major. 'Not allowed, Madam!'

Capt. 'A moder to be denied to 'see her daughter! Jesu!' And he crossed himself.

Mrs. O'Hara. (Putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not.) 'I am a very unhappy 'mother indeed.'

Major. (*Embracing her.*) 'My 'dearest life! My best love! I must

'not

'not bear these tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten —You, my lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles. —But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at present desires only to see her child; that's all, my lord.—Were your brother present, Madam, he would not deny her this.' Then again embracing his wife, 'My dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter, no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.'

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—'Let Miss Jervois be asked,' said he, 'if she chuses to come down.'

'I will go to her myself,' said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again—

'Miss Byron and Miss Jervois,' said she, 'are gone out together in the 'chariot.'

MAJOR. 'Nay, Madam—'

CAPT. 'Upon my salvation this 'must not pass—' And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O'Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: for the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a visit in the chariot, and it had just brought her back. 'O save me, save me, 'dear Madam,' said Miss Emily to me, wringing her hands. 'I cannot, I 'cannot see my mother out of my 'guardian's presence: and she will 'make me own her new husband. I 'beseech you, save me; hide me!'

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any where, except towards London; and then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as above; adding, 'I think, my lord, that Miss Emily 'wants not apology for her terror on 'this occasion. That lady, in her 'own heart, knows that the poor girl 'has reason for it.'

'Madam,' said the major, 'my 'wife is cruelly used. Your brother—'But I shall talk to *him* upon the subject. He is said to be a man of 'conscience and honour: I hope I shall 'find him so. I know how to protect 'and right my wife.'

'And *I* will stand by my broder 'and his lady,' said the captain, 'to 'de very last drop of my blood.'—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

LORD L. 'You don't by these airs 'mean to insult me, gentlemen—If 'you do—'

MAJOR. 'No, no, my lord. But 'we must seek our remedy elsewhere. 'Surprizing! that a mother is denied 'the sight of her daughter! *Very* surprizing!'

CAPT. 'Very surprizing, indeed! 'Ver dis to be done in my country—'In France—English liberty! Begar 'ver pretty liberty!—A daughter to 'be supported against the moder—'Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my 'salvation!'—

MRS. O'HARA. 'And is indeed 'my vile child run away to avoid 'seeing her mother?—Strange! Does 'she always intend to do thus?—She '*must* see me—And dearly shall she 'repent it!'

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

LORD L. 'You will have my 'leave for that, Madam.'

MAJOR. 'Had we not best go 'into our coach, and let that drive in 'quest of her?—She cannot be far off. 'It will be easy to trace a chariot.'

LORD L. 'Since this matter is 'carried so far, let me tell you, that, 'in the absence of her guardian, I 'will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be 'indulged in it. If you see her, 'Madam, it must be by the consent, 'and in the presence, of her guardian.'

MAJOR. 'Well, my dear, since 'the matter stands thus; since your 'child is taught to shun you thus; let 'us see what Sir Charles Grandison 'will say to it. He is the principal 'in this affair, and is not *privileged*,

'If *he* thinks fit—' And there he stopped, and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride.—'I am able both 'to protect and right you, Madam; 'and I *will*. But you have a letter 'for the girl, written on a supposition 'that she was not here.—Little did 'you, or I think, that she was in the 'house when we came; and that she 'should be spirited away to avoid 'paying her duty to her mother.'

'Very true.'—'Very true.'—'And, 'very true,' said each; and Mrs. O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied; the two men muttering, and threatening, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: you will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's: the bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to any body. 'And be-'cause I desired to be excused,' said she, 'my mother laid her hands upon me, 'and said she would trample me under 'her foot. It is true (unhappy wo-'man!) she was—' [Then the dear girl whispered me, though nobody was near us—sweet modest creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's shame even to me aloud, and blushed as she spoke—] 'she was in her cups. '—My mamma is as naughty as some '*men* in that respect: and I believe 'she would have been as good as her 'word; but on my screaming, (for I 'was very much frighted) Mrs. Lane, 'who had an eye upon us, ran in 'with two servants, and one of her 'daughters, and rescued me. She '*had* torn my cap—Yet it was a sad 'thing, you know, Madam, to see 'one's mother put out of the house 'against her will. And then she 'raised the neighbourhood. Lord 'bless me! I thought I should have 'died. I *did* fall into fits. Then 'was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every 'one what a sad woman my mother 'was!—It was such a disgrace to me! '—It was a month before I could go 'to church, or look any body in the 'face. But Mrs. Lane's character 'was of her side; and my guardian's 'goodness was a help—Shall I say a 'help against my mother!—Poor wo-'man! we heard afterwards she was 'dead; but my guardian would not 'believe it. If it would please God 'to take me, I should rejoice. Many 'a tear does my poor mother, and the 'trouble I give to the best of men, 'cost me, when nobody sees me; and 'many a time do I cry myself to sleep, 'when I think it impossible I should 'get such a kind relief.'

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

'Indeed, Madam, I have a grateful 'heart,' said she, 'for all I am so 'unhappy in a certain relation. I 'have none of those sort of faults that 'give me a resemblance in any way 'to my poor mother. But how shall 'I make out what I say? You will 'mistrust me, I fear: you will be apt 'to doubt my principles. But will 'you promise to take my heart in your 'hand, and guide it as you please?—'Indeed it is an honest one. I wish 'you saw it through and through.—'If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust 'my head, if you please, but not my 'heart. But in every thing I will be 'directed by you; and then my head 'will be as right as my heart.'

I told her that good often resulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps

haps for both, that her mother's visit had been made. 'Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: we will have but one heart between us.'

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, though the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrook.

I consented very chearfully, and at her request ('for indeed,' said she, 'I would not be an intruder for the world') promised by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

'You are too young a lady,' added she, 'to be called my mamma—Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: but I will love you and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.'

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: and yet I am affected as I write; but not so much, you may believe, as at the time she told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence: and she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O'Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it: which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means or foul, to get her into her hands; and if she did, but for *one* week, she should the *next* come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune which her husband died possessed of.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, though not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have intitled her to pity—

'MY DEAR EMILY,

'IF you have any love, any duty, 'left for an unhappy mother whose 'faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill usage of 'a husband who was not faultless; I 'conjure you to insist upon making 'me a visit, either at my new lodgings 'in Dean Street, Soho; or that you 'will send me word where I can see 'you, supposing I am not permitted 'to see you as this day, or that you 'should not be at Colnebrook, where, 'it seems, you have been some days. 'I cannot believe that your guardian, 'for his own reputation-sake, as well 'as for justice-sake, as he is supposed 'to be a good man, will deny you, 'if you insist upon it; as you ought 'to do, if you have half the love for 'me, that I have for you.

'Can I doubt that you *will* insist 'upon it? I cannot. I long to see 'you: I long to lay you in my bo-

'som.

'ſom. And I have given hopes to 'Major O'Hara, a man of one of the 'beſt families in Ireland, and a very 'worthy man, and a brave man too, 'who knows how to right an injured 'wife, if he is put to it, but who 'wiſhes to proceed amicably, that you 'will not ſcruple, as my huſband, to 'call him father.

'I hear a very good account of your 'improvements, Emily; and I am 'told, that you are grown very tall 'and pretty. O my Emily!—What 'a grievous thing is it to ſay, that I 'am *told* theſe things, and not to have 'been allowed to ſee you; and to be-'hold your growth, and thoſe im-'provements, which muſt rejoice my 'heart, and do, though I am ſo 'baſely belied as I have been? Do not 'you, Emily, deſpiſe her that bore 'you. It is a dreadful thing, with 'ſuch fortunes as your father left, 'that I muſt be made poor and de-'pendent; and then be deſpiſed for 'being ſo.

'But if you, my child, are taught 'to be, and will be one of thoſe; 'what, though I have ſuch happy 'proſpects in my preſent marriage, 'will be my fate, but a bitter death, 'which your want of duty will haſten? 'For what mother can bear the con-'tempts of her child? And in that 'caſe your great fortune will not ſet 'you above God's judgments. But 'better things are hoped of my Emily, 'by her *indulgent, though heretofore 'unhappy, mother,*

'SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

'HELEN O'HARA.'

My lord thought fit to open this letter: he is ſorry that he did; becauſe the poor girl is ſo low-ſpirited, that he does not chuſe to let her ſee it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleaſes.

Miſs Grandiſon lifted up her hands and eyes as ſhe read it. 'Such a 'wretch as this,' ſhe ſaid, 'to remind 'Emily of God's judgments; and 'that line written as even as the reſt! 'How was it poſſible, if her wicked 'heart could ſuggeſt ſuch words, that 'her fingers could ſteadily write them? 'But indeed ſhe verifies the words of 'the wiſe man; "*There is no wicked-"neſs like the wickedneſs of a woman.*" We all long to ſee Sir Charles; poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favourite perſon, though rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be compleat were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneaſy, not content with itſelf, and always looking out for the perſon wanted.

Emily was told, that her mother left a letter for her; but is adviſed not to be ſolicitous to ſee it till her guardian comes. My lord owned to her, that he had opened it; and pleaded tender-neſs, as he juſtly might, in excuſe of having taken that liberty. She thanked his lordſhip, and ſaid, it was for ſuch girls as ſhe to be directed by ſuch good and kind friends.

She has juſt now left me. I was writing, and wanted to cloſe. I gave her a nod, with a ſmile, as agreed upon a little before. 'Thank you, 'thank you, dear Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'for this freedom.' She ſtopped at the door, and with it in her hand, in a whiſpering accent, bending forward, 'Only tell me, that you love me as 'well as you did in the chariot.'

'Indeed, my dear, I do; and bet-'ter, I think, if poſſible: becauſe I 'have been putting part of our con-'verſation upon paper, and ſo have 'faſtened your merits on my memory.'

'God bleſs you, Madam, I am 'gone.' And away ſhe tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to reſt; and confirm all that I ſaid to her in the chariot; for moſt cordially I can.

I am, my dear Lucy, and will be, *ever yours,*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VI.

MR. DEANE, TO MRS. SELBY.

LONDON, FRIDAY NIGHT, MAR. 17.

YOU wiſhed me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrook, and to give you my ob-ſervations on the ſtate of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all ſo deſirous ſhould be brought about; and parti-cularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would

I would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his sisters much of his company, though your Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrook. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervois is a pretty young lady.—But more of her bye and bye.—The cousin Grandison you spoke of, is gone down to Grandison Hall; whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going—But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on sending my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, he is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself, to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself acquainted with my character, with my connexions with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is: so set yours at rest. It must do. Every thing is moving, and that not slowly, to the event so desirable. I led to the graces of her person; he to those of her mind: he allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L. Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says?—

'When Phœbus does his beams display,
'To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
'Is to suppose them blind.'

All I want, methinks, is to have them oftener together. Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be dispatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L. said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he shall soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett said, that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Pekin, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's End. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that sort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man.—What say you to Lady D.'s proposal, rejected for his sake; at *hap-hazard* too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to *me* to answer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks.

looks. She is as lovely as ever; but I think not quite so lively, and somewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness: and there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would *wish* her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages, in conversation, over Harriet, that, if she *had*, methinks she would not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of the greediness with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that now and then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of; [So like a niece of mine, who drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy;] and by these symptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen; but, it seems, she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may say. My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a niece of hers, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this; for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world, or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen, what opportunities could she have? No mother's wings to be sheltered under; her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to straiten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy, for girls and young maidens; and since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman.—What can she know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest; so that the world before her is all new to her: and indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, though at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our *Harriet's account*; and yet Harriet (lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her; but I am on *her own*. I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles was more among them: he would soon discover whose love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reserve to such a young lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: but on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley House and Selby Manor—and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles again, either in London, or at Colnebrook) I will talk to you of all these matters. Mean time believe me to be *your affectionate and faithful humble servant*,

THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY, MARCH 20.

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapped at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, 'Is it you, my dear Miss Byron?' said she, running to me. 'How good 'this is!'

'I am come, my dear, late as it is, 'to pass an agreeable half hour with 'you, if it will not be unseasonable.'

'That it can never be.'

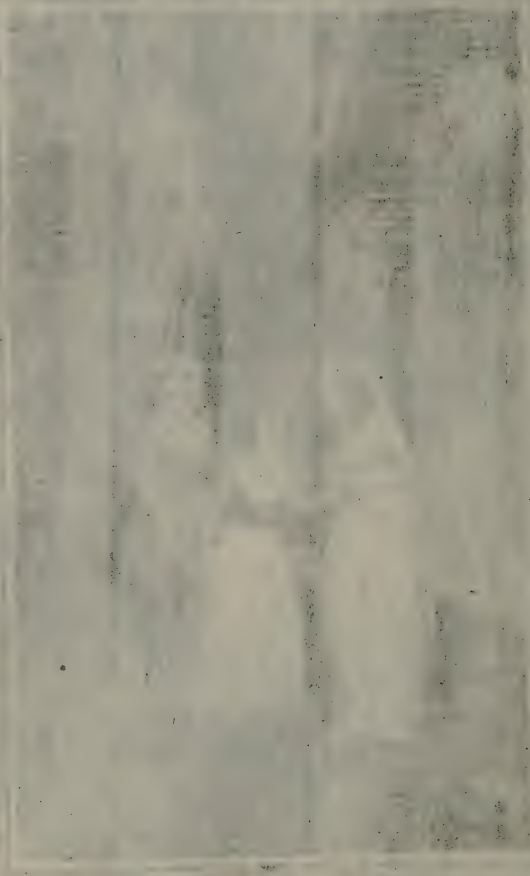
'You must then let your Anne go 'to bed,' said I: 'else, as her time is 'not her own, I shall shorten my visit. 'I will assist you in any little services 'myself. I have dismissed Jenny.'

'God bless you, Madam,' said ; 'you consider every body. Anne tells 'me, that the servants throughout the 'house adore you: and I am sure their 'principals do.—Anne, you may go 'to your rest.'

'Jenny,

Stothard del. Blake sculp.

Plate XXIII. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C.o Apr. 5, 1783.



Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late, either reading, or being read to, by Anne; who, though she reads well, is not fond of the task.

'Servants,' said I, 'are as sensible 'as their masters and mistresses. They 'speak to their feelings. I question 'not but they love Miss Jervois as 'well as they do me. I should as 'soon chuse to take my measures of 'the goodness of principals by their 'servants love of them, as by any 'other rule. Don't you see, by the 'silent veneration and assiduities of the 'servants of Sir Charles Grandison, 'how much they adore their master?'

'I am very fond of being esteemed 'by servants,' said she, 'from that '*very* observation of my guardian's 'goodness, and his servants worthi-'ness, as well as from what my maid 'tells me all of them say of you. But 'you and my guardian are so much 'alike in every thing, that you seem 'to be born for one another.'

And then she sighed involuntarily; yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recal her sigh.

'Why sighs my dear young friend? 'Why sighs my Emily?'

'That's good of you to call me '*your* Emily. My guardian calls me '*his* Emily. I am always proud when 'he calls me so.—I don't know why 'I sigh: but I have lately got a trick 'of sighing, I think. Will it do me 'harm? Anne tells me it will; and 'says, I must break myself of it. She 'says, it is not pretty in a young lady 'to sigh: but where is the un-pretti-'ness of it?'

'Sighing is said to be a sign of be-'ing in love; and young ladies—'

'Ah! Madam! And yet *you* sigh 'very often.'

I felt myself blush.

'I often catch myself sighing, my 'dear,' said I. 'It is a *trick*, as you 'call it, which I would not have you 'learn.'

'But I have *reason* for sighing, Ma-'dam, which you have not.—Such a 'mother! A mother that I wanted to 'be good, not so much to me, as to 'herself: a mother so unhappy, that 'one must be glad to run away from 'her. My poor papa! so good as he 'was to every body, and even to her, 'yet had his heart broken.—O Ma-'dam!'— (flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom) 'have I not cause to sigh?'

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: so *dutifully* sensible of her calamity! and for *such* a calamity, who could forbear?

'Such a disgrace too!' said she, raising her head. 'Poor woman!— 'Yet she has the worst of it. Do you 'think that *that* is not enough to make 'one sigh?'

'Amiable goodness!' (kissing her cheek) 'I shall love you too well.'

'You are too good to me; you must 'not be so good to me: that, even '*that*, will make me sigh. My *guar-'dian's* goodness to me gives me pain; 'and I think verily, I sigh more since 'last I left Mrs. Lane, and have seen 'more of his goodness, and how every 'body admires, and owns obligation 'to him, than I did before.—To have 'a stranger, as one may say, and so '*very* fine a gentleman, to be so good 'to one, and to have such an unhappy 'mother—who gives *him* so much trou-'ble—how can one help sighing for 'both reasons?'

'Dear girl!' said I, my heart over-flowing with compassion for her, 'you 'and I are bound equally, by the tie of 'gratitude, to esteem him.'

'Ah, Madam, you will one day be 'the happiest of all women.—And so 'you *deserve* to be.'

'What means my Emily?'

'Don't I see, don't I hear, what is 'designed to be brought about by Lord 'and Lady L. and Miss Grandison? 'and don't I hear from my Anne what 'every body expects and wishes for?'

'And *does* every body expect and 'wish, my Emily—'

I stopped. She went on.—'And 'don't I see that my guardian himself 'loves you?'

'Do you think so, Emily?'

'O how he dwells upon your words, 'when you speak!'

'You fancy so, my dear.'

'You have not observed his eyes so 'much as I have done, when he is in 'your company. I have watched *your* 'eyes, too; but have not seen that you 'mind him quite so much as he does 'you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.'— And then she sighed again.

'But why *that* sigh, my Emily?

'Were I so happy as you think, in the 'esteem of this good man, would you 'envy me, my dear?'

'Envy you!—I, such a simple girl 'as I, envy you! No, indeed. Why 'should I envy you? But tell me 'now, dear Madam, tell me; don't 'you love my guardian?'

'Every body does. You, my Emily, love him.'

'And so I do: but you love him, 'Madam, with a hope that no one 'else will have reason to entertain.—'Dear now, place a little confidence 'in your Emily: my guardian shall 'never know it from me, by the *least* 'hint. I beg you will own it. You 'can't think how much you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will 'give me importance with myself.'

'Will you, Emily, be as frank-'hearted with me as you would have 'me be with you?'

'Indeed I will.'

'I do, my dear, greatly esteem your 'guardian.'

"*Esteem!*" Is that the word? Is that 'the ladies word for love? And is not 'the word *love* a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am 'sure.'

'And I am sure you *cannot* mean 'harm: I will be sincere with my 'Emily. But you must not let any 'one living know what I say to you of 'this nature. I would prefer your 'guardian, my dear, to a king, in all 'his glory.'

'And so, Madam, would I, if I 'were you. I should be glad to be 'thought like you in every thing.'

'Amiable innocence! But tell me, 'Miss Jervois, would you not *have* 'me esteem your guardian? You know 'he was my guardian too, and that at 'an exigence when I most wanted one.'

'Indeed I would. Would you have 'me wish such a good young lady as 'Miss Byron to be ungrateful? No, 'indeed.'—And again she sighed.

'Why *then* sighed my Emily? You 'said you would be frank-hearted.'

'So I will, Madam. But I really 'can't tell why I sighed then. I wish 'my guardian to be the happiest man 'in the world—I wish you, Madam, 'to be the happiest woman: and how 'can either be so, but in one another? '—But I am grieved, I believe, that 'there seems to be something in the 'way of your mutual happiness.—I 'don't know whether that is all, neither.—I don't know what it is—if I 'did, I would tell you.—But I have 'such throbs sometimes at my heart, 'as make me fetch my breath hard.— 'I don't know what it is.—Such a 'weight here, as *makes* me sigh; and 'I have a pleasure, I think, because 'I have an ease in sighing.—What 'can it be?'

'Go on, my dear: you are a pretty 'describer.'

'Why now, if any body, as Anne 'did last time my guardian came hither, were to run up stairs in an 'hurry, and to say, "Miss, Miss, "Miss, your guardian is come!" 'I should be in *such* a flutter! my 'heart would seem to be too big for 'my bosom! I should sit down as 'much out of breath as if I had ran 'down a high hill.—And, for half an 'hour, may be, so tremble, that I 'should not be able to see the dear 'guardian that perhaps I had wanted 'to see. And to hear him with a 'voice of gentleness, as if he pitied 'me for having so unhappy a mother, 'call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think 'he has a sweet voice?—And *your* 'voice, too, Madam, is also *so* sweet— 'Every body says, that even in your 'common speech your voice is melody.—Now Anne says—'

'O my agreeable little flatterer!'

'I don't flatter, Madam. Don't 'call me a flatterer. I am a very 'sincere girl: indeed I am.'

'I dare say you are: but you raise 'my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* 'fault to tell me what people say of 'me; but it is *mine* to be proud of 'their commendations.—But you were 'going to tell me what Anne says, on 'your being so much affected, when 'she tells you in a hurry, that your 'guardian is come.'

'Why, Anne says, that all those 'are signs of love. Foolish creature!— 'And yet so they may: but not of 'such love as she means.—Such a love 'as she as good as owns she had in her 'days of *flutteration*, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or 'three years older than I am. In the 'first place, I am very young, you

'know,

'know, Madam; a mere girl: and such a *simple* thing!—I never had a mother, nor sister neither; nor a companion of my own sex.—Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they?—They looked upon me as a child, as I was. In the next place, I *do* love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence, as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.'

'But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs that you spoke of, on any returns of your father, after little absences?'

'Why no; I can't say I had. Nor, though I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions as I have had of late. I don't know how it is.—Can you tell me?'

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl?

'My dear Emily!—These *are* symptoms, I doubt—'

'Symptoms of what, Madam?—Pray tell me sincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.'

'If encouraged, my dear—'

'What then, Madam?—'

'It *would be* love, I doubt.—That sort of love that would make you uneasy.'

'No; that cannot be, surely. Why, Madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my word, I wish no one in the world, but you, to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear.'—

'And what's that?'

'That my guardian won't love me so well, when he marries, as he does now.'

'Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large a heart as his?'

'No; not if that woman were you.—But, forgive my folly!'—(and she looked down) 'he would not take my hand so kindly as now he does: he would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account, as he does now; he would not call me *his* Emily; he would not bespeak every one's regard for his ward.'

'My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You yourself, my love, will set him the example: you will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reason to be.'

'O, Madam! never tell me that! I should break my heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an encroacher; if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome; then let him call me *any* body's Emily, rather than *his*.'

'You will have different notions, my dear, before that time.'—

'Then, I think, I shan't desire to live to see the time. Why, Madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother, is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, Madam, were you Lady Grandison, (now, tell me, would you) grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?'

'Indeed, my dear, I would not: if I know my own heart, I would not.'

'And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a question I wanted to put to you; but was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.'

'Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.'

'That don't satisfy me, Madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any thing. And would you, (come, Madam, I will put you to it—Would you) say, "Look you here, Sir Charles Grandison; this girl, this Emily, is a good sort of girl: she has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her; she has no papa but you; she has, poor thing!" [I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him] "no mamma; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where

" can you diſpoſe of her ſo properly, " as to let her be with us? I will be " her protectreſs, her friend, her mam- " ma." [Yes, do, Madam, let me ' chuſe a mamma! Don't let the poor ' girl be without a mamma, if *you* ' can give her one. I am ſure I will ' ſtudy to give you pleaſure, and not ' pain.] " I *inſiſt* upon it, Sir Charles. " It will make the poor girl's heart " eaſy. She is told of the arts and " tricks of men, where girls have " great fortunes; and ſhe is always in " dread about them, and about her " unhappy mother. Who will form " plots againſt her, if ſhe is with us?" ' —Dear, dear Madam! you are *moved* ' in my favour—' [Who, Lucy, could have forborne being affected by her tender prattle?] She threw her arms about me: 'I ſee you are moved in my ' favour!—And I will be your at- ' tendant; I will be your waiting- ' maid; I will help to adorn you, and ' to make you more and more lovely ' in the eyes of my guardian.'

I could not bear this—' No more, ' no more, my lovely girl, my inno- ' cent, my generous, my irreſiſtible ' girl!—Were it to come to that,' [It became me to be unreſerved, for more reaſons than one, to this ſweet child.] ' —not one requeſt ſhould my Emily ' make, that heart and mind I would ' not comply with: not one wiſh that ' I would not endeavour to promote ' and accompliſh for her.'

I folded her to my heart, as ſhe hung about my neck.

' I grieve you—I would not, for the ' world, grieve my young mamma,' ſaid ſhe—' Henceforth let me call you my ' mamma.—*Mamma*, as I have heard ' the word explained, is a more tender ' name even than *mother*.—The unhap- ' py Mrs. Jervois ſhall be Mrs. O'Ha- ' ra, if ſhe pleaſes; and only *mother*: a ' child muſt not renounce her *mother*, ' though the mother ſhould renounce, ' or worſe than renounce her child.'

' I muſt leave you, Emily.'

' Say, then, "*my* Emily."

' I muſt leave you, *my*, and *more* ' than *my* Emily.—You have cured ' me of ſleepineſs for this night!'

' O then I am ſorry.'

' No; don't be ſorry. You have ' given me pain, 'tis true; but I think ' it is the ſweeteſt pain that ever en- ' tered into a human heart. Such good- ' neſs! ſuch innocence! ſuch genero- ' ſity!—I thank God, my love, that ' there is in my knowledge ſo worthy ' a young heart as yours.'

' Now, how good this is!' (and again ſhe wrapped her arms about me) ' And will you go?'

' I muſt, I muſt, my dear!—I can ' ſtay no longer.—But take this aſſur- ' ance, that my Emily ſhall have a firſt ' place in my heart for ever. I will ' ſtudy to promote your happineſs; and ' your wiſhes ſhall be the leaders of ' mine.'

' Then I am ſure I ſhall live with ' my guardian and you for ever, as I ' may ſay: and God grant,'—and down on her knees ſhe dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine—' that you ' may be the happieſt of women, and ' that ſoon, for my ſake, as well as ' your own, in marriage with the beſt ' of men, my guardian!' (exultingly, ſaid ſhe:) ' and ſay Amen—Do, God ' bleſs you, Madam, ſay Amen to my ' prayer.'

I ſtruggled from her.—' O my ſweet ' girl! I cannot bear you!'—I ha- ſtened out at the door to go to my chamber.

' You are not angry, Madam?' following me, and taking my hand, and kiſſing it with eagerneſs. ' Say you ' are not diſpleaſed with me. I will ' not leave you till you do.'

' Angry! my love! Who can be ' angry? How you have diſtreſſed me ' by your ſweet goodneſs of heart!'

' Thank God, I have not offended ' you. And now ſay, once more, "*my* " Emily"—Say, "good reſt to you, *my* " Emily—my love," and all thoſe ten- ' der names—and ſay, "God bleſs you, " my child," as if you were my mam- ' ma! and I will leave you, and I ' ſhall in fancy go to ſleep with angels.'

' Angels only are fit company for ' *my* Emily—God bleſs *my* Emily! ' Good night! be your ſlumbers hap- ' py.'

I kiſſed her once, twice, thrice, with fervour; and away ſhe tript; but ſtopt at the door, curtſeying low, as I delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had ſaid, and on what might be my fate; ſo many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not cloſe my eyes: I there- fore

fore arose before day; and while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

Do, my Lucy—and do you, my grandmamma—my aunt—my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily; and yet she shall not come, if you don't all promise to love her as well you do *your for ever obliged*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY, MARCH 20.

THE active, the restless goodness, of this Sir Charles Grandison, absolutely dazzles me, Lucy.

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father to his *uncle*; does not that sound strange? But he is to be the obliger of every body.

The doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the sisters, than by reading to them those two letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that strike one in those letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah, Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me say, that I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke, which, alone, could be the means of *compleating* his existence.

LETTER IX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

SAT. NIGHT, MARCH 18.

AS soon as I had seen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said. I was my *mother's* son.

He commended me for my œconomy, and complimented into *generosity* the *justice* I had done to some of my *friends*.

'I frankly own,' said he, 'that at 'your first arrival, and even till *now*, '(that I am determined to be the man 'you, cousin, would wish me to be) 'I had thought it but prudent to *hold 'back*: for I imagined, that your fa- 'ther had lived at such a rate, that you 'would have applied to me, to extri- 'cate you from difficulties: and par- 'ticularly, for money to marry your 'eldest sister. At least, I took notice, 'young man,' proceeded he, 'and I 'heard others observe, that you had 'not eyes to see any of your father's 'faults, either when he was living, or 'departed; and this gave me reason 'to apprehend, that you had your fa- 'ther's extravagant turn: and I was 'resolved, if I were applied to, *to 'wrap myself close about in a general 'denial*. Else, all I had been gather- 'ing together for so many years past, 'might soon have been dissipated; and 'I should only have taken a thorn out 'of the foot of another, and put it 'into my own.'

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflections on my father's spirit.

To these I answered, that every man had a right to judge for himself, in those articles for which he himself is only accountable. 'My father, and your 'lordship,'

'lordſhip,' continued I, 'had very
'different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taſte: prudence,
'(ſo your lordſhip muſt account it)
'is yours. There are people in the
'world, who would give different
'names to both taſtes: but would not
'your lordſhip think it very preſumptuous in any man to arraign you at
'the bar of his judgment, as miſtaken
'in the meaſures of your prudence?'

'Look you, nephew, I don't well
'know what to make of your ſpeech;
'but I judge, that you *mean not* to
'affront me.'

'I do not, my lord. While you
'were apprehenſive, that you might
'be a ſufferer by me, you acted with
'your uſual prudence to diſcourage an
'application. My father had, in your
'lordſhip's judgment, but one fault;
'and he was the principal ſufferer by
'it himſelf: had he looked into his
'affairs, he would have avoided the
'neceſſity of doing ſeveral things that
'were diſagreeable to him, and muſt
'ever be, to a man of ſpirit. His
'very timber, that *required*, as I may
'ſay, the axe, would have furniſhed
'him with all he wanted: and he paid
'intereſt for a leſs ſum of money than
'actually was in the hands of his ſtewards, unaccounted for.'

'But what a glory to *you*, couſin—'

'No compliment to me, my lord,
'I pray you, to the diſcredit of my
'father's memory. He had a right to
'do what he did. Your lordſhip does
'what you think fit. I too, now I
'am my own maſter, do as I pleaſe.
'My taſte is different from both. I
'purſue mine, as he did his. If I
'ſhould happen to be more right than
'my father in ſome things, he might
'have the advantage of me in others;
'and in thoſe I happen to do, that are
'generally thought laudable, what
'merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am purſuing my own predominant paſſion;
'and that, perhaps, with as much ardour, and as little power to reſiſt it,
'as my father had to reſtrain his.'

'Bravo! bravo!' ſaid my lord—
'Let me aſk you, nephew—May *all*
'young men, if they will, improve
'by travelling, as you have done?
'—If they may, by my troth, nine
'parts in ten of thoſe who go abroad,
'ought to be hanged up at their fa-
'thers doors on their return.'

'Very ſevere, my lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether
'abroad, or at home: unthinking ones
'call for our pity.'

'Well, Sir, I do aſſure you, that
'I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle: and
'there are two or three things that I
'want to talk to you about; and one
'or two that I would conſult you
'upon.'

He rang, and aſked what time dinner would be ready?

'In half an hour,' was the anſwer.

Mrs. Giffard came in. Her face glowed with paſſion. My lord ſeemed affected at her entrance. It was eaſy to ſee that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my lord was more afraid of her, than ſhe was of him.

She endeavoured to aſſume a complaiſant air to me; but it was ſo viſibly ſtruggled for, that it ſat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when ſhe broke ſilence, to aſk officiouſly, as ſhe did, after the health of my ſiſter Charlotte.

'I would be alone with my nephew,' ſaid my lord, in a paſſionate tone.

'You *ſhall* be alone, my lord,' impertinently replied ſhe, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that ſhe had made it up upon her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeneſs that he only could take, and deſerve, who was conſcious of having degraded himſelf.

Fooliſh woman! Why came ſhe in when I was there, except to ſhow her ſuppoſed conſequence, at the expence of his honour? She knew my opinion of her. She would, by a third hand, once, have made overtures to me of her intereſt with my lord: but I ſhould have thought meanly of myſelf, had I not with diſdain rejected the tender of her ſervices.

'A damned woman!' ſaid my lord, but looked, firſt, as if he would be ſure ſhe was out of hearing.

'This woman, nephew, and her
'behaviour, is one of the ſubjects I
'wanted to conſult you upon.'

'Defer this ſubject, my lord, till
'you have recovered your temper.

'You

'You did not design to begin with it.
'You are discomposed.'

'And so I am.' And he puffed and panted, as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions: to have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever resolutions he had taken; they would probably have gone off, when the passion to which they would have owed their vigour, had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and particularly for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily; and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

'That woman, my lord,' said I, 'was *once* good. A recovery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for in the latter, is, that she may be made unhurtful. Her highest good was never more than harmlessness. She that was once good, cannot be easy, when she is in a state of true penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.'

'You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman now.—I am resolved to part with her: I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how she pulled the door after her, though you were present.'

'I did, my lord. But it was plain that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so totally have forgotten herself. But, my lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it, with all my heart.'

'Well, then, be it so. But now tell me, have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?'

'I have great honour for the state; and hope to be one day happy in it.'

'Well said—And are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?'

And then, without waiting for any answer, he proposed Lady Frances N. and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

'Lady Frances,' answered I, 'is a very deserving young lady. My father set on foot a treaty with her family. But it has long been broken off: it cannot be resumed.'

'Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told that *she* is likely to be the lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.'

'My sisters wish me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those ladies, that it would give me some little pain, to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot, myself, *make* the offer. I cannot bear, my lord, to think of returning slight for respect, to my *own* sex: but as to ladies, how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity!'

'Charming notions: if you had not them abroad, you had them from your mother: she was all that was excellent in woman.'

'Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.'

'And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father, because I see it is all from principle. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity; that is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world; and who have exacted respect to good old women, who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense offered the parent, into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.'

The observation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it, made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing; and yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly

highly for the performance of common duties; as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father; though each is *comparatively* praise-worthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprising all the duties in one word: for friendship is the balm, as well as seasoning, of life; and a man cannot be defective in *any* of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

'Well, cousin, since you cannot 'think of either of those ladies, how 'should you like the rich and beauti- 'ful Countess of R.? You know 'what an excellent character she bears.'

'I do. But, my lord, I should not 'chuse to marry a widow: and yet, 'generally, I do not disrespect wi- 'dows, nor imagine those men to 'blame who marry them. But as my 'circumstances are not unhappy, and 'as riches will never be my principal 'inducement in the choice of a wife, 'I may be allowed to indulge my pe- 'culiarities; especially as I shall hope '(and I should not deserve a good wife 'if I did not) that, when once mar- 'ried, I shall be married for my whole 'life.'

'The countess once declared,' said my lord, 'before half a score in com- 'pany, two of them her particular ad- 'mirers, that she would never marry 'any man in the world, except he were 'just such another, in mind and man- 'ners, as Sir Charles Grandison.'

'Ladies, my lord, who in absence 'speak favourably of a man who 'forms not pretensions upon them, 'nor is likely to be troublesome to 'them, would soon convince that man 'of his mistake, were his presump- 'tion to rise upon their declared good 'opinion of him.'

'I wonder,' proceeded my lord, 'that every young man is not good. 'I have heard you, cousin, praised in 'all the circles where you have been 'mentioned. It was certainly an ad- 'vantage to you to come back to us a 'stranger, as I may say. Many youth- 'ful follies may perhaps be over- 'passed, that we shall never know any 'thing of: but, be that as it will, I 'can tell you, Sir, that I have heard 'such praises of you, as have made 'my eyes glisten, because of my re- 'lation to you. I was told, with- 'in this month past, that no fewer 'than five ladies, out of one circle, 'declared, that they would stand out 'by consent, and let you pick and chuse 'a wife from among them.'

'What your lordship has heard of 'this nature, let me say, without af- 'fecting to disclaim a compliment ap- 'parently too high for my merits, is 'much more to the honour of the one 'sex, than of the other. I should be 'glad, that policy, if not principle, '(principle might take root, and grow 'from it) would mend us men.'

'So should I, nephew: but I,' [Poor man! he hung down his head!] 'have not been a better man than I 'ought to be. Do you not despise me 'in your heart, cousin?—You must 'have heard—That cursed woman— 'But I begin to repent! And the tru- 'ly good, I believe, cannot be either 'censorious or uncharitable. Tell 'me, however, do you not despise 'me?'

'Despise my mother's brother! No, 'my lord. Yet were a sovereign to 'warrant my freedom, and there were 'a likelihood that he would be the 'better for it; I would, with decency, 'tell him my whole mind. I am sor- 'ry to say it; but your lordship, if 'you have not had virtue to make you 'worthy of being imitated, have too 'many examples among the great, as 'well as among the middling, to cause 'you to be censured for *singularity*. 'But your lordship adds, to a con- 'fession that is not an ungenerous 'one, that you begin to repent.'

'Indeed I do.' And your charac- 'ter, cousin, has made me half asham- 'ed of myself.'

'I am not accustomed, my lord, to 'harangue on these subjects to men 'who know their duty: but let me say, 'that your lordship's good resolutions, 'to be efficacious, must be built upon 'a better foundation than occasional 'disgust or disobligation. But here, 'again, we are verging to a subject 'that we are both agreed to defer till 'after dinner.'

'I am charmed with your treatment 'of me, cousin. I shall, for my own 'sake, adore my sister's son. Had I 'consulted my chaplain, who is a good 'man too, he would have too roughly 'treated me.'

'Divines,

'Divines, my lord, must do their 'duty.'

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed, than I could have imagined: and after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the *rescued lady*, as he called her. 'I have heard, 'cousin,' said he, 'that she is the 'most beautiful woman in England.'

'I think her so, my lord,' replied I: 'and she has one excellence, that I 'never before met with in a beauty; 'she is not proud of it.'

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron in such terms, as made my lord challenge me, as my sisters once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

'And does your lordship think, that 'I cannot do justice to the merits of 'such a lady as Miss Byron, but with 'an interested view? I do assure you, 'that what I have said, is short of 'what I think of her. But I can 'praise a lady without meaning a com'pliment to myself. I look upon it, 'however, as one of the most fortu'nate accidents of my life, that I 'have been able to serve her, and save 'her from a forced marriage with a 'man whom she disliked, and who 'could not deserve her. There is 'hardly any thing gives me more pain, 'than when I see a worthy woman 'very unequally yoked, if her own 'choice has not been at first consulted; 'and who yet, though deeply sensible 'of her misfortune, irreproachably 'supports her part of the yoke.'

'You are a great friend to the sex, 'kinsman.'

'I am. I think the man who is 'not, must have fallen into bad com'pany; and deserves not to have been 'favoured with better. Yet, to un'womanly faults, to want of morals, 'and even to want of delicacy, no 'man is more quick-sighted.'

'I don't know how it is; but I 'have not, at this rate, fallen into the 'best company: but perhaps it is for 'want of that delicacy, in my own 'mind, which you are speaking of.'

'Were we men, my lord, to value 'women (and to let it be known that 'we do) for those qualities which are 'principally valuable in the sex; the 'less estimable, if they would not be 'reformed, would shrink out of our 'company, into company more suit'able to their taste; and we should 'never want objects worthy of our 'knowledge, and even of our admi'ration, to associate with. There is 'a kind of magnetism in goodness. 'Bad people will indeed find out bad 'people, to accompany with, in order 'to keep one another in countenance; 'but they are bound together by a 'rope of sand; whilst trust, confi'dence, love, sympathy, twist a cord, 'by a reciprocation of beneficent of'fices, which ties good men to good 'men, and cannot easily be broken.'

'I have never had these notions, 'cousin; and yet they are good ones. 'I took people as I found them; and, 'to own the truth, meaning to serve 'myself, rather than any body else, 'I never took pains to look out for 'worthy attachments. The people 'I had to do with, had the same views 'upon *me*, as I had upon *them*; and 'thus I went on in a state of hostility 'with all men: mistrusting and 'guarding, as well as I could, and 'not doubting that every man I had 'to do with would impose upon me, 'if I placed confidence in him.—But 'as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall 'never rest till I see her—Pray, what 'is her fortune? They tell me, it is 'not above 15,000l.—What is that, to 'the offers you have had made you?'

Just then we were told, the dinner was on the table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest, but it flies me. The last letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there owing to my own enterprizing spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these *without-door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they arise not from *within*, though they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome it's approach: if not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

LETTER X.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

SUNDAY, MAR. 19.

I Have had two happy hours of forgetfulneſs; I could not, though I tried for it, prevail for more: and I will continue my ſubject.

After dinner, every attendant being diſmiſſed, my lord, making me firſt ſee that nobody was liſtening in the paſſages, began as follows—

'I am determined, nephew, to part 'with this Giffard. She is the plague 'of my life. I would have done it 'half a year ago, on an occaſion that 'I will not mention to you, becauſe 'you would deſpiſe me, if I did, for 'my weakneſs: and now ſhe wants to 'bring in upon me a ſiſter of hers, 'and her huſband, and to part with 'two other worthy folks, that I know 'love me; but of whom, for that rea'ſon, ſhe is jealous; and then they 'would divide me among them: for 'this man and his wife have ſix chil'dren; all of whom, of late, make 'an appearance that cannot be ho'neſtly ſupported.'

'And have you any difficulty, my 'lord, in parting with her, but what 'ariſes from your own want of reſo'lution?'

'The moſt inſolent devil that ever 'was about a man at one time, and 'the moſt whining at another. Don't 'deſpiſe me, nephew. You know I 'have taken her as—You know what 'I mean.'

'I underſtand you, my lord.'

'But ſay, you don't deſpiſe me, 'Sir Charles Grandiſon. As I hope 'to live, I am half afraid of you.'

'My pity, my lord, where I ſee 'compunction, is ſtronger than my 'cenſure.'

'That is well ſaid.—Now I agreed 'with this woman in a weak moment, 'and ſhe has held me to it, to give 'her an annuity of 150l. for life; 'which was to be made up 250l. if I 'parted with her without her conſent; 'and here we have been, for ſeveral 'months, plaguing one another, whe'ther I ſhall turn *her* out of the houſe, 'or ſhe will leave *me*: for ſhe has told 'me, that ſhe will not ſtay, unleſs I 'take in her ſiſter and brother; yet 'will not go, becauſe ſhe will then 'have no more than the 150l. a year; 'and that is too much for her deſerts 'for theſe two years paſt.'

'Your lordſhip ſees the inconveni'ences of this way of life; and I 'need not mention to you, how much 'happier that ſtate is, which binds a 'man and woman together by intereſt, 'as well as by affection, if diſcretion 'be not forgotten in their choice. But 'let me expreſs my ſurprize, that your 'lordſhip, who has ſo ample an eſtate, 'and no child, ſhould ſeem to value 'your peace of mind at ſo low a rate 'as 100l. a year.'

'I will not let her go away with 'ſuch a triumph. She has not de'ſerved from me—'

'Pray, my lord, was ſhe of repu'tation when you took her?'

'She was a widow.'

'But was her character tolerable in 'the eye of the world? She might be 'a greater object of pity for being a 'widow.'

'My gouty diſorders made me want 'a woman about me. I hated men'fellows.'

'Well, my lord, this regards your '*motive*. But have you any previous 'or later incontinence to charge her 'with?'

'I can't ſay I have. Her curſed 'temper would frighten, rather than 'invite lovers. I *heard* it was no 'good one; but it broke not out to '*me* till within theſe two years.'

'Your lordſhip, ſurely, muſt not diſ'pute the matter with her. If you are 'determined to part with her, give 'her the 250l. a year, and let her 'go.'

'To reward a curſed woman for 'miſbehaviour!—I cannot do it.'

'Give me leave to ſay, that your 'lordſhip has deſerved ſome puniſh'ment: give her the annuity, not as 'a reward to her, but as a puniſh'ment to yourſelf.'

'You hurt my ſore place, nephew.'

'Conſider, my lord, that 250l. a 'year for life, or even for ever, is a 'poor price, for the reputation of a 'woman with whom a man of your 'quality and fortune condeſcended to 'enter into treaty. Every quarterly 'payment muſt ſtrike her to the heart, 'if ſhe lives to have compunction ſeize 'her,

'her, when she thinks that she is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be *that* her punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: part with her, without giving her cause of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has lost *her* reputation, will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppose she sue you for non-performance of covenants; would your lordship appear to such a prosecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a prosecution that would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman; she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100l. a year to get rid of her.'

He fervently swore, that he was in earnest; and added, 'I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.'

He looked at me, as if he expected I should be surprized.

I believe I could not change countenance on such a hint as this. 'You have come to a good resolution, my lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your lordship will find the difference in your own reflections, as well as in your reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100l. a year—Don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W.'

'I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.'

'I know that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with your lordship in this respect. Indeed, my lord, you have not had so good a reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.'

'I cannot bear this, nephew.' He looked displeased.

'You must not be angry, my lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeased with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.'

'What a man am I talking to?—Well, rid me of this torment, [You have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles] and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once she was going to tie herself up.—Would to God I had not prevented her.—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.'

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful, as well as insolent woman, this is. What *folly* is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does?—Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I should not have kept my seat.—But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts, the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman must it be, who can not only resign her will, but make so happy an use of her resignation, as my mother did!

My lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her, accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

'I see, Mrs. Giffard,' said I, 'that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: but you will find nothing but civility, such as is due to you, for your sex's sake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will see you again in a few moments.'

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services; her care; her honesty; and then inveighed against my

my lord for the narrowneſs of his ſpirit. She paid ſome compliments to me; and talked of being aſhamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what ſhe was prepared to ſay of her ſacrifices, the loſs of her good name, and the like; on which, with reſpect to my lord, and his ingratitude to her, as ſhe called it, ſhe laid great ſtreſs.

I am never diſpleaſed, my dear friend, with the teſtimony which the moſt profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to ſet a value upon their departure from it.

'You have it not to ſay, Mrs. Giffard, that my lord betrayed, ſeduced, or deceived you. I ſay not this ſo much for reproach, as for juſtice ſake; and not to ſuffer you to deceive yourſelf, and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own miſtreſs: you had no father, mother, huſband, to queſtion you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a ſole and independent perſon. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, though a ſmall price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheleſs, greatly above the price of common ſervice. I never ſeek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; though it is not my meaning to affront, a woman eſpecially, and one who ſuppoſes herſelf in diſtreſs. You *muſt know*, Madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: you ſtipulated, therefore, for a proviſion accordingly. The woman, who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardſhip to take the ſtipulation, and once more give herſelf the opportunity to recover her loſt fame. This independence my lord is deſirous to give you.'—

'What independence, Sir?'

'One hundred and fifty—'

'*Two* hundred and fifty, Sir, if you pleaſe—if my lord thinks fit to diſmiſs me.'

'My lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the ſtipulation; but he pleads miſbehaviour.'

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100*l.* a year, though I thought my *lord* ought not.—And as to miſbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to puniſh a woman for that, to her keeper. Does ſhe not firſt miſbehave to herſelf, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her firſt duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere diſcretionary obligation? I would have all theſe *moraliſts*, as they affect to call themſelves, ſuffer by ſuch libertine principles, as cannot be purſued, but in violation of the very firſt laws of morality.

'*Miſbehaviour!* Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baſeneſs of heart. I never miſbehaved, as he calls it, till I ſaw—'

'Well, Madam, this may lead to a debate that can anſwer no end. I preſume you are as willing to leave my lord, as he is to part with you. It muſt be a wretchedneſs beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt, (I muſt not palliate in this caſe) and yet of hatred and animoſity, with the perſon who is a partaker in that guilt.'

'I am put upon a very unequal taſk, Sir, to talk with *you* on this ſubject. My lord will not refuſe to ſee me, I hope. I know what to ſay to *him*.'

'He has requeſted me to talk with you, Madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the taſk. We have all our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will puniſh. His pardon, however, in a great meaſure, depends upon yourſelf. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you. Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, Madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: but you have now a proſpect opened of future happineſs, through your mutual miſunderſtandings, that you never otherwiſe *might* have had. And let me make an obſervation to you; That where hatred or diſlike have once taken place of liking, the firſt ſeparation, in ſuch a caſe as this, is always the beſt. Affection or eſteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily diſlike my lord, as he does you?'

'I do, Sir.—He is—'

'I will not hear *what* he is, from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is,

'*that*

'*that* in which you have been joint partakers.—But if you might, would you chuſe to live together to be torments to each other?'

'I can torment him more than he can me.'

'Diabolical temper!—Woman!' (and I ſtood up, and looked ſternly) 'Can you forget *to* whom you ſay this—and *of* whom?—Is not Lord W. my uncle?'

This (as I intended it ſhould) ſtartled her. She aſked my pardon.

'What a fine hand,' proceeded I, 'has a peer of the realm made of it! to have this ſaid *of* him; and perhaps, had you been in his preſence, *to* him, by a woman whoſe courage is founded in his weakneſs!—Let me tell you, Madam—'

She held up her cloſped hands—'For God's ſake, forgive me, Sir! and ſtand my friend.'

'A hundred and fifty pounds a year, Madam, is rich payment for *any* conſideration that a woman could give, who has more ſpirit than virtue. Had you kept *that*, Madam, you would, though the daughter of cottagers, have been ſuperior to the greateſt man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.—But thus far, and as a puniſhment to my lord for his wilful weakneſs, I *will* be your friend.—Retire from my lord: you ſhall have 250l. a year; and as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, beſtow the hundred a year that was in debate, upon young creatures of your ſex, as an encouragement to them to preſerve that chaſtity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and with the reſt live a life ſuitable to that diſpoſition; and then, as my fellow creature, I will wiſh you happy.'

She begged leave to withdraw: ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, ſtand in my preſence.

I had, indeed, ſpoken with warmth. She withdrew trembling, curtſeying, mortified: and I returned to my lord.

He was very earneſt to hear my report. I again put it to him, Whether he adhered to his reſolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative, with greater earneſtneſs than before; and begged to know if I could manage it that ſhe ſhould go, and that without ſeeing him. 'I cannot bear to ſee her,' ſaid he.

Bravoes of the law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are theſe keepers, generally. I have ever ſuſpected the courage (to magnanimity they muſt be ſtrangers) of men who can defy the laws of ſociety. I pitied him; and believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak lord afraid of her; I ſaid, 'You have a mind, my lord, that ſhe ſhall quit the houſe this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake that ſhe ſhall.'

'And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you ſhall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: for the moment you are gone, ſhe will force herſelf into my preſence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my ſtomach. She reproaches me, as if ſhe had been an innocent woman, and I the moſt ungrateful of men. For God's ſake, nephew, releaſe me from her, and I ſhall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country,' proceeded he; 'but ſhe would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: ſhe ſtands in awe of nobody elſe. You will be my guardian angel, if you will rid me of this plague.'

'Well, then, my lord, you will leave it to me to do the beſt I can with her: but it cannot be the beſt on your ſide, for your honour's ſake, if we do her not that juſtice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my lord, you muſt forgive me for ſaying, that you ſhall not reſume that dignity to diſtreſs this woman, which you laid aſide when you entered into treaty with her.'

'Well, well, I refer myſelf to your management: only this 100l. a year —Once again, I ſay, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: and 150l. a year is two thirds more than ever ſhe, or any of her family were intitled to.'

'The worſt and meaneſt are intitled to juſtice, my lord; and I hope your lordſhip will not refuſe to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: you muſt *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.'

Juſt

Juſt then the woman ſent in to beg the favour of an audience, as ſhe called it, of me.

She addreſſed me in terms above her education. 'There is ſomething,' ſaid ſhe, 'in your countenance, Sir, 'ſo terrible, and yet ſo ſweet, that one 'muſt fear your anger, and yet hope 'for your forgiveneſs, when one has 'offended. I was too free in ſpeak-'ing of my lord to his nephew.'—And then ſhe made a compliment to my character, and told me, ſhe would be determined by my pleaſure, be it what it would.

How ſeldom are violent ſpirits true ſpirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their ſubmiſſion! Yet this woman was not without art in here. She ſaw, that diſpleaſed as ſhe apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her ſo acquieſcent.

'I was indeed diſpleaſed with you, 'Mrs. Giffard, and could not, from 'what you ſaid, but conclude in your 'diſfavour, in juſtification of my 'lord's complaints againſt you.'

'Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay 'before you the true ſtate of every 'thing between my lord and me?—'Indeed Sir, you don't know—'

'When two perſons, who have 'lived in familiarity differ, the fault 'is ſeldom wholly on one ſide: but 'thus far I judge between you, and 'deſire not to hear particulars; the man 'who diſpenſes with a known duty, 'in ſuch a caſe as this before us, muſt 'render himſelf deſpicable in the eyes 'of the very perſon whom he raiſes 'into conſequence by ſinking his 'own. Chaſtity is the crown and 'glory of a woman. The moſt profli-'gate of the men love modeſty in the 'ſex, at the very time they are form-'ing plots to deſtroy it in a particu-'lar object. When a woman has ſub-'mitted to put a price upon her honour, 'ſhe muſt appear, at times, deſpicable 'in the eyes even of her ſeducer; and 'when theſe two break out into ani-'moſity, ought either to wiſh to live 'with the other?'

'Indeed, indeed, Sir; I am ſtruck 'with remorſe: I ſee my error.' And ſhe put her handkerchief to her eyes, and ſeemed to weep.

I proceeded: 'You, Mrs. Giffard, 'doubted the continuance of my lord's 'paſſion; you made your terms there-'fore, and propoſed a penalty be-'ſides. My lord ſubmitted to the 'terms, and by that means ſecured 'his right of diſmiſſing you, at his 'pleaſure; the only convenience that 'a man, diſhonouring himſelf by deſ-'piſing marriage, can think he has. 'Between him and you, what remains 'to be ſaid, (though you are both an-'ſwerable at a tribunal higher than 'your own) but that you ſhould have 'been ſeparated long ago? Yet you 'would not conſent to it: you would 'not leave him at liberty to aſſert the 'right he had reſerved to himſelf. 'Strange weakneſs in him, that he 'would ſuffer that to depend upon 'you!—But one weakneſs is the pa-'rent of another.'

She then viſibly wept.

'You found out, that you could '*torment your lord in a higher degree,* '*than he could torment you*; and how, 'acting upon ſuch principles, you 'have lived together for ſome time 'paſt, you have let every one ſee.'

She, on her knees, beſought my pardon for the freedom of that expreſſion:—not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend; but from thoſe of policy.

She was ſtrong enough to raiſe herſelf, without my aſſiſtance. She did unbidden, on ſeeing me ſtep backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do ſo; and looked very ſilly: and the more, for having miſſed my aſſiſting hand. By which I ſuppoſed, that ſhe had uſually better ſucceſs with my lord, whenever ſhe had prevailed on herſelf to kneel to him.

It is eaſy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from ſmall crevices, to diſcover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an obſerver, who himſelf diſdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her ſtudy. In a departure from honeſt nature, there will be ſuch curvings, as that the eyes, the countenance, will generally betray the heart; and if ſhe either breaks out into uncalled-for apologies, or affects undue reſerve, ſhe gives room to confirm the ſuſpicion, that all is not right in her mind.

'I excuſe you, Mrs. Giffard,' ſaid I; 'my lord has deſervedly brought 'much of what has diſtreſſed him, 'upon

'upon himself: but now it is best 'for you to part; my lord chuses not 'to see you. I would advise you to 'remove this very afternoon.'

'What, Sir, and not have my 250l. 'a year!'

'Will you leave the house this 'night, if I give you my word—'

'For the whole sum, Sir.— Two 'hundred and fifty pounds a year, 'Sir!'

'Yes, for the whole sum.'

'I will, Sir, with all my heart and 'soul. Most of my things are in the 'country. My lord came up in a 'passion, to talk with you, Sir. Two 'or three band-boxes are all I have 'here. Mr. Halden (he is my lord's favourite) shall go down and see I take 'nothing but my own—I will trust to 'your word of honour, Sir—and leave, 'for ever, the most ungrateful—'

'Hush, Mrs. Giffard, these tears 'are tears of passion. There is not a 'female feature, at this instant, in 'your face—[What a command of countenance! it cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her] 'A 'penitent spirit is an humble, a broken spirit: you shew at present, no 'sign of it.'

She dropt me a curtsey, with such an air (though not designed, I believe) as shewed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice, would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, if she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum—'And you don't insist, Sir, (I 'have poor relations) that I shall pay 'out the hundred a year as you mentioned?'

'You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. 'But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that 'every quarter brings you the wages 'of iniquity, and endeavour at some 'atonement.'

The woman could too well bear this severity. Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours time. I returned to my lord, and told him so.

He arose from his seat, embraced me, and called me his good angel, I advised him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

'But the terms! the terms!' cried my lord. 'If you have brought me 'off for 150l. I will adore you.'

'These are the terms: (you promised to leave them to me) you pay 'no more than 150l. a year for her 'life, till you assure me upon your honour, that you chearfully, and on mature deliberation, make it up 250l.'

'How is that! How is that, nephew?—Then I never shall pay 'more, depend upon it.'

'Nor will I ever ask you.'

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried 'Oh!—

'But how did you manage it, kinsman?—I never should have brought 'her to any thing—How did you 'manage it?'

'Your lordship does not repent her 'going?'

He swore that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. 'I hope,' said he, 'she will go without 'wishing to see me—Whether she 'would whine, or curse, it would be 'impossible for me to see her, and be 'myself.'

'I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I 'am here.'

'Thank God! a fair riddance! 'Thank God!—But is it possible, 'kinsman, that you could bring me 'off for 150l. a year? Tell me truly.'

'It is: and I tell your lordship, that 'it shall cost you no more, till you 'shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future 'life at more than 100l. a year: till 'then, the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I 'have for his honour, will make me 'chearfully pay the 100l. a year in 'dispute, out of my own pocket.'

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and, at last, bursting out into tears and speech together—'And is it *thus*, is it *thus*, you 'subdue me? is it *thus* you convince 'me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: all that this woman has 'done to me, is nothing to this. I 'can neither leave you, nor stay in 'your presence. Leave me, leave me, 'for

'for six minutes only—Jesus! how 'shall I bear my own littleness?'

I arose. 'One word only, my lord. 'When I re-enter, say not a syllable 'more on this subject: let it pass as 'I put it. I would part with a greater 'sum than a hundred a year, for the 'satisfaction of giving to my uncle 'the tranquillity he has so long wanted 'in his own house, rather than that 'a person who has had a dependence 'upon him, should think herself in-'titled to complain of injustice from 'him.'

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. 'If the 'wretch live ten years, nephew,' said he, 'that will reimburse you; if she 'dies sooner, the difference is yours: 'and, for God's sake, for the sake of 'your mother's memory, don't despise 'me; that is all the favour I ask of 'you: no man on earth was ever so 'nobly overcome. By all that's good, 'you shall chalk me out my path! 'Blessed be my sister's memory, for 'giving me such a kinsman! the name 'of Grandison, that ever I disliked 'till now, is the first of names: and 'may it be perpetuated to the end of 'time!'

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speaking. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000l. I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently, that he would have it so, that I, at last, acquiesced; but declared that I would pay the *whole* annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him, as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him. And I insisted upon giving him an acknowledgment under my hand, for that sum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would, in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My lord started up at her voice; his complexion varied; he whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. 'I will 'not see her,' said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my lord: but I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster, quarterly, of the 250l. a year; and she turned her execrations against her lord, into blessings on me: but, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, I have no doubt but she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her lord in triumph, while she thought her departure would have given him regret: but to be *dismissed*, was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

LETTER XI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT. IN CONTINUATION.

MY lord, though he had acquitted himself on the occasion, in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising (as it came out) from the same occasion; and ordered him to make all his domesticks happy on his *deliverance*, as he meanly called it: asking, if there were any body in the house who loved her? 'Not a single soul,' said Halden; 'and I am sure, that I may venture to 'congratulate your lordship, in the 'names of all your servants: for she 'was proud, imperious, and indeed a 'a tyranness, to all beneath her.'

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman; and should have pitied her still more, (true as this might, in some measure, be) had she not gone away so amply rewarded: for, in this little family, I looked forward to the family of the state; the sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of power, (and even some who have not) experienced, on this dismission, the like treatment, from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an use of it; who, in it's

it's plenitude, were fawning, creeping ſlaves, as theſe ſervants might be to this miſtreſs of their lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the ſuperb train of Wolſey, when he had fallen into diſgrace; and yet he had in it hundreds, ſome not ignobly born, and all of them leſs meanly deſcended than their magnificent maſter.

Halden addreſſed himſelf to me, as having been the means of making his lord and his whole houſhold happy.

'Let the joy be moderate, Halden,' ſaid I: 'The poor woman might, 'poſſibly, have numbered among her 'well-wiſhers (ſhe could not have diſ-'obliged *every* body) ſome of thoſe, 'who now will be moſt forward to 'load her with obloquy. You muſt 'not make her too conſiderable; it is 'beſt for my lord, as well as for thoſe 'that loved her not, to forget there ever 'was ſuch a woman; except to avoid 'her faults, and to imitate her in what 'was commendable. She boaſts of 'her honeſty and management: my 'lord charges her **not** with infidelity 'of any kind.'

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My lord ſwore by his ſoul, that I had not my good name for nothing. 'Bleſſed,' ſaid he, 'be the name of the 'Grandiſons!' This laſt plaudit gratified my pride; [I need not tell my Dr. Bartlett, that I have pride:] the more gratified it, as Lord W.'s animoſity to my father made him not pleaſed with his name.

I did not think when my lord began his ſtory to me, that I ſhould have ſo ſoon brought about a ſeparation of guilt from guilt: but their mutual diſguſts had prepared the way; reſentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one ſide, and ſelf-intereſtedneſs, founded (reaſonably) on a ſtipulation made, and not complied with, on the other; were all that hindered it from taking place as from themſelves. A mediator had nothing then to do, but to adviſe an act of juſtice, and ſo to gild it by a precedent of diſintereſtedneſs in himſelf, as ſhould excite an emulation in a proud ſpirit, which, if not then, muſt, when paſſion had ſubſided, have ariſen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. 'Well, my lord, and now as to your 'hints of marriage.'

'Bleſſed God!—Why, nephew, 'you *overturn* me with your gene-'roſity. Are you not my next of 'kin? And can you give your con-'ſent, were I to aſk it, that I ſhould 'marry?'

'I give you not only my *conſent*, 'as you condeſcendingly phraſe it, 'but my *advice*, to marry.'

'Good God! *I* could not, in the 'like caſe, do thus. But, nephew, 'I am not a *young* man.'

'The more need of a prudent, a 'diſcreet, a tender aſſiſtant. Your 'lordſhip hinted, that you liked not 'men-ſervants about your perſon, in 'your illneſs. You are often indiſ-'poſed with the gout: ſervants will 'not always *be* ſervants when they 'find themſelves of uſe. Infirmity 'requires indulgence: in the very 'nature of the word and thing, in-'dulgence cannot exiſt with ſervility; 'between man and wife it may. The 'ſame intereſt unites them. Mutual 'confidence! who can enough value 'the joy, the tranquillity at leaſt, that 'reſults from mutual confidence? A 'man gives his own conſequence to 'the woman he marries; and he ſees 'himſelf reſpected in the reſpect paid 'her: ſhe extends his dignity and 'confirms it. There is ſuch a ten-'derneſs, ſuch an helpfulneſs, ſuch 'a ſympathy in ſuffering, in a good 'woman, that I am always for ex-'cuſing men in years who marry pru-'dently; while I cenſure, for the 'ſame reaſon, women in years. Male 'nurſes are unnatural creatures! '[There is not ſuch a character that 'can be reſpectable] Women's ſphere 'is the houſe, and their ſhining place 'the ſick chamber, in which they can 'exert all their amiable, and, ſhall I 'ſay, lenient qualities? Marry, my 'lord, by all means. You are not 'much more than fifty; but were 'you ſeventy, and ſo often indiſ-'poſed; ſo wealthy; no children to 'repine at a mother-in-law, and to 'render your life or hers uncomfort-'able by their little jealouſies; I would 'adviſe you to marry. The man or 'woman deſerves not to be benefited 'in the diſpoſition of your affairs, that 'would wiſh you to continue in the 'hands of mean people, and to rob 'you of the joys of confidence, and 'the comfort of tender help, from an 'equal, or from one who deſerves to

'be made your equal, in degree. 'Only, my lord, marry so, as not to 'defeat your own end: marry not a 'gay creature, who will be fluttering 'about in publick, while you are 'groaning in your chamber, and wish-'ing for her presence.'

'Blessings on your heart, my ne-'phew! Best of men! I can hold no 'longer. There was no bearing, '*before*, your generosity: what can 'I say now?—But you *must* be in 'earnest.'

'Have you, my lord,' asked I, 'any lady in your eye?'

'No,' said he; 'indeed I have not.'

I was the better pleased with him, that he had not; because I was afraid, that, like our eighth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise have been with Giffard: for though it were better that he should marry, than live in scandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour, than in the other case he would have been; and that it was a happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on, as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman that I thought worthy of his addresses; and even would court her for him.

'Your lordship ought not to expect 'fortune.'

'I do not.'

'She should be a gentlewoman by 'birth and education; a woman of a 'serious turn: such a one is not likely 'in affluence to run into those scenes 'of life, from which, perhaps, only 'want of fortune has restrained the 'gayer creature. I would not have 'your lordship fix an age, though 'I think you should not marry a girl. 'Some women at thirty are more dis-'creet than others at forty: and if 'your lordship should be blessed with 'a child or two to inherit your great 'estate, that happy event would do-'mesticate the lady, and make your 'latter years more happy than your 'former.'

My lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

'By my soul,' said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, 'I hate your father: I never heartily 'loved him; but now I hate him 'more than ever I did in my life.'

'My lord!'—

'Don't be surprized. I hate him 'for keeping so long abroad a son, 'who would have converted us both. 'Lessons of morality, given in so 'noble a manner by regular *practice*, 'rather than by preaching *theory*,' (those were his words) 'are only 'where there is no interest proposed to 'be served, but *against* interest, must 'have subdued us both; and that by 'our own consents. O my sister!' and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly address before him; 'how have you blessed me, in your 'son!'

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master?—His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had described the very wife he wished to have. 'Find 'out such a one for me, my dear kins-'man,' said he; 'and I give you a '*carte blanche*: but let her not be 'younger than between forty and fifty. 'Make the settlements for me: I am 'very rich; I will sign them blind-'fold. If the lady be such a one as '*you* say I *ought* to love, I *will* love 'her: only let her say, she can be 'grateful for my love, and for the 'provision you shall direct me to make 'for her; and my first interview with 'her shall be at the altar.'

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune's sake, I think she should: but

I had

I had her not in my thoughts when I propoſed to my lord the character of the woman he ſhould wiſh for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

TUESDAY, MAR. 21.

DR. Bartlett went to town yeſterday. He returned early enough to breakfaſt with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and Mr. Sylveſter; as alſo, the two maſters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whoſe ſon is in love with Miſs Danby, and ſhe with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodneſs of Sir Charles, of which he had aſſured Mr. Sylveſter and the two brothers and ſiſter before.

I am ſorry, methinks, the doctor went to town: we ſhould otherwiſe, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, ſuch admiration, ſuch gratitude, the doctor ſays, were expreſſed from every mouth, that his own eyes as well as Mr. Sylveſter's, and moſt of thoſe preſent, more than once were ready to overflow.

Every thing was there ſettled, and even a match propoſed by Sir Charles, and the propoſal received with approbation on both ſides, between the elder Miſs Galliard, and that audacious young man the *drug merchant*; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every body.

The doctor ſays, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Pouſſin, the two maſters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; ſo is Mr. Galliard: and they behaved ſo handſomely on the occaſion, that Sir Charles expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of leſs money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miſs Danby; the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnerſhip with him, on his marriage with his niece: but Sir Charles had no notion, he ſaid, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: the greateſt expences, he obſerved, were then incurred. In ſlight or in ſcanty beginnings, ſcanty plans muſt be laid, and purſued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby ſhould have the handſomer fortune with his daughter, if ſhe approved of him, for the very handſome one Miſs Danby would carry to his ſon.

Sir Charles's example, in ſhort, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happieſt proſpects, are likely very ſoon to follow theſe noble inſtances of generoſity. Mr. Sylveſter propoſed the celebration in one day: in that caſe, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his preſence. He aſſentingly bowed. How many families are here at once made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, ſaid, on our joining in one general bleſſing of his patron, 'You know not, ladies—you know 'not, my lord—what a general *philanthropiſt* your brother is: his whole 'delight is in doing good. It has always been ſo: and to mend the hearts, 'as well as fortunes of men, is his 'glory.'

We could not but congratulate the doctor on his having ſo conſiderable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. ſaid, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at ſo critical a time of life, as that was in which they became acquainted.

The doctor very modeſtly received the compliment; and, to wave our praiſes, gave us another inſtance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits, as follows—

'He once,' ſaid the doctor, 'when 'his fortune was not what it now is, 'lent a very honeſt man, a merchant 'of Leghorn, when he reſided there, '(as he did ſometimes for a month or 'two together, for the conveniency of 'the Engliſh chapel) a conſiderable 'ſum; and took his bond for it: after 'a while, things not anſwering to the 'poor man's expectation, Mr. Grandiſon took notice to me,' ſaid the doctor, 'that he appeared greatly de'preſſed and dejected, and occaſionally 'came into his company with ſuch a 'ſenſe of obligation in his countenance 'and behaviour, that he could not 'bear it. "And why," ſaid he, "ſhould I keep it in my power to

" diſtreſs a man, whoſe modeſty and " diffidence ſhew, that he deſerves to " be made eaſy?—I may die ſuddenly: " my executors may think it but juſtice " to exact payment, and that exaction " may involve him in as great diffi- " culties as thoſe were from which " the loan delivered him.—I will make " his heart light. Inſtead of ſuffering " him to ſigh over his uncertain proſ- " pects at his board, or in his bed, I " will make both his board and his " bed eaſy to him. His wife and his " five children ſhall rejoice with him; " they ſhall ſee the good man's coun- " tenance, as it uſed to do, ſhine upon " them; and occaſionally meet mine " with grateful comfort."

' He then cancelled the bond: and ' at the ſame time, fearing the man's ' diſtreſs might be deeper than he ' owned, offered him the loan of a ' farther ſum. " But, by his be- " haviour upon it, I found," ſaid Mr. ' Grandiſon, " that the ſum he owed, " and the doubt he had of being able " to pay it in time, were the whole " of the honeſt man's grievance." ' He declined with gratitude the ad- ' ditional offer, and walked, ever after, ' erect.

' He is now living, and happy,' proceeded the doctor; ' and, juſt before ' Mr. Grandiſon left Italy, would ' have made him ſome part of payment, ' from the happier turn in his affairs; ' which, probably, was owing to his ' revived ſpirits: but Mr. Grandiſon ' aſked, what he thought he meant, ' when he cancelled the obligation?— ' Yet he told him, that it was not ' wrong in him to make the tender: ' for free minds, he ſaid, loved not ' to be ungenerouſly dealt with.'

What a man is this, Lucy!

' No wonder, thus gloriouſly em- ' ployed, with my Lord W. and the ' Danbys,' ſaid Lord L. ' and per- ' haps in other acts of goodneſs that ' we know nothing of, beſides the du- ' ties of his executorſhip, that we are ' deprived of his company! But *ſome* ' of theſe, as he has ſo good a friend ' as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to ' him—and oblige us more with his ' preſence; and the rather, as he de- ' clares it would be obliging himſelf.'

' Ah, my lord!' ſaid the doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longeſt on me—' You don't ' know—' He ſtopped. We all were ſilent. He proceeded—' Sir Charles ' Grandiſon does nothing without rea- ' ſon: a good man muſt have diffi- ' culties to encounter with, that a mere ' man of the world would not be em- ' barraſſed by.—But how I engage your ' attention, ladies!'

The doctor aroſe; for breakfaſt was over—' Dear doctor,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, ' don't leave us—As to that ' Bologna, that Camilla, that biſhop. ' —Tell us more of them, dear doctor.'

' Excuſe me, ladies—excuſe me, my ' lord.'—He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, bluſhed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?—

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr. Bartlett gueſſes, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandiſon: he muſt be aſſured, that my own heart muſt be abſolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more eſteem Sir Charles, for *his*: and would Dr. Bartlett be ſo cruel, as to contribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new inſtances of his generous goodneſs, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandiſon was ſo engaged, as to render it impoſſible—What ſhall I ſay?—O this cruel, cruel ſuſpenſe!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!—But all will too ſoon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandiſon is come—

O no!—A falſe alarm!—He is not come: it is only my Lord L. returning from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily. It was owing to her!—A chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But ſend for me down to Northamptonſhire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

* *

PRAY—Do you know, Lucy, what is the buſineſs that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this ſeaſon of the year? He has made a viſit to Sir Charles Grandiſon: for Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleaſed with him, yet Mr. Deane did not tell *me*, that he deſigned it. I beſeech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not; you *could* not!—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would ſay. Only add not diſ-

grace

grace to diſtreſs.—But I am ſafe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr. Deane, or any body, to make *improper* viſits.—But don't you think, that it muſt look particular to Sir Charles, to have a viſit paid him by a man expreſſing for me ſo much undeſerved tenderneſs and affection, ſo long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr. Deane's ſake as my own, every thing that may be conſtrued into officiouſneſs or particularity, by ſo nice a diſcerner. Does he not ſay, that no man is more quick-ſighted than himſelf, to thoſe faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earneſt with Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, that they do not ſuffer their friendſhip for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promiſed to conſult my punctilio, as well as my inclination. Miſs Grandiſon was more kindly in earneſt, in her aſſurances of this nature, than I was afraid ſhe would be: and my lord ſaid, it was fit that I ſhould find even niceneſs gratified in this particular.

[I abſolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forgot to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit thoſe paſſages which very few men have delicacy or ſeriouſneſs enough to be truſted with. Yet, a mighty piece of ſagacity, to find out a girl of little more than twenty, in love, as it is called! and to make a jeſt of her for it!]—[But I am peeviſh, as well as ſaucy.—This alſo goes between hooks.] *Adieu, my dear.*

LETTER XIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 20.

I Am very much diſſatisfied with myſelf, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken to conquer thoſe ſudden guſts of paſſion, to which, from my early youth, I have been ſubject, as you have often heard me confeſs! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to myſelf, ſhall I ſay?—To *myſelf* I *will* ſay; ſince I have been ſo much amended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occaſion.

My gueſts, and you, had but juſt left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O'Hara, and another bullying man, deſired to ſpeak with me.

I bade the ſervant ſhew the woman into the drawing-room next my ſtudy, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her; and after a little ſtiff civility, (I could not help it) aſked, If theſe gentlemen had buſineſs with me?

'That gentleman is Major O'Hara, 'Sir: he is my huſband. That gen-'tleman is Captain Salmonet: he is 'the major's brother-in-law. He is an 'officer of equal worth and bravery.'

They gave themſelves airs of importance and familiarity; and the major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. 'Will 'you, gentlemen, walk this way?'

I led the way to my ſtudy. The woman aroſe, and would have come with them.

'If you pleaſe to ſtay where you 'are, Madam, I will attend you pre-'ſently.'

They entered; and, as if they would have me think them connoiſſeurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, the buſts.

I took off that ſort of attention—'Pray, gentlemen, what are your 'commands with me?'

'I am called Major O'Hara, Sir: 'I am the huſband of the lady in the 'next room, as ſhe told you.'

'And what, pray, Sir, have I to do, 'either with you, or your marriage? 'I pay that lady, as the widow of 'Mr. Jervois, 200l. a year: I am 'not obliged to pay her more than 'one. She has no demands upon me; 'much leſs has her huſband.'

The men had ſo much the air of bullies, and the woman is ſo very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which ſhe ſo lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had

I had too little command of my temper.

'Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, 'I would have you to know—'

And he put his left-hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

'What am I to understand by that 'motion, Sir?'

'Nothing at all, Sir Charles.—'D—n me, if I mean any thing 'by it.'—

'You are called *Major*, you say, 'Sir.—Do you bear the king's com-'mission, Sir?'

'I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not 'now.'

'That, and the house you are in, 'give you a title to civility. But, 'Sir, I cannot allow, that your mar-'riage with the lady in the next room 'gives you pretence to business with 'me. If you have, on any other ac-'count, pray let me know what it is.?'

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip, and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: 'Pray, Captain Salmo-'net,' said I, 'what are *your* com-'mands with me?'

He spoke in broken English; and said, he had the honour to be Major O'Hara's brother: he had married the major's sister.

'And why, Sir, might you not 'have favoured me with the company 'of all your relations?—Have you 'any business with me, Sir, on your 'own account?'

'I come, I come,' said he, 'to see 'my brother righted, Sir.'

'Who has wronged him?—Take 'care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr. 'O'Hara, what are your pretensions?'

'Why look ye, Sir Charles Gran-'dison—' (throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish) 'Look 'ye, Sir—' repeated he.

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

'When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, 'then treat me *so*: till when, please to 'withdraw.'

I rang: Frederick came in.

'Shew these gentlemen into the 'little parlour.—You will excuse me, 'Sirs; I attend the lady.'

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O'Hara, as she calls herself.

'Well, Madam, what is your bu-'siness with me, *now?*'

'Where are the gentlemen, Sir? 'Where is my husband?'

'They are both in the next room, 'and within hearing of all that shall 'pass between you and me.'

'And do you hold them unworthy 'of your presence, Sir?'

'Not, Madam, while *you* are before 'me, and if they had any business 'with me, or I with them.'

'Has not a husband business where 'his wife is?'

'Neither wife nor husband has bu-'siness with me.'

'Yes, Sir, I am come to demand 'my daughter. I come to demand a 'mother's right.'

'I answer not to such a demand: 'you know you have no right to 'make it.'

'I have been at Colnebrook: she 'was kept from me; my child was 'carried out of the house, that I might 'not see her.'

'And have you then terrified the 'poor girl?'

'I have left a letter for her; and I 'expect to see her upon it.—Her new 'father, as worthy and as brave a man 'as yourself, Sir, longs to see her.'

'Her "*new father*," Madam.—'You "*expect to see her!*" Madam. '—What was your behaviour to her, 'unnatural woman! the last time you 'saw her? But if you *do* see her, it 'must be in my presence, and without 'your man, if he form pretensions, 'on your account, that may give either 'her or me disturbance.'

'You are only, Sir, to take care of 'her fortune; so I am advised: I, as 'her mother, have the natural right 'over her person. The Chancery will 'give it to me.'

'Then seek your remedy in Chan-'cery: let me never hear of you again, 'but by the officers of that court.'

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They

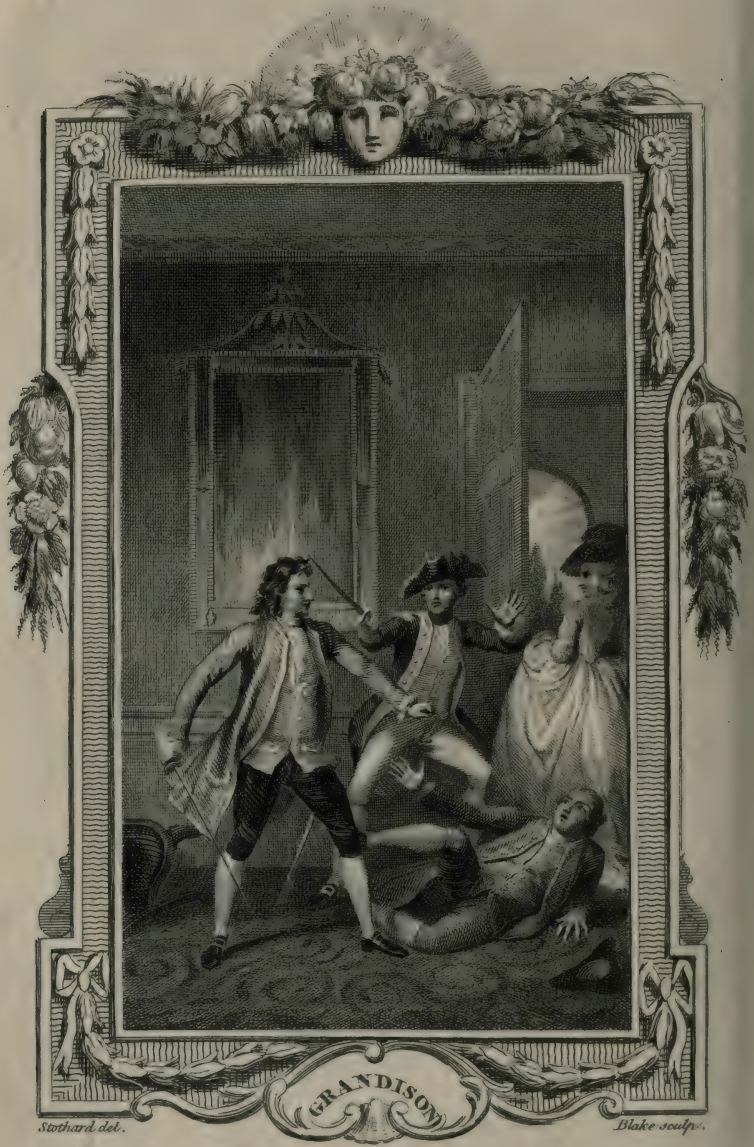


Plate VI.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Dec. 7, 1782.

They are not officers, I dare say: common men of the town, I doubt not, new dressed for the occasion. O'Hara, as she calls him, is probably one of her temporary husbands only.

'Pray, walk in, gentlemen,' said I. 'This lady intimates to me, that she 'will apply to Chancery against me. 'The Chancery, if she has any grievance, will be a *proper* recourse. She 'can have no business with me after 'such a declaration.—Much less can 'either of you.'

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, 'Frederick,' said I, 'attend the lady and the gentlemen to 'their coach.'

I turned from them, to go into my study.

The major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, if this were treatment due to gentlemen.

'This house, in which, however, 'you are an intruder, Sir, is your 'protection; or that motion, and that 'air, if you mean any thing by either, 'would cost you dear.'

'I am, Sir, the protector of my 'wife: you have insulted her, Sir.'—

'Have I insulted your wife, Sir?'—And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was—'Take care, Sir—But 'you are safe here.—Frederick, wait 'upon the gentlemen to the door.'—

Frederick was not in hearing: the well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow-servants.

Salmonet, putting himself in a violent motion, swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half way.

'I wish, friend,' said I, (but could hardly contain myself) 'that I were 'in *your* house, instead of your being 'in *mine*.—But if you would have 'your sword broken over your head, 'draw it quite.'

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he said, if he bore that! Mine *own* house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

'*Now*, major! *Now*, major!' said the wicked woman.

Her major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O'Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, any thing skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a *less* skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that time were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the square.

They limped into the coach they came in: the woman, in terror, was already in it. They cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended captain, putting his body half way out of the coach, bid the servants tell me, that I was—that I was—and, avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—'*No gentleman!*' and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a lady.

The major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the servant: and each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself.—To suffer myself to be provoked by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house. Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My

My only excuſe to myſelf is, that there were two of them; and that, though I drew, yet I had the command of myſelf ſo far as only to defend myſelf, when I might have done any thing with them. I have generally found, that thoſe that are the readieſt to give offence, are the unfitteſt, when brought to the teſt, to ſupport their own inſolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How muſt ſhe be terrified!—I will be with you very ſoon. Let not her know any thing of this idle affair; nor any body but Lord L.

TUESDAY MORNING.

I HAVE juſt parted with one Blagrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed againſt me: but, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in perſon, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himſelf, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, that if I pleaſed to reſtore the ſwords, and the hat, by him, and would promiſe not to ſtop the future quarterly payments of the 100l. a year, about which they were very apprehenſive, he dared to ſay, that, after ſuch an exertion of ſpirit, as he called a cholerick exceſs, I ſhould not hear any more of them for one while; ſince he believed they had only been trying an experiment; which had been carried farther, he dared to ſay, than they had deſigned it ſhould.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commiſſions in any ſervice.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, ſince it is very probable, that ſhe has not a real title to that of O'Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hyſtericks, as O'Hara told him; who, in conſulting Mr. Blagrave, may be ſuppoſed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accuſed the men of cowardice before Mr. Blagrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excuſed themſelves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they ſaid, they eaſily could have done; eſpecially before I drew.

They both pretended to Mr. Blagrave perſonal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *moſt* hurt; for I am not at all pleaſed with myſelf. They, poſſibly, though they have no cauſe to be ſatisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accuſtomed to ſuch ſcuffles, than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blagrave took the ſwords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromiſe, and encouraged their inſolence, I could freely have ſent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to ſuch men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blagrave tell the woman, that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not ſure that ſhe was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, that no provocation ſhould hinder me from doing ſtrict juſtice, though I were ſure they would go to law with the money I ſhould cauſe to be paid to them quarterly. 'You will therefore 'know, Sir,' added I, 'that the fund 'which they have to depend upon, to 'ſupport a law-ſuit, ſhould they com'mence one, and think fit to employ 'in it ſo honeſt a man as you ſeem to 'be, is 100l. a year. It would be 'madneſs, if not injuſtice, to pay the 'other 100l. for ſuch a purpoſe, when 'it was left to my diſcretion to pay it, 'or not, with a view to diſcourage 'that litigious ſpirit, which is one, of 'an hundred, of this poor woman's 'bad qualities.'

And thus, for the preſent, ſtands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till ſome new ſcheme ariſes, either among theſe people, or from others whom ſhe may conſult or employ. You and I, when I have the happineſs to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the ſubject. I *am*, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, WED. MAR. 22.

SIR Charles arrived this morning, juſt as we had aſſembled to breakfaſt; for Lady L. is not an early riſer. The moment he entered, ſunſhine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all, but me, for his long abſence, eſpecially when they had *ſuch* a gueſt, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he ſighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not aſk Miſs Grandiſon whether ſhe ſaw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeneſs, I preſume, that he did not include me in his apologies; becauſe that would have been to ſuppoſe, that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not diſpleaſed in the main, that he did not compliment me, as a *third* ſiſter. See, Lucy, what little circumſtances a doubtful mind will ſometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleaſed that he had been ſo long abſent, and had my thoughts to myſelf upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps *ſhould*, could I have fancied myſelf of importance enough to make him uneaſy by it: ['The ſex! the ſex!' Lucy, will my uncle ſay; but I pretend not to be above it's little foibles:] but the moment I ſaw him, all my diſguſts were over. After the Anderſon, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more ſhining light than an hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at his wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The Friend of Mankind*, than that of *The Conqueror of Nations!*

He told me, that he paid his compliments yeſterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's viſit to him; and ſaid very kind, but juſt things in his praiſe. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneaſineſs on the viſit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily ſat generouſly uneaſy, I ſaw, for the trouble ſhe had been the cauſe of giving to her beſt friend, though ſhe knew not of a viſit, that her mother, and O'Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodneſs, as he called it, in getting the good girl ſo happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to ſee her: and he thanked Lord L. for his tenderneſs to his ward on that occaſion.

My lord gave him the letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles preſented it to the young lady, without looking into it: ſhe inſtantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. 'We will read it together bye and bye, my Emily,' ſaid he. 'Dr. Bartlett tells me, there is 'tenderneſs in it.'

The doctor made apologies to him, for having communicated to us ſome of his letters—'Whatever Dr. Bart-'lett does,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'muſt be 'right.—But what ſay my ſiſters to 'my propoſal of correſpondence with 'them?'

'We ſhould be glad,' replied Lady L. 'to ſee all you write to Dr. Bart-'lett; but could not undertake to 'write you letter for letter.'

'Why ſo?'

'Miſs Byron,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'has put us quite out of heart as to 'the talent of narrative letter-writ-'ing.'

'I ſhould be greatly honoured with 'a ſight of ſuch letters of Miſs Byron, 'as you, my lord, have ſeen.—Will 'Miſs Byron,' applying to me, 'favour 'one brother, and exclude *another!*'

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite ſo handſome a man as when he firſt entered the room.

I was ſilent, and bluſhed. I knew not what anſwer to make, yet thought I ſhould ſay ſomething

'May we, Sir Charles,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'hope for a peruſal of 'your letters to Dr. Bartlett for the 'ſame number of weeks paſt, letter 'for letter, if we could prevail on 'Miſs Byron to conſent to the propo-'ſal?'

'Would Miſs Byron conſent, upon 'that condition?'

'What say you, Miss Byron?' said my lord.

I answered, that I could not presume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L. had perused; and Miss Grandison having said, that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refused to oblige him, in the light (though not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would shew him very willingly, and without condition, all the letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Harry's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me, for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that, if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out—'But 'the *condition*, Sir Charles—'

'Is only this,' replied I, ('I am 'sure of your *candour*, Sir;) that 'you will correct me, where I am 'wrong, in any of my notions or senti-'ments. I have been very pert and 'forward in some of my letters; par-'ticularly in a dispute that was car-'ried on in relation to learning and 'languages. If I could not, for *im-'provement*-sake, more heartily be-'speak your correction than your ap-'probation, I should be afraid of your 'eye there.'

'Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty 'shall not bribe me on your side, if I 'think you wrong in any point that 'you submit to my judgment:—and 'if I am beauty proof, I am sure no-'thing on earth can bias me.

Miss Grandison said, she would number the letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make such conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

BREAKFAST being over, Miss Grandison renewed the talk of the visit made here by Mrs. O'Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he sat, with looks of tenderness; and called her his dear Emily; and told her, she was the '*Child of his compassion*. You are 'called upon, my dear,' said he, 'young as you are, to a glorious 'trial; and hitherto you have shone 'in it: I wish the poor woman would 'be but half as much the mother, as 'you would be the child! But let us 'read her letter.'

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother's letter out of his packet: she stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion; and when he had unfolded the letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eye, now on the letter, and now up to his Emily!—'Poor woman!' said he, two or three times, as he read: and, when he had done, 'You *must* 'read it, my dear,' said he; 'there is 'the *mother* in it: we will acknow-'ledge the mother, wherever we can 'find her.'

Why did not the girl throw her arms about his neck just then?—She was ready to do so. 'O my best of 'guardians!' said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were, and resting for a moment on his shoulder: and she looked as much abashed, as if she had *not* checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion, than any body else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

'And *must* I, Sir, would you *have* 'me, read it? I will retire to my 'chamber with it.'

He

He rose, took her hand, and coming with her to me, put it into mine: 'Be 'so good, Madam, to fortify this 'worthy child's heart, by your pru- 'dence and judgment, while she reads 'the *mother*, in the only instance that 'I have ever known it visible in this 'unhappy woman.'

Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and there the good girl read the letter; but it was long in read- ing; her tears often interrupting her: and more than once, as wanting a re- fuge, she threw her arms about my neck, in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not say much: what could I? The letter in some places affected *me*. It was the letter of a mother who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observa- tions upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness; I knew not but the husband might be in some fault. — What could I say? I could not think of giving comfort to a daugh- ter at the expence of even a *bad* mo- ther.

Miss Grandison came to us: she kissed the sobbing girl, and with ten- derness, calling us her two loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and ex- pressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the letter, and made ob- servations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can re- member.

"*An unhappy mother, whose faults* "*have been barbarously aggravated.*"

'My Emily's father was an indulgent 'husband! He forgave this unhappy 'woman crimes, which very few men 'would have forgiven: she was the 'wife of his choice; he doated on 'her; his first forgiveness of an atro- 'cious crime hardened her.

'When he could not live with her, 'he removed from place to place, to 'avoid her: at last, afraid of her pri- 'vate machinations, which were of 'the blackest nature, he went abroad, 'in order to pursue that traf- 'fick in person, which he managed 'to great advantage by his agents 'and factors; having first, however, 'made a handsome provision for his 'wife.

'Thither, after some time passed in 'riot and extravagance, she followed 'him.

'I became acquainted with him at 'Florence. I found him to be a sen- 'sible and honest man; and every one 'whom he could serve, or assist, expe- 'rienced his benevolence. Not a sin- 'gle soul who knew him, but loved 'him, this wife excepted.

'She at *that* time insisted upon his 'giving up to her management, his 'beloved Emily; and solemnly pro- 'mised reformation, on his compli- 'ance. She knew that the child 'would be a great fortune.

'I was with Mrs. Jervois, on her 'first visit to him at Leghorn; and, 'though I had heard her character 'to be very bad, was inclined to be- 'friend her. She was specious. I 'hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* 'she made, could not be but a *mother*; 'and poor Mr. Jervois had not been 'forward to say the worst of her. 'But she did not long save appear- 'ances. The whole English factory 'at Leghorn were witnesses of her 'flagrant enormities. She was ad- 'dicted to an excess that left her no 'guard, and made her a stranger to 'that grace which is the glory of a 'woman.

'I am told, that she is less frequent- 'ly intoxicated than heretofore. I 'should be glad of the least shadow 'of reformation in her. That odious 'vice led her into every other, and 'hardened her to a sense of shame. 'Other vices, perhaps, at first, wanted '*that* to introduce them; but the 'most flagitious have been long ha- 'bitual to her.

'Nothing but the justice due to the 'character of my departed friend, 'could have induced me to say what 'I have said of this unhappy woman. 'Forgive me, my Emily: but shall I 'not defend your father?—I have not 'said the *worst* I could say of his wife.

'Yet she writes, *That her faults* 'have been barbarously aggravated, 'in order to justify the ill usage of a 'husband, "who," she says, "was

" *not faultleſs*." Ill uſage of a huſband! Wretched woman! She knew I muſt ſee this letter: how *could* ſhe write thus? She knows that I have authentick proofs in my cuſtody, of his unexceptionable goodneſs to her; and confeſſions under her own hand, of her guilt and ingratitude to him.

'But, my Emily—' and he aroſe, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears: 'You may rejoice in your father's character: he was a good man, in *every* ſenſe of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault, and that was, his indulgence—Shall I ſay, that after repeated elopements, after other men had caſt her off, he took her back! When ſhe had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour; and ſhe was hardened enough to deſpiſe the man who could much more eaſily forgive than puniſh her. I am grieved to be obliged to ſay this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend muſt not be unjuſtly loaded. Would to Heaven that I could ſuggeſt the ſhadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileneſs, either reſpecting him or herſelf: let whoſe-ſoever character ſuffer by it, I would ſuggeſt it. How often has this worthy huſband wept to me, for thoſe faults of his wife, for which *ſhe* could not be ſorry.'

'I diſcourage not theſe tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me ſay; but let me now dry them up.'

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: 'It is unneceſſary,' proceeded he, 'to ſay any thing farther, at this time, in defence of your father's character: we come now to other parts of the letter, that will not, I hope, be ſo affecting to the heart of a good child.

'She inſiſts upon your making her a viſit, or receiving one from her: ſhe longs, ſhe ſays, to ſee you; to lay you in her boſom. She congratulates you, on your improvements: ſhe very *pathetically* calls upon you, not to deſpiſe her—

'My dear girl! you *ſhall* receive her viſit: ſhe ſhall name her place for it, provided I am preſent. I ſhall think it a ſign of her amendment, if ſhe is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you muſt diſtinguiſh between the *crime* and the *mother*: the one is intitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorence—Do you *chuſe*, my dear, to ſee your mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cauſe to complain of unkindneſs from us. There are faults that muſt be left to Heaven to puniſh; and againſt the conſequences of which it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own ſakes. I hope you are in a ſafe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: you are *guarded therefore*. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the laſt interview, and calmly, in my preſence, kneel to her mother?'

'Whatever you command me to do, I will do.'

'I would have you anſwer this letter. Invite her to the houſe of your guardian—I think you ſhould not go to her lodgings: yet, if you incline to ſee her there, and ſhe inſiſts upon it, I will attend you.'

'But, Sir, muſt I own her huſband for my father?'

'Leave that to me, my dear: little things, punctilios, are not to be ſtood upon; pride ſhall have no concern with us. But I muſt firſt be ſatisfied, that the man and ſhe are actually married. Who knows, if they are, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection ſhe may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both, to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto ſhe has aimed to do? If ſhe ſave but *appearances*, for the future, it will be a point gained.'

'I will in every thing, Sir, do as you would have me.'

'One thing, my dear, I think, I will adviſe: if they are really married; if there be any proſpect of their living tolerably together; you ſhall, if you pleaſe, (your fortune is very large) make them a handſome preſent; and give hope, that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains, that ſhe is made poor, and dependent. Poor if ſhe be, it is her own fault: ſhe brought not 200l. to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for love. With 200l. a year, well

paid,

'paid, she ought not to be poor; but '*dependent* she must be. Your father 'would have given her a larger an-'nuity, had he not known by ex-'perience, that it was but strengthen-'ing her hands to do mischief; and to 'enable her to be more riotous. I 'found a declaration of this kind 'among his papers, after his death. 'This his *intention*, if there could have 'been any hope of a good use to be 'made of it, justifies my advice to 'you, to *enlarge* her stipend: I will 'put it in such a way, my dear, that 'you shall have the credit of it; and 'I will take upon myself the advice 'of restraining it to good behaviour, 'for their own sakes, and for yours.'

'O Sir! how good you are! you 'may give me courage to wish to see 'my poor mother, in hopes that it 'will be in my power to do her good: 'continue to your Emily the blessing 'of your direction, and I shall be a 'happy girl indeed. O that my mo-'ther *may* be married! that so she 'may be entitled to the best you shall 'advise me to do for her.'

'I doubt, her man is a man of the 'town,' added he; 'but he *may* have 'lived long enough to see his follies. 'She may be tired of the life she has 'led. I have made several efforts to 'do her service, but have no hope to 'reclaim her; I wish she may now be 'a wife in earnest. But this I think 'shall be my last effort—Write, my 'dear; but nothing of your intention. 'If she is not married, things must 'remain as they are.'

She hastened up stairs, and very soon returned, with the following lines—

'MADAM,

'I Beseech you to believe, that I am 'not wanting in duty to my mo-'ther. You rejoice my heart, when 'you tell me, that you love me. My 'guardian was so good, before I could 'have time to ask him, as to bid me 'write to you, and to let you know, 'that he will himself present me to 'you, whenever you please to favour 'me with an opportunity to pay my 'duty to you, at his house in St. 'James's Square.

'Let me hope, my dear mamma, 'that you will not be so angry with 'your poor girl, as you was last time 'I saw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then 'I will see you with all the duty that 'a child owes to her mother. For I 'am, and ever will be, *your dutiful* 'daughter,

'EMILIA JERVOIS.'

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. 'We will not, I 'think, Emily,' said he, 'remind a 'mother, who has written such a let-'ter as that before us, of a behaviour 'that she should be glad to forget.'

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but it may make her ashamed of her 'outrageous behaviour at that time?'

'She deserves not generous usage,' said Lady L. 'she cannot feel it.'

'Perhaps *not*,' replied Sir Charles; 'but we should do proper things, *for* '*our own sakes*, whether the persons 'are capable of feeling them as they 'ought, or not.—What say *you*, Miss 'Byron, to this last paragraph?'

I was entirely in his way of think-ing, and for the reason he gave; but the two ladies having given their opi-nion in a pretty earnest manner, and my lord saying he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopt-ed his sentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing, I said, it was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen; as it was written, I dared to say, ra-ther in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembered of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or re-sentment.

The good girl declared it was. Both ladies, and my lord, said, I had distin-guished well: but Sir Charles, though he said no more upon the subject, looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: but the point was a point of delicacy and genero-sity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine, that I understood it better

than

than they: nor did I think Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired, to transcribe her letter. We all separated to dress; and I, having soon made an alteration in mine, dropped in upon Dr. Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography; I am delighted with my tutor, and he promises to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: but now he had just began to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison, from the letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn, when he saw me; but the doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr. Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. 'You invited me in, doctor: here I am. But if 'you were upon a subject that you do 'not pursue, I shall look upon myself 'as an intruder, and will withdraw.'

'We had concluded one subject, Sir, 'and were beginning another—I had 'just mentioned Miss Jervois.'

'Is not Emily a good child, Miss 'Byron?' said Sir Charles.

'Indeed, Sir, she is.'

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed to think, how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: and the more, as I was not to be supposed to have so much as *heard* of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the letter? But not one word passed, leading to that subject.

I now begin to *fear*, that he has changed his mind, if that was his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I see not, that there is the least likelihood that any thing, on which you had all set your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: his affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are! —When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myself; but now he is present, I see so many excellences shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are too foolishly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase one's self?—You see how Lord W. depreciates me on the score of fortune. [I was loth to take notice of that before, because I knew, that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet, would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made. This, Lucy, observe, is between hooks.]

I forgot the manner in which Lord W.'s objection was permitted to go off —But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it: and yet he tells my lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a less estate, as with a larger: and is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil the duties belonging to that station?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to *circumscribe* the power of this good man? The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher must be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices on Sir Hargrave's having,

having, just now, by letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house in the forest.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Left Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's closet.

My lord and the two sisters were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: on my entrance, 'Well, 'Harriet,' said Miss Grandison, 'we 'will now endeavour to find out my 'brother. You must be present too 'yourself, and put in a word now and 'then. We shall see if Dr. Bartlett 'is right, when he says, that my bro-'ther is the most unreserved of men.'

Just then came in Dr. Bartlett—'I think, doctor,' said Lady L. 'we 'will take your advice, and ask my 'brother all the questions in relation 'to his engagements abroad, that come 'into our heads.'

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and just *then*, I thought myself, he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the letter from which Dr. Bartlett, she said, had read some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman, She wished, she told him, that she knew who was the lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my lord for a wife.

'I will have a little talk with her 'before I name her, even to you, my 'lord—and my sisters. I am sure my 'sisters will approve of their aunt, if 'she accept of my lord for a husband: 'I shall pay my compliments to her in 'my return from Grandison Hall.—'Do you, Charlotte, chuse to accom-'pany me thither? I must, I think, 'be present at the opening of the 'church. I don't ask you, my lord—'nor you, Lady L.—so short as my 'stay will be there. I purpose to go 'down on Friday next, and return the 'Tuesday following.'

Miss Gr. 'I think, brother, I 'should wish to be excused. If, in-'deed, you should stay there a week 'or fortnight, I could like to attend 'you; and so, I dare say, would Lord 'and Lady L.'

Sir Ch. 'I must be in town on 'Wednesday next week; but you may 'stay the time you mentioned: you 'cannot pass it disagreeably in the 'neighbourhood of the Hall; and 'there you will find your cousin Gran-'dison; he will gallant you from one 'neighbour to another; and, if I 'judge by your freedoms with him, 'you have a greater regard for him, 'than perhaps you know you have.'

Miss Gr. 'Your servant, Sir,' bowing—'But I will take my revenge '—Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask (we 'are all brothers and sisters)—'

Sir Ch. 'Stop, Charlotte,' (*pleasantly:*) 'if you are going to ask any 'questions by way of *revenge*, I an-'swer them not.'

Miss Gr. 'Revenge!—Not re-'venge, neither—But when my Lord 'W. as by the *passages* Dr. Bartlett 'was so good as to read to us, proposed 'to you this lady for a wife, and that 'lady; your answers gave us appre-'hension that you are not inclined to 'marry—'

Lady L. 'You are very uncere-'monious, Charlotte—'

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the *whole* letter—seen myself named in it.

Miss Gr. 'What signifies cere-'mony among relations?'

Sir Ch. 'Let Charlotte have her 'way.'

Miss Gr. 'Why then, Sir, I would 'ask—Don't you intend one day to 'marry?'

Sir Ch. 'I do, Charlotte. I shall 'not think myself happy till I can ob-'tain the hand of a worthy woman.'

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

Miss Gr. 'Very well, Sir—And 'pray, have you not, either abroad or 'at home, seen the woman you could 'wish to call yours?—Don't think me 'impertinent, brother.'

Sir

SIR CH. 'You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any thing of me, it pleases me best, when you come directly to the point.'

MISS GR. 'Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray, why did you decline the proposals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?'

SIR CH. 'The friends of the first named lady proceeded not generously with my father, in that affair. The whole family build too much on the interest and quality of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible, to fix my happiness within my own little circle; I have strong passions; I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?'

MISS GR. 'Why yes; and the easier, because there is a lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.'

'I should not,' thought I, 'have been present at this conversation.' Lord L. looked at me. Lord. L. should *not* have looked at me: the ladies did not.

SIR CH. 'Who is she?'

MISS GR. 'Lady Anne S. you know, Sir—Pray may I ask, why that *could not be?*'

SIR CH. 'Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman; but her fortune must have been my principal inducement had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as that alone, for an inducement to see a lady three times.'

MISS GR. 'Then, Sir, you *have* made your addresses to ladies—Abroad, I suppose?'

SIR CH. 'I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the ladies in England.'

MISS GR. 'Yes, Sir, it extends to ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* ladies abroad—'

SIR CH. 'Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.'

MISS GR. 'By your answers to my questions, Sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to ask.'

SIR CH. 'Very well, Charlotte. Have I not answered satisfactorily your questions about the ladies you named?'

MISS GR. 'Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you like better than either of those I have named?—Answer me to that.'

SIR CH. 'I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.'

MISS GR. 'I don't know what to say to you—But pray, Sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?'

SIR CH. 'No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?'

MISS GR. 'Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that, is owing to some previous attachment—And now *all* is out.'

LORD L. 'And now, my dear brother, all is out.'

LADY L. 'If our brother will gratify our curiosity—'

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me as now, for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: he paused; and at last said—'You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I *have* seen the lady with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.'

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. 'Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down?' The happy, thrice happy woman, was not present, was she? Ah, no! no! no!'—

SIR CH. 'And now, Charlotte, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to *you?*'

MISS GR. 'Only one—Is the lady a foreign lady?'

How every body but I looked at him,

him, expecting his answer!—He really hesitated. At last, 'I think, Charlotte, 'you will excuse me, if I say, that 'this question gives me some pain— 'because it leads to *another*, that, *if* 'made, I *cannot at present myself answer*.' ['But why so, Sir?' thought I:] 'And if *not* made, it cannot be 'of any signification to speak to this.'

LORD L. 'We would not give you 'pain, Sir Charles: and yet—'

SIR CH. 'What *yet*, my dear 'Lord L.?'

LORD L. 'When I was at Florence, 'there was much talk—'

SIR CH. 'Of a lady of that city— 'Olivia, my lord!—There was.—She 'has fine qualities, but unhappily 'blended with others less approve- 'able.—But I have nothing to wish 'for from Olivia. She has done me 'too much honour. I should not so 'readily have named her now, had she 'herself been more solicitous to con- 'ceal the distinction she honoured me 'with. But your lordship, I dare 'hope, never heard even *ill-will* open 'it's mouth to her disreputation, only 'that she descended too much in her 'regard for one object.'

LORD L. 'Your character, Sir 'Charles, was as much to the repu- 'tation of her favour, as—'

SIR CH. (*Interrupting.*) 'O my 'lord, how *brotherly* partial! But, 'this lady out of the question, my 'peace has been broken in pieces by a 'tender fault in my constitution.— 'And yet I would not be without it.'

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went and took her hand; 'Why weeps my Emily?'

'Because you, who so well deserve 'to be happy, seem not to be so.'

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain *my* tears.

He kindly consoled her. 'My un- 'happiness, my dear,' said he, 'arises 'chiefly from that of other people. 'I should, but for *that*, be happy in 'myself, because I endeavour to ac- 'commodate my mind to bear inevi- 'table evils, and to make, if possible, 'a virtue of necessity.—But, Charlotte, 'see how grave you have made us all! 'and yet I must enter with *you* upon a 'subject that possibly may be thought 'as serious by you, as that which at 'present I wish to quit.'

'Wish to quit!'—'The question 'gave him some pain, because it led to 'another, which he cannot himself, at 'present, answer!'—What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in *that* already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: but don't you think he might have answered, whether the lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, whether any thing could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having *seen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next me; she over-against him.

'I know not what to make of him,' said she: 'but be the lady native or 'foreigner, it is my humble opinion, 'that my brother is in love. He has 'all the symptoms of it, that I can 'guess by.'

I am of Charlotte's opinion, Lucy, Such tender sentiments; such sweetness of manners; such gentleness of voice! —Love has certainly done all this for him: and the lady, to be sure, is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from eighteen to twenty-six or seven, the most susceptible of a man's life.

But what means he by saying, 'His 'peace has been broken in pieces by a 'tender fault in his constitution?'—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northamptonshire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the number of those who have broken his peace. But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, Whether the lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very *un*-reserved a man as you said he was.

But oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes,

perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of *her*: 'Nothing,' he says 'to wish for from 'Olivia.'—Poor lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well but, I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: and yet, in the next conversation, you will see *him* angry. Don't you long, Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'NOW, Charlotte,' said he, (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him—O these men!) 'let me ask *you* a question or two.—'I had a visit made me yesterday by 'Lord G. What, my dear, do you 'intend to do with regard to him?—'But, perhaps, you would chuse to 'withdraw with me, on this question.'

MISS GR. 'I wish I had made to 'you the same overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I 'put to you: if I had, I should have 'received more satisfaction, I fancy, 'than I can now boast of.'

SIR CH. 'I will withdraw with you, 'if you please, and hear any other 'questions you have to put to me.'

MISS GR. 'You can put no questions to me, Sir, that I shall have 'any objections to answer before this 'company.'

SIR CH. 'You know my question, 'Charlotte.'

MISS GR. 'What would *you* advise 'me to do in that affair, brother?'

SIR CH. 'I have only one piece of 'advice to give you: it is, that you 'will either encourage or discourage 'his address—if you know your own 'mind.'

MISS GR. 'I believe, brother, you 'want to get rid of me.'

SIR CH. 'Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?'

MISS GR. 'Does that follow, Sir?'

SIR CH. 'Or you could not have 'supposed, that I wanted to part with 'you. But, come, Charlotte, let us 'retire. It is very difficult to get a 'direct answer to such questions as 'these, from ladies, before company, 'though the company be ever so nearly 'related to them.'

MISS GR. 'I can answer, before 'this company, any questions that re'late to Lord G.'

SIR CH. 'Then you *don't* intend to 'encourage him?'

MISS GR. 'I don't see how that 'follows, neither, from what I said.'

SIR CH. 'It does, very clearly. I 'am not an absolute stranger to the 'language of women, Charlotte.'

MISS GR. 'I thought my brother 'too polite to reflect upon the sex.'

SIR CH. 'Is it to reflect upon the 'sex, to say, that I am not an abso'lute stranger to their language?'

MISS GR. 'I protest I think so, in 'the way you spoke it.'

SIR CH. 'Well, then, try if you 'cannot find a language to speak in, 'that may *not* be capable of such an 'interpretation.'

MISS GR. 'I am afraid you are 'displeased with me, brother. I will 'answer more directly.'

SIR CH. 'Do, my Charlotte: I 'have promised Lord G. to procure 'him an answer.'

MISS GR. 'Is the question he puts, 'Sir, a brief one—*On* or *off?*'

SIR CH. 'Trust *me*, Charlotte: 'you *may*, even with your punctilio.'

MISS GR. 'Will you not advise 'me, Sir?'

SIR CH. 'I will—To pursue your 'inclination.'

MISS GR. 'Suppose, if I knew '*yours*, that *that* would turn the 'scale?'

SIR CH. 'Is the balance even?'

MISS GR. 'I can't say that, neither.'

SIR CH. 'Then *dismiss* my Lord G.'

MISS GR. 'Indeed, brother, you 'are angry with me.'

SIR CH. (*Addressing himself to me.*) 'I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall 'find, in such points as this, a very 'different *sister* in you, when I come 'to be favoured with the perusal of 'your letters. Your cousin Reeves

'once

'once ſaid, that when you knew your 'own mind, you never kept any one 'in ſuſpenſe.'

MISS GR. 'But I, brother, can't 'ſay that I *know* my mind abſolutely.'

SIR CH. 'That is another thing; I 'am ſilent. Only when you do, I 'ſhall take it for a favour, if you will 'communicate it to me, for your ſer-'vice.'

MISS GR. 'I am among my beſt 'friends.—Lord L. what is your ad-'vice? Sir Charles does not incline to 'give me *his*.'

SIR CH. 'It is owing to my regard 'to your own inclinations, and not to 'diſpleaſure or petulance, that I do 'not.'

LORD L. 'I have a very good opi-'nion of Lord G.—What is yours, 'my dear?' [To Lady L.]

LADY L. 'I really think very well 'of my Lord G.—What is yours, 'Miſs Byron?'

HARRIET. 'I believe Miſs Gran-'diſon muſt be the ſole determiner on 'this occaſion. If *ſhe* has no objec-'tion, I preſume to think, that no one 'elſe can have any.'

MISS GR. 'Explain, explain, Har-'riet—'

SIR CH. 'Miſs Byron anſwers as 'ſhe always does: penetration and 'prudence, with her, never quit com-'pany. If I have the honour to ex-'plain her ſentiments in giving mine, 'take both as follow: My Lord G. is 'a good-natured, mild man; he will 'make a woman happy, who has ſome 'ſhare of prudence, though ſhe has a 'ſtill greater ſhare of will. Charlotte 'is very lively: ſhe loves her jeſt *al-'moſt* as well as ſhe loves her friend.'

MISS GR. 'How, brother!'

SIR CH. 'And Lord G. will not 'ſtand in competition with her, in 'that reſpect: there ſhould not be a 'rivalry in particular qualities, in 'marriage. I have known a poet 'commence a hatred to his wife, on 'her being complimented with mak-'ing better verſes than he. Let Char-'lotte agree upon thoſe qualities in 'which ſhe will allow her huſband to 'excel; and he allow, in her, thoſe 'ſhe has a deſire to monopolize; and 'all may do well.'

MISS GR. 'Then Lord G. muſt 'not be diſputed with, I preſume, 'were I to be his wife, on the ſubject 'of moths and butterflies.'

SIR CH. 'Yet Lord G. may give 'them up, when he has a more con-'ſiderable trifle to amuſe himſelf with. 'Pardon me, Charlotte.—Are you 'not, as far as we have gone in this 'converſation, a pretty trifler?'

MISS GR. (*Bowing.*) 'Thank you, 'brother. The epithets *pretty*, and '*young*, and *little*, are great qualifiers 'of harſh words.'

SIR CH. 'But do you like Sir Wal-'ter Watkyns better than Lord G.?'

MISS GR. 'I think not. He is not, 'I believe, ſo *good-natured* a man as 'the other.'

SIR CH. 'I am glad you make that 'diſtinction, Charlotte.'

MISS GR. 'You think it a ne-'ceſſary one in my caſe, I ſuppoſe, 'Sir?'

SIR CH. 'I have a letter of his to 'anſwer. He is very urgent with me 'for my intereſt with you. I am to 'anſwer it. Will you tell me, my 'ſiſter,' (giving her the letter) 'what 'I ſhall ſay?'

MISS GR. (*After peruſing it.*) 'Why, 'aye, poor man! he is very much in 'love: but I ſhould have ſome trouble 'to teach him to ſpell; and yet, they 'ſay, he has both French and Italian 'at his fingers ends.'

She then began to pull in pieces the letter.

SIR CH. 'I will not permit that, 'Charlotte. Pray return me the let-'ter. No woman is intitled to ridicule 'a lover whom ſhe does not intend to 'encourage. If ſhe has a good opi-'nion of herſelf, ſhe will pity him. 'Whether ſhe has or not, if ſhe 'wounds, ſhe ſhould heal. Sir Wal-'ter may addreſs himſelf to a hundred 'women, who, for the ſake of his gay 'appearance and good eſtate, will for-'give him his indifferent ſpelling.'

MISS GR. 'The fluttering ſeaſon 'is approaching. One wants now and 'then a *dangling* fellow or two after 'one in publick: perhaps I have not 'ſeen enough of *either* of theſe to de-'termine which to *chuſe*. Will you 'not allow one, ſince neither of them 'have *very* ſtriking merits, to behold 'them in different lights, in order to 'enable one's ſelf to judge which is 'the moſt *tolerable* of the two? Or,

'whether a ſtill *more* tolerable wretch 'may not offer.'

She ſpoke this in her very archeſt manner, ſerious as the ſubject was; and ſeriouſly as her brother wiſhed to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely ſaid, 'I wonder how our cou- 'ſin Everard is amuſing himſelf at this 'inſtant, at the Hall.'

She was ſenſible of the intended rebuke, and aſked him to forgive her.

'Wit, my lord,' continued he, inattentive to the pardon ſhe aſked, 'is 'a dangerous weapon: but that ſpecies 'of it which cannot ſhine without a 'foil, is not a wit to be proud of. 'The lady before me, (what is her 'name?) and I, have been both under 'a miſtake: I took her for my ſiſter 'Charlotte; ſhe took me for our couſin 'Everard.'

Every one felt the ſeverity. It ſeemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unuſually ſevere from Sir Charles Grandiſon; and delivered with ſuch ſerious unconcern in the manner: I would not, at that moment, have been Miſs Grandiſon for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her ſiſter: tears were in the eyes of both.

At laſt Miſs Grandiſon aroſe.—'I 'will take away the impoſtor, Sir; and 'when I can rectify my miſtake, and 'bring you back your *ſiſter*, I hope 'you will receive her with your uſual 'goodneſs.'

'My Charlotte! my ſiſter!' (taking her hand) 'you muſt not be *very* 'angry with me. I love to feel the '*fine* edge of your wit: but when I 'was beſpeaking your attention upon 'a very ſerious ſubject; a ſubject that 'concerned the happineſs of your fu- 'ture life; and, if *yours*, mine; and 'you could be able to ſay ſomething 'that became only the mouth of an 'unprincipled woman to ſay; how 'could I forbear to wiſh that ſome '*other* woman, and not my ſiſter, had 'ſaid it?—*Times* and *occaſions*, my 'dear Charlotte!'

'No more, I beſeech you, Sir; I 'am ſenſible of my folly. Let me 'retire.'

'I, Charlotte, will retire; don't '*you*; but take the comfort your 'friends are diſpoſed to give you.—'Emily, one word with you, my dear.' She flew to him, and they went out together.

'There,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, 'has 'he taken the girl with him, to warn 'her againſt falling into my folly.'

Dr. Bartlett retired in ſilence.

Lady L. expreſſed her concern for her ſiſter; but ſaid, 'Indeed, Char- 'lotte, I was afraid you would carry 'the matter too far.'

Lord L. blamed her. 'Indeed, 'ſiſter, he bore with you a great while; 'and the affair was a ſerious one. He 'had engaged very ſeriouſly, and even 'from principle, in it. O Miſs Byron! 'he will be delighted with you, when 'he comes to read your papers, and 'ſees your treatment of the humble 'ſervants you reſolved not to encou- 'rage.'

'Yes, yes, Harriet will ſhine, at 'my expence; but *may* ſhe!—ſince I 'have loſt my brother's favour, I 'pray to Heaven, that ſhe may gain 'it. But he ſhall never again have 'reaſon to ſay I take him for my 'couſin Everard.—But was I *very* 'wicked, Harriet?—Deal fairly with 'me: was I *very* wicked?'

'I thought you wrong all the way: 'I was afraid for you. But for what 'you laſt ſaid, about encouraging men 'to dangle after you, and ſeeming to 'aim at making new conqueſts, I 'could have chidden you, had you *not* 'had your brother to hear it. Will 'you forgive me?' (whiſpering her) 'They were the words of a very co- 'quette; and the air was ſo arch!— 'Indeed, my Charlotte, you were 'very much out of the way.'

'So!—Every body againſt me!— 'I muſt have been wrong indeed.'

'The *time*, the *occaſion*, was wrong, 'ſiſter Charlotte,' ſaid Lord L. 'Had 'the ſubject been of leſs weight, your 'brother would have paſſed it off as 'pleaſantly as he has always before 'done your vivacities.'

'Very happy,' replied ſhe, 'to have 'ſuch a character, that every body 'muſt be in fault who differs from 'him or offends him.'

'In the midſt of his diſpleaſure, 'Charlotte,' ſaid Lady L. 'he forgot 'not the brother. The ſubject, he 'told you, concerned the happineſs of 'your future life; and, if *yours*, his.'

'One remark,' reſumed Lord L. 'I muſt

'I must make, to Sir Charles's honour; (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte:) not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim, evidently, is, to amend, not to wound.'

'I think, my lord,' retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, 'you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.'

This affected good Lady L. 'Pray, sister, blame not my lord: you will lose *my* pity, if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other!'

'So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *somebody* on my side.—But, Harriet, say, am I wrong *again?*'

'I hope, my dear Miss Grandison,' replied I, 'that what you said to my lord, was in pleasantry: and if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.'

'Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day, I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air—Yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?'

'I am very willing,' returned Lady L, 'it should pass so: but, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world;' looking with complacency at her lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

'As I hope to live,' said Miss Grandison, 'I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy a hand upon me: and so *he* seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!'

'I do assure you,' said my lord, 'I did pity you: but had I not thought my sister in fault, I should *not*.'

'Your servant, my lord. You are a nice distinguisher.'

'And a *just* one, Charlotte,' rejoined Lady L.

'No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was *your* motive too. I beseech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*.—I have *yours* also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.'

'Why now *this* archness becomes you, Charlotte,' said I; [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy:] 'This is *pretty* pleasantry.'

'It is a *pretty* specimen of Charlotte's penitence,' said Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. spoke this with an air of good-humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it, not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us by the musick. 'Tell me, my dear,' said Miss Grandison to her, (stopping)—'have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?'

'Indeed, Madam, my guardian said but one word about you; and this was it: "I love my sister; she has amiable qualities; we are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance."

'God for ever bless my brother!' said Miss Grandison, in a kind of rapture: 'but now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself—Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.'

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: but he said, 'Let us forget each other's failings; Charlotte.'

Notice being given of dinner, Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table.

A most *intolerable* superiority!—I wish he would do something wrong; something cruel: if he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a man, cannot he be lordly and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say *feared*, nod his imperial signifi-

significance to his vassals about him? —Cannot he be imperious to servants, to shew his displeasure with principals! No! it is *natural* to him to be good and just. His whole aim, as my lord observed, is, 'to convince and amend, 'and not to wound or hurt.'

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. 'Miss Byron, Sir,' said she, 'will oblige you with the perusal of some of her letters. You will 'in them see another sort of woman 'than your Charlotte. May I amend, 'and be but half as good!—When 'you have read them, you will say, "Amen;" and, if your prayer take 'place, will be satisfied with your sister.'

He received them from me, standing up, bowing; and kissed the papers with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him: ['O the vanity 'of this girl!' methinks my uncle says at this place.] He put them in his pocket,

'Without conditions, Harriet?' said Miss Grandison.——'Except those 'of candour, yet correction,' answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the ladies and my lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me: but could not he have answered Miss Grandison's question, Whether his favourite was a *foreigner* or not?—Had any other question arisen afterwards, that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company; and one attempts to write what each says in the *first* person! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it *will* be so in narrative letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long letters, when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: yet, methinks, she shews, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you told me of Lord D.'s setting his heart on the proposed alliance, I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw me: and had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardour, when repulsed, which they would never have known, had they succeeded.

Lady Betty and Miss Clements were so good as to make me a visit, this afternoon, in their way to Windsor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me, the many fine entertainments I had lost, both publick and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it, shrugging her shoulders as if in compassion to my rustick taste.

Good lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: on the contrary, our constant complaint is, that time flies too fast; and I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare; and I never in my life devoted so few hours to rest.

Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of Miss Clements, on occasion of Miss Grandison's saying, she was a plain, but good young woman. 'She is not 'a beauty,' said he, 'but she has 'qualities that are more to be admired 'than mere beauty.'

'Would she not,' asked Lady L. 'make a good wife for Lord W.?' '—There is,' said Sir Charles, 'too 'great a disparity in years. She has, 'and must have, too many hopes. 'My Lord W.'s wife will, probably, 'be confined six months out of 'twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. 'She must therefore be one who has 'outlived half her hopes: she must 'have been acquainted with affliction, 'and known disappointment. She 'must consider her marriage with him, 'though as an act of condescension, 'yet partly as a preferment. Her 'tenderness will, by this means, be 'engaged;

' engaged; yet her dignity supported:
' and if she is not too much in years
' to bring my lord an heir, he will
' then be the most grateful of men to
' her.'

' My dear brother,' said Miss Grandison, ' forgive me all my faults:
' your actions, your sentiments, shall
' be the rule of mine!—But who can
' come up to you? The Danbys—
' Lord W.—'

' Any body may, Charlotte,' interrupted Sir Charles, ' who will be
' guided by the well-known rule of
' *doing to others, as you would they*
' *should do unto you.* Were you in the
' situation of the Danbys, of Lord
' W. would you not wish to be done by,
' as I have done, and intend to do, by
' them? What must be those who,
' with hungry eyes, wait and wish for
' the death of a relation? May they
' not be compared to savages on the
' sea-shore, who look out impatiently
' for a wreck, in order to plunder and
' prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord W. has been long an unhappy man from want of principles:
' I shall rejoice, if I can be a means of
' convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course,
' and of making his latter days happy.
' Would I not, in *my* decline, wish for
' a nephew that had the same notions?
' And can I expect such a one, if I set
' not the example?'

Pretty soon after supper, Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison, seeing me in a reverie, said, ' I will lay my
' life, Harriet, you fancy my brother
' is gone up to read your letters—Nay,
' you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me, before he
' withdrew. But do not be apprehensive, Harriet,' (for she saw me concerned;) ' you have nothing to
' fear, I am sure.'

Lady L. said, that her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike, on every subject: but yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examinations, one cannot but have some heart-aches.—Yet why?—if his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my letters?—And yet it does: one would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MAR. 23.

WE sat down early this morning to breakfast: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants, as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me, the moment he saw me: ' Admirable Miss
' Byron,' said he, ' what an entertainment have your letters given
' me, down to a certain period!—How,
' at and after that, have they distressed
' me for your sufferings from a savage!—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story: I have read through the
' whole parcel.'

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me—' Ten thousand thanks for the
' favour—I dare not hope for farther
' indulgence—Yet not to say, how
' desirous I am—But forgive me—
' think me not too great an incroacher.'

I took them.

' Surely, brother,' said Miss Grandison, ' you cannot already have read
' the whole.'

' I have—I could not leave them—
' I sat up late—'

' And so,' thought I, ' did your
' *sister* Harriet, Sir.'

' Well, brother,' said Miss Grandison, ' and what are the *faults?*'

' Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble
' heart! such an amiable frankness!
' No prudery! No coquetry! Yet so
' much, and so justly, admired by as
' many as have had the happiness to
' approach her!'—Then, turning to me, ' I adore, Madam, the goodness,
' the *greatness*, of your heart.'

How I blushed! how I trembled! How, though so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

' Is Miss Byron, in those letters, all
' perfect, all faultless, all excellence,
' Sir Charles,' asked Miss Grandison:
' is there no—But I am sensible (though
' you have raised my envy, I assure
' you) that Miss Byron's is another
' sort of heart than your poor Char-
' lotte's.'

' But

'But I hope, Sir,' said I, 'that you 'will correct—'

'You called upon me yesterday,' interrupted he, 'to attend to the de- 'bate between you and Mr. Walden: 'I think I have something to observe 'upon that subject. I told you, that 'beauty should not bribe me. I have 'very few observations to make up- 'on it.'

LADY L. 'Will you give us, bro- 'ther, your opinion, in writing, of 'what you have read *?'

SIR CH. 'That would fill a vo- 'lume: and it would be almost all pa- 'negyrick.'

How flattering! — But *this* foreign lady, Lucy!—

Lady L. began another subject.—

'Pray, brother,' said she, 'let me 'revive one of the topicks of yester- 'day—concerning Lord G. and Sir 'Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, 'Charlotte, will excuse me.'

MISS GR. 'If it *can* be revived, 'without reviving the memory of my 'flippant folly — Not else will I ex- 'cuse you, Lady L.' And, casting her eye bashfully round her, Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had business to do.

LADY L. 'Then let me manage 'this article for my sister. You said, 'brother, that you have engaged to 'give Lord G. either hope or other- 'wise—'

SIR CH. 'Lord G. was very ear- 'nest with me for my interest with 'my sister. I, supposing that she is 'now absolutely disengaged, did un- 'dertake to let him know what room 'he had for hope, or if any; but told 'him, that I would not, by any 'means, endeavour to influence her.'

LADY L. 'Charlotte is afraid that 'you would not of yourself, from 'displeasure, have revived the subject '—Not that she values—'

There she stopped.

SIR CH. 'I might, at the time, be 'a little petulant: but I *should* have 'revived the subject, because I had 'engaged to procure an answer for an 'absent person, to a question that was 'of the highest importance to him: 'but, perhaps, I should have entered 'into the subject with Charlotte when 'we were alone.'

LADY L. 'She can have no objec- 'tion, I believe, to let all of us, who 'are present, know her mind, on this 'occasion.'

MISS GR. 'To be sure I have 'not.'

LADY L. 'What signifies min- 'cing the matter? I undertook, at *her* 'desire, to recall the subject, because 'you had seemed to interest yourself 'in it.'

SIR CH. 'I think I know as much 'of Charlotte's mind already, from 'what you have hinted, Lady L. as 'I ought to be inquisitive about.'

LADY L. 'How so, brother? 'What have I said?'

SIR CH. 'What meant the words 'you stopped at—*Not that she values?* '—Now, though I will not endeavour 'to lead her choice in behalf of a '*prince*; yet would I be *earnest* to 'oppose her marriage with a man for 'whom she declaredly has no value.'

LADY L. 'You are a little sud- 'den upon me, Sir Charles.'

SIR CH. 'You must not think the 'words you stopped at, Lady L. slight 'words: *principle*, and Charlotte's 'future happiness, and that of a wor- 'thy man, are concerned here. But 'perhaps you mean no more than 'to give a little specimen of lady- 'like pride in those words. It is 'a very hard matter for women, on 'such occasions as these, to be abso- 'lutely right.—Dear Miss Byron,' bowing to me, 'excuse me.—There 'is one lady in the world, that ought 'not, from what I have had the ho- 'nour to see, on her *own* account, to 'take amiss my freedom with her sex, 'tho' she perhaps will on *that* of those 'she loves. But have I not some reason 'for what I say, even when Lady L. 'speaking for her sister on this con- 'cerning subject, cannot help throwing 'in a salvo for the pride of her sex.'

HARRIET. 'I doubt not, Sir, but 'Lady L. and Miss Grandison will 'explain themselves to your satisfac- 'tion.'

Lady L. then called upon her sister.

MISS GR. 'Why, as to value— 'and all that—to be sure—Lord G. '—is not a man that—' (And then she looked round her on each person)— 'that a woman—Hem!—that a wo-

* This subject is spoken to by Sir Charles, in vol. VI.

'man

'man—But, brother, I think you are 'a little too ready—to—to—A word 'and a blow, as the saying is, are two 'things.—Not that—' And there she stopped.

SIR CH. (*Smiling.*) 'O my dear 'Lord L! What shall we say to these '*Not that's?* Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when ladies were suspending 'unnecessarily, or with affectation, 'the happiness of the man they resolve 'to marry, that they were reflecting 'on themselves by an indirect acknowledgment of *self-denial*—'

MISS GR. 'Good God! brother.'

I was angry at him, in my mind. 'How came this *good* man,' thought I, 'by such thoughts as these, of our 'sex?' What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

SIR CH. 'You will consider, Lady 'L. that you and Charlotte have 'brought this upon yourselves. *That* 'I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or 'occasion. You will remember, that 'Lord G. is not *here*; we are *all* 'brothers and sisters;—and why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering 'upon the subject in this company; 'yet come with your exceptions, as 'if Lord G. had his father present, 'or pleading for him? These "*Not that* "*she values*," and so-forth, are so like 'the dealings between petty chapmen 'and common buyers and sellers, 'that I love *properly* (observe that 'I say *properly*) to discourage them 'among persons of sense and honour. 'But come, Charlotte, enter into your 'own cause: your are an excellent 'pleader on occasion. You know, 'or at least you *ought* to know, your 'own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency*—(Lady L. excuse me '—Will you give up yours?)—where 'principals can be present.'

LADY L. 'With all my heart. I 'stumbled at the very threshold.—Even, 'Charlotte, be your own advocate. 'The cause is on.'

MISS GR. 'Why, I don't know 'what to say.—My brother will be '*so* peremptory, perhaps—'

SIR CH. 'A good sign for some'body—Don't you think so, Madam?' to me.—'But the snail will draw in 'it's horns, if the finger hastily touch 'it.—Come, *no* good sign, perhaps, 'Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. 'You shall be indulged, if you have 'not already been indulged enough, 'in all the pretty *circumambages* customary on these occasions.'

MISS GR. 'This is charming!—'But pray, Sir, what is your advice, 'on this subject?'

SIR CH. 'In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I 'thought of my lord's good-humour; 'what of your vivacity — Can you, 'Charlotte, were you the wife of 'Lord G. content yourself now and 'then to make him start, by the launcet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the skin? 'Without exposing him (and yourself 'for doing so) to the ridicule of others? 'Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he 'can bear with *yours?* And if the 'forbearance is greater on *his* side, 'than on *yours*, can you value him for 'it, and for his good-humour?'

MISS GR. 'Finely run off, upon 'my word!'

SIR CH. 'I am afraid only, that 'you will be able, Charlotte, to do 'what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say that I have 'seen very good women who have 'not known how to bear indulgence! '—Waller was not absolutely wrong, 'as to *such*, when he said, "that "women were born to be controuled." 'If controul is *likely* to be necessary, it will be with women of such 'charming spirits as you know whose, 'Charlotte, who will not confine 'to time and place their *otherwise* 'agreeable vivacities.'

MISS GR. 'Well but, Sir, if it 'should chance to *be* so, and I were 'Lord G.'s upper-servant; for *controul* 'implies *dominion*; what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, 'who could direct him so well, (though 'he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!'

SIR CH. 'Bachelors, Charlotte, 'are close observers. It is not every 'married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that 'should admit him into a very close 'intimacy with themselves.'

MISS GR. (*Archly.*) 'Pray, Lord 'L. did we not once hear our *cousin*

'*Everard* make an obſervation of this 'nature?'

SIR CH. 'Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how *came* your couſin 'Everard to make this obſervation? 'I once heard you ſay, that he was 'but a *common* obſerver. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.'

MISS GR. 'Well, well, I believe 'married people muſt do as well as 'they can. But may I aſk you, brother, is it owing to ſuch obſervations as thoſe you have been making, 'that you are now a ſingle man?'

SIR CH. 'A fair queſtion from you, 'Charlotte. I anſwer, It is not.'

MISS GR. 'I ſhould be glad with 'all my heart, to know what is.'

SIR CH. 'When the ſubject comes 'fairly on the carpet, your curioſity 'may perhaps be gratified. But tell 'me, do you intend that the ſubject 'you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir 'Walter Watkyns, ſhould be diſmiſſed, at preſent? I mean not to be '*peremptory*, Charlotte: be not *afraid* 'to anſwer.'

MISS GR. 'Why that's kind. No, 'I can't ſay, that I do: and yet I 'frankly confeſs, that I had much 'rather *aſk*, than *anſwer* queſtions. 'You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked 'curioſity.'

SIR CH. 'Well, Charlotte, you 'will find me, wicked as you call it, 'very ready, at a proper time, to 'gratify it. To ſome things that you 'may want to know, in relation to 'my ſituation, you needed not now 'to have been a ſtranger, had I had 'the pleaſure of being more with you, 'and had you yourſelf been as explicit 'as I could have wiſhed you to be. 'But the criſis is at hand. When I 'am certain myſelf, you ſhall not be 'in doubt. I would not ſuppoſe, that 'my happineſs is a matter of indifference to my ſiſters; and if it be not, 'I ſhould be ungrateful, not to let 'them know every thing I know, that 'is likely to affect it.'

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this ſpeech has a noble ſound with it: don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon. But by what clouds does this ſun ſeem to be obſcured? He ſays, however, that the '*criſis is at hand.*'—Solemn words, as they ſtrike *me*. Ah, Lucy!—But this is my prayer—'May the criſis 'produce happineſs to him, let who 'will be unhappy!'

MISS GR. 'You are always good, 'noble, uniform—*Curioſity*, get thee 'behind me, and lie ſtill!—And yet, 'brother, like a favoured ſquirrel repulſed, I am afraid it would be ſoon 'upon my ſhoulder, if the criſis be 'ſuſpended.'

'Criſis is at hand,' Lucy!—I *cannot* get over theſe words; and yet they make my heart ache.

SIR CH. 'But now, Charlotte, as 'to your two admirers—'

MISS GR. 'Why, Sir, methinks 'I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, 'if I could help it: and yet, what 'can I ſay?—I do not think highly 'of either of the men:—but, pray now, '*what*—Lady L.' (affecting an audible whiſper) 'will you aſk a queſtion 'for me!—'

LADY L. 'What is it, Charlotte?'

MISS GR. (*Whiſpering*, but ſtill loud enough for every one to hear.) 'What ſort of a man is Beauchamp!'

LADY L. 'Mad girl!—You heard 'the queſtion, brother.'

MISS GR. 'No!—You did not 'hear it, Sir, if it will diſpleaſe you. 'The whiſpers in converſation are no 'more to be heard, than the *aſides* in 'a play.'

SIR CH. 'Both the one and the 'other are wrong, Charlotte. Whiſperings in converſation are cenſurable, to a proverb: the *aſides*, as 'you call them, and the ſoliloquies, 'in a play, however frequent, are very 'poor (becauſe unnatural) ſhifts of 'bungling authors to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard 'your whiſper, Charlotte, or not?'

MISS GR. 'I think the man my 'brother ſo much eſteems, muſt be 'worth a hundred of ſuch as thoſe we 'have juſt now heard named.'

SIR CH. 'Well, then, I am ſuppoſed to be anſwered, I preſume, as 'to the two gentlemen. I will ſhew 'you the letter, when written, that I 'ſhall ſend to Sir Walter Watkyns. 'I ſhall ſee Lord G. I ſuppoſe, the 'moment he knows I am in town.'—

MISS GR. 'The Lord bleſs me, 'brother!—Did you not ſay, you 'would not be *peremptory*?'

LORD L.

LORD L. 'Very right.—Pray, Sir 'Charles, don't let my ſiſter part with 'the *two*, without being ſure of a 'third?'

MISS GR. 'Pray, Lord L. do you 'be quiet: your ſiſter is in no hurry, 'I do aſſure you.'

SIR CH. 'The female drawback 'again, Lady L.—"*Not that ſhe* "*values.*"

HARRIET. 'Well but, Sir Charles, 'may I, without offence, repeat Miſs 'Grandiſon's queſtion in relation to 'Mr. Beauchamp?'

MISS GR. 'That's my dear crea-'ture!'

SIR CH. 'It is impoſſible that Miſs 'Byron can give offence.—Mr. Beau-'champ is an excellent young man; 'about five and twenty, not more: 'he is brave, learned, ſincere, chear-'ful; gentle in his manners, agree-'able in his perſon. Has my good 'Miſs Byron any farther queſtions to 'aſk? Your franknes of heart, Ma-'dam, intitles you to equal frank-'neſs. Not a queſtion you can aſk, 'but the anſwer ſhall be ready upon 'my lips.'

'Is the lady, Sir, whom you could 'prefer to all others, a foreign or an 'Engliſh lady?'—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I aſked him this queſtion? —O no! but I had a mind to ſtartle you. I *could* have aſked it, I can tell you; and if it had been proper, it would have been the firſt of queſtions with me: yet had not the anſwer been ſuch as I had liked, perhaps I ſhould not have been able to ſtay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe bluſhed with complacency, at the kind manner in which he ſpoke to me: every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleaſure.

LADY L. 'Well, brother, and 'what think you of the purport of 'Charlotte's queſtion? Charlotte ſays, 'that ſhe does not think highly of 'either of the other men.'

SIR CH. 'That, at preſent, is all 'that concerns me to know. I will 'write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord 'G. know, that there is a man in the 'clouds that Charlotte waits for: that 'ladies muſt not be eaſily won. Mil-'ton juſtifies you, in his account of 'the behaviour of your common 'grandmother, on the firſt interview 'between her and the man *for whom* 'ſhe *was created*. Charming copiers! '—You, Miſs Byron, are an excep-'tion. You know nothing of affecta-'tion. You—'

MISS GR. (*Unſeaſonably interrupting him.*) 'Pray, Sir, be pleaſed, ſince we 'are ſuch fine copiers of the old lady 'you mentioned, to repeat the lines: 'I have no remembrance of them.

SIR CH. 'She heard me thus; and, though
'divinely brought,
'Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
'That wou'd be woo'd, and not unſought
'be won,
'Wrought in her ſo, that, ſeeing me, ſhe
'turn'd.
'I follow'd her. She what was honour
'knew,
'And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
'My pleaded reaſon——'

I have looked for the paſſage ſince, Lucy. He miſſed ſeveral lines.

'Now, Charlotte,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'though theſe lines are a palpable ac-'commodation to the future practice 'of the daughters of the *old lady*, as 'you call her, and perhaps intended 'for an inſtruction to *them*, ſince it 'could not be a natural behaviour in 'Eve, who was *divinely brought* to be 'the wife of Adam, and it being in 'the ſtate of innocence, could not be 'conſcious of *diſhonour* in receiving 'his addreſs; yet, if you know what 'is meant by *obſequious majeſty*, you 'had as good try for it: and as you 'are *followed*, and ſhould not *follow*, 'approve of the *pleaded reaſon* of one 'or other of your admirers.'

MISS GR. 'After hearing the *pleaded reaſon* of *both*, ſhould you not 'ſay? *I* have the choice of two? that 'had not Eve. But hold! I had 'like to have been drawn in to be flip-'pant, again; and then you would 'have enquired after my couſin Ever-'ard, *and ſo-forth*, and been angry.'

SIR CH. 'Not *now*, Charlotte: 'we are now at play together. I ſee 'there is conſtitution in your fault. 'The ſubjects we are upon, *courtſhip* 'and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be 'talked ſeriouſly of by a lady, before 'company. Shall I retire with you 'to ſolitude? Make a lover's *camera* 'obſcura for you? Or, could I place 'you upon the moſſy bank of a purling 'ſtream, gliding through an enamelled 'mead; in ſuch a ſcene, a now de-

'ſpited Lord G. or a Sir Walter, might 'find his account, ſighing at your 'feet. No witneſſes but the grazing 'herd, lowing love around you; the 'feathered ſongſters from an adjacent 'grove, contributing to harmonize 'and fan the lambent flame—'

Miss Gr. (*Interrupting.*) 'Upon 'my word, brother, I knew you had 'travelled through Greece, but dreamt 'not that you had dwelt long in the 'fields of *Ar-cady!*—But one queſtion 'let me aſk you, concerning your 'friend Beauchamp: we women don't 'love to be ſlighted!—Whether do 'you think him *too* good, or not good 'enough for your ſiſter?'

Sir Ch. 'The friendſhip, Char-'lotte, that has for ſome years ſub-'ſiſted, and I hope will for ever ſub-'ſiſt between Mr. Beauchamp and 'me, wants not the tie of relation to 'ſtrengthen it.'

Lord L. 'Happy Beauchamp!'

Sir Ch. 'Lord L. himſelf is not 'dearer to me, brother as I have the 'honour to call him, than my Beau-'champ.—It is one of my pleaſures, 'my lord, that I am aſſured you will 'love him, and he you.'

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and, if *he* did, his good lady, you may be ſure, partook of her lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not ſenſe; they have both fine under-ſtandings! But, O my Lucy, they are not the ſtriking, dazzling qualities in men and women that make us happy. Good ſenſe and ſolid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a deſire of obliging, and an eaſineſs to be obliged, procure the ſilent, the ſe-rene happineſs, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous fervours of paſſion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be laſting.

Miss Gr. "*Not that I value.*" 'There, brother—You ſee, I am a 'borrower of Lady L.'—

'Lady L. 'Upon my honour, 'Charlotte, I believe you led me into 'thoſe words; ſo don't ſay you bor-'rowed them.'

Sir Ch. 'Far be it from me to en-'deavour to cure women of affectation 'on ſuch ſubjects as that which *lately* 'was before us—I do not know what 'is become of it,' (looking humo-rouſly round, as if he had loſt ſome-'thing which he wanted to recover;) 'but that, permit me, ladies, to ſay, 'may be an affectation in one com-'pany, that is but a neceſſary reſerve 'in another. Charlotte has genius 'enough, I am ſure, to vary her hu-'mour to the occaſion; and, if ſhe 'would give herſelf time for reflection, 'to know when to be grave, when to 'be airy.'

Miss Gr. 'I don't know *that*, 'brother: but let me ſay for Char-'lotte, that I believe you ſometimes 'think better for her, (as in the preſent 'caſe) ſometimes worſe, than ſhe de-'ſerves. Charlotte has not much re-'flection; ſhe is apt to ſpeak as the 'humour comes upon her, without 'conſidering much about the fit, or 'the unfit. It is *conſtitution*, you 'know, brother; and ſhe cannot eaſily 'cure it: but ſhe will try.—Only, 'Sir, be ſo good as to let me have an 'anſwer to my laſt queſtion, whether 'you think your friend too good, or 'not good enough? Becauſe the an-'ſwer will let me know what my bro-'ther thinks of me; and that, let me 'tell you, is of very high importance 'with me.'

Sir Ch. 'You have no reaſon, 'Charlotte, to endeavour to come at 'this your end, by indirect or com-'parative means. Your brother loves 'you—'

Miss Gr. 'With all my faults, 'Sir?'

Sir Ch. '*With all your faults, my 'dear*; and I had almoſt ſaid, *for* 'ſome of them. I love you for the 'pretty playfulneſs, on ſerious ſub-'jects, with which you puzzle your-'ſelf, and bewilder me: you ſee I 'follow your lead. As to the other 'part of your queſtion, (for I would 'always anſwer directly, when I can;) 'my friend Beauchamp deſerves the 'beſt of women. *You* are excellent in 'my eyes; but I have known two very 'worthy perſons, who, taken ſeparate-'ly, have been admired by every one 'who knew them, and who admired 'each other before marriage, yet not 'happy in it.'

Miss Gr. 'Is it poſſible? To what 'could their unhappineſs be owing? 'Both, I ſuppoſe, *continuing* good?'

Sir Ch. 'To a hundred almoſt 'nameleſs reaſons—Too little conſi-'deration on one ſide; too much on 'the other; diverſions different; too 'much

'much abroad the man—too much at 'home will sometimes have the same 'effect: acquaintance approved by 'the one—disapproved by the other; 'one liking the town, the other the 'country; or either preferring town 'to country in different humours, or 'at different times of the year. Hu-'man nature, Charlotte—'

Miss Gr. 'No more, no more, I 'beseech you, brother—Why, this hu-'man nature, I believe, is a very vile 'thing! I think, Lady L. I won't 'marry at all.'

Sir Ch. 'Some such trifles, as these 'I have enumerated, will be likely to 'make you, Charlotte, with all your 'excellences, not so happy as I wish 'you to be. If you cannot have a 'man of whose understanding you 'have a higher opinion than you have 'of your own, you should think of 'one who is likely to allow to yours 'a superiority. If—'

Miss Grandison interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him; I wanted to find out his notions of our sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miss Gr. 'Well, but, Sir; I sup-'pose the gentleman abroad has more 'understanding than I have.'

Sir Ch. 'A good deal will depend 'upon what *you'll* think of that: not 'what I, or the world, will judge.'

Miss Gr. 'But the judgment of 'us women generally goes with the 'world.'

Sir Ch. 'Not *generally*, in *matri-'monial* instances. A wife, in gene-'ral, may allow of a husband's supe-'rior judgment; but, in particular 'cases, and as they fall out one by 'one, the man may find it difficult, to 'have it allowed in any one instance.'

Miss Gr. 'I think you said, Sir, 'that bachelors were *close* observers.'

Sir Ch. 'We may, in the *sister*, 'sometimes, see the *wife*. I admire 'you, myself, for your vivacity; but 'I am not sure that a husband would 'not think himself hurt by it, espe-'cially if it be true, as you say, "That Charlotte has not much re-"flection, and is apt to speak as the "humour comes upon her, without "troubling herself about the fit or the "unfit."

Miss Gr. 'O, Sir, what a memory 'you have! I hope that the man who 'is to call me *his*, (that's the dialect, 'isn't it?) will not have half your 'memory.'

Sir Ch. 'For his sake, or your 'own, do you hope this, Charlotte?'

Miss Gr. 'Let me see—Why for '*both* our sakes, I believe.'

Sir Ch. 'You'll tell the man, in 'courtship, I hope, that all this live-'liness is constitution; and that you 'know not how to cure it.'

Miss Gr. 'No, by no means, Sir: 'let him in the *mistress*, as somebody 'else in the *sister*, guess at the *wife*, 'and take warning.'

Sir Ch. 'Very well answered, 'Charlotte, in the play we are at; but 'I am willing to think highly of my 'sister's prudence; and that she will 'be happy, and make the man so, to 'whom she may think fit to give her 'hand at the altar. And now the 'question recurs, What shall I say to 'Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?'

Miss Gr. 'Why I think you must 'make my compliments to Sir Walter, 'if you will be so good; and, after 'the example of my sister Harriet to 'the men she sends a grazing, very ci-'villy tell him, he may break his heart 'as soon as he pleases; for that I can-'not be his.'

Sir Ch. 'Strange girl! But I wish 'not to lower this lively spirit—You 'will put your determination into 'English.'

Miss Gr. 'In plain English, then, 'I can by no means think of encou-'raging the address of Sir Walter 'Watkyns.'

Sir Ch. 'Well, and what shall I 'say to Lord G.?'

Miss Gr. 'Why that's the thing—'I was afraid it would come to this—'Why, Sir, you must tell him, I 'think—I profess I can't tell what—'But, Sir, will you let me know 'what you would have me tell him?'

Sir Ch. 'I will follow your lead 'as far as I can.—Can you, do you 'think, love Lord G.?'

Miss Gr. 'Love him! love Lord 'G.? what a question is that!—Why 'no! I verily believe, that I can't say 'that.'

Sir Ch. 'Can you esteem him?'

Miss

MISS GR. 'Esteem!—Why that's a quaint word, though a *female* one. I believe, if I were to marry the honeſt man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaiſant, very obſervant, and all that—Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.'

SIR CH. 'I will not, Charlotte,' ſmiling. 'It is *conſtitution*, you ſay—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil; and if *he* is to be very obſervant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he ſhall ſubſcribe to the woman's part of the vow; and that you ſhall anſwer to the man's.'

MISS GR. 'A good thought, I believe! I'll conſider of it. If I find, in courtſhip the man will bear it, I may make the propoſal.—Yet I don't know, but it will be as well to *ſuppoſe* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a ſingularity, for fear of putting the parſon out. I heard an excellent lady once adviſe a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wiſh to be done, except ſhe choſe to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.'

HARRIET. 'Nay now, Miſs Grandiſon, you are much more ſevere upon your ſex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.'

SIR CH. 'Have I been ſevere upon either, my dear Miſs Byron?'

HARRIET. 'Indeed I think ſo.'

SIR CH. 'I am ſorry for it; I only intended to be *juſt*.—See, Charlotte, what a cenſure, from goodneſs itſelf, you draw upon me!—But I am to give encouragement (*am* I?) to Lord G.'

MISS GR. 'Do as you pleaſe, Sir.'

SIR CH. 'That is ſaying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?'

MISS GR. 'In the world, Sir!—A very wide place, I profeſs.'

SIR CH. 'You know what I mean by it.'

MISS GR. 'Why—No—Yes—No—What can I ſay to ſuch a queſtion?'

SIR CH. 'Help me, Lady L. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: help me to underſtand it.'

LADY L. 'I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come—'

SIR CH. "Will not be denied an audience, if he come!" And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women!—*You*, Miſs Byron, I repeat it with pleaſure, are an exception—In your letters and behaviour we ſee what a woman is, and what ſhe ought to be—Yet, I know you have too much greatneſs of mind to accept (as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith) of a compliment made you at the expence of your ſex—But my *heart* does you juſtice.'

LORD L. 'See, however, brother Grandiſon, this excellence in the two ſiſters! You ſay, indeed, but juſt things in praiſe of Miſs Byron; but they are more than women: for they *enjoy* that praiſe, and the acknowledged ſuperiority of the only woman in Britain, to whom they can be inferior.'

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments ſo high? I did.

'You DID, Harriet?'

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to ſurprize you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcaſt ſilence, and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The ſiſters have ſince obſerved to me (flattering ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not ſtrange, Lucy, that they did not aſk him, in this long converſation, whether his favourite of our ſex is a *foreigner*, or not? If ſhe be, what ſignifies the eye of pleaſure caſt upon your Harriet?

But what do you think was Miſs Grandiſon's addreſs to me, on this agreeable occaſion? You, my grandmamma, will love her again, I am ſure, though ſhe ſo lately incurred your diſpleaſure.

'Sweet and ever amiable Harriet!' ſaid ſhe; 'ſiſter! friend! enjoy the juſt praiſes of two of the beſt of men! —You *can* enjoy them with equal modeſty and dignity—and we can (What ſay *you* Lady L.?) find our praiſe in the honour you do our ſex, and in being allowed to be ſeconds to you.'

And

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

'I can chearfully,' said she, 'subscribe to the visible superiority of my 'Harriet, as shewn in all her letters, 'as well as in her whole conduct— 'But then you, my lord—and you, my 'brother—who in my eye are the first 'of men, must not let me have cause 'to dread, that your Caroline is sunk 'in yours.'

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: my return to company must have been aukward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my letters, to deserve all these fine speeches?—But my lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers. No fear that I shall be too proud on this occasion: it is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* lady, what signify all these fine things?

'But how,' (you will ask) 'did the 'brother acknowledge these generous 'speeches of his sisters and Lord L.?' —How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to themselves, such due praises, as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters: 'I see, with great pleasure,' said he, 'the happy understanding that there 'is between you three ladies; it is a 'demonstration to me, of surpassing 'goodness in you all. To express 'myself in the words of an ingenious 'man, to whose works your sex, and 'if *yours, ours,* are more obliged, 'than to those of any single man in the 'British world—

"Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
"Demand alliance, and in friendship burn*."

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

'Encouraged by this happy under-'standing among you, let me hope,' proceeded he, 'that *you,* Miss Byron, 'will be so good as to inform your-'*self,* and let *me* know, what I may 'certainly depend upon to be *our* Char-'lotte's inclinations, with respect to 'the two gentlemen who court her fa-'vour; and whether there is any man 'that she *can* or *does* prefer to the most 'favoured of either of them. From '*you* I shall not meet with the "Not "that she values."—The depreciating 'indifferences, the affected slights, the '*female circumambages,* if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expressed consent to visits not deserving 'to be discouraged, and perhaps not '*intended* to be so; that I have had to 'encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: but 'as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really 'no choice but hers; and wanting 'only to know on whom that choice 'will fall, or whether on *any* man, at 'present; on *your* noble frankness I 'can rely; and Charlotte will open 'her mind to you; if not, she has 'very little profited by the example you 'have set her in the letters you have 'permitted her to read.'

He arose, bowed, and withdrew; Miss Grandison called after him, 'Bro-'ther, brother, brother—One word— 'Don't leave us—' But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. broke the silence. 'You 'are a delightful girl, Charlotte; 'but your brother has had a great deal 'of patience with you.'

'O my lord,' said she, 'if we wo-'men play our cards right, we shall 'be able to manage the best and wisest 'of you all, as we please. It is but '*persevering,* and you men, if not 'out-*argued,* may be out *teazed.*— 'But, Harriet—upon my word— 'The game seems to be all in your 'own hands.'

* Addison's Campaign.

'We

'We want but my brother to be among us,' said Lady L. 'Beauty would soon find it's power: and *such* a mind—' And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from *me*. 'Something, Harriet,' said she, 'may rise in the tête-à-tête conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.'

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-*self* rather. My own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do! If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself, for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing—If—Why, what *if*?—In one word, should this *if* be more than *if*—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon tea, the Danby's being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles, what was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in in the relation.

'Mr. Danby,' said he, 'was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity; he was settled at Cambray; he had great dealings in the manufactures of cambricks and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better reason, but because he had generously given that sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were those his children. No plea is too weak for folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr. Danby had often given this brother large sums, which he squandered away almost as soon as he received them.

'My father used to make remittances to Mr. Danby, for my use; for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the south of France and Italy: this brought me acquainted with him.

'He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons; and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I should go to Paris or Flanders.

'Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed my promise.

'He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small distance from the city, which he sometimes called his *cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone house: he valued it for it's elegance. Thither, after I had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he carried me.

'His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thought of making his will.

'The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the fact might have the appearance of being committed by robbers: and the cabinets, in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broke open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting possession of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns a-piece paid them in hand.

'Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, though he told them he should be at Dunkirk.

'I had one servant with me, who lay with a man-servant of Mr. Danby's in a little room over the stable, about an hundred yards from the house. There were only conveniences in the house for Mr. Danby and a friend, besides two women-servants in the upper part of it.

'About

'About midnight I was alarmed 'by a noiſe, as of violence uſed at the 'window of Mr. Danby's room. 'Mine communicated with his. The 'faſtening of the door was a ſpring-'lock, the key of which was on my 'ſide.

'I ſlipped on my cloaths in an in-'ſtant; and, drawing my ſword, ruſh-'ed into the next room, juſt as one 'villain, with a large knife in his 'hand, had ſeized the throat of Mr. 'Danby, who, till then, was in a 'ſound ſleep. The ſkin of his neck, 'and one hand lifted up to defend 'himſelf, were ſlightly wounded be-'fore I ran the ruffian into the ſhoul-'der, as I did with my ſword, and in 'the ſame moment diſarmed him, and 'threw him with violence from the 'bed, againſt the door. He roared 'out that he was a dead man.

'A ſecond fellow had got up to the 'window, and was half in: he called 'out to a third below, to haſten up 'after him on a ladder, which was 'generally left in an out-houſe near 'the little garden.

'I haſtened to this ſecond fellow, 'who then fired a piſtol, but happily 'miſſed me; and who, feeling my 'ſword's point in his arm, threw him-'ſelf, with a little of my help, out of 'the window, upon the third fellow, 'who was mounting the ladder, and 'knocked him off: and then both 'made their eſcape by the way they 'came.

'The fellow within had fainted, 'and lay weltering in his blood.

'By this time the two women-ſer-'vants had let in our men, who had 'been alarmed by the report of the 'piſtol, and by the ſcreams of the wo-'men from their window: for they 'ventured not out of their chamber, 'till they were called upon for en-'trance, by their fellow-ſervant from 'below.

'The two footmen, by my direc-'tion, bound up the ruffian's ſhoul-'der: they dragged him down into 'the hall; he ſoon came to himſelf, 'and offered to make an ample con-'feſſion.

'Poor Mr. Danby had crept into 'my room, and in a corner of it had 'fainted away. We recovered him 'with difficulty.

'The fellow confeſſed, before a ma-'giſtrate, the whole villainy, and who 'ſet him at work: the other two, be-'ing diſabled by their bruiſes from 'flying far, were apprehended next 'day. The vile brother was ſent after 'to Dunkirk, according to the intel-'ligence given of him by the fellows; 'but he having informed himſelf of 'what had happened, got over from 'Calais to Dover.

'The wounded man, having loſt 'much blood, recovered not. They 'were all three ordered to be executed; 'but being interceded for, the ſurviv-'ing villains were ſent to the gallies.

'It ſeems they knew nothing of Mr. 'Danby's having a gueſt with him: 'if they had, they owned they would 'have made their attempt another 'night.'

We were about to deliver our ſen-timents on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles turning to Lady L. 'Let me aſk you,' ſaid he, (the ſer-vant being withdrawn) 'has Charlotte 'found out her own mind?'

'Yes, yes, Sir; I believe ſhe has 'opened all her heart to Miſs Byron.'

'Then I ſhall know more of it in 'ten minutes, than Charlotte would 'let me know in as many hours.'

'Stand by, every body,' ſaid the humorous lady—'Let me get up, and 'make my brother one of my beſt 'curtſeys.'

Sir Charles was juſt then called out to a meſſenger, who brought him let-ters from town. He returned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little diſcompoſed.

'I intended, Madam,' ſaid he to me, 'to have craved the honour of 'your company for half an hour in 'my lord's library, on the ſubject we 'were talking of: but theſe letters re-'quire my immediate attention. The 'meſſenger muſt return with my an-'ſwers to two of them, early in the 'morning.—You will have the good-'neſs,' looking round him, 'to diſ-'penſe with my attendance on you at 'ſupper.—But perhaps, Madam,' to me, 'you will be ſo good, as, in one 'word, to ſay "No, or Yes," for 'Charlotte.'

Miss Gr. 'What, Sir, to be *given* 'up without a preface!—I beg your

'pardon. *Leſs* than *ten words* ſhall 'not do, I aſſure you, though from 'my ſiſter Harriet.'

SIR CH. 'Who given up, Char-'lotte? *Yourſelf?* If ſo, I have my 'anſwer.'

MISS GR. 'Or Lord G.—I have 'not ſaid which. Would you have 'my poor lord rejected by a ſlighting 'monoſyllable only?'

LADY L. 'Mad girl!'

MISS GR. 'Why, Lady L. don't 'you ſee that Sir Charles wants to 'take me by *implication?* But my 'Lord G. is neither ſo ſoon loſt, nor 'Charlotte ſo eaſily won.—Harriet, if 'you would give up yourſelf at a firſt 'queſtion, then I will excuſe you if 'you give up *me* as eaſily; but not 'elſe.'

HARRIET. 'If Sir Charles thinks 'a conference upon the ſubject unne-'ceſſary—pray don't let us give him 'the trouble of holding one. His 'time, you ſee, is very precious.'

Can you gueſs, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I ſaid this?—If you think I was in a very good one, you are miſtaken; yet I was ſorry for it afterwards. Fooliſh ſelf-betrayer! Why ſhould I ſeem to wiſh for a conference with him? But that was not all.—To be petulant with ſuch a one, when his heart was diſtreſſed; for ſo it proved: but he was too polite, too great, ſhall I ſay? to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

'Had I,' ſaid he, 'ever ſo eaſily 'obtained a knowledge of my ſiſter's 'mind, I ſhould not have known how 'to depend upon it, were it not 'ſtrengthened, Madam, from your 'lips. The conference, therefore, 'which you gave me hopes you would 'favour me with, would have been 'abſolutely neceſſary. I hope Miſs 'Byron will allow me to invite her to 'it to-morrow morning. The intend-'ed ſubject of it is a very ſerious one 'with me. My ſiſter's happineſs, and 'that of a man not unworthy, are 'concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte 'has hitherto treated it.' He bowed, and was going.

MISS GR. 'Nay, pray, brother—'You muſt not leave me in anger.'

SIR CH. 'I do not, Charlotte. I 'had rather bear with you, than you 'ſhould with me. I ſee you cannot 'help it. A lively heart is a great 'bleſſing. Indulge it. Now is your 'time.'

'Dear doctor,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, when Sir Charles was gone out, 'what 'can be the meaning of my brother's 'gravity? It alarms me.'

DR. B. 'If goodneſs, Madam, 'would make a heart lively, Sir 'Charles's would be as lively as your 'own; but you might have perceived 'by his air, when he entered, that the 'letters brought him affected him too 'much to permit him to laugh off a 'light anſwer to a ſerious queſtion.'

MISS GR. 'Dear doctor!—But I 'do now recollect, that he entered with 'ſome little diſcompoſure on his coun-'tenance. How *could* I be ſo inat-'tentive?'

HARRIET. 'And I, too, I doubt, 'was a little captious.'

DR. B. 'A *very* little.—Pardon 'me, Madam.'

Juſt then came in the excellent man.

'Dr. Bartlett, I would wiſh to aſk 'you one queſtion,' ſaid he.

MISS GR. 'You are angry with 'me, brother.'

SIR CH. 'No, my dear!—But I 'am afraid I withdrew with too grave 'an air. I have been a thouſand times 'pleaſed with you, Charlotte, to one 'time diſpleaſed; and when I have 'been the latter, you have always 'known it: I had ſomething in my 'hand that ruffled me a little. But 'how could patience be patience, if it 'were not tried? I wanted to ſay a 'few words to my good Dr. Bartlett: 'and to ſay truth, being conſcious 'that I had departed a little abruptly, 'I could not be eaſy till I apologized 'in perſon for it; therefore came to '*aſk* the favour of the doctor's advice, 'rather than *requeſt* it by meſſage.'

The doctor and he withdrew together.

'In theſe ſmall inſtances,' ſaid my lord, 'are the characters of the heart 'diſplayed, far more than in greater. 'What excellence ſhines out in full 'luſtre, on this unaffected and ſeem-'ingly little occaſion! Fear of offend-'ing, of giving uneaſineſs; ſolicitude 'to remove doubts; patience recom-'mended in one ſhort ſentence, more 'forcibly than ſome would have done 'it in a long diſcourſe, as well as by 'example; cenſuring himſelf, not from

'a con-

'a conſciouſneſs of being wrong, but 'of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear 'ſiſter Charlotte, we ſhould all edify 'by ſuch an example.—But I ſay no 'more.'

MISS GR. 'And have *you* nothing 'to ſay, Harriet?'

HARRIET. 'Very little, ſince I have 'been much to blame myſelf: yet let 'me remind my Charlotte, that her 'brother was diſpleaſed with her yeſ-'terday, for treating too lightly a 'ſubject he had engaged in ſeriouſly; 'and that he has been forced to refer 'to her friend, rather than to herſelf, 'to help him to the knowledge of her 'mind. O Charlotte! regret you not 'the occaſion given for this expedi-'ent? And do you not [Yes, I ſee 'you do] bluſh for giving it? Yet 'to ſee him come voluntarily back, 'when he had left us in a grave hu-'mour, for fear the babies ſhould 'think him angry with them; O how 'great is he! and how little are we!'

MISS GR. 'Your ſervant, ſiſter Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* ſpeech, I think: but, great and good 'as my brother is, we know how it 'comes to paſs, that your pretty ima-'gination is always at work to ag-'grandize the man, and to lower the 'babies!'

HARRIET. 'I will not ſay another 'word on the ſubject. You are not 'generous, Charlotte.'

She took my hand: 'Forgive me, 'my dear—I touched too tender a 'ſtring.' Then turning to Miſs Jer-vois, and with the other hand taking hers, 'Why twinkles thus my girl?—'I charge you, Emily, tell me all you 'think.'

'I am thinking,' ſaid ſhe, 'that 'my guardian is not happy. To ſee 'him bear with every body; to have 'him keep all his troubles to himſelf, 'becauſe he would not afflict any body, 'and yet ſtudy to lighten and remove 'the troubles of every body elſe.—'Did he not ſay, that he ſhould be 'happy, but for the unhappineſs of 'other people?'

'Excellent young creature!' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: 'I love you every 'day better and better: for the future, 'my dear, do not retire, whatever 'ſubjects we talk of; I ſee that we 'may confide in your diſcretion. But, 'well as you love your guardian, ſay 'nothing to him of what women talk 'to women. My Lord L. is an ex-'ception in *this* caſe: he is one of us.'

HARRIET. 'O Miſs Grandiſon! 'what a mixed character is yours! 'How good you can be, when you 'pleaſe! and how naughty!'

MISS GR. 'Well, and you like me, 'juſt now?—That's the beauty of it; 'to offend and make up, at pleaſure. 'Old Terence was a ſhrewd man: "The "falling out of lovers," ſays he, (as 'Lord L. once quoted him) "is the re-"newal of love." Are we not now bet-'ter friends, than if we had never dif-'fered? And do you think that I will 'not, if I marry, exerciſe my huſ-band's patience now and then for 'this very purpoſe?—Let *me* alone, 'Harriet: now a quarrel; now a re-'conciliation; I warrant I ſhall be 'happier than any of the yawning 'ſee-ſaws in the kingdom. Everlaſt-'ing *ſummers* would be a grievance.'

HARRIET. 'You may be right, if 'you are exceeding *diſcreet* in your 'perverſeneſs, Charlotte; and yet if 'you *are*, you will not lay out for a 'quarrel, I fancy. The world, or 'you will have better luck than your 'brother ſeems to have had, will find 'you opportunities enow for exer-'ciſing the tempers of both, without 'your needing to ſtudy for occaſions.'

MISS GR. '*Study* for them, Har-'riet! I ſhan't ſtudy for them, nei-'ther: they will come of courſe.'

HARRIET. 'I was about to aſk a 'queſtion—But 'tis better let alone.'

MISS GR. 'I *will* have it. What 'was your queſtion? Don't you ſee 'what a good-natured fool I am? 'You may ſay any thing to me: I 'won't be angry.'

HARRIET. 'I was going to aſk 'you, if you were ever concerned two 'hours together, for any fault you 'ever committed in your life?'

MISS GR. 'Yes, yes, yes; and for 'two and twenty hours: for ſome-'times the inconveniences that fol-'lowed my errors were not preſently 'over, as in a certain caſe, which I'll 'be hanged if you have not in your 'head, with that ſly leer that ſhews 'the rogue in your heart: but when 'I got rid of conſequences, no bird 'in ſpring was ever more blythe. I 'carolled away every care at my 'harpſichord.—But Emily will think

'me mad.—Remember, child, that 'Miss Byron is the woman by whose 'mind you are to form yours: never 'regard *me* when she is in company.— 'But now,' (and she whimsically arose, and opened the door, and saying '*Be gone*,' shut it, and coming to her place) 'I have turned my folly out 'of door.'

FRIDAY MORN. SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I HAVE written for these two days past at every opportunity; and, for the two nights, (hardly knowing what sleepiness was) two hours each night have contented me. I wonder whether I shall be summoned bye and bye to the proposed conference; but I am equally sorry and apprehensive, on occasion of the letters which have given Sir Charles Grandison so much anxiety: foreign letters, I doubt not!—I wish this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory, rather. I never, till of late, was so narrow-hearted.—But that I have said before, twenty times.

I have written—How many sheets of paper—A monstrous letter—pacquet, rather. I will begin a new one with what shall offer this day. Adieu, till bye and bye, my Lucy.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24.

THE conference, the impatiently expected conference, my Lucy, is over: and what is the result?—Take the account of it, as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded. Miss Grandison and her lovers were not our only subjects. I will soon be with you, my dear.—But I'll try to be as minute as I used to be, notwithstanding.

'Notwithstanding what?'

You shall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfast. He entered with a kind of benign solemnity in his countenance; but the benignity increased, and the solemnity went off, after a little while.

My lord said, he was very sorry that he had met with any thing to disturb him, in the letters that were brought him yesterday. Emily joined by her eyes, though not in speech, her concern with his lordship's: Miss Grandison was sedately serious; Lady L. had expectation in her fine face; and Dr. Bartlett sat like a man that was determined to be silent. I had apprehension, and hope, I suppose, struggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wish for the expected conference, or not.

'Let us think of nothing, my lord, 'in this company,' said he, 'but what 'is agreeable.'

He enquired kindly of my health, and last night's rest, because of a slight cold that had affected my voice: of Emily, Why she was so sad? Of Lady L. and my lord, When they went out of town? Of Miss Grandison, Why she looked so '*meditatingly?*' that was his word.—'Don't you see, 'Miss Byron,' said he, 'that Char- 'lotte looks as if she had not quite 'settled the humour she intends to be 'in for the next half hour?'

'Charlotte looks,' I believe, Sir,' replied she, 'as if she were determined 'to take her humour for the next half 'hour from yours, whether grave or 'airy.'

'Then,' returned he, 'I will not 'be grave, because I will not have 'you so.—May I hope, Madam, bye 'and bye,' addressing himself to me, 'for the honour of your hand, to my 'lord's library?'

'Sir, I will—I will—attend you—' hesitated the simpleton: but she can't tell how she looked.

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on.

He conducted me to my lord's library.—How did I struggle with myself for presence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderness and respect in his countenance and air!

He seated me; then took his place over-against me. I believe I looked down, and conscious and silly; but there was such a respectful modesty in his looks, that one could not be uneasy at being now and then, with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: especially as, whenever I reared my eye-lids to cast a momentary look at him as he spoke, I was always sure to see his eye withdrawn: this gave more freedom to mine, than it possibly otherwise could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought *she* to be who prefers a bold

bold man! If she be *not* bold, how silly must she look under his staring confident eye! How must *her* want of courage add to his self-consequence?

Thus he began the subject we were to talk of.

'I will make no apology for requesting the favour of this conference with one of the most frank and open-hearted young ladies in the world: I shall have the honour, perhaps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one subject;' [How my heart throbbed!] 'but that which I shall begin with relates to my Lord G. and *our* sister Charlotte. I observe, from hints thrown out by herself, as well as from what Lady L. said, that she intends to encourage his addresses; but it is easy to see, that she thinks but slightly of him. I am indeed apprehensive that she is rather induced to favour my lord, from an opinion that he has my interest and good wishes, than from her own inclination. I have told her, more than once, that hers are, and shall be mine: but such is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted, that she prefers my lord to Sir Walter.'

'I believe, Sir—But why should I say *believe*, when Miss Grandison has *commissioned* me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom she greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns.'

'Does she, *can* she, do you think, Madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom she at present knows? In other words, is there *any* man that you think she would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely solicitous for my sister's happiness; and the more, because of her vivacity, which, I am afraid, will be thought less to become the wife, than the single woman.'

'I dare say, Sir, that if Miss Grandison thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. she would not encourage his addresses, upon any account.'

'I don't expect, Madam, that a woman of Charlotte's spirit and vivacity, who has been disappointed by a failure of supposed merit in her first love, (if we may so call it) should be deeply in love with a man who has not *very* striking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, though not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsick merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the same man have every thing. But if Lord G. consulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, Madam, you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has no part in the question. Lord G. wants not understanding: he is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man, a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman; he is also a mild man; he will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.'

'Miss Grandison, Sir, has authorized me to say, that if you approve of Lord G.'s addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of every thing relating to settlements, she will be entirely governed by you. Miss Grandison, Sir, has known Lord G. some time: his good character is well known. And I dare answer, that she will acquit herself with honour and prudence, in *every* engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all wordly ones.'

'Pray, Madam, may I ask, if you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr. Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G.?'

'I believe, Sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman, was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and, probably, never will again. Had she meant any thing by it, I dare say, she would not have put the questions about him in the manner she did.'

'I believe

'I believe so. I love my sister, and 'I love my friend. Mr. Beauchamp 'has delicacy. I could not bear, for '*her* sake, that were she to behold 'him in the light hinted at, he should 'imagine he had reason to think slightly of my sister, for the correspondence 'she carried on, in so private a manner, with a man absolutely unworthy 'of her. But I hope she meant nothing, but to give way to that vein 'of raillery, which, when opened, 'she knows not always how to stop.'

My spirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—'O my dear Miss Grandison!' said I, I was *afraid* she had forfeited, partly, at least, what she holds most dear, the good opinion of her brother!

'Forgive me, Madam, 'tis a generous pain that I have made you 'suffer: I adore you for it. But I 'think I can reveal all the secrets of 'my heart to you. Your noble frankness calls for equal frankness: you 'would inspire it, where it is not. 'My sister, as I told her more than 'once in your hearing, has not lost 'any of my love. I love her, with 'all her faults, but must not be blind 'to them. Shall not praise and dispraise be justly given? I have faults, 'great faults myself: what should I 'think of the man who called them 'virtues? How dangerous would it 'be to me, in that case, were my 'opinion of his judgment, joined to 'self-partiality, to lead me to believe 'him, and acquit myself?'

'This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandison.'

'It is worthy of every man, my good Miss Byron.'

'But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiscretion (I *must* own it to be such) should fasten reproach upon a woman who recovered herself so soon, and whose virtue was never sullied, or in danger.'

'Indeed it would: and therefore it 'was in tenderness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of 'promoting an alliance with a man of 'Mr. Beauchamp's nice notions, were 'both to incline to it.'

'I hope, Sir, that my dear Miss Grandison will run no risque of being 'slighted, by any *other* man, from a 'step which has cost her so dear in her 'peace of mind—' I hesitated, and looked down.

'I know, Madam, what you mean. 'Although I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I 'do Lord G. or any other man, as 'much justice, as I would do him. 'I was so apprehensive of my sister's indifference to Lord G. and of the 'difference in their tempers, though 'both good, that I did my utmost to 'dissuade him from thinking of her: 'and when I found that his love was 'fixed beyond the power of dissuasion, 'I told him of the affair between her 'and Captain Anderson; and how 'lately I had put an end to it. He 'flattered himself, that the indifference, with which she had hitherto received his addresses, was principally 'owing to the difficulty of her situation; which being now so happily 'removed, he had hopes of meeting 'with encouragement; and doubted 'not, if he did, of making a merit 'with her by his affection and gratitude. And now, Madam, give me 'your opinion—Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope she can) by 'indulgence, by love? Let me caution 'her by you, Madam, that it is fit 'she should still be more careful to 'restrain her vivacity if she marry a 'man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need to be if 'the difference were in his favour.

'Permit me to add, that if she should 'shew herself capable of returning 'slight for tenderness; of taking *such* 'liberties with a man who loves her, 'after she had given him her vows, as 'should depreciate him, and, of consequence, *herself*, in the eye of the 'world; I should be apt to forget that 'I had more than one sister: for, in 'cases of right and wrong, we ought 'not to know either relation or friend.'

Does not this man, Lucy, shew us, that goodness and greatness are synonymous words!

'I think, Sir,' replied I, 'that if 'Lord G. prove the good-natured 'man he seems to be; if he dislike not 'that brilliancy of temper in his *lady*, 'which he seems not to value *himself* 'upon, though he may have qualities, 'at least, *equally* valuable; I have no 'doubt but Miss Grandison will make 'him very happy: for has she not 'great and good qualities? Is she not

'generous,

'generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, Sir, that she is, 'and can it be supposed, that her 'charming vivacity will ever carry her 'so far beyond the bounds of prudence 'and discretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation 'she will have entered into requires 'of her.'

'Well, Madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling 'him, that he is at liberty to visit my 'sister, at her coming to town; or, 'if she come not soon (for he will be 'impatient to wait on her) at Colnebrook?'

'I dare say you may, Sir.'

'As to articles and settlements, I 'will undertake for all those things; 'but be pleased to tell her, that she is 'absolutely at her own liberty, for 'me. If she shall think, when she 'sees farther of Lord G.'s temper and 'behaviour, that she cannot esteem 'him as a wife ought to esteem her 'husband; I shall not be concerned, 'if she dismiss him: provided that she 'keeps him not in suspense, after she 'knows her own mind; but behaves 'to him according to the example set 'her by the best of women.'

I could not but know to whom he designed this compliment; and had like to have bowed; but was glad I did not.

'Well, Madam, and now I think 'this subject is concluded. I have 'already written a letter to Sir Walter, as at the request of my sister, to 'put an end, in the civillest terms, to 'his hopes. My Lord G. will be 'impatient for my return in town. I 'shall go with the more pleasure, be'cause of the joy I shall be able to 'give him.'

'You must be very happy, Sir; 'since, besides the pleasure you take 'in doing good for it's own sake, you 'are intitled to partake in a very high 'manner, of the pleasures of every 'one you know.'

He was so nobly modest, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed, at my entrance into my lord's study, would fall to my share: and I had, besides, been led into a presence of mind, by being made a person of some consequence in the love-case of another. But I was soon to have my whole attention engaged in a subject still nearer to my heart; as you shall hear.

'Indeed, Madam,' said he, 'I am 'not *very* happy in myself. Is it not 'right, then, to endeavour, by pro'moting the happiness of others, to 'entitle myself to a share of theirs?'

'If *you* are not happy, Sir—' and I stopped; I believe I sighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I should want it.

'There seems,' said he, 'to be a 'mixture of generous concern, and 'kind curiosity, in one of the loveliest 'and most intelligent faces in the 'world. My sisters have, in your 'presence, expressed a great deal of 'the latter. Had I not been myself 'in a manner uncertain as to the event, 'that must, in some measure, govern 'my future destiny, I would have 'gratified it; especially as my Lord 'L. has of late joined in it. The 'crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.'

'I do remember you said so, Sir.' And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps*. I had not thought of any words half so often, since he spoke them.

'The crisis, Madam, *is* at hand: 'and I had not intended to open my 'lips upon the subject till it was over, 'except to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the 'whole affair, and indeed every affair 'of my life: but, as I hinted before, 'my heart is opened by the frankness 'of yours. If you will be so good as to 'indulge me, I will briefly lay before 'you a few of the difficulties of my 'situation; and leave it to you to 'communicate or not at your pleasure, 'what I shall relate, to my two sisters 'and Lord L. You four seem to be 'animated by one soul.'

'I am extremely concerned, Sir—I 'am very much concerned,'—repeated the trembling simpleton, [one cheek feeling to myself very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimson, perhaps to the eye] 'that any thing should make you un'happy. But, Sir, I shall think my'self favoured by your confidence.'

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy, I almost wish I had not heard it myself.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

'I Do not intend, Madam, to trou-
'ble you with the hiſtory of all
'that part of my life which I was
'obliged to paſs abroad from about
'the ſeventeenth, to near the twenty-
'fifth year of my age: though perhaps
'it has been as buſy a period as could
'well be, in the life of a man ſo
'young, and who never ſought to
'tread in oblique or crooked paths.
'After this entrance into it, Dr. Bart-
'lett ſhall be at liberty to ſatisfy
'your curioſity in a more *particular*
'manner; for he and I have corre-
'ſponded for years, with an inti-
'macy that has few examples be-
'tween a youth and a man in advanced
'life. And here let me own the ad-
'vantages I have received from his
'condeſcenſion; for I found the fol-
'lowing queſtions often occur to me,
'and to be of the higheſt ſervice in
'the conduct of my life—"What ac-
"count ſhall I give of this to Dr.
"Bartlett?"—"How, were I to give
"way to this temptation, ſhall I re-
"port it to Dr. Bartlett?"——Or,
"Shall I be a hypocrite, and only in-
"form him of the beſt, and meanly
"conceal from him the worſt?"

'Thus, Madam, was Dr. Bartlett
'in the place of a ſecond conſcience to
'me. And many a good thing did
'I do, many a bad one did I avoid,
'for having ſet up ſuch a monitor over
'my conduct. And it was the more
'neceſſary that I ſhould, as I am na-
'turally paſſionate, proud, ambitious;
'and as I had the honour of being
'early diſtinguiſhed (pardon, Madam,
'the ſeeming vanity) by a ſex, of
'which no man was ever a greater ad-
'mirer; and, poſſibly the *more* diſ-
'tinguiſhed, as for my ſafety ſake, I
'was as ſtudious to decline intimacy
'with the gay ones of it, however
'dignified by rank, or celebrated for
'beauty, as moſt young men are
'to cultivate their favour.

'Nor is it ſo much to be wondered
'at, that I had advantages which
'every one who travels has not. Re-
'ſiding for ſome time at the principal
'courts, and often viſiting the ſame
'places, in the length of time I was
'abroad, I was conſidered, in a man-
'ner, as a native, at the ſame time
'that I was treated with the reſpect
'that is generally paid to travellers
'of figure, as well in France, as Ita-
'ly. I was very genteely ſupported:
'I ſtood in high credit with my coun-
'trymen, to whom I had many ways of
'being ſerviceable. They made known
'to every body my father's affection for
'me; his magnificent ſpirit; the an-
'cient families on both ſides, from
'which I was deſcended. I kept the
'beſt company; avoided intrigues;
'made not myſelf obnoxious to ſerious
'or pious people, though I ſcrupled not
'to avow, when called upon, my own
'principles. From all theſe advan-
'tages, I was reſpected beyond my
'degree.

'I ſhould not, Madam, have been
'thus laviſh in my own praiſe, but
'to account to you for the favour I
'ſtood in with ſeveral families of the
'firſt rank; and to ſuggeſt an excuſe
'for more than one of them, who
'thought it no diſgrace to wiſh me to
'be allied with them.

'Lord L. mentioned to you, Ma-
'dam, and my ſiſters, a Florentine
'lady, by the name of Olivia. She
'is, indeed, a woman of high quali-
'ties, nobly born, generous, amiable
'in her features, genteel in her per-
'ſon, and miſtreſs of a great fortune
'in poſſeſſion, which is entirely at her
'own diſpoſal; having not father,
'mother, brother, or other near re-
'lations. The firſt time I ſaw her
'was at the opera. An opportunity
'offered in her ſight, where a lady,
'inſulted by a lover made deſperate by
'her juſt refuſal of him, claimed and
'received my protection. What I did,
'on the occaſion, was generally ap-
'plauded: Olivia, in particular, ſpoke
'highly of it. Twice, afterwards,
'I ſaw her in company where I was a
'viſiter: I had not the preſumption to
'look up to her with hope; but my
'countryman, Mr. Jervois, gave me
'to underſtand, that I might be ma-
'ſter of my own fortune with Lady
'Olivia. I pleaded difference of reli-
'gion: he believed, he ſaid, that mat-
'ter might be made eaſy—But could
'I be pleaſed with the change, would
'ſhe have made it, when paſſion, not
'conviction, was likely to be the mo-
'tive?—There could be no objection

'to

to her perſon: nobody queſtioned
her virtue; but ſhe was violent and
imperious in her temper. I had
never left mind out of my notions
of love: I could not have been
happy with her, had ſhe been queen
of the globe. I had the mortifica-
tion of being obliged to declare my-
ſelf to the lady's face: it *was* a
mortification to me, as much for her
ſake as my own. I was obliged to
leave Florence upon it, for ſome
time; having been apprized, that the
ſpirit of revenge had taken place of a
gentler paſſion, and that I was in
danger from it.

'How often did I lament the want
of that refuge in a father's arms,
and in my native country, which
ſubjected me to evils that were
more than a match for my tender
years, and to all the inconveniences
that can attend a baniſhed man!
Indeed, I often conſidered myſelf in
this light; and, as the inconveniences
happened, was ready to repine; and
the more ready, as I could not afflict
myſelf with the thought of having
forfeited my father's love; on the
contrary, as the conſtant inſtances
which I received of his paternal good-
neſs, made me ſtill more earneſt to
acknowledge it at his feet.'

Ought I to have forborne, Lucy, ſhewing a ſenſibility at my eyes on this affecting inſtance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wiſh I had more command of myſelf: but conſider, my dear, the affecting ſubject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have ſaid, as I *truly* might, 'Your filial good-neſs, Sir, affects me!' but, with the conſciouſneſs that muſt have accompanied the words, would not that, to ſo nice a diſcerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? Theſe little tricks of ours, Lucy, may ſatisfy our own punctilio, and ſerve to keep us in countenance with ourſelves, (and that, indeed, is doing ſomething;) but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to ſhew, that we imagined a cover, a veil, wanting; and what is that veil, but a veil of gauze?

What makes me ſo much afraid of this man's diſcernment? Am I not an honeſt girl, Lucy?

He proceeded,

'From this violent lady I had great
trouble; and to this day—But this
part of my ſtory I leave to Dr. Bartlett
to acquaint you with. I mention it
as a matter that *yet* gives me con-
cern, for her ſake, and as what I
find has given ſome amuſement to
my ſiſter Charlotte's curioſity.

'But I haſten to the affair which,
of all others, has moſt embarraſſed
me; and which, engaging my com-
paſſion, though my honour is free,
gives torture to my very ſoul.'

I found myſelf not well—I thought I ſhould have fainted.—The apprehenſions of his taking it as I wiſhed him not to take it, (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*) made me worſe. Had I been by *myſelf*, that faintiſhneſs might have come over my heart. I am ſure it was not *that*; but it ſeized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll ſay.

With a countenance full of tender concern, he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. 'My dear Miſs
Jervois,' ſaid I, leaning upon her—
'Excuſe me, Sir!'—And I withdrew to to the door: and, when there, finding my faintiſhneſs going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: 'I
am better, Sir, already; I will re-
turn, inſtantly. I muſt beg of you
to proceed with your intereſting
ſtory.'

I was well the moment I was out of the ſtudy. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I ſat too near the fire: that was it, to be ſure; and I ſaid ſo, on my return, which was the moment I had drank a glaſs of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abaſh me by *cauſeleſsly* laying my diſorder on his ſtory, and by offering to diſcontinue or poſtpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that*; I ſhould eaſily have diſtinguiſhed it, if it had: on the contrary, as I am not generally ſo much affected at the moment when any thing unhappy befals me, as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh conſequences, I was quite brave in my heart. 'Any thing,' thought I, 'is better than ſuſpenſe.' Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itſelf; and I warrant I bear, as well as he, an evil that is inevitable. At this inſtant, this trying inſtant, however, I found myſelf thus brave: ſo, my

dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage, and desired him to proceed; but held by the arm of my chair, to steady me, lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness *had* left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy: and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any thing in his story. He proceeded.

'At Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquisses and counts of Porretta, which boasts it's pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

'The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: his lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons, and a daughter.'

['Ah, that daughter!' thought I.]

'The eldest of the sons is a general officer, in the service of the King of the Two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a bishop. The interest of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the Sacred College. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the King of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just, notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her, *The pride of his life*; her mother, *Her other self*; *her own Clementina*.'

['Clementina!']—Ah, Lucy! what a pretty name is Clementina!

'I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: but a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good-nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

'Such a friendship could not hold, while each stood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In short, we parted, nor held a correspondence in absence: but afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniences, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

'It however held not many months: a lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, against warning, against promise.

'On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be: he even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generously has he acknowledged since the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the result was, they parted, resolving never more to see each other.

'Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference; and one of the lady's admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoes to assassinate him.

'The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frighted horse ran cross the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody: this making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians;

'fians; one of whom was juſt ſtopping his mouth, the other ſtabbing him. I leaped out of the poſt-chaiſe, and drew my ſword, running towards them as faſt as I could; and calling to my ſervants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this they fled; and I heard them ſay, "Let us make off; we have "done his buſineſs." Incenſed at the villainy, I purſued them, and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuſs, juſt as he preſented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but ſeeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a ſudden, two others appearing with their horſes, I thought it beſt to retreat, though I would fain have ſecured one of them. My ſervants then ſeeing my danger, haſtened, ſhouting, towards me. The bravoes (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) ſeemed as glad to get off with their reſcued companion, as I was to retire. I haſtened then to the unhappy man: but how much was I ſurprized, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in diſguiſe, had been actually purſuing his amour.

'He gave ſigns of life. I inſtantly diſpatched one of my ſervants to Cremona, for a ſurgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his ſhoulder, the other in his breaſt. He had one in his hip joint, which diſabled him from helping himſelf, and which I found beyond my ſkill to do any thing with; only endeavouring with my handkerchief to ſtop it's bleeding.

'I helped him into my chaiſe, ſtepped in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me, they had in another part of the thicket, found his ſervant bound and wounded, his horſe lying dead by his ſide. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaiſe, he being ſtiff with his hurts, and unable to ſtand.

'I walked by the ſide of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to ſhorten the way of the expected ſurgeon.

'My ſervant ſoon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The ſurgeon dreſſed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that opening his eyes, he beheld, and knew me; and being told by the ſurgeon, that he owed his preſervation to me, "O Grandiſon!" ſaid he, "that I had followed your advice! that I had kept "my promiſe with you!—How did "I inſult you!—Can my deliverer "forgive me? You ſhall be the director of my future life, if it pleaſe "God to reſtore me."

'His wounds proved not mortal: but he never will be the man he was; partly from his having been unſkilfully treated by this his firſt ſurgeon, and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip joint. Excuſe this particularity, Madam. The ſubject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deſerves it, and all your pity.

'I attended him at Cremona, till he was fit to remove. He was viſited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another. The ſuffering of one is the ſuffering of every one. The barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, ſiſter, for the ſweetneſs of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit ſo delightfully gay and lively, that his company was ſought by every body.

'You will eaſily believe, Madam, from what I have ſaid, how acceptable to the whole family the ſervice was which I had been ſo happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bleſs me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the perſon whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his ſiſter, and to both brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occaſion of the coolneſs that had paſſed between us, with circumſtances as honourable for me, as the contrary for himſelf: ſuch were his penitential confeſſions, in the deſperate condition to which he found himſelf reduced.

'He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-ſide, frequently called for a repetition of thoſe arguments which he had, till *now*, derided. He beſought me to forgive him for treat-

'ing them before with levity, and me 'with diſreſpect, next, as he ſaid, to 'inſult: and he begged his family to 'conſider me not only as the preſerver 'of his life, but as the reſtorer of his '*morals*. This gave the whole family 'the higheſt opinion of *mine*; and ſtill 'more to ſtrengthen it, the generous 'youth produced to them, though as 'I may ſay, at his own expence, (for 'his reformation was ſincere) a letter 'which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes 'to enforce his temporary convictions; 'for he had a noble nature, and a 'lively ſenſe of what was due to his 'character, and to the love and piety 'of his parents, the biſhop, and his 'ſiſter; though he was loth to think 'he could be wrong in thoſe purſuits 'in which he was willing to indulge 'himſelf.

'Never was there a more grateful 'family. The noble *father* was un'eaſy, becauſe he knew not how to 'acknowledge, according to the large'neſs of his heart, to a man in genteel 'circumſtances, the obligation laid 'upon them all. The *mother*, with a 'freedom more amiably great than the 'Italian ladies are accuſtomed to ex'preſs, bid her Clementina regard, as 'her fourth brother, the preſerver of 'the third. The *barone* declared, that 'he ſhould never reſt, nor *recover*, 'till he had got me rewarded in ſuch 'manner as all the world ſhould think 'I had honour done me in it.

'When the barone was removed to 'Bologna, the whole family were ſtu'dious to make occaſions to get me 'among them. The general made me 'promiſe, when *my relations*, as he 'was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf, at 'Bologna, could part with me, to give 'him my company at Naples. The 'biſhop, who paſſed all the time he 'had to ſpare from his dioceſe, at Bo'logna, and who is a learned man, in 'compliment to his *fourth* brother, 'would have me initiate him into the 'knowledge of the Engliſh tongue.

'Our Milton has deſervedly a name 'among them. The friendſhip that 'there was between him and a learned 'nobleman of their country, endeared 'his memory to them. Milton, there'fore, was a principal author with us. 'Our lectures were uſually held in the 'chamber of the wounded brother, in 'order to divert him: *he* alſo became 'my ſcholar. The father and mother 'were often preſent; and at ſuch times 'their Clementina was ſeldom abſent. '*She* alſo called me her tutor; and 'though ſhe was not half ſo often pre'ſent at the lectures as her brothers 'were, made a greater proficiency than 'either of them.'

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

'The father, as well as the biſhop, 'is learned; the mother well read. 'She had had the benefit of a French 'education; being brought up by her 'uncle, who reſided many years at Pa'ris in a publick character: and her 'daughter had, under her own eye, 'advantages in her education which 'are hardly ever allowed or ſought after 'by the Italian ladies. In ſuch com'pany, you may believe, Madam, 'that I, who was kept abroad againſt 'my wiſhes, paſſed my time very agree'ably. I was particularly honoured 'with the confidence of the marchion'eſs, who opened her heart to me, 'and conſulted me on every material 'occurrence. Her lord, who is one 'of the politeſt of men, was never bet'ter pleaſed than when he found us to'gether; and not ſeldom, though we 'were not engaged in lectures, the 'fair Clementina claimed a right to be 'where her mother was.

'About this time, the young Count 'of Belvedere returned to Parma, in 'order to ſettle in his native country. 'His father was a favourite in the court 'of the Princeſs of Parma, and at'tended that lady to Madrid, on her 'marriage with the late King of Spain, 'where he held a very conſiderable 'poſt, and lately died there immenſely 'rich. On a viſit to this noble family, 'the young lord ſaw, and loved Cle'mentina.

'The Count of Belvedere is a 'handſome, a gallant, a ſenſible man; 'his fortune is very great: ſuch an 'alliance was not to be ſlighted. The 'marquis gave his countenance to it: 'the marchioneſs favoured me with 'ſeveral converſations upon the ſub'ject. She was of opinion, perhaps, 'that it was neceſſary to know my 'thoughts, on this occaſion; for the 'younger brother, unknown to me, 'declared, that he thought there was 'no way of rewarding my merits to 'the family, but by giving me a rela'tion to it. Dr. Bartlett, Madam,

'can

can shew you, from my letters to him, some conversations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of goodness, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

'For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise, that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: but I checked the vanity the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myself to the young lady's favour, though but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

'The pride of a family so illustrious in it's descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart: but above all, the difference in religion; the young lady so remarkably stedfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to a heretick the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta; all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

'About the same time, the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: hardly any thing else was talked of in Italy, but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding; but it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholick religion; and Clementina particularly pleased herself, that then her *heretick tutor* would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the church; and she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

'I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German courts that was less interested than they were in Italy, in the success of the chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

'I communicated my intention to the marchioness first: the noble lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour, in this particular; and she so well satisfied the marquis, in this respect, that, on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the subject; Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed

'themselves

'themſelves in a cloſet adjoining to 'the room we were in, and which 'communicated to another, as well as 'to that: they had no reaſon to be 'diſſatisfied with what they heard me 'ſay to their daughter.

'The time of my departure from 'Italy drawing near, and the young 'lady repeatedly refuſing the Count of 'Belvedere, the younger brother (ſtill 'unknown to me, for he doubted not 'but I ſhould rejoice at the honour he 'hoped to prevail upon them to do me) 'declared in my favour. They ob-'jected the more obvious difficulties 'in relation to religion, and my coun-'try: he deſired to be commiſſioned 'to talk to me on thoſe ſubjects, and 'to his ſiſter on her motives for re-'fuſing the Count of Belvedere; but 'they would not hear of his ſpeaking 'to me on this ſubject; the mar-'chioneſs giving generous reaſons, on 'my behalf, for her joining in the 'refuſal; and undertaking herſelf to 'talk to her daughter, and to demand 'of her her reaſons for rejecting every 'propoſal that had been made her.

'She accordingly cloſeted her Cle-'mentina. She could get nothing 'from her but tears: a ſilence, with-'out the leaſt appearance of ſullenneſs, 'had for ſome days before ſhewn, that 'a deep melancholy had began to lay 'hold of her heart: ſhe was, how-'ever, offended when love was attri-'buted to her; yet her mother told 'me, that ſhe could not but ſuſpect, 'that ſhe was under the dominion of 'that paſſion without knowing it; and 'the rather, as ſhe was never chearful 'but when ſhe was taking leſſons for 'learning a tongue, which never, as 'the marchioneſs ſaid, was likely to 'be of uſe to her.'

['As the *marchioneſs* ſaid!'—Ah, my Lucy!]

'The melancholy increaſed. Her 'tutor, as he was called, was deſired 'to talk to her. He did. It was a 'taſk put upon him, that had it's diffi-'culties. It was obſerved, that ſhe 'generally aſſumed a chearful air while 'ſhe was with *him*, but ſaid little; yet 'ſeemed pleaſed with every thing he 'ſaid to her; and the little ſhe did 'anſwer, though he ſpoke in Italian 'or French, was in her newly-ac-'quired language: but the moment he 'was gone, her countenance fell, and 'ſhe was ſtudious to find opportuni-'ties to get from company.'

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curioſity kept up my ſpirits. 'When 'I come to reflect,' thought I, 'I ſhall 'have it all upon my pillow.']

'Her parents were in the deepeſt 'affliction. They conſulted phyſici-'ans, who all pronounced her malady 'to be love. She was taxed with it; 'and all the indulgence promiſed her 'that her heart could wiſh, as to the 'object; but ſtill ſhe could not, with 'patience, bear the imputation. Once 'ſhe aſked her woman, who told her 'that ſhe was certainly in love, "Would "you have me hate myſelf?"—Her 'mother talked to her of the paſſion in 'favourable terms, and as laudable: 'ſhe heard her with attention, but 'made no anſwer.

'The evening before the day I was 'to ſet out for Germany, the family 'made a ſumptuous entertainment, in 'honour of a gueſt on whom they had 'conferred ſo many favours. They 'had brought themſelves to approve 'of his departure the more readily, as 'they were willing to ſee, whether his 'abſence would affect their Clemen-'tina; and, if it did, in what manner.

'They left it to her choice, whether 'ſhe would appear at table, or not. 'She choſe to be there. They all re-'joiced at her recovered ſpirits. She 'was exceeding chearful: ſhe ſup-'ported her part of the converſation, 'during the whole evening, with her 'uſual vivacity and good ſenſe, inſo-'much, that I wiſhed to myſelf I had 'departed ſooner. "Yet it is ſurpriz-"ing," thought I, "that this young "lady, who ſeemed always to be "pleaſed, and even ſince theſe reve-"ries have had power over her, to be "moſt chearful in my company, ſhould "rejoice in my departure; ſhould ſeem "to owe her recovery to it; a depar-"ture which every one elſe kindly "regrets:" and yet there was no-'thing in her behaviour or looks that 'appeared in the leaſt affected. When 'acknowledgments were made to me 'of the pleaſure I had given to the 'whole family, ſhe joined in them: 'when my health and happineſs were 'wiſhed, ſhe added *her* wiſhes by

'chearful

'chearful bows, as she sat: when 'they wished to see me again, before 'I went to England, she did the same. 'So that my heart was dilated; I was 'overjoyed to see such a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, 'she stood forward to receive my compliments, with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand 'with my lips: "My brother's deliverer," said she, "must not affect "this distance," and, in a manner, 'offered her cheek: adding, "God "preserve my tutor wherever he sets "his foot!" (and, in English, "God "convert you too, chevalier!) May "you never want such an agreeable "friend as you have been to us!"

'Signor Jeronymo was not able to 'be with us. I went up to take leave 'of him: "O my Grandison!" said 'he, 'and flung his arms about my 'neck; "and will you go?—Blessings "attend you!—But what will become "of a brother and sister, when they "have lost you?"

"You will rejoice me," replied I, "if you will favour me with a few "lines, by a servant whom I shall "leave behind me for three or four "days, and who will find me at In"spruck, to let me know how you "all do; and whether your sister's "health continues."

"She must, she shall be yours," said 'he, "if I can manage it. Why, "why will you leave us?"

'I was surprized to hear him say 'this: he had never before been so 'particular.

"That cannot, cannot be," said I. "There are a thousand obstacles—"

"All of which," rejoined he, "that "depends upon us, I doubt not to "overcome. Your heart is not with "Olivia?"

'They all knew, from that lady's 'indiscretion, of the proposals that had 'been made me, relating to her; and 'of my declining them. I assured 'him that my heart was free.

'We agreed upon a correspondence, 'and I took leave of one of the most 'grateful of men.

'But how much was I afflicted when 'I received at Inspruck the expected 'letter, which acquainted me, that 'this sunshine lasted no longer than 'the next day! The young lady's ma'lady returned with redoubled force.

'Shall I, Madam, briefly relate to 'you the manner in which, as her 'brother wrote, it operated upon her?

'She shut herself up in her cham'ber, not seeming to regard or know 'that her woman was in it; nor did 'she answer to two or three questions 'that her woman asked her: but, set'ting her chair with it's back towards 'her, over-against a closet in the room, 'after a profound silence, she bent for'wards, and, in a low voice, seemed 'to be communing with a person in 'the closet.—"And you say he is "actually gone? Gone for ever? No, "not for ever!"

"Who gone, Madam?" said her 'woman. "To whom do you direct "your discourse?"

"We were all obliged to him, no "doubt. So bravely to rescue my "brother, and to pursue the bravoes; "and, as my brother says, to put him "in his own chaise, and walk on foot "by the side of it.—Why, as you say, "assassins might have murdered him: "the horses might have trampled him "under their feet." Still looking as 'if she were speaking to somebody in 'the closet.

'Her woman stepped to the closet, 'and opened the door, and left it open, 'to take off her attention to the place, 'and to turn the course of her ideas; 'but still she bent forwards towards it, 'and talked calmly, as if to somebody 'in it: then breaking into a faint 'laugh, "In love!—that is such a "silly notion: and yet I love every "body better than I love myself."

'Her mother came into the room 'just then. The young lady arose in 'haste, and shut the closet-door, as if 'she had somebody hid there; and, 'throwing herself at her mother's feet, "My dear, my ever-honoured mam"ma," said she, "forgive me for all "the trouble I have caused you.—But "I will, I must, you can't deny me; "I will be God's child, as well as "yours. I will go into a nunnery."

'It came out afterwards, that her 'confessor, taking advantage of con'fessions extorted from her of regard 'for her tutor, though only such as a 'sister might bear to a brother, but 'which he had suspected might come 'to be of consequence, had filled her 'tender mind with terrors, that had 'thus affected her head. She is, as I

'have

'have told you, Madam, a young lady 'of exemplary piety.

'I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender 'heart, my good Miss Byron!'

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed I did.—Poor young lady!—But my mind was *fitted* for the indulging of scenes of melancholy.]

'Pray, Sir, proceed,' said I: 'what 'a heart must that be, which bleeds 'not for such a distress!—Pray, Sir, 'proceed.'

'Be it Dr. Bartlett's task to give 'you farther particulars. I will be 'briefer—I will not indulge my own 'grief.

'All that medicine could do, was 'tried: but her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, 'kept up her fears and terrors. He 'saw the favour her tutor was in with 'the whole family; he knew that the 'younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: 'he had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his 'principles; and, betwixt her piety 'and her gratitude, had raised such a 'conflict in her mind, as her tender 'nature could not bear.

'At Florence lives a family of high 'rank and honour, the ladies of which 'have with them a friend noted for 'the excellency of her heart, and her 'genius; and who, having been robbed 'of her fortune early in life by an uncle 'to whose care she was committed by 'her dying father, was received, both 'as a companion and a blessing, by 'the ladies of the family she has now 'for many years lived with. She is 'an English woman, and a Protestant; 'but so very discreet, that her being 'so, though at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value 'for her, and yet they are all zealous 'Roman Catholicks. These two ladies, 'and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della 'Porretta's; and there the distressed 'mother told them the mournful tale: 'the ladies, who think nothing that 'is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their Mrs. BEAUMONT, wished that the young lady 'might be entrusted for a week to her 'care, at their own house at Florence.

'It was consented to, as soon as 'proposed; and Signora Clementina 'was as willing to go; there having 'always been an intimacy between the 'families; and she (as every body 'else) having a high opinion of Mrs. 'Beaumont. They took her with them 'on the day they set out from Florence.

'Here again, for shortening my 'story, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. 'Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom 'of the malady: she gave her advice 'to the family upon it. They were 'resolved (Signor Jeronymo supported her advice) to be governed by it. 'The young lady was told, that she 'should be indulged in all her wishes. 'She then acknowledged what those 'were; and was the easier for the acknowledgment, and for the advice 'of such a prudent friend: and returned to Bologna much more composed than when she left it. The 'tutor was sent for, by common consent; for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino 'branch, as well as the general, being present. In that, the terms to 'be proposed to the supposed happy 'man were settled; but they were not 'to be mentioned to him, till after he 'had seen the lady: a wrong policy, 'surely.

'He was then at Vienna. Signor 'Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms; as a man, 'whom he had it now, at last, in his 'power to reward: and he hinted, in 'general, that the conditions would 'be such, as it was impossible but he 'must find his very great advantage 'in them; as to fortune, to be sure, 'he meant.

'The friend so highly valued could 'not but be affected with the news; 'yet, knowing the lady and the family, he was afraid that the articles of 'residence and religion would not be 'easily compromised between them. 'He therefore summoned up all his 'prudence to keep his fears alive, and 'his hope in suspense.

'He arrived at Bologna. He was 'permitted to pay his compliments to 'Lady Clementina in her mother's 'presence. How agreeable, how nobly 'frank, was the reception both from 'mother and daughter! How high ran 'the congratulations of Jeronymo! 'He called the supposed happy man '*brother*. The marquis was ready to

'recognize

'recognize the *fourth* ſon in him. A 'great fortune additional to an eſtate 'bequeathed her by her two grand-'fathers, was propoſed. My father 'was to be invited over, to grace the 'nuptials by his preſence.

'But let me cut ſhort the reſt. The 'terms could not be complied with. 'For I was to make a formal renun-'ciation of my religion, and to ſettle 'in Italy; only once, in two or three 'years, was allowed, if I pleaſed, for 'two or three months, to go to Eng-'land; and as a viſit of curioſity, 'once in her life, if their daughter 'deſired it, to carry her thither, for a 'time to be limited by them.

'What muſt be my grief, to be 'obliged to diſappoint ſuch expecta-'tions as were raiſed by perſons who 'had ſo ſincere a value for me! You 'cannot, Madam, imagine my diſ-'treſs: ſo little as could be expected 'to be allowed by them to the prin-'ciples of a man whom they ſuppoſed 'to be in an error that would inevi-'tably caſt him into perdition! But 'when the friendly brother implored 'my compliance; when the excellent 'mother, in effect, beſought me to 'have pity on *her* heart, and on her '*child's* head; and when the tender, 'the amiable Clementina, putting *her-'ſelf* out of the queſtion, urged me, 'for my ſoul's ſake, to embrace the 'doctrines of her holy mother, the 'church—What, Madam—But how 'I grieve you!'

[He ſtopped—His handkerchief was of uſe to him, as mine was to me.—What a diſtreſs was here!]

'And what, and what, Sir,' ſobbing, 'was the reſult? Could you, '*could* you reſiſt?'

'Satisfied in my own faith; entirely 'ſatisfied! Having inſuperable objec-'tions to that I was wiſhed to em-'brace!—A lover of my native coun-'try too—Were not my God and my 'country to be the ſacrifice, if I com-'plied! But I *laboured*, I *ſtudied*, for 'a compromiſe. I muſt have been 'unjuſt to Clementina's merit, and to 'my own character, had ſhe not been 'dear to me. And indeed I beheld 'graces in her *then*, that I had before 'reſolved to ſhut my eyes againſt; her 'rank next to princely; her fortune 'high as her rank; religion; coun-'try; all ſo many obſtacles that had 'appeared to me inſuperable, removed 'by themſelves; and no apprehenſion 'left of a breach of the laws of hoſpi-'tality, which had, till now, made 'me ſtruggle to behold one of the moſt 'amiable and noble-minded of women 'with indifference.—I offered to live 'one year in Italy, one in England, 'by turns, if their dear Clementina 'would live with me there; if not, I 'would content myſelf with paſſing 'only three months, in every year, in 'my native country. I propoſed to 'leave her entirely at her liberty in 'the article of religion; and, in caſe 'of children by the marriage, the 'daughters to be educated by *her*, the 'ſons by *me*; a condition to which his 'Holineſs himſelf, it was preſumed, 'would not refuſe his ſanction, as 'there were precedents for it. This, 'Madam, was a great ſacrifice to 'compaſſion, to love.—What *could* I 'more!'

'And would not, Sir, would not 'Clementina conſent to this compro-'miſe?'

'Ah, the unhappy lady! It is this 'reflection that ſtrengthens my grief. 'She *would* have conſented: ſhe was 'earneſt to procure the conſent of her 'friends upon theſe terms. This her 'earneſtneſs in my favour, devoted as 'ſhe was to her religion, *excites* my 'compaſſion, and *calls for* my grati-'tude.

'What ſcenes, what diſtreſsful 'ſcenes, followed!—The noble father 'forgot his promiſed indulgence; the 'mother indeed ſeemed, in a manner, 'neutral; the youngeſt brother was 'ſtill, however, firm in my cauſe; 'but the marquis, the general, the 'biſhop, and the whole Urbino branch 'of the family, were not to be moved; 'and the leſs, becauſe they conſidered 'the alliance as derogatory to their 'own honour, in the ſame proportion 'as they thought it honourable to me; 'a *private*, an *obſcure* man, as now 'they began to call me. In ſhort, I 'was allowed, I was *deſired*, to depart 'from Bologna; and not ſuffered to 'take leave of the unhappy Clemen-'tina, though on her knees ſhe begged 'to be allowed a parting interview.—'And what was the conſequence?—'Dr. Bartlett muſt tell the reſt.—Un-

'happy Clementina!—Now they wish 'me to make them one more visit at 'Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—'To what purpose?'

I saw his noble heart was too much affected, to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, O my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. 'Unhappy Clementina!' let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison!—And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am sure, *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Was *forced* to lay down my pen. I begin a new letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles saw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and soothe me. 'I 'have often,' said he, 'referred you, 'in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I 'will beg of him to let you see any 'thing you shall wish to see, in the 'free and unreserved correspondence 'we have held. You who love to en'tertain your friends with your nar'rations, will find something, per'haps, in a story like this, to engage 'their curiosity. On their honour and 'candour, I am sure, I may depend. 'Are they not *your* friends? Would 'to Heaven it were in my *power* 'to contribute to *their* pleasure and 'yours!'

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

'I told you, Madam, that my com'passion was engaged; but that my 'honour was free; I *think* it is so. 'But when you have seen all that Dr. 'Bartlett will shew you, you will be 'better able to judge *of* me, and *for* 'me. I had rather be thought fa'vourably of by Miss Byron, than by 'any woman in the world.'

'Who, Sir,' said I, 'knowing only 'so far as I know of the unhappy Cle'mentina, but must wish her to be—'

Ah Lucy! there I stopped—I had like to have been a false girl!—And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to say what I was going to say?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not use to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all selfishness? But am I so now?

'And now, Madam,' said he, [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—A tenderness *so* speaking in his eyes; a respectfulness *so* solemn in his countenance; he just touched it, and withdrew his hand] 'what shall I say?—'I cannot tell what I *should* say—But 'you, I see, can pity me—You can 'pity the noble Clementina—Honour 'forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—'Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous '—selfish!'—

He arose from his seat—'Allow me, 'Madam, to thank you for the favour 'of your ear—Pardon me for the 'trouble I see I have given to a heart 'that is capable of a sympathy so 'tender.'

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable, I became for a few moments motionless, and a statue.

A violent burst of tears recovered me to sense and motion; and just then Miss Grandison, (who, having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, supposing he would return) hearing me sob, rushed in.—'O my Harriet!' said she, clasping her arms about me, 'What is 'done?—Do I, or do I not, embrace 'my sister, my *real* sister, my sister 'Grandison?'

'Ah, my Charlotte! No flattering 'hope is now left me—No sister! It 'must not, it cannot be! The lady 'is—But lead me, lead me out of this 'room!—I do not love it!' spreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers—tears that flowed not only for myself, but for Sir Charles Grandison and the unhappy Clementina: for, gather you not,

not, from what he said, that something disastrous has befallen the poor lady? And then, supporting myself with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L.'s study, and up stairs into my own chamber; she following me—'Leave me, leave 'me here, dear creature,' said I, 'for 'six minutes: I will attend you then, 'in your own dressing-room.'

She kindly retired; I threw myself into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two sisters, who, hand in hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had passed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed: and that if they would allow me to recollect some things that were most affecting, I would attend them; and they should have my narrative the more exact, for the indulgence.

They staid no longer with me than to see me a little composed.

Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett went out together in his chariot: he enquired more than once of my health; saying to his sister Charlotte, that he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excused himself from dining with us. Poor man! What must be his distress! Not able to see us, to sit with us!

I would have excused myself also, being not very fit to appear: but was not permitted.

I sat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner: yet how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The servants eyes were irksome to me; so were Emily's, (dear girl!) glistening as they did, though she knew not for what, but sympathetically, as I may say; she supposing, that all was not as she would have it.

She came up soon after to me—'One 'word, my dearest Madam;' (the door in her hand, and her head only within it:) 'Tell me only that there is no 'misunderstanding between my guar-'dian and you!—Tell me only *that*—'

'None, my dear!—None, none at 'all, my Emily!'

'Thank God!' clasping her hands together; 'thank God! If there were, 'I should not have known whose part 'to take!—But I won't disturb you.' And was going.

'Stay, stay, my precious young 'friend! Stay, my Emily!' I arose; took her hand: 'My sweet girl! say, 'will you live with me?'

'God for ever bless you, dearest 'Madam!—*Will* I? It is the wish 'next my heart.'

'Will you go down with me to 'Northamptonshire, my love?'

'To the world's end I will attend 'you, Madam: I will be your hand-'maid; and I will love you better 'than I love my guardian, if possible.'

'Ah, my dear! but how will you 'live without seeing your guardian 'now and then?'

'Why, he will live with us, won't 'he?'

'No, no, my dear!—And you 'would chuse, then, to live with him, 'not with me; would you?'

'Indeed but I won't—Indeed I 'will live and die with you, if you 'will let me; and I warrant his kind 'heart will often lead him to us. But 'tell me, why these tears, Madam? 'Why this grief?—Why do you 'speak so quick and short? And why 'do you seem to be in such a hurry?'

'*Do* I speak quick and short? *Do* I 'seem to be in a hurry?—Thank you, 'my love, for your observation. And 'now leave me: I will profit by it.'

The amiable girl withdrew on tip-toe; and I set about composing myself.

I was obliged to her for her observation: it was really of use to me. But you must think, Lucy, that I must be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—Was it not particular?—To break from me so *abruptly*, as I may say—And what he said with looks so earnest! Looks that seemed to carry more meaning than his words: and withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—But you will give me your opinion of all these things. I can't say but I think my suspense is over; and yet in a way not very desirable—Yet—But why should I puzzle myself? What must be, must.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my lord and the two ladies, though she was present, some account of what had passed, but briefly; and I had just finished,

ſhed, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles inſtantly addreſſed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was viſible as he ſpoke to me. He heſitated: he trembled. *Why* did he heſitate? *Why* did he tremble?

I told him I was not aſhamed to own, that I was very much affected by the melancholy ſtory. 'The poor lady,' ſaid I, 'is greatly to be pitied—But 'remember, Sir, what you promiſed 'Dr. Bartlett ſhould do for me.'

'I have been requeſting the doctor 'to fulfil my engagements.'

'And I am ready to obey,' ſaid the good man. 'My agreeable taſk ſhall 'ſoon be performed.'

As I *was* at the door, going up ſtairs to my cloſet, I curtſied, and purſued my intention.

He bowed, ſaid nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were diſappointed, that I did not return to company.—No, indeed!

Yet I pity him at my heart: how odd is it, then, to be angry with him?—So much goodneſs, ſo much ſenſibility, ſo much compaſſion, (whence all his woes, I believe) never met together, in a heart ſo manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr. Bartlett: then, I hope, we ſhall have every thing before us.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

HE, [Yet why that diſreſpectful word?—Fie upon me for my narrowneſs of heart!] *Sir Charles*, is ſetting out for town. He cannot be happy himſelf: he is therefore giving himſelf the pleaſure of endeavouring to make his friends ſo. He can *enjoy* the happineſs of his *friends!* O the bleſſing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon ſuch a one, it cannot poſſibly bereave it of all delight.—Fortune, do thy worſt! If Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot be happy with his Clementina, he will make himſelf a partaker of Lord G.'s happineſs; and as that will ſecure, if not her own fault, the happineſs of his ſiſter, he will not be deſtitute of felicity. And let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—But in time, I hope, I ſhall *deſerve*, as well as be eſteemed, to be girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of courſe, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy,

your

HARRIET BYRON.

SATURDAY NOON.

SIR CHARLES is gone, and I have talked over the matter again with the ladies and Lord L.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very beſt of my recollection—*They all will have it*, that Sir Charles's great ſtruggle, his great grief, is owing—His great ſtruggle (I don't know what I write, I think—But let it go) is between his *compaſſion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *love*—for ſomebody elſe.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart? *Compaſſion*, Lucy!——The compaſſion of ſuch a heart—It muſt be *love*—And ought it not to be to *ſuch* a woman?—Tell me—Don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina; who loves againſt the principles of her religion; and, in that reſpect, againſt her *inclination*; a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conſcience?—What a fatality in a love ſo circumſtanced! To *love* againſt *inclination!* What a ſound has that! But what an abſurdity is the paſſion called Love? Or, rather, of what abſurd things does it make it's votaries guilty! Let mine be evermore circumſcribed by the laws of reaſon, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflections, will never give me a laſting diſturbance!

* *

DR. BARTLETT has deſired me to let him know what the particular paſſages are, of which I more immediately wiſh to be informed, for our better underſtanding the unhappy Clementina's ſtory, and has promiſed to tranſcribe them. I have given him a liſt in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have aſked for ſome particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not ſo immediately intereſting: The hiſtory of Olivia, of Mrs. Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned, between himſelf and Signor Jeronymo: but, Lucy, the particulars

tulars I am moſt impatient for, are theſe—

His firſt conference with Lady Clementina on the ſubject of the Count of Belvedere; which her father and mother overheard.

The conference he was deſired to hold with her, on her being ſeized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly chearful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is any where accounted for.

By what means Mrs. Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowledge a paſſion ſo ſtudiouſly concealed from the tendereſt of parents.

Sir Charles's reception, on his return from Vienna.

What regard his propoſals of compromiſe, as to religion and reſidence, met with, as well from the family, as from Clementina.

The moſt important of all, Lucy—The laſt diſtreſsful parting; what made it neceſſary; what happened at Bologna afterwards; and what the poor Clementina's ſituation now is.

If the doctor is explicit, with regard to this article, we ſhall be able to account for their deſiring him to reviſit them at Bologna, after ſo long an abſence, and for his ſeeming to think it will be to no purpoſe to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the anſwer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more ſuſpenſe, I beſeech you, Sir Charles Grandiſon!—No more ſuſpenſe, I pray you, Dr. Bartlett!—My heart ſickens at the thought of farther ſuſpenſe. I cannot bear it!

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my ſubject) on weakneſſes and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

COLNEBROOK, MONDAY, MAR. 27.

DR. Bartlett, ſeeing our impatience, aſked leave to take the aſſiſtance of his nephew in tranſcribing from Sir Charles's letters the paſſages that will enable him to perform the taſk he has ſo kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already preſented us with the following tranſcripts. We have eagerly peruſed them. When *you* have done ſo, be pleaſed to haſten them up, that my couſin Reeves's may have the ſame opportunity. *They* are ſo good as to give chearfully the preference to the venerable circle as my couſin, who dined with us yeſterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandiſon! but he had the happineſs of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was ſo nobly laid by the beſt and wiſeſt of mothers.

DR. BARTLETT'S FIRST LETTER.

'MY taſk, my good Miſs Byron, 'will be eaſy, by the aſſiſtance 'you have allowed me: for what is it, 'but to tranſcribe part of Sir Charles's 'letters, adding a few lines here and 'there, by way of connexion? And I 'am delighted with it, as it will make 'known the heart of my beloved pa'tron in all the lights which the moſt 'intereſting circumſtances can throw 'upon it, to ſo many worthy perſons 'as are permitted a ſhare in it.

'The firſt of your commands runs 'thus—

> "*I ſhould imagine,*" *ſay you,* "*that the debate Sir Charles* "*mentions, between himſelf and* "*Signor Jeronymo, and his* "*companions, at their firſt ac*"*quaintance, muſt be not only* "*curious, but edifying.*"

'They *are*, my good Miſs Byron: 'but as I preſume that you ladies are 'more intent upon being obeyed in 'the *other* articles,' [See, Lucy, I had better not have diſſembled!] 'I will 'only at preſent tranſcribe for you, 'with ſome ſhort connexions, two 'letters; by which you will ſee how 'generouſly Mr. Grandiſon ſought to 'recover his friend to the paths of 'virtue and honour, when he had 'formed ſchemes, in conjunction with, 'and by the inſtigation of, other gay 'young men of rank, to draw him in 'to be a partaker in their guilt, and 'an abettor of their enterprizes.

'You will judge from theſe letters, 'Madam, (without ſhocking you by 'the recital) what were the common-

'place

" place pleas of those libertines, de-
" spisers of marriage, of the laws of
" society, and of WOMEN but as they
" were subservient to their pleasures.

" TO THE BARONE DELLA PORRETTA.

" WILL my Jeronymo allow his
" friend, his Grandison, the
" liberty he is going to take with him?
" If the friendship he professes for
" him be such a one, as a great mind
" can, on reflection, glory in, he *will*.
" And what is this liberty, but such as
" constitutes the essence of true friend-
" ship? Allow me, on this occasion,
" to say, that your Grandison has seen
" more of the world than most men,
" who have lived no longer in it, have
" had an opportunity to see. I was
" sent abroad for improvement, under
" the care of a man who came out
" to be the most intriguing and pro-
" fligate of those to whom a youth
" was ever entrusted. I saw in *him*,
" the inconvenience, the odiousness,
" of libertinism; and, by the assist-
" ance of an excellent monitor, with
" whom I happily became acquainted,
" and (would it not be false shame,
" and cowardice, if I did not say)
" by the Divine assistance, I escaped
" snares that were laid to corrupt my
" morals: hence my dearest friend
" will the more readily allow me to
" impart to him some of the lessons
" that were of so much use to myself.

" I am the rather encouraged to
" take this liberty, as I have often
" flattered myself, that I have seen
" Jeronymo affected by the arguments
" urged in the course of the conver-
" sations that have been held in our
" select meetings at Padua and at
" Rome; in which the cause of virtue
" and true honour has been discussed
" and pleaded.

" I have now no hopes of influen-
" cing any one of the noble youths,
" whom, at your request, I have of
" late so often met: but of *you* I still
" have hopes, because you continue to
" declare, that you prefer my friend-
" ships to theirs. You think that I
" was disgusted at the ridicule with
" which they generally treated the ar-
" guments they could not answer: but,
" as far as I innocently could, I fol-
" lowed them in their levity. I re-
" turned raillery for ridicule, and not
" always, as you know, unsuccess-
" fully; but still they renewed the
" charge, and we had the same argu-
" ments one day to refute, that the
" preceding were given up. They
" could not convince me, nor I them.

" I quit, therefore, (yet not with-
" out regret) the society I cannot
" meet with pleasure: but let not my
" *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opi-
" nion I had the honour to stand
" high, before I was prevailed upon
" to be introduced to *them*; we cul-
" tivated, with mutual pleasure, each
" other's, acquaintance, independent
" of this association. Let us be to
" each other, what we were for the
" first month of our intimacy. You
" have noble qualities; but are diffi-
" dent, and too often suffer yourself
" to be influenced by men of talents
" inferior to your own.

" The ridicule they have aimed at,
" has weakened, perhaps, the force
" of the arguments that I wished to
" have a more than temporary effect
" on your heart. Permit me to re-
" mind you on paper, of some of
" them, and urge to you others: the
" end I have in view is your good,
" in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy
" they may have on you, my own
" principles; nor think me too se-
" rious. The occasion, the call that
" true friendship makes upon you, is
" weighty.

" You have shewed me letters from
" your noble father, from your mo-
" ther, from the pious prelate your
" brother, and others from your un-
" cle, and still, if possible, more ad-
" mirable ones, from your sister—All
" filled with concern for your present
" and future welfare? How dearly is
" my Jeronymo beloved by his whole
" family! and by *such* a family! And
" how tenderly does he love them all!
" —What ought to be the result?
" Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful.
" He knows so well what belongs to
" the character of a dutiful son, an
" affectionate brother, that I will not
" attempt to enforce *their* arguments
" upon him.

" By the endeavours of my friend
" to find excuses for some of the li-
" berties in which he allows himself,

" I infer,

" I infer, that if he thought them " criminal, he has too much honour " to be guilty of them. He cannot " say, with the mad Medea—

" ——*Video meliora, proboque;*
" *Deteriora sequor.*"——

" No! His judgment muſt be miſled, " before he can *allow* himſelf in a de- " viation. But let him beware; for " has not every faulty inclination " ſomething to plead in it's own be- " half?—Excuſes, my dear friend, " are more than tacit confeſſions: " and the health of the mind, as of " the body, is impaired by almoſt im- " perceptible degrees.

" My Jeronymo has pleaded, and " juſtly may he boaſt of, a diſpoſition " to benevolence, charity, generoſity: " —What pity, that he cannot be ſtill " more perfect!—that he reſolves not " againſt meditated injuries to others " of his fellow-creatures! But re- " member, my lord, that true good- " neſs is an uniform thing, and will " alike influence every part of a man's " conduct; and that true generoſity " will not be confined to obligations, " either written or verbal.

" Beſides, who, though in the leaſt " guilty inſtance, and where ſome " falſe virtue may hold out colours to " palliate an exceſs, can promiſe him- " ſelf to ſtop, when once he has thrown " the reins on the neck of lawleſs ap- " petite? And may I not add, that " my Jeronymo is not in his own " power? He ſuffers himſelf to be a " led man!—O that he would chuſe " his company anew, and be a leader! " Every virtue, then, that warms his " heart, would have a ſiſter-virtue to " encourage the noble flame, inſtead " of a vice to damp it.

" Juſtly do you boaſt of the no- " bility of your deſcent; of the excel- " lency of every branch of your fami- " ly: bear with my queſtion, my " lord—Are you determined to ſit down " ſatisfied with the honour of your " anceſtors? Your progenitors, and " every one of your family, have given " you reaſon to applaud *their* worthi- " neſs: will you not give them cauſe " to boaſt of *yours?*

" In anſwer to the earneſt entreaties " of all your friends, that you will " marry, you have ſaid, that, were " women angels, you would with joy " enter into the ſtate—But what ought " the *men* to be, who form upon wo- " men ſuch expectations?

" Can you, my dear lord, deſpiſe " matrimony, yet hold it to be a ſa- " crament? Can you, defying the " maxims of your family, and wiſhing " to have the ſiſter I have heard you " mention with ſuch high delight and " admiration, ſtrengthen your family " intereſt in the female line, determine " againſt adding to it's ſtrength in the " male?

" You have ſuffered yourſelf to " ſpeak with contempt of the gene- " rality of the Italian women, for " their illiterateneſs: let not their " misfortune be imputed to them, my " noble friend, as their fault. They " have the ſame natural genius's that " uſed to diſtinguiſh the men and " women of your happy climate. Let " not the want of cultivation induce " you, a learned man, to hold them " cheap. The cauſe of virtue, and " of the ſex, can hardly be ſeparated.

" But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, " have I not too much reaſon to fear, " that guilty attachments have been " the cauſe of your ſlighting a legal " one?—That you are ſtudying for " pretences to juſtify the way of life " into which you have fallen?

" Let us conſider the objects of your " purſuit—Alas! there have been more " than one!—Are they women ſe- " duced from the path of virtue by " yourſelf?—Who otherwiſe perhaps " would have married, and made uſe- " ful members of ſociety—Conſider, " my friend, what a capital crime is " a ſeduction of this kind!—Can you " glory in the virtue of a ſiſter of your " own, and allow yourſelf in attempts " upon the daughter, the ſiſter, of " another? And, let me aſk, how " can that crime be thought pardon- " able in a man, which renders a " woman infamous?

" A good heart, a delicate mind, " cannot aſſociate with a corrupt one. " What tie can bind a woman, who " has parted with her honour? What, " in ſuch a guilty attachment, muſt " be a man's alternative, but either to " be the tyrant of a wretch who has " given him reaſon to deſpiſe her, or " the dupe of one who deſpiſes him?

" It is the important leſſon of life

" (allow

" (allow me to be serious on a subject " *so* serious) in this union of soul and " body, to restrain the unruly appe- " tites of the latter, and to improve " the faculties of the former—Can " this end be attained by licentious " indulgences, and profligate associa- " tions?

" Men, in the pride of their hearts, " are apt to suppose, that nature has " designed them to be superior to wo- " men. The highest proof that can " be given of such superiority, is, in " the protection afforded by the strong- " er to the weaker. What can that " man say for himself, or for his proud " pretension, who employs all his arts " to seduce, betray, and ruin, the " creature whom he should guide and " protect—Sedulous to save her, per- " haps from every foe, but the devil " and himself!

" It is unworthy of a man of spirit " to be solicitous to keep himself with- " in the boundaries of human laws, " on *no* other motive than to avoid the " temporal inconveniences attending " the breach of them. The laws were " not made so much for the direction " of good men, as to circumscribe the " bad. Would a man of honour wish " to be considered as one of the latter, " rather than as one of those who " would have distinguished the fit from " the unfit, had they *not* been dis- " criminated by human sanctions? " Men are to approve themselves at " an higher tribunal than at that of " men.

" Shall not public spirit, virtue, " and a sense of duty, have as much " influence on a manly heart, as a " new face? How contemptibly low " is that commerce in which *mind* has " no share?

" Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo, " looks beyond this temporary scene; " while guilty attachments usually find " a much easier period than that of " human life. Inconstancy, on one " side or the other, seldom fails to put " a disgraceful end to them. But " were they to endure for *life*, what " can the reflections upon them do " towards softening the agonies of the " inevitable hour?

" Remember, my Jeronymo, that " you are a man, a rational and im- " mortal agent; and act up to the " dignity of your nature. Can sen- " sual pleasure be the great end of an " immortal spirit in this life?

" *That* pleasure cannot be lasting, " and it must be followed by remorse, " which is obtained either by doing " injustice to, or degrading, a fellow- " creature. And does not a woman, " when she forfeits her honour, de- " grade herself, not only in the sight " of the world, but in the secret " thoughts of even a profligate lover, " destroying her own consequence with " him?

" Build not, my noble friend, upon " penances and absolutions; I enter " not into those subjects on which we " differ as Catholicks and Protestants: " but if we would be thought men " of true greatness of mind, let us " endeavour so to act, as not, in " essential articles, and with our eyes " open, either to want absolution, or " incur penances. Surely, my lord, " it is nobler not to offend, than to " be obliged to atone.

" Are there not, let me ask, inno- " cent delights enow to fill with joy " every vacant hour? Believe me, Je- " ronymo, there are. Let you and " me seek for such, and make them " the cement of our friendship.

" Religion out of the question, con- " sider, what morals and good policy " will oblige you to do, as a man " born to act a part in publick life. " What, were the examples set by " you and your acquaintance to be " *generally* followed, would become " of public order and decorum? What " of national honours? How will a " regular succession in families be " kept up? You, my lord, boast of " your descent, both by father's and " mother's side: why will you de- " prive *your* children of a distinction " in which *you* glory?

" Good children, what a blessing " to their parents! But what comfort " can the parent have in children born " into the world heirs of disgrace, and " who, owing their very being to pro- " fligate principles, have no family " honour to support, no fair example " to imitate, but must be warned by " their father, when bitter experience " has convinced him of his errors, " to avoid the paths in which *he* has " trod?

" How delightful the domestick con- " nexion! To bring to the paternal

" and

" and fraternal dwellings, a ſiſter, a " daughter, that ſhall be received there " with tender love; to ſtrengthen your " own intereſt in the world by alliance " with ſome noble and worthy family, " who ſhall rejoice to truſt to the Barone " della Porretta the darling of their " hopes—This would, to a generous " heart, like yours, be the ſource of " infinite delights.

" But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, " the unhappy objects of a vagrant " affection? Muſt not my Jeronymo " even eſtrange himſelf from his home, " to conceal from his father, from his " mother, from his ſiſter, perſons ſhut " out by all the laws of honour from " their ſociety? The perſons, ſo ſhut " out, muſt hate the family to whoſe " *intereſts* theirs are ſo contrary. What " ſincere union, then, what ſameneſs " of affection, between Jeronymo and " the object of his paſſion?

" But my preſent hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will " not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment " him on his triumph. In general, " perhaps, he allows, " that the welfare and order of ſociety ought to " be maintained by ſubmiſſion to divine and human laws; but *his* ſingle " exception for himſelf can be of no " importance." Of what, then, is *general* practice made up?—If every " one excepts himſelf, and offends in " the inſtance that beſt ſuits his inclination, what a ſcene of horror " will this world become? Affluence " and a gay diſpoſition tempt to licentious pleaſures; penury and a " gloomy one to robbery, revenge, " and murder. Not one enormity " will be without it's plea, if once the " boundaries of duty are thrown down. " But, even in this univerſal depravity, would not *his* crime be much " worſe, who robbed me of my child " from *riot* and *licentiouſneſs*, and under the guiſe of love and truſt, than " *his* who deſpoiled me of my ſubſtance, and had *neceſſity* to plead in " extenuation of his guilt?

" I cannot doubt, my dear friend, " but you will take, at *leaſt*, kindly, " theſe expoſtulations, though ſome " of them are upon ſubjects on which " our converſations have been hitherto " ineffectual. I ſubmit them to your " conſideration. I can have no inte- " reſt in making them, nor motive, " but what proceeds from that true " friendſhip with which I deſire to be " thought *moſt affectionately yours.*"

' You have heard, my good Miſs ' Byron, that the friendſhip between ' Mr. Grandiſon and Signor Jeronymo ' was twice broken off: once it was, ' by the unkindly-taken freedom of ' the expoſtulatory letter. Jeronymo, ' at that time of his life, ill brooked ' oppoſition in any purſuit his heart ' was engaged in. When puſhed, he ' was vehement: and Mr. Grandiſon ' could not be over ſolicitous to keep ' up a friendſhip with a young man ' who was under the dominion of his ' diſſolute companions; and who would ' not allow of remonſtrances, in caſes ' that concerned his morals.

' Jeronymo, having afterwards been ' drawn into great inconveniences by ' his libertine friends, broke with ' them; and Mr. Grandiſon and he ' meeting by accident at Padua, their ' friendſhip, at the preſſing inſtance of ' Jeronymo, was again renewed.

' Jeronymo thought himſelf reformed; Mr. Grandiſon hoped he was; ' but, ſoon after, a temptation fell ' in his way, which he could not reſiſt. It was from a lady who was ' more noted for her birth, beauty, and ' fortune, than for her virtue. She ' had ſpread her ſnares for Mr. Grandiſon before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for ' her ſlighted advances taking poſſeſſion of her heart, ſhe hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of ' wreaking it upon him.

' The occaſion was given by the ' following letter, which Mr. Grandiſon thought himſelf obliged, in ' honour, to write to his friend, on ' his attachment; the one being then ' at Padua, the other at Cremona.

" I Am extremely concerned, my " dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a lady, who, though " of family and fortune, has ſhewn " but little regard to her character. " How frail are the reſolutions of men! " How much in the power of women! " But I will not reproach—Yet I can- " not but regret, that I muſt loſe your " company in our projected viſits to

" the German courts: this, however, " more for your ſake than my own; " ſince to the principal of them I am " no ſtranger. You have excuſed " yourſelf to me; I wiſh you had a " better motive; but I rather write " to warn, than to upbraid you. The " lady is miſtreſs of all the arts of " woman. You may glory in *her* con- " queſt; you ought not to be proud of " *yours*. You *will not*, when you " know her better. I have had a ſin- " gular opportunity of being acquaint- " ed with her character. I never judg- " ed of characters, of women's eſpe- " cially, by *report*. Had the Barone " della Porretta been the firſt for whom " this lady ſpread her blandiſhments, " a man ſo amiable as he is, might the " more aſſuredly have depended on the " love ſhe profeſſes for him. She has " two admirers, men of violence, who, " unknown to each other, have equal " reaſon to look upon her as their " own. You propoſe not to marry " her. I am ſilent on this ſubject. " Would to Heaven you *were* mar- " ried to a woman of virtue! Why " will you not oblige all your friends? " Thus liable as you are—But nei- " ther do I expoſtulate. Well do I " know the vehemency with which " you are wont to purſue a new ad- " venture. Yet I *had* hoped—But " again I reſtrain myſelf. Only let " me add, that the man who ſhall " boaſt of his ſucceſs with this lady " may have more to apprehend from the " competition in which he will find " himſelf engaged, than he can be " aware of. Be prudent, my Jero- " nymo, in this purſuit, for your own " ſake. The heart that dictates this " advice is wholly yours: but, alas! " it boaſts no farther intereſt in that of " it's Jeronymo. With infinite re- " gret I ſubſcribe to the latter part of " the ſentence the once better-regarded " name of

" GRANDISON."

'And what was the conſequence? The unhappy youth, by the inſtiga- tion of the revengeful woman, de- fied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandiſon, with a noble diſdain, ap- pealed to Jeronymo's cooler delibe- ration; and told him, that he would never meet as a foe, the man he had ever been deſirous to conſider as his friend. "You know, my lord," ſaid he, "that I am under a diſadvantage " in having once been obliged to aſſert " myſelf, in a country where I have " no natural connexions; and where " you, Jeronymo, have many. If we " meet again, I do aſſure you it muſt " be by accident; and if that happens, " we ſhall *then* find it time enough to " diſcuſs the occaſion of our preſent " miſunderſtanding."

'Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremoneſe; when Mr. Grandiſon ſaved his life.'

* *

'AND now, Madam, let me give you, in anſwer to your ſecond enquiry,

" *The particulars of the conference* " *which Sir Charles was put* " *upon holding with Clementina,* " *in favour of the Count of Bel-* " *vedere; and which her fa-* " *ther and mother, unknown to* " *either of them, overheard.*"

'You muſt ſuppoſe them ſeated; a Milton's Paradiſe Loſt before them: and that, at this time, Mr. Gran- diſon did not preſume that the young lady had any particular regard for him.

'CLEMENTINA. "You have " taught the prelate, and you have " taught the ſoldier, to be in love with " your Milton, Sir: but I ſhall never " admire him, I doubt. Don't you " reckon the language hard and crab- " bed?"

'GRANDISON. "I did not pro- " poſe him to you, Madam: your " brother choſe him. We ſhould " not have made the proficiency we " have, had I not began with you by " eaſier authors. But you have heard " me often call him a ſublime poet, " and your ambition (it is a laudable " one) leads you to make him your " own too ſoon. Has not your tutor " taken the liberty to chide you for " your impatience; for your deſire of " being every thing at once?"

'CLEM. "You have; and I own " my fault—But to have done, for " the preſent, with Milton; what " ſhall I do to acquit myſelf of the " addreſſes of this Count of Belve- " dere?"

'GR. "Why *would* you acquit " yourſelf of the count's addreſſes?"

'CLEM.

'CLEM. "He is not the man I can "like: I have told my papa as much, "and he is angry with me."

'GR. "I think, Madam, your "papa may be a little *displeased* with "you; though he loves you too ten-"derly to be *angry* with you. You "reject the count, without assigning a "reason."

'CLEM. "Is it not reason enough, "that I don't like him?"

'GR. "Give me leave to say, that "the count is a handsome man. He "is young; gallant; sensible; of a "family ancient and noble; a grace "to it. He is learned, good-natured: "he adores you—"

'CLEM. "And so let him, if he "will: I never can like him."

'GR. "Dear lady! You must not "be capricious. You will give the "most indulgent parents in the world "apprehension that you have cast your "thoughts on some other object. "Young ladies, except in a case of "prepossession, do not often reject a "person who has so many great and "good qualities as shine in this gen-"tleman; and where equality of de-"gree, and a father's and mother's "high approbation, add to his me-"rit."

'CLEM. "I suppose you have been "spoken to, to talk with me on this "subject—It is a subject I don't "like."

'GR. "You began it, Madam."

'CLEM. "I did so; because it is "uppermost with me. I am grieved "at my heart, that I cannot see the "count with my father's eyes: my "father deserves from me every in-"stance of duty, and love, and ve-"neration; but I cannot think of the "Count of Belvedere for a husband."

'GR. "One reason, Madam? One "objection?"

'CLEM. "He is a man that is not "to my mind: a fawning, cringing "man, I think—And a spirit that can "fawn, and cringe, and kneel, will "be a tyrant in power."

'GR. "Dear Madam, to whom is "he this obsequious man, but to you—"Is there a man in the world that be-"haves with a more proper dignity to "every one else? Nay, to *you*, the "lover shines out in him, but the man "is not forgot. Is the tenderness "shewn in a well-placed love, the ve-"neration paid to a deservedly loving "object, any derogation to the manly "character? Far from it; and shall "you think the less of your lover for "being the most ardent, and I have "no knowledge of the man if he is "not the most sincere of men?"

'CLEM. "An excellent advocate! "—I am sure you have been spoken "to—Have you not? Tell me truly: "perhaps by the Count of Belve-"dere?"

'GR. "I should not *think*, and of "consequence, not *speak*, so highly as "I do, of the count, if he were ca-"pable of asking any man, your fa-"ther and brothers excepted, to plead "his cause with you?"

'CLEM. "I can't bear to be chid-"den, chevalier. Now *you* are going "to be angry with me too. But has "not my mamma spoken to you?—"Tell me?"

'GR. "Dear lady, consider, if she "*had*, what you owe to a mother, "who deserving, for her tenderness to "her child, the utmost observance and "duty, would condescend to put her "authority into mediation. And yet "let me declare, that no person breath-"ing should make me say what I do "not think, whether in favour or dis-"favour of any man."

'CLEM. "That is no answer. I "owe implicit, yes, I will say impli-"cit, duty to my mamma, for her in-"dulgence to me: but what you have "said is no direct answer."

'GR. "For the *honour* of that in-"dulgence, Madam, I own to you, "that your mamma and my lord too, "have wished that their Clementina "could or would give one substantial "reason why she cannot like the Count "of Belvedere; that they might pre-"pare themselves to acquiesce with it, "and the count be induced to submit "to his evil destiny."

'CLEM. "And they have wished "this to *you*, Sir? And you have "taken upon you to answer their "wishes—I protest, you are a man of "prodigious consequence with us all; "and by your readiness to take up the "cause of a man you have so *lately* "known, you seem to know it too "well."

'GR. "I am sorry I have incurred "your displeasure, Madam."

'CLEM. "You have. I *never*

" was more angry with you, than I " now am."

' GR. " I hope you never were an- " gry with me *before*. I never gave " you reaſon. And if I have now, I " beg your pardon."

" I aroſe to go."

' CLEM. " Very humble, Sir!— " And are for going before you have " it. Now call me *capricious* again!"

' GR. " I did not know that you " could be ſo eaſily diſpleaſed, Ma- " dam."

" She wept."

' CLEM. " I am a very weak crea- " ture; I believe I am wrong; but I " never knew what it was to give of- " fence to any body till within theſe " few months. I love my father, I " love my mother, beyond my own " life; and to think that now, when " I wiſh moſt for the continuance of " their goodneſs to me, I am in dan- " ger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear " it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. " I believe I have been too petulant " to you. Your behaviour is noble, " frank, diſintereſted. It has been a " happineſs that we have known you. " You are every body's friend. But " yet I think it is a little officious in " you to plead ſo *very* warmly for a man " of whom you know ſo little; and " when I told you, more than once, I " could not like him."

' GR. " Honoured as I am, by your " whole family, with the appellation " of a fourth ſon, a fourth brother; " was I, dear Madam, to blame to " act up to the character: I know my " own heart; and if I have conſe- " quence given me, I will act ſo as " to deſerve it; at leaſt, my own heart " ſhall give it to me."

' CLEM. " Well, Sir, you may be " right: I am ſure you *mean* to be " right. But as it would be a dimi- " nution of the *count's* dignity, to ap- " ply to you for a ſuppoſed intereſt in " you, which *he* cannot have, it would " be much *more* ſo, to have you inter- " fere where a father, mother, and " other brothers, [You ſee, Sir, I al- " low your claim of fourth brother- " hood] are ſuppoſed to have no leſs " weight: ſo no more of the Count " of Belvedere, I beſeech you, from " your mouth."

' GR. " One word more, only— " Don't let the goodneſs of your fa- " ther and mother be conſtrued to the " diſadvantage of the parental cha- " racter in them. They have not been " poſitive. They have given their " wiſhes, rather than their commands. " Their tenderneſs for you, in a point " ſo *very* tender, has made them un- " able to tell their own wiſhes to you, " for fear they ſhould not meet with " yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad " to hear one ſolid objection to their " propoſal—And why? That they " might admit of it—Impute, there- " fore, to my officiouſneſs, what you " pleaſe: and yet I would not wiſh to " diſoblige or offend you; but let " *their* indulgence (they never will uſe " their authority) have it's full merit " with you."

' CLEM. " Your ſervant, Sir. I " never yet had a ſlight notion of their " indulgence; and I hope I never " ſhall. If you will go, go; but, " Sir, next time I am favoured with " your lectures, it ſhall be upon lan- " guages, if you pleaſe; and not up- " on lovers."

" I withdrew, profoundly bowing. " But ſurely," thought I, " the love- " ly Clementina is capricious."

' Thus far my patron.—Let me add, ' that the marchioneſs, having ac- ' quainted Mr. Grandiſon, that her ' lord and ſhe had heard every word ' that had paſſed, expreſſed her diſ- ' pleaſure at her daughter's petulance; ' and thanking him in her lord's name, ' as well as for herſelf, for the gene- ' rous part he had taken, told him, ' that Clementina ſhould aſk his par- ' don. He begged that, for the ſake ' of their own weight with her on the ' ſame ſubject, ſhe might not know ' that they had heard what had paſſed.

" I believe that's beſt, chevalier," " anſwered the marchioneſs; " and I " am apt to think, that the poor girl " will be more ready than perhaps one " would wiſh, to make up with you, " were ſhe to find you offended with " her in earneſt; as you have reaſon " to be, as a *diſintereſted* man.

" You ſee, chevalier, I know to " whom I am ſpeaking; but both my " lord, and ſelf, hope to ſee her of " another mind; and that ſhe will ſoon " be Counteſs of Belvedere. My lord's " heart is in this alliance; ſo is that of " my ſon Giacomo."

' I come

'I come now, Madam, to your 'third command; which is, to give 'you,

"*The conference which Sir Charles* "*was put upon holding with the* "*unhappy Clementina, on her* "*being seized with melancholy.*"

'[Mr. Grandiſon ſtill not pre-'ſuming on any particular fa-'vour from Clementina.]

'The young lady was walking in 'one alley of the garden; Mr. Gran-'diſon, and the marquis and mar-'chioneſs, in another. She was at-'tended by her woman, who walked 'behind her; and with whom ſhe was 'diſpleaſed for endeavouring to divert 'her; but who, however, ſeemed to 'be talking on, though without be-'ing anſwered.

"The dear creature!" ſaid the mar-'quis, tears in his eyes—"See her "there, now walking ſlow, now with "quicker ſteps, as if ſhe would ſhake "off her Camilla. She hates the poor "woman for her love to her: but "who *is* it that ſhe ſees with pleaſure? "Did I think that I ſhould ever be-"hold the pride of my heart, with "the pain that I now feel for her? "Yet ſhe is lovely in my eye, in all "ſhe does, in all ſhe ſays.—But, my "dear Grandiſon, we cannot now "make her ſpeak, more than "Yes," "or "No." We cannot engage her in "a converſation, no not on the ſub-"ject of her newly acquired language. "See if you can on *any* ſubject."

"Aye, chevalier," ſaid the mar-'chioneſs, "do you try to engage "her. We have told her, that we "will not talk of marriage to her at "all, till ſhe is herſelf inclined to "receive propoſals. Her weeping eyes "thank us for our indulgence. She "prays for us with lifted-up hands. "She curtſeys her thanks, if ſhe ſtands "before us: ſhe bows, in acknow-"ledged gratitude for our goodneſs to "her, if ſhe ſits; but ſhe cares not "to ſpeak. She is not eaſy while we "are talking to her. See! ſhe is "ſtepping into the Greek temple; her "poor woman, unanſwered, talking "to her. She has not ſeen us. By "that winding walk we can, unſeen, "place ourſelves in the myrtle-grove, "and hear what paſſes."

"The marchioneſs, as we walked, "hinted, that in their laſt viſit to the "general at Naples, there was a "Count Marulli, a young nobleman "of merit, but a ſoldier of fortune, "who would have clandeſtinely ob-"tained the attention of their Cle-"mentina. They knew nothing of "it till laſt night, ſhe ſaid; when "herſelf and Camilla, puzzling to "what to attribute the ſudden melan-"choly turn of her daughter, and "Camilla mentioning what was *un-*"*likely*, as well as likely; told her, "that the count would have bribed "her to deliver a letter to the young "lady; but that ſhe repulſed him with "indignation. He beſought her then "to take no notice of his offer to the "general, on whom all his fortunes "depended. She did not, for that "reaſon, to any body; but, a few "days ſince, ſhe heard her young lady "(talking of the gentlemen ſhe had "ſeen at Naples) mention the young "count favourably. "Now it is im-"poſſible there can be any thing in it," "ſaid the marchioneſs: "but do you, "however, chevalier, lead to the ſub-"ject of love, but at a diſtance; nor "name Marulli, becauſe ſhe will think "you have been talking with Camilla. "The dear girl has pride: ſhe would "not endure you, if ſhe thought you "imagined her to be in love, eſpe-"cially with a man of inferior de-"gree, or dependent fortunes. But "on your prudence we wholly rely; "mention it, or not, as matters fall "in."

"There can be no room for this "ſurmiſe, my dear," ſaid the mar-"quis; "and yet Marulli was lately "in Bologna: but Clementina's ſpirit "will not permit her to encourage a "clandeſtine addreſs."

"By this time we had got to the "myrtle-grove, behind the temple, "and overheard them talk, as fol-"lows.—

"CAMILLA. "And why, why, muſt "I leave you, Madam?—From infancy "you know how I have loved you. "You uſed to love to hold converſe "with your Camilla. How have I "offended you? I will not enter this "temple till you give me leave; but "indeed, indeed, I muſt not, I can-"not, leave you."

"CLEM. "Officious love!—Can "there be a greater torment than an

"officious

" officious prating love!—If you loved " me, you would wish to oblige me."

" CAM. " I *will* oblige you, my dear " young lady, in every thing I can."

" CLEM. " Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *best* when I am alone: I am " *chearfullest* when I am alone. You " haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost, " you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed " you are but the ghost of my once " obliging Camilla."

" CAM. " My dearest young lady, " let me beseech you—"

" CLEM. " Aye, now you come with " your *beseeches* again: but if you love " me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not " to be trusted with myself? Were I " a vile young creature, suspected to " be running away with some base-" born man, you could not be more " watchful of my steps."

" Camilla would have entered into " farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbade her.

" Talk till doomsday, I will not " say one word more to you, Camilla. " I will be silent. I will stop my " ears."

" They were both silent. Camilla " seemed to weep.

" Now, my dear chevalier," whispered the marquis, " put yourself in " her sight; engage her into talk about " England, or any thing: you will " have an hour good before dinner. I " hope she will be chearful at table: " she *must* be present; our guests will " enquire after her. Reports have " gone out, as if her head were hurt."

" I am afraid, my lord, that this is " an unseasonable moment. She seems " to be out of humour; and pardon " me if *I* say, that Camilla, good wo-" man as she is, and well-meaning, " had better give way to her young " lady's humour, at such times."

" Then," said the marchioness, " will her malady get head; then will " it become habit. But my lord and " I will remain where we are, for a " few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would " have her be chearful before the patriarch, however; he will expect to " see her. She is as much his delight " as she is ours."

" I took a little turn; and, entering the walk which led to the temple, " appeared in her sight; and bowed, " on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. " I quickened my steps, as if I would " not break into her retirement, and " passed by; but, by means of the " winding walk, could hear what she " said.

" She arose; and, stepping forward, " looking after me, " He is gone," " said she.—" Learn, Camilla, of the " Chevalier Grandison—"

" Shall I call him back, Madam?"

" No.—Yes.—No. Let him go. I " will walk. You may now leave " me, Camilla: there is somebody in " the garden who will watch me; or, " you may stay, Camilla; I don't care " which: only don't talk to me when " I wish to be silent."

" She went into an alley which " crossed that in which I was, but took " the walk that led from me. When " we came to the centre of both, and " were very near each other, I bowed: " she curtsied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made " a motion, as if I would take another " walk. She stopped.—" Learn of " the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla," " repeated she."

" May I presume, Madam? Do I " not invade—"

" Camilla is a little officious to-day: " Camilia has teazed me. Are the " poets of your country as severe upon " women's tongues, as the poets of " ours?"

" Poets, Madam, of all countries, " boast the same inspiration: poets " write, as other men speak, to their " *feeling*."

" So, Sir!—You make a pretty " compliment to us poor women."

" Poets have finer imaginations, Madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: but as they are " not often entitled to boast of judgment, (for imagination and judgment seldom go together) they may, " perhaps, *give* the cause, and then " break out into satire upon the effects."

" Don't I see before me, in the " orange-grove, my father and mother?—I do. I have not kneeled to " them to-day.—Don't go, chevalier."

" She hastened towards them. They " stopped. She bent her knee to each, " and received their tender blessings. " They led her towards me.—" You

" seemed

Plate II. Publiſhed as the Act directs, by Harriſon & Cº Nov. 9, 1782.

" ſeemed engaged in talk with the " chevalier, my dear," ſaid the mar- " quis. " Your mamma and I were " walking in. We leave you."—They " did.

" The beſt of parents!" ſaid ſhe. " O that I were a more worthy child!— " Have you not ſeen them, Sir, *before* " to-day?"

" I have, Madam. They think you " the worthieſt of daughters; but they " lament your thoughtful turn."

" They are very good. I am grieved " to give them trouble. Have they " expreſſed their concern to you, Sir?— " I will not be ſo petulant as I was " once before, provided you keep clear " of the ſame ſubject. You are the " confident of us all; and your noble " and diſintereſted behaviour deſerv- " edly endears you to every body."

" They have been, this very morn- " ing, lamenting the melancholy turn " you ſeem to have taken. With " *tears*, Madam, they have been la- " menting it."

" Camilla, you may draw near: " you will hear your own cauſe ſup- " ported. The rather draw near, and " hear all the chevalier ſeems to be " going to ſay; becauſe it may ſave " you, and me too, a great deal of " trouble."

" Madam, I have done," ſaid I."

" But you muſt *not* have done. If " you are not commiſſioned, Sir, by " my father and mother, I am, I " *ought* to be, prepared to hear all you " have to ſay."

" Camilla came up.

" My deareſt young lady," ſaid I, " what can I ſay? My wiſhes for " your happineſs may make me appear " importunate: but what hope have I " of obtaining your confidence, when " your mother fails?"

" What, Sir, is aimed at? What " is ſought to be obtained? I am not " very well: I uſed to be a very " ſprightly creature; I uſed to talk, " to ſing, to dance, to play; to viſit, " to receive viſits: and I don't like to " do any of theſe things now. I love " to be alone: I am contented with " my own company. Other company " is, at times, irkſome to me; and I " can't help it."

" But whence this ſudden turn, " Madam, in a lady ſo young, ſo " blooming? Your father, mother, " brothers, cannot account for it; " and this diſturbs them."

" I ſee it does, and am ſorry for it."

" No other favourite diverſion takes " place in your mind. You are a " young lady of exemplary piety. " You cannot pay a greater obſerv- " ance than you always paid to the " duties of religion."

" You, Sir, an Engliſhman, an he- " retick, give me leave to call you; " for are you *not* ſo?—Do *you* talk of " piety, of religion?"

" We will not enter into this ſub- " ject, Madam: what I meant—"

" Yes, Sir, I know what you " meant.—And I will own, that I " am, at times, a very melancholy, " ſtrange creature. I know not whence " the alteration; but ſo it is; and I " am a greater trouble to myſelf than " I can be to any body elſe."

" But, Madam, there muſt be ſome " cauſe.—And for you to anſwer the " beſt and moſt indulgent of mothers " with ſighs and tears only; yet no " obſtinacy, no ſullenneſs, no petu- " lance, appearing: all the ſame ſweet- " neſs, gentleneſs, obſervance, that ſhe " ever rejoiced to find in her Clemen- " tina, ſtill ſhining out in her mind. " She cannot urge her *ſilent* daughter; " her tenderneſs will not permit her " to urge her; and how can you, my " ſiſter, (allow of my claim, Madam) " how can you ſtill ſilently withdraw " from ſuch a mother? How can you, " at other times, ſuffer *her* to with- " draw, her heart full, her eyes run- " ning over, unable to ſtay, yet hardly " knowing how to go, becauſe of the " *ineffectual* report ſhe muſt make to " your ſorrowing father; yet the cauſe " of this very great alteration, (which " they dread is growing into habit, at " a time of life when you were to " crown all their hopes) a ſecret faſt " locked up in your own heart."

" She wept, and turned from me, " and leaned upon the arm of her Ca- " milla; and then quitting her arm, " and joining me, " How you paint " my obſtinacy, and my mamma's " goodneſs! I only wiſh—with all my " ſoul I wiſh—that I was added to the " duſt of my anceſtors. I who was " their comfort, I ſee, now muſt be " their torment."

" Fie, fie, my ſiſter!"

" Blame me not; I am by no means

" ſatisfied

" ſatisfied with *myſelf*. What a mi-
" ſerable being muſt ſhe be, who is at
" variance with herſelf!"

" I do not hope, Madam, that you
" ſhould place ſo much confidence in
" your fourth brother as to open your
" mind to him: all I beg is, that you
" will relieve the anxious, the appre-
" henſive heart of the beſt of mothers;
" and, by ſo doing, enable her to re-
" lieve the equally anxious heart of
" the beſt of fathers."

" She pauſed, ſtood ſtill, turned
" away her face, and wept; as if half
" overcome."

" Let your faithful Camilla, Ma-
" dam, be commiſſioned to acquaint
" your mamma—"

" But hold, Sir," (ſeeming to re-
" collect herſelf) " not ſo faſt.—*Open*
" *my mind*—What! whether I have
" any thing to reveal, or not?—In-
" ſinuating man! You had almoſt per-
" ſuaded me to think I had a ſecret
" that lay heavy at my heart: and
" when I began to look for it to ob-
" lige you, I could not find it.—Pray,
" Sir—" She ſtopped.

" And pray, *Madam*," (taking her
" hand) " do not think of receding
" thus."

" You are too free, Sir." Yet ſhe
" withdrew not her hand.

" For a brother, Madam? Too free
" for a brother?" And I quitted it.

" Well, and what farther would
" my *brother?*"

" Only to implore, to beſeech you,
" to reveal to your mamma, to your
" excellent, your indulgent—"

" Stop, Sir, I beſeech you.—What!
" Whether I have any thing to reveal,
" or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell* me, *invent*
" for me, a ſecret that is fit for me to
" own; and then, perhaps, if it will
" ſave the trouble of enquiries, I may
" make, at leaſt, my *four* brothers
" eaſy."

" I am pleaſed, however, Madam,
" with your agreeable raillery. Con-
" tinue but in this temper, and the
" ſecret *is* revealed: enquiry will be
" at an end."

" Camilla, here, is continually teaz-
" ing me with her *perſuaſions* to be *in*
" *love*, as ſhe calls it. That is the
" ſilly thing in our ſex, which gives
" importance to yours: a young crea-
" ture cannot be grave, cannot in-
" dulge a contemplative humour, but
" ſhe muſt be in love. I ſhould hate
" myſelf, were I to put it in the power
" of any man breathing to give me
" uneaſineſs. I hope, Sir, I hope,
" that you, my *brother*, have not ſo
" poor, ſo low, ſo mean a thought of
" me."

" It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is
" not *mean*, to be in love, Madam."

" What! not with an improper ob-
" ject?"

" Madam!"

" What have I ſaid? You want
" to—But what I have now ſaid, was
" to introduce what I am going to
" tell you; that I ſaw your inſinua-
" tion, and what it tended to, when
" you read to me thoſe lines of your
" Shakeſpeare; which, in your heart,
" I ſuppoſe, you had the *goodneſs*, or
" what ſhall I call it? to apply to me.
" Let me ſee if I can repeat them to
" you in their original Engliſh."

" With the accent of her country, ſhe
" very prettily repeated thoſe lines—

———" She never told her love;
" But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in
" thought;
" And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
" She ſat, like Patience on a monument,
" Smiling at Grief."——

" Now, chevalier, if you had any
" deſign, in your pointing to theſe
" very pretty lines, I will only ſay,
" you are miſtaken; and ſo are all
" thoſe who affront and afflict me,
" with attributing my malady to ſo
" great a weakneſs."

" I meant not at the *time*, Ma-
" dam—"

" Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—"

" Any ſuch application of the lines.
" How could I?"

" Your refuſal of many lovers; your
" declining the propoſals of a man of
" the Count of Belvedere's conſequence
" and merit, though approved of by
" every one of your friends; are con-
" victions—"

" See, Camilla!" interrupting me
" with quickneſs, " the chevalier is
" convinced!—Pray let me have no
" more of your affronting queſtions
" and conjectures on this ſubject.—I
" tell you, Camilla, I would not be
" in love for the world and all it's
" glory."

" But, Madam, if you will be
" pleaſed

" pleased to assign one cause to your " mamma, for the melancholy turn " your lively temper has taken, you " will save yourself from a suspicion " that gives you pain, as well as dis- " pleasure. Perhaps you are grieved " that you cannot comply with your " father's views—Perhaps—"

" *Assign one cause,*" again interrupted she—" *Assign one cause!*"—" Why, Sir—I am not well—I am " not pleased with myself—as I told " you."

" If it were any thing that lay on " your mind, your conscience, Ma- " dam, you confessor—"

" Would not make me easy. He " is a good, but"—(*turning aside and speaking low*) " a severe man. Ca- " milla hears not what I say;" [*She had dropped behind.*] " he is more " afraid of me, in some cases, than " he need to be. And why? Be- " cause you have almost persuaded me " to think charitably of people of diffe- " rent persuasions, by your noble cha- " rity for all mankind: which I " think, heretick as you are, forgive " me, Sir, carries an appearance of " true christian goodness in it: though " protestants, it seems, will persecute " one another; but you would not be " one of those, except you are one " man in Italy, another in England."

" Your mother, Madam, will ask, " if you have honoured me with any " part of your confidence? Her com- " municative goodness makes her " think every body should be as un- " reserved as herself. Your father is " so good as to *allow* you to explain " yourself to me, when he wishes that " I could prevail upon you to open " your mind to me in the character " of a fourth brother. My lord the " bishop—"

" Yes, yes, Sir," interrupted she, " all our family worships you almost. " I have myself a very great regard for " you, as the fourth brother who has " been the deliverer and preserver of " my third. But, Sir, who can prevail " upon you, in any thing you are de- " termined upon?—Had I any thing " upon my heart, I would not tell it to " one who, brought up in error, shuts " his eyes against conviction, in an " article in which his everlasting good " is concerned. Let me call you a " catholick, Sir, and I will not keep a " thought of my heart from you. " You shall *indeed* be my brother; " and I shall free one of the holiest " of men from his apprehensions on " my conversing with so determined " a heretick as he thinks you. Then " shall you, *as my brother*, command " those secrets, if any I have, from " that heart in which you think them " locked up."

" *Why* then, Madam, will you not " declare them to your mamma, to " your confessor, to my lord bishop?"

" Did I not say, " *If any I have?*"

" And is your reverend confessor " uneasy at the favour of the family " to me?—How causeless!—Have I " ever, Madam, talked with you on " the subject of religion?"

" Well but, Sir, are you so obsti- " nately determined in your errors, " that there is no hope of convincing " you?—I really look upon you, as " my papa and mamma first bid me do, " as my *fourth* brother: I should be " glad that *all* my brothers were of " one religion. Will you allow Fa- " ther Marescotti and Father Geral- " dino to enter into a conference " with you on this subject? And if " they can answer all your objections, " will you act according to your con- " victions?"

" I will not, by any means, Ma- " dam, enter upon this subject."

" I have long intended, Sir, to pro- " pose this matter to you."

" You have often intimated as " much, Madam, though not so di- " rectly as now; but the religion of " my country is the religion of my " choice. I have a great deal to " say for it. It will not be heard " with patience by such strict profes- " sors as either of those you have " named. Were I to be questioned " on this subject before the Pope, " and the whole Sacred College, I " would not prevaricate: but good- " manners will make me shew respect " to the religion of the country I hap- " pen to be in, were it the Mahome- " tan, or even the Pagan; and to " venerate the good men of it: but I " never will enter into debate upon " the subject as a traveller, a sojourn- " er; that is a rule with me."

" Well, Sir, you are an obstinate " man, that's all I will say. I pity " you: with all my soul I pity you:

" you have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table " with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in " silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, " Surely this " man was not designed for perdition!—But be gone, chevalier; " leave me. You are an obstinate " man. Yours is the *worst* of obstinacy; for you will not give your- " self a *chance* for conviction."

" We have so far departed from the " subject we began upon, that it is " proper to obey you, Madam; I only " beg that my sister—"

" Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine," interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek " from me—" But *what* do you beg " of your sister?"

" That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents, and the most affectionate of brothers, with a chearful aspect at table, especially before " the patriarch. Do not, Madam, in " silence—"

" You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with *you*.—Shall we go " through your Shakespeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewel, chevalier. " I will try to be chearful at table. " But, if I am *not*, let not your eye " reproach me."—She took another " walk.

" I was loth, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myself the consequence with this amiable lady, " which might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the conversation took; but I thought it no " more than justice to the whole family, to hasten my departure: and " when I hinted to Clementina, that I " should soon take leave of them, I " was rejoiced to find her unconcerned."

' This, my good Miss Byron, is ' what I find in my patron's letters ' relating to this conference. He ' takes notice, that the young lady behaved herself at table as she was ' wished to do.

' Mr. Grandison was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of the whole ' family, to suspend his departure for ' a few days.

' The young lady's melancholy, to ' the inexpressible affliction of her ' friends, increased; yet she behaved ' with so much greatness of mind, ' that neither, her mother nor her Camilla, could persuade themselves that ' love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness ' with which they solicited the interest ' of the Count of Belvedere with her, ' had hurried and affected her delicate ' spirits; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed ' to lend a more favourable ear to it: ' and the count retired to his own palace at Parma, expecting and hoping ' for such a turn in his favour; for he ' declared, that it was impossible for ' him to think of any other woman for ' a wife.

' But Signor Jeronymo doubted ' not, all this time, of the cause; and, ' without letting any body into his ' opinion, not even Mr. Grandison, ' for fear a disappointment should affect him, resolved to make use of ' every opportunity that should offer, ' in favour of the man he loved, from ' a principle of gratitude, that reigned ' with exemplary force in the breast ' of every one of this noble family; ' a principle which took the firmer ' root in their hearts, as the prudence, ' generosity, magnanimity, and other ' great and equally-amiable qualities ' of Mr. Grandison, appeared every ' day more and more conspicuous to ' them all.

' I will soon, Madam, present you ' with farther extracts from the letters in my possession, in pursuance ' of the articles you have given me in ' writing. I am not a little proud of ' my talk.'

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

[BEGAN PAGE 397.]

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the seting-out of this story, and the short account of it, given by Sir Charles in the library-conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous, as Italians, in general, are said to be, of their women; and so proud as this Bologna family is represented

sented to be of their rank; should all agree to give so fine a man, as this is, in mind, person, and address, such free access to their daughter, a young lady of eighteen?

Teach her English!—Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry!—Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: if you will excuse these parents, you may. But I say, that *any* body, though *not* of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and family. In every case, the teacher is the obliger. He is called *master*, you know: and where there is a *master*, a *servant* is implied. Who is it that seeks not out for a married man, among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing musick, dancing, languages, science of any kind? But a tutor such a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their indiscretion.

* *

I AM this moment come from the doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place, among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called, by their enemies, French women.

But you will see, that honour, and the laws of hospitality, were Mr. Grandison's guard: and I believe a young flame may be easily kept under. Sir Charles Grandison, Lucy, is used to do only what he *ought*. Dr. Bartlett once said, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr. Grandison and the lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet, I must own, honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he passes under, to her? How officiously he *sisters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *sister* too, you know! He has been *used* to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them. Have not also his sisters detected me! While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her—

——— 'Never told her love;
'But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
'Feed on her damask cheek.'———

How do I admire her for her silence! But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so *very* reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a gallant and a handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.	Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's address; nor had *she*: and all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.
What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a love, which she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowledge.	Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to *endeavour* to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience, approved.
No wonder, then, that so excellent a young lady suffered *Concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damask cheek.*	*Suspense*, therefore, only, and not *concealment*, (since every one called upon Harriet to acknowledge her love) could feed on *her* cheek.

And is not ſuſpenſe enough to make it pale, though it has not yet given it a *green* and *yellow* caſt? O what tortures has ſuſpenſe given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, ſo much in earneſt in her own perſuaſion, take, in this ſecond conference, could ſhe have ſucceeded, in her ſolicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I dare ſay ſhe would have been leſs reſerved, as to the *cauſe* of her melancholy; eſpecially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: if I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's letter. I can think of nothing elſe.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28.

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles ſo much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miſs Grandiſon, till ſhe left Colnebrook; and got hither by our breakfaſt-time this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miſs Grandiſon; but ſhe is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy, where is the ſenſe of parading it with a worthy man, of whoſe affection we have no reaſon to doubt, and whoſe viſits we allow?

Silly men in love, or pretending to be in love, generally ſay hyperbolical things, all, in ſhort, that could be ſaid to a creature of ſuperior order, (to an angel;) becauſe they know not how to ſay polite, proper, or ſenſible things. In like manner, from the ſame defects in underſtanding, ſome of us women act as if we thought coyneſs and modeſty the ſame thing; and others, as if they were ſenſible, that if they were not inſolent, they muſt drop into the arms of a lover upon his firſt queſtion.

But Miſs Grandiſon, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archneſs; and, I may ſay, downright roguery of temper. Courtſhip is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no inſtance is ſo ſucceſsful, yet ſo improper, as on that ſubject. She could not ſpare her brother upon it, though ſhe ſuffered by it.

Yet had ſhe a reſpect for Lord G. ſhe could not treat him ludicrouſly. Cannot a witty woman find her own conſequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to ſet it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—ſaving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, juſt now, that were I Lord G. I would not wiſh to have her mine, on any conſideration. She called me ſilly creature, and aſked me, if it were not one of the trueſt ſigns of love, when men were moſt fond of the women who were leaſt fit for them, and uſed them worſt? 'Theſe 'men, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'are very 'ſorry creatures, and know no me-'dium. They will either, ſpaniel-'like, fawn at your feet, or be ready 'to leap into your lap.'

She has charming ſpirits; I wiſh I could borrow ſome of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a ſingle drachm of thoſe over-lively ones which I ſee ſhe will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleaſed, at preſent, with any treatment from her; though he wants not feeling, as I can ſee already. '—Don't, Charlotte,' ſaid I to her, within this half-hour, 'let him find 'his own weight in your levity. He 'admires your wit; but don't let it 'wound him.'

But perhaps ſhe is the ſprightlier, in order to give me and Lord and Lady L. ſpirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehenſive of the ſtory, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: ſo is Miſs Grandiſon; and my ſweet Emily, as often as ſhe may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my ſhoulder; and watches, with looks of love, every turn of my eyes.

I have

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject, and says, that she sees love is a very subtile thing, and, like water, will work it's way through the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. 'I think,' said she, 'my *heart* loves her; but 'not so well as it does you. I long 'to know what my guardian will do 'about her. How good is it in her 'father and mother to love her so dear'ly! Her two elder brothers one can'not dislike; but Jeronymo is my fa'vourite. He is a man worth saving; 'i'n't he, Madam? But I pity her fa'ther and mother, as well as Clemen'tina.'

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart she has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison Hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from him, when there. What! will he go by this house, and not call in?—With all my heart—We are *only* sisters! Miss Grandison says, she'll be '*hang'd*,' (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me*. Afraid of me! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But as he seems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I shall soon know every thing, as to that. But sure he might call in as he went by.

The doctor says, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr. Bartlett with him: upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, such sisters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* brother? I really think his sisters are too acquiescent.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one; for he studies situation and convenience, and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid it. For he says, he would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it were always so; than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in it's former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He *may* court for others: he has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles, being himself in suspense, as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him through the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (*generously* apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr. Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myself: near borderers, Lucy!—What a little creature does it make me in my own eyes!—O Dr. Bartlett, your kindly-intended transcripts shall cure me: indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is *absent*—Nor when he is *present*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear! I must be so very careful of my punctilio!—'No,' thought I, 'in the true spirit of prudery, 'I will not go to Sir Charles's 'house for the world: and why? Be'cause he is a single man; and be'cause I think of something—that he 'perhaps has no notion of. But now 'I may go and visit his sister without 'scruple, may I not? For he perhaps 'thinks only of his Clementina." And is not this a charming difficulty got over, Lucy? But, as I said, I will *soon* be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I *would*, just now—'Lovers,' said she, 'are 'the weakest people in the world; and

'people

'people of punctilio the moſt *un*-punc-
'tilious—You have not talked till
'*now* of going in ſuch a hurry.
'Would you have it thought that
'you ſtaid in town for a *particular*
'reaſon? and, when that ceaſed,
'valued nobody elſe?'—She held up her finger—'Conſider!' ſaid ſhe.

There is ſomething in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr. Bartlett ſays, he ſhall ſoon give me another letter.

Farewel, my dear.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.

SIR Charles came hither this morning, time enough to breakfaſt with us.

Lady L. is not an early riſer. I am ſure this brother of hers is: ſo is Miſs Grandiſon. If I ſay *I* am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boaſting, becauſe you will, by ſo calling it, acknowledge early riſing to be a virtue; and if you thought it ſuch, I am ſure you would diſtinguiſh it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: this is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main ſo patiently ſuffered this difference, and not tried to teaze you out of it? Becauſe my Lucy always *ſo well* employs her time when ſhe is *alive*. But would not one the *more* wiſh that well-employed life to be made as long as poſſible?

I endeavoured to be very chearful at breakfaſt; but I believe my behaviour was aukward and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the queſtion to the two ſiſters, Whether it was not ſo? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a ſenſe of conſtraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpoſe to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading ſurmiſe, that he had permitted Dr. Bartlett to haſten to me the hiſtory of Clementina, in order *generouſly* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too ſtrongly taken hold of my fooliſh heart.

But nothing of this was diſcoverable. Reſpect, tender reſpect, appeared, as the ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addreſſed himſelf to me; in every look that he caſt upon me.

He ſtudiouſly avoided ſpeaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the ſubject.

I am ſure I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a ſofter paſſion, I dare ſay, in the boſom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *muſt be*, I ſhould fancy, more generoſity, more tenderneſs, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity [I write in the firſt caſe from my own ſenſibilities, in the other from my apprehenſions] there is, too probably, a mixture of inſult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, muſt the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpleſs* pity of the man ſhe loves!

The ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *love*, however, is not ſo much engaged for Clementina as his *compaſſion*. They are my ſincere friends: they ſee that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a firſt love; and they generouſly endeavour to inculcate this diſtinction upon me: but to what purpoſe, when we evidently ſee, from what we already know of this ſtory, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of ſuch a nature, that they cannot be diſpenſed with while this lady's deſtiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: and tenderneſs, I am ſure, is the ſole motive of my compaſſion for this fair unfortunate.

Sir Charles ſet out immediately after breakfaſt, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to paſs the evening with Lord W. We ſhall all go to town to-morrow.

* *

WITH this I ſend the doctor's ſecond pacquet. O my dear! What a noble young lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her paſſion! A letter of Mrs. Beaumont (Mrs. Beaumont herſelf an excellent woman) will ſhew you, that Clementina deſerves every good wiſh. Such a noble ſtruggle did I never hear of, between religion and love. O, Lucy! you will be delighted with

with Clementina! You will even, for a while forget your Harriet; or, if you are juſt, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young lady do more honour to her ſex than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the moſt vehement, ſuppreſſed from motives of piety, till, poor lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the letter, and be loſt, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in ſilent admiration of her fortitude! O, my dear! ſhe *muſt* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandiſon! My reaſon, my juſtice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They ſay little. What *can* they ſay?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

DR. BARTLETT'S SECOND LETTER.

'YOUR fourth enquiry, Ma-
'dam, is—

"*Whether the particularly chear-*
"*ful behaviour of the young*
"*lady, on the departure of Mr.*
"*Grandiſon from Bologna, af-*
"*ter a courſe of melancholy, is*
"*any where accounted for?*"

'And your fifth is, "*What were*
"*the particulars of Mrs. Beau-*
"*mont's management of the*
"*lady, at Florence, by which*
"*ſhe brought her to own*
"*love, after ſhe had ſo long*
"*kept it a ſecret from her mo-*
"*ther, and all her family?*"

'What I ſhall tranſcribe, in order 'to ſatisfy you, Madam, with regard 'to the fifth article, will include all 'that you can wiſh to be informed of, 'reſpecting the fourth.

'But let me premiſe, that Mrs. 'Beaumont, at the requeſt of the mar-'chioneſs, undertook to give an ac-'count of the health of the young 'lady, and what effect the change of 'air, of place, and her advice, had upon 'her mind, after ſhe had been at Flo-'rence for two or three days. She, on 'the fourth day of their being together, 'wrote to that lady the deſired parti-'culars. The following is a tranſla-'tion of her letter—

"YOUR ladyſhip will excuſe me
"for not writing till now,
"when you are acquainted, that it
"was not before laſt night that I
"could give you any tolerable ſatis-
"faction on the ſubject upon which
"I had engaged to do myſelf that
"honour.

"I have made myſelf miſtreſs of
"the dear young lady's ſecret. Your
"ladyſhip gueſſed it, perhaps, *too*
"well. Love, but a pure and lauda-
"ble love, is the malady that has
"robbed her of her tranquillity for ſo
"long a ſpace, and your ſplendid fa-
"mily of all comfort: but ſuch a
"magnanimity ſhewn, or endeavour-
"ed at, that ſhe deſerved to be equal-
"ly pitied and admired. What is
"it that the dear young lady has
"not ſuffered in a conflict between
"her duty, her religion, and her love?

"The diſcovery, I am afraid, will
"not give pleaſure to your family;
"yet certainty, in what muſt be, is
"better than ſuſpenſe. You will
"think me a managing perſon, per-
"haps, from the relation I have to give
"you: but it was the talk preſcribed
"me; and you commanded me to be
"very minute in the account of all
"my dealings with her, that you
"might know how to conduct your-
"ſelves to her for the cure of the un-
"happy malady. I obey.

"The firſt and ſecond days, after
"our return to Florence, were paſ-
"ſed in endeavouring to divert her,
"as our gueſt, in all the ways we
"could think of: but finding, that
"company was irkſome to her, and
"that ſhe only bore with it for po-
"liteneſs-ſake; I told the ladies, that
"I would take her entirely into my
"own care, and devote my whole
"time to her ſervice. They ac-
"quieſced: and when I told Lady
"Clementina of my intention, ſhe
"rejoiced at it, and did me the ho-
"nour to aſſure me, that my conver-
"ſation would be balm to her heart, if
"ſhe could enjoy it without mixed
"company.

"Your ladyſhip will ſee, however,
"from what I have mentioned of her

"regard

" regard for me, that I had made uſe " of my time in the two paſt days to " ingratiate myſelf into the favour of " your Clementina. She will have " me call her nothing but Clementi- " na: excuſe, therefore, Madam, the " freedom of my ſtile.

" She engaged me laſt night to give " her a leſſon, as ſhe called it, in an " Engliſh author. I was ſurprized at " her proficiency in my native tongue. " Ah, my dear," ſaid I, " what an " admirable manner of teaching muſt " your tutor have had, if I am to " judge by the great progreſs you " have made in ſo ſhort time, in the " acquiring a tongue that has not the " ſweetneſs of your own, though it " has a force and expreſſiveneſs, that " is more than equal, I think, to any " of the modern languages!"

" She bluſhed—" Do you think " ſo?" ſaid ſhe—And I ſaw, by the " turn of her eye, and her conſcioſ- " neſs, that I had no need to hint to " her Count Marulli, nor any other " man.

" I took upon me, without puſhing " her, juſt then, upon the ſuppoſed " light dropped in from this little in- " cident, to mention the Count of " Belvedere with diſtinction, as the " marquis had deſired I would.

" She ſaid, ſhe could not by any " means think of him.

" I told her, that as all her fami- " ly approved highly of the count, I " thought they were intitled to know " her objections: and to judge of the " reaſonableneſs or unreaſonableneſs " of them. " Indeed, my dear," ſaid " I, " you do not, in this point, " treat your father and mother with " the dutifulneſs that their indulgence " deſerves."

" She ſtarted. " That is ſeverely " ſaid; is it not, Madam?"

" Conſider of it, my dear, and if " you pronounce it ſo, after an hour's " reflection, I will call it ſo, and aſk " your pardon."

" I am afraid," ſaid ſhe, " I am " in fault. I have the beſt and moſt " indulgent of parents. There are " ſome things, ſome ſecrets, that one " cannot be forward to divulge. One " ſhould perhaps be commanded out " of them with a high hand."

" Your acknowledgment, my dear," ſaid I, " is more generous than the " occaſion given for it: but if you " will not think me impertinent—"

" Don't, don't aſk me too cloſe " queſtions, Madam," interrupted ſhe; " I am afraid I can deny you " nothing."

" I am perſuaded, my dear Cle- " mentina, that the mutual unboſom- " ing of ſecrets is the cement of faith- " ful friendſhip, and true love. When- " ever any new turn in one's af- " fairs happens, whenever any new " lights open, the friendly heart reſts " not, till it has communicated to it's " fellow-heart the new lights, the in- " tereſting events; and this communi- " cativeneſs knits the true lover's knot " ſtill cloſer. But what a ſolitarineſs, " what a gloom, what a darkneſs, " muſt poſſeſs that mind which can " truſt no friend with it's inmoſt " thoughts! The big ſecret, when it " is of an intereſting nature, will " ſwell the heart till it is ready to " burſt. Deep melancholy muſt fol- " low—I would not for the world " have it ſo much as thought, that I " had not a ſoul large enough for friend- " ſhip. And is not the eſſence of " friendſhip communication, mingling " of hearts, and empyting our very ſoul " into that of a true friend?"

" Why, that's true. But, Madam, " a young creature may be ſo circum- " ſtanced, as not to have a true friend; " or, if ſhe has near her a perſon to " whom ſhe *might* communicate her " whole mind without doubt of her " *fidelity*, yet there may be a forbid- " dingneſs in the perſon: a difference " in years; in degree; as in my Ca- " milla, who is, however, a very good " woman—We people of condition, " Madam, have more courtiers about " us than friends; but Camilla's fault " is teazing, and always harping up- " on one ſtring, and that by my friends " commands: it would be therefore " more laudable to open my mind " to my mother, than to her; as it " would be the ſame thing."

" Very true, my dear: and as you " have a mother, who is leſs of the " mother than ſhe would be of the " ſiſter, the friend; it is amazing to " me, that you have kept ſuch a mo- " ther in the dark ſo long."

" What can I ſay?—Ah, Ma- " dam!"

" dam!"—There ſhe ſtopped. At " laſt ſaid, " But my mother is in the " intereſt of the man I cannot love?

" The queſtion recurs—Are not " your parents intitled to know your " objections to the man whoſe intereſt " they ſo warmly eſpouſe?

" I have no particular objections. " The Count of Belvedere deſerves a " better wife than I can make him. I " ſhould reſpect him very much, had I " a ſiſter, and he made his addreſſes to " her."

" Well then, my dear Clementina, " if I *gueſs* the reaſon why you cannot " approve of the Count of Belvedere, " will you tell me, with that candour, " with that friendſhip, of the requi- " ſites of which we have been ſpeak- " ing, whether I am right or not?"

" She heſitated. I was ſilent in ex- " pectation.

" She then ſpoke, " I am *afraid* of " you, Madam."

" You have reaſon to be ſo, if you " think me unworthy of your friend- " ſhip."

" What is your gueſs, Mrs. Beau- " mont?"

" That you are prejudiced in favour " of ſome other man; or you could " not, if you had a ſiſter, wiſh her a " huſband that you thought unworthy " of yourſelf."

" I don't think the Count of Belve- " dere unworthy neither, Madam."

" Then my conjecture has received " additional ſtrength."

" O Mrs. Beaumont! How you " preſs upon me!"

" If impertinently, ſay ſo; and I " have done."

" No, no, not impertinently, nei- " ther; yet you diſtreſs me."

" That could not be, if I were not " right: and if the perſon were not " too unworthy of you, to be acknow- " ledged."

" O Mrs. Beaumont! How cloſely " your urge me!—What can I ſay?"

" If you have any confidence in " me—If you think me capable of ad- " viſing you—"

" I *have* confidence: your known " prudence—" And then ſhe made me compliments, that I could not deſerve.

" Come, my dear, Clementina, I " will *gueſs* again—Shall I?"

" What would you gueſs?"

" That there is a man of low de- " gree—Of low fortunes—Of infe- " rior ſenſe—"

" Hold, hold, hold!—And do you " think that the Clementina before " you is ſunk *ſo* low?—If you do, " why don't you caſt the abject crea- " ture from you?"

" Well, then, I will *gueſs* again— " That there is a man of a royal " houſe; of ſuperior underſtanding; " of whom you can have no hope."

" O Mrs Beaumont! And cannot " you gueſs that this prince is a Ma- " hometan, when your hand is in?"

" Then, Madam, and from the " hints your ladyſhip had given, I had " little doubt that Clementina was in " love; and that religion was the ap- " prehended difficulty. Zealous Ca- " tholicks think not better of Pro- " teſtants, than of Mahometans: nor, " indeed, are zealous Proteſtants with- " out their prejudices. Zeal will be " zeal, in perſons of whatever deno- " mination.

" I would not however, Madam, " like a ſudden froſt, nip the opening " bud.

" There is," ſaid I, " a young " ſoldier of fortune, who has breathed " forth paſſionate wiſhes for Clemen- " tina."

" A ſoldier of fortune, Madam!" " with an air of diſdain. " There can- " not be ſuch a man living, that can " have his wiſhes anſwered."

" Well, then, to ſay nothing of " *him*; there is a Roman nobleman— " a younger brother—of the Borgheſe " houſe—Permit me to ſuppoſe *him* " the man."

" With all my heart, Madam."

" She was eaſy, while I was at a " diſtance.

" But if the Chevalier Grandiſon" " [She coloured at his name]—" has " done him ill offices—"

" The Chevalier Grandiſon, Ma- " dam, is incapable of doing *any* man " ill offices."

" Are you ſure, Madam, that the " Chevalier has not art?—He has " great abilities. Men of great abili- " ties are not always to be truſted. " They don't ſtrike till they are ſure."

" He has *no* art, Madam. He is " *above* art. He *wants* it not. He " is beloved wherever he goes. He is " equally noted for his prudence and " freedom of heart. He is *above* art!" " repeated ſhe, with warmth.

"I own, that he deſerves every "thing from your family. I don't "wonder that he is careſſed by you "all: but it is amazing to me, that, "in contradiction to all the prudent "maxims and cautions of your coun-"try, ſuch a young gentleman ſhould "have been admitted—" I ſtopped.

"Why, now, you don't imagine, "that I—that I—" She ſtopped, and "heſitated.

"A prudent woman would not put "it in any man's power to give her a "prejudice to perſons of unexception-"able honour; and to manage—"

"Nay, Madam, now has ſomebody "prejudiced you againſt your coun-"tryman—He is the moſt diſintereſted "of men."

"I have heard young ladies, when "he was here, ſpeak of him as a hand-"ſome man."

"A handſome man! And is not "Mr. Grandiſon a handſome man? "Where will you ſee a man ſo hand-"ſome."

"And do you think he is ſo very "extraordinary a man, as to *ſenſe*, as "I have heard him reported to be? "I was twice in his company—I "thought, indeed, he looked upon *him-"ſelf* as a man of conſequence."

"Nay, Madam, don't ſay he is not "a *modeſt* man. It is true, he knows "when to ſpeak, and when to be "ſilent: but he is not a confident "man; nor is he, in the leaſt, con-"ceited."

"Was there ſo much bravery in "his relieving your brother, as ſome "people attribute to him in that happy "event? Two ſervants and himſelf "well armed; the chance of paſſen-"gers on the ſame road: the aſſaſſins "that appeared but two; their own "guilt to encounter with—"

"Dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont, with "what prejudiced people have you "converſed? The Scripture ſays, "*A "prophet has no honour in his own "country*;" but Mr. Grandiſon has "not much from his own country-wo-"man."

"Well, but did Mr. Grandiſon "ever ſpeak to you of any one man, "as a man worthy of your favour?"

"Did he!—Yes, of the Count of "Belvedere. He was *more* earneſt "in *his* favour than—"

"Really?"

"Yes, really—than I thought he "ought to be."

"Why ſo?"

"Why ſo!—Why, becauſe—be-"cauſe—Why what was it to him—"you know?"

"I ſuppoſe he was put upon it—"

"I believe ſo."

"Or he would not—"

"I believe, if the truth were known, "you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. "Grandiſon. You are the only per-"ſon that I ever in my life heard ſpeak "of him, even with indifference."

"Tell me, my dear Clementina, "what are your ſincere thoughts of "Mr. Grandiſon, perſon and mind?"

"You may gather them from what "I have ſaid."

"That he is a handſome man; a "generous, a prudent, a brave, a po-"lite man."

"Indeed I think him to be all you "have ſaid: and I am not ſingular."

"But he is a *Mahometan*—"

"A *Mahometan!* Madam—Ah, "Mrs. Beaumont!"

"And ah, my dear Clementina!—"And do you think I have not found "you out?—Had you never known "Mr. Grandiſon, you would not have "ſcrupled to have been, Counteſs of "Belvedere."

"And can you *think*, Madam—"

"Yes, yes, my dear young lady, "I can."

"My good Mrs. Beaumont, you "don't know what I was going to "ſay."

"Be ſincere, my dear young lady. "Cannot a lover, talking to a ſecond "perſon, be ſincere?"

"What, Madam, a man of another "religion! A man obſtinate in his "errors! A man who has never pro-"feſſed love to me! A man of in-"ferior degree! A man who owns "himſelf abſolutely dependent upon "his father's bounty!—His father "living to the height of his eſtate! "—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, "duty, religion—"

"Well then, I may ſafely take up "the praiſes of Mr. Grandiſon: you "have imputed to me, ſlight, injuſt-"ice, prejudice againſt him: let me "now ſhew you, that the *prophet has "honour with his country-woman.* "Let me collect his character from "the mouth of every man who has

"ſpoken

" ſpoken of him in my hearing or
" knowledge—His country has not
" in this age ſent abroad a private man
" who has done it more credit. He
" is a man of honour in every ſenſe of
" the word. If moral rectitude, if
" practical religion, (your brother the
" Barone teſtifies this on his own ex-
" perience) were loſt in the reſt of the
" world, it would, without glare or
" oſtentation, be found in him. He
" is courted by the beſt, the wiſeſt,
" the moſt eminent men, wherever he
" goes; and he does good without
" diſtinction of religion, ſects, or
" nation: his own countrymen boaſt
" of him, and apply to him for cre-
" dentials to the beſt and moſt con-
" ſiderable men, in their travels through
" more countries than one: In France,
" particularly, he is as much reſpect-
" ed as in Italy. He is deſcended
" from the beſt families in England,
" both by father and mother; and
" can be a ſenator of it, whenever he
" pleaſes. He is heir to a very con-
" ſiderable eſtate; and is, as I am in-
" formed, courted to ally with ſome
" of the greateſt families in it. Were
" he not born to a fortune, he would
" make one. You own him to be
" generous, brave, handſome."

" O my dear, dear Mrs. Beau-
" mont! All this is too much, too
" much!—Yet all this I think him to
" be!—I can no longer reſiſt you. I
" own, I own, that I have no heart
" but for Mr. Grandiſon. And now,
" as I don't doubt, but my friends
" ſet you to find out the love-ſick
" girl, how ſhall I, who cannot diſ-
" own a ſecret you have ſo fairly, and
" without condition, come at, ever
" look them in the face? Yet let them
" know (I will enable you to tell
" them) how all this came about,
" and how much I have ſtruggled
" againſt a paſſion ſo evidently im-
" proper to be encouraged by a daugh-
" ter of their houſe.

" He was, in the firſt place, as
" well you know, the preſerver of a
" beloved brother's life; and that bro-
" ther afterwards owned, that had he
" followed his friendly advice, he
" never would have fallen into the
" danger from which he reſcued him.

" My father and mother preſented
" him to me, and bid me regard him
" as a fourth brother; and it was not
" immediately that I found out, that
" I *could* have but three brothers.

" My brother's deliverer proved to
" be the moſt amiable and humane,
" and yet braveſt of men.

" All my friends careſſed him.
" Neither family forms, nor national
" forms, were ſtood upon, he had
" free acceſs to us all, as one of us.

" My younger brother was con-
" tinually hinting to me his wiſhes
" that I were his. Mr. Grandiſon
" was above all other reward; and my
" brother conſidered me in a kind
" light, as *able* to reward him.

" My confeſſor, by his fears and
" invectives, rather confirmed than
" leſſened my eſteem for a man whom
" I thought injured by them.

" His own reſpectful and diſintereſt-
" ed behaviour to me contributed to
" my attachment. He always ad-
" dreſſed me as his *ſiſter*, when he put
" on the familiar friend, in the guiſe
" of a tutor; I could not therefore
" arm againſt a man I had no reaſon
" to ſuſpect.

" But ſtill I knew not the ſtrength
" of my paſſion for him, till the Count
" of Belvedere was propoſed to me
" with an earneſtneſs that alarmed me:
" then I conſidered the Count as the
" interrupter of my hopes; and yet I
" could not give my friends the rea-
" ſon *why* I rejected him. How *could*
" I, when I had none to give but my
" prepoſſeſſion in favour of another
" man? A prepoſſeſſion entirely hid-
" den in my own heart.

" But ſtill I thought I would ſooner
" die, than be the wife of a man of a
" religion contrary to my own. I
" am a zealous catholick myſelf: all
" my relations are zealous catholicks.
" How angry have I been at this ob-
" ſtinate heretick, as I have often
" called him; the firſt heretick, my
" dear Mrs. Beaumont, (for once I
" did not love *you*) that my ſoul de-
" teſted not! For he is as tenacious a
" proteſtant as ever came out of Eng-
" land. What had he to do in Italy?
" Why did he not ſtay at home? Or
" why, if he muſt come abroad, did
" he ſtay ſo long among us; yet hold
" his obſtinacy, as if in defiance of
" the people by whom he was ſo well
" received?

" These were the reproaches that " my heart in silence often cast upon " him.

" I was at first concerned only for " his *soul's* sake: but afterwards, " finding him essential to my earthly " happiness, and yet resolving never " to think of him if he became not a " catholick, I was earnest for his " conversion for my *own* sake; hoping " that my friends indulgence to me " would make my wishes practicable; " for, on his part, I doubted not, if " that point were got over, he would " think an alliance with our family " an honour to him.

" But when I found him invincible " on this article, I was resolved either " to conquer my passion, or die. What " did I not undergo in my endeavours " to gain this victory over myself! My " confessor hurt me, by terrors; my " woman teazed me; my parents, and " two elder brothers, and all my more " distant relations, urged me to deter- " mine in favour of the Count of Bel- " vedere. The count was importu- " nate: the chevalier was importunate " in the count's behalf.—Good Hea- " ven! what could I do?—I was hur- " ried, as I may say: I had not time " given me to weigh, ponder, recol- " lect. How could I make my mo- " ther, how could I make *any body*, " my confident? My judgment was " at war with my passion; and I hop- " ed it would overcome. I struggled; " yet every day the object appearing " more worthy, the struggle was too " hard for me. O that I had had a " Mrs. Beaumont to consult—Well " might melancholy seize me—silent " melancholy!

" At last the chevalier was resolved " to leave us. What pain, yet what " pleasure, did this resolution give " me! Most sincerely I hoped that his " absence would restore my tranquil- " lity.

" What a secret triumph did I give " myself, on my behaviour to him, " before all my friends, on the parting " evening! My whole deportment was " uniform. I was chearful, serene, " happy in myself, and I made all my " friends so. I wished him happy " wherever he set his foot, and what- " soever he engaged in. I thanked " him, with the rest of my friends, " for the benefits we had received " from him, and the pleasure he had " given us, in the time he had be- " stowed upon us, and I wished that " he might never want a friend so " agreeable and entertaining as he had " been to us all.

" I was the more pleased with my- " self, as I was not under a necessity " of putting on stiffness or reserve to " hide a heart too much affected. I " thought myself secure, and stood out " forwarder than he seemed to hope " for, and with *more* than my offered " hand, at the moment of his depar- " ture. I thought I read in his eyes " a concern, for the first time, that " called for a pity which I imagined " I myself wanted not. Yet I had a " pang at parting.—When the door " shut out the agreeable man, never " again, thought I, to be opened to " give him entrance! I sighed at the " reflection: but who perceived it?— " I never could be insensible in a " parting scene, with *less* agreeable " friends: it was the easier for me to " attribute to the gentleness of my " heart, the instant sensibility. My " father clasped me to his bosom; my " mother embraced me, without mor- " tifying me by saying for what; my " brother the bishop called me twenty " fond names; all my friends com- " plimented me, but only on my " chearfulness; and said, I was once " more their own Clementina. I went " to rest, pleased that I had so happily " acquitted myself; and that possibly " I contributed to the repose of dear " friends, whose repose I had been the " cause of disturbing.

" But alas! this conduct was too " great for the poor Clementina to " maintain: my soul was too high- " set.—You know the rest; and I am " lost to the joys of this life: for I " never, never, will be the wife of a " man, if a *might*, who by his reli- " gion is an enemy to the faith I never " wavered in; nor would ever change, " were an earthly crown on the head " of the man I love to be the reward; " and a painful death, in the prime of " my life, the contrary."

" A flood of tears prevented farther " speech. She hid her face in my bo- " som. She sighed.—Dear lady! how " she sighed!

" This, Madam, is the account I " have to give of what has passed be- " tween

" tween your beloved Clementina and
" me. Never was there a more noble
" ſtruggle between duty and affection;
" though her heart was too tender,
" and, in ſhort, the man's merits too
" dazzling to allow it to be effectual.
" She is unwilling that I ſhould ſend
" you the particulars: ſhe ſhall be
" aſhamed, ſhe ſays, to look her fa-
" ther, her mother, in the face; and
" ſhe dreads ſtill more, if poſſible,
" her confeſſor's being made acquaint-
" ed with the ſtate of her heart, and
" the cauſe of her diſorder. But I tell
" her, it is abſolutely neceſſary for her
" mother to know every thing that I
" know, in order to attempt a cure.

" This cure, Madam, I am afraid,
" will never be effected, but by giv-
" ing her in marriage to the happy
" man. I muſt think *him* ſo, who
" will be intitled, by general conſent,
" to ſo great a bleſſing.

" You, Madam, will act in this
" affair as you judge proper: but if
" you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and
" Naples, get over your family ob-
" jections, you will perhaps find your-
" ſelf obliged, ſuch are the young la-
" dy's *own* ſcruples, on the ſcore of
" religion, to take *pains* to perſuade
" her to purſue her inclination, and
" accept Mr. Grandiſon for a huſband.

" Be this as it may, I would humbly
" recommend a gentle and ſoothing
" treatment of her. She never knew
" yet what the contrary was; and
" were ſhe to experience *that* contrary
" now, upon an occaſion ſo very deli-
" cate, and in which her judgment
" and her love are, as ſhe hints, at
" variance, I verily think, ſhe would
" not be able to bear it.—*That* God
" direct you for the beſt, whom you
" and yours have always ſerved with
" ſignal devotion!

" I will only add, that ſince the
" ſecret which had ſo long preyed up-
" on her fine ſpirits, is revealed, ſhe
" appears to be much more eaſy than
" before; but yet ſhe dreads the re-
" ception ſhe ſhall meet with on her
" return to Bologna. She begs of me,
" when that return ſhall be ordered,
" to accompany her, in order to en-
" able her, as ſhe ſays, to ſupport her
" ſpirits. She is very deſirous to enter
" into a nunnery. She ſays, ſhe never
" can be the wife of any other man;
" and ſhe thinks ſhe ought not to be
" his, on whom her heart is fixed.

" A word of comfort on paper,
" from your honoured hand, I know,
" Madam, would do a great deal to-
" wards healing her wounded heart.

" I am, Madam, with the greateſt
" veneration and reſpect, *your lady-*
" *ſhip's moſt faithful humble ſervant,*

" HORTENSIA BEAUMONT."

' Let me add, my good Miſs Byron,
' that the marchioneſs ſent an anſwer
' to this letter, expreſſing the higheſt
' obligation and gratitude to Mrs.
' Beaumont; and incloſed a letter to
' her daughter, filled with tender and
' truly motherly conſolation; inviting
' her back to Bologna out of hand,
' and her amiable friend with her:
' promiſing, in the name of her father
' and brothers, a moſt indulgent wel-
' come; and aſſuring her, that every
' thing ſhould be done that *could* be
' done, to make her happy in her own
' way.'

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

WEDN. NIGHT, MARCH 29.

I Incloſe, my Lucy, the doctor's *third* packet. From it's contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the ſituation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a reli-gion they are ſatisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's ſteadineſs in his, you will alſo pity *them*. They are all good; they are all conſiderate. A great deal is to be ſaid for them; though much more for Sir Charles, who inſiſted not upon that change of religion in the lady, which they de-manded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confeſſor, though not a mar-tyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his diſ-treſs! A mind ſo delicate as his, and wiſhing, for the ſake of the ſex, and the lady and family, as he did, rather to be repulſed by them, than to be ob-liged himſelf to decline their intended favour.

You

You will admire the lady in her sweetly modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe!—'But, O my religion and 'my country! I cannot, cannot, re'nounce you! What can this short 'life give, what can it promise, to 'warrant such a sacrifice!'

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardour that he had from the first restrained in himself from hopelessness.

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear, *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

DR. BARTLETT'S THIRD LETTER.

'THE next thing you enjoin me 'in, Madam, is—

"*To give you the particulars of "Mr. Grandison's reception from "the marchioness and her Cle"mentina, on his return to Bo"logna from Vienna, at the invi"tation of Signor Jeronymo.*"

'Mr. Grandison was received at his 'arrival with great tokens of esteem 'and friendship, by the marquis him'self, and by the bishop.

'Signor Jeronymo, who still kept 'his chamber, the introducer being 'withdrawn, embraced him: "And "now," said he, "is the affair, that "I have had so long in view, deter"mined upon. O, chevalier! you will "be a happy man. Clementina will "be yours; you will be Clementina's: "and now indeed I do embrace my "brother.—But I detain you not: go "to the happy girl; she is with her "mother, and both are ready to re"ceive and welcome you. Allow for "the gentle spirit: she will not be "able to say half she thinks."

"Camilla then appeared, to con"duct me," says Mr. Grandison, "to her ladies, in the marchioness's "drawing-room. She whispered me "in the passage, "Welcome, thrice "welcome, best of men! Now will "you be rewarded for all your good"ness!"

"I found the marchioness sitting at "her toilette, richly dressed, as in ce"remony; but without attendants; "even Camilla retired, as soon as she "had opened the door for me.

"The lovely Clementina stood at "the back of her mother's chair. She "was elegantly dressed: but her na"tural modesty, heightened by a glow"ing consciousness, that seemed to "arise from the occasion, gave her ad"vantages that her richest jewels could "not have given her.

"The marchioness stood up. I "kissed her hand.—"You are wel"come, chevalier," said she. "The "only man on earth that I could *thus* "welcome, or is fit to be so welcom"ed!—Clementina, my dear!"—turn"ing round, and taking her hand.

"The young lady had shrunk back, "her complexion varying; now glow"ing, now pale.—"Excuse her *voice*," "said the condescending mother; "her "*heart* bids you welcome."

"Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bart"lett, how I must be affected at this "gracious reception; I, who knew "not the terms that were to be pre"scribed to me. "Spare me, dear "lady," thought I; "spare me, my "conscience, and take all the world's "wealth and glory to yourself: I shall "be rich enough with Clementina."

"The marchioness seated her in her "own chair. I approached her: but "how *could* I with that grateful ar"dour, that, but for my doubts, "would have sprung to my lips? Mo"dest love, however, was attributed "to me; and I had the praise *wholly* "for that which was but *partly* due "to it.

"I drew a chair for the marchioness, "and, at her command, another for "myself: the mother took one hand "of her bashful daughter; I pre"sumed to take the other; the ami"able lady held down her blushing "face, and reproved me not, as she "did once before, on the like free"dom, for being *too* free. Her mo"ther asked me questions of an indif"ferent nature; as of my journey;

"of

" of the courts I had visited since I " left them; when I heard from Eng- " land; after my father; my sisters: " the latter questions in a kind way, " as if she were asking after relations " that were to be her own.

" What a mixture of pain had I " with the favour shewn me, and *for* " the favour shewn me! For I ques- " tioned not but a change of religion " would be proposed, and insisted on; " and I had no doubt in my mind " about my own.

" After a short conversation, the " amiable daughter arose; curtsied " low to her mother, with dignity to " me; and withdrew.

" Ah, chevalier!" said the mar- " chioness, as soon as she was gone, " little did I think, when you left us, " that we should so soon see you again; " and on the account we see you: but " you know how to receive your good " fortune with gratitude. Your mo- " desty keeps in countenance our for- " wardness."

" I bowed—What could I say?

" I shall leave, so will my lord, " particular subjects to be talked of " between the bishop and you. You " will, if it be not your own fault, " have a treasure in Clementina; and " a treasure with her. We shall do " the same things for her, as if she had " married the man we wished her to " have when we thought her affections " disengaged. You may believe we " love our daughter—else—"

" I applauded their indulgent good- " ness.

" I can have no doubt, Mr. Gran- " dison, that you love Clementina " above all women."

[" I had never seen the woman, " Dr. Bartlett, that I *could* have loved " so well, had I not restrained myself, " at first, from the high notion I knew " they had of their quality and rank; " from considerations of the difference " in religion; of the trust and confi- " dence the family placed in me; and " by the resolution I had made, as a " guard to myself from the time of " my entering upon my travels, of " never aiming to marry a foreigner!"]

" I assured the marchioness, that I " was absolutely disengaged in my af- " fections: that, not having presum- " ed to encourage hopes of the good " fortune that seemed to await me, I " could hardly *yet* flatter myself that " so great a happiness was reserved for " me.

" She answered, that I deserved it " all; that I knew the value they " had for me; that Clementina's re- " gard was founded in virtue; that " my character was my happiness; " that however, what the *world* would " say, had been no small point with " them; but that was as good as got " over; and she doubted not but all " that depended upon me, would, as " well from generosity as gratitude, be " complied with.

[" Here," thought I, " is couched " the expectation: and if so, would " to Heaven I had never seen Italy."]

" The marquis joined his lady and " me soon after. His features had a " melancholy cast. " This dear girl," " said he, " has fastened upon me part " of her malady. Parents, chevalier, " who are blessed with even *hopeful* " children, are not always happy. " This girl—But no more: she is a " good child. In the general œco- " nomy of Providence, none of the " sons of men are unhappy, but some " others are the happier for it. Our " son the bishop will talk to you upon " terms."

" I have hinted to the chevalier, " my lord," said the marchioness, " the happiness that awaits him."

" How *does* the poor girl?—Bashful " enough, I suppose!"

" Indeed, my lord, she cannot look " up," answered the lady.

" Poor thing! I supposed it would " be so."

" Why, why," thought I, " was " I suffered to see this mother, this " daughter, before their conditions " were proposed to me!"

" But what indulgent parents are " these, Dr. Bartlett? What an ex- " cellent daughter? Yet not to be hap- " py!—But how much more unhap- " pily circumstanced did I think my- " self!—I, who had rather have been " rejected with disdain by twenty wo- " men in turn, than to be obliged to " decline the honour intended me by " a family I reverenced!"

' Thus far Mr. Grandison.—This, ' Madam, will answer your question,

" as to the VIth article; but I believe " a few more particulars will be ac- " ceptable.

" The marquis led me," proceeds " Mr. Grandiſon, " into the chamber of " Signor Jeronymo."—" Your good " fortune, chevalier," ſaid he, as we " entered it, " is owing to Jeronymo, " who owes his life to you. I bleſs " God, we are a family that know not " what ingratitude means."

" I made my acknowledgments both " to father and ſon.

" The marquis then went into pub- " lick affairs; and ſoon after left us " together.

" I was conſidering whether I had " beſt tell that ſincere friend my ap- " prehenſions in relation to the arti- " cles of religion and reſidence; for " he had with an air of humour con- " gratulated me on the philoſophical " manner in which I bore my good " fortune: when Camilla entered, and " whiſpered me, of her own head, " as ſhe ſaid, that her young lady was " juſt gone into the garden.

" I dare ſay, it *was* of her own " head: for Camilla has a great deal " of good-nature, and is conſtantly " deſirous of obliging, where ſhe thinks " ſhe ſhall not offend any body.

" Follow her, then," ſaid Jerony- " mo, who heard what Camilla ſaid: " Clementina perhaps expects you."

" Camilla waited for me at the en- " trance into the garden. " One " word, Sir, if you pleaſe. I am " afraid of the return of my young la- " dy's thoughtfulneſs. She ſays, ſhe " is aſhamed of the poor figure ſhe " made before her mother: ſhe is ſure " ſhe muſt look mean in your eyes.— " A man to be ſent for, Camilla," " ſaid ſhe, " in compliment to my " weakneſs? Why did not my too in- " dulgent father bid me conquer my " folly, or die! O that I had not owned " my attachment! Naughty Mrs. " Beaumont!" ſaid ſhe, " Had it not " been for you, my own boſom had " contained the ſecret; till ſhame, and " indignation againſt myſelf, had burſt " my heart." She is reſolved, ſhe " ſays, to reſume a ſpirit becoming her " birth and quality; and I am afraid " of her elevations. Her great ap- " prehenſions are, that, with all this " condeſcenſion of her parents, ob- " ſtacles will ariſe on *your* part. If " ſo, ſhe ſays, ſhe ſhall not be able to " bear her own reflections, nor look " her friends in the face."

" My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have " I, who have hitherto ſo happily " eſcaped the ſnares by which the feet " of unreflecting youth are often en- " tangled by women of light fame, " been embarraſſed by perverſe acci- " dents that have ariſen from my friend- " ſhips with the *worthy* of the ſex! " Was there ever a more excellent fa- " mily than this?—Every individual " of it is excellent. And is not their " worthineſs, and even their piety, " the cauſe to which our mutual dif- " ficulties are owing?

" But, O my religion and my coun- " try! I cannot, cannot renounce you! " What can this ſhort life give, what " can it promiſe, to warrant ſuch a " ſacrifice!

" I ſaid nothing to Camilla, you " may believe, what I *could* or could " *not* do; yet ſhe ſaw my diſtreſs: ſhe " took notice of it. Being firmly per- " ſuaded of the excellency of her own " religion, ſhe wondered that a man " of reflection and reading could be of " a contrary one. Her heart, ſhe ſaid, " as well as the heart of her young " lady, boded an unhappy iſſue to our " loves: " Heaven avert it!" ſaid the " honeſt woman: " but what may we " not fear by way of judgment, where " a young lady—Forgive me, Sir— " prefers a man ſhe thinks ſhe ought " *not* to prefer; and where a gentle- " man will not be convinced of errors " which the church condemns?"

" She again begged I would forgive " her. I praiſed her good intention, " and ſincere dealing; and leaving her, " went into the garden.

" I found the young lady in the " Orange Grove. You have been in " that garden, Dr. Bartlett?

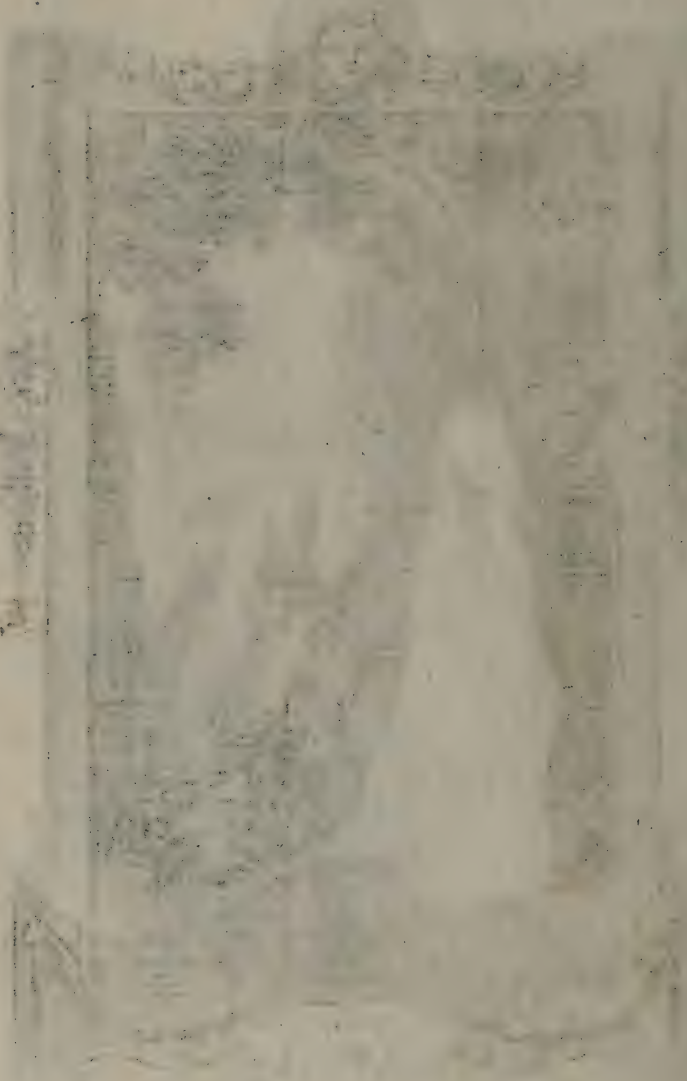
" She turned her face towards me, " as I drew near her; and, ſeeing who " it was, ſtopped.

" Clementina, armed with conſcious " worthineſs, as if ſhe had reſumed " the ſame ſpirit which had animated " her on the eve of my departure from " Bologna, condeſcended to advance " two or three paces towards me.

" Lovely woman," thought I, " en- " courage

Stothard del. Heath sculp.

Plate XIX. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C.º March 8, 1783.



" courage the true dignity that ſhines " in that noble aſpect!—Who knows " what may be our deſtiny?"

" I bowed. Veneration, eſteem, and " concern from the thought of what " *that* might be, all joined to make my " obeiſance profound.

" I was going to ſpeak. She prevented " me. Her air and manner were great.

" You are welcome, Sir," ſaid ſhe. " My mamma bid me ſay welcome. I " could not *then* ſpeak: and ſhe was " ſo good to *you*, as to anſwer for my " heart. My *voice* is now found: " but tell me—Do I ſee the ſame ge- " nerous, the ſame noble Grandiſon, " that I have heretofore ſeen?—Or, " do I ſee a man inclined to ſlight the " creature whom her indulgent pa- " rents are determined to oblige, even " to the ſacrifice of all their views?"

" You ſee, Madam, the ſame Gran- " diſon, his heart only oppreſſed with " the honour done him; and with the " fear that the happineſs deſigned for " him may yet be fruſtrated. If it " ſhould, how ſhall I be able to ſup- " port myſelf?"

[" What a difficult ſituation, my " dear Dr. Bartlett, was mine!— " Equally afraid to urge my ſuit with " ardour, or to be imagined capable of " being indifferent to her favour.]

" What do you fear, Sir?—You have " grounds in your own heart, perhaps, " for your fear. If you *have*, let me " know them. I am not afraid to " know them. Let me tell you, that " I oppoſed the ſtep taken. I declared " that I would ſooner die, than it " *ſhould* be taken. It was to YOU, " they ſaid; and you would know " how to receive as you ought the di- " ſtinction paid you. I have a ſoul, " Sir, not unworthy of the ſpirit of " my anceſtors: tell me what you fear? " I only fear one thing; and that is, " that I ſhould be thought to be more " in your power than in my own."

" Noble lady! and think you, that " while my happineſs is not yet abſo- " lutely reſolved upon, I have not " *reaſon* to fear?—You will always, " Madam, be in your own power: " you will be moſt ſo when in mine. " My gratitude will ever prompt me " to acknowledge your goodneſs to me " as a condeſcenſion."

" But ſay; tell me, Sir; did you " not, at firſt receiving the invitation, " deſpiſe, in abſence, the Clementina, " that now, perhaps, in preſence, you " have the *goodneſs* to *pity*?"

" O that the high-ſouled Clemen- " tina would not think ſo contempti- " bly of the man before her, as ſhe " *muſt* think, when ſhe puts a queſ- " tion that would intitle him to infa- " my, could he preſume to imagine an " *anſwer* to it neceſſary!"

" Well, Sir: I ſhall ſee how far " the advances made on the *wrong* ſide " will be juſtified, or rather counte- " nanced, by the advances, or, ſhall " I ſay (I will if you pleaſe) *condeſ- " cenſions* to be made on *yours*."

[" What a petulance," thought I! " —But can the generous, the noble " Clementina, *knowing* that terms will " be propoſed, with which in honour " and conſcience I cannot comply, put " my regard for her on ſuch a teſt as " this?—I will not ſuppoſe that ſhe is " capable of mingling art with her " magnanimity."]

" Is this, Madam," ſaid I, " a ge- " nerous anticipation? Forgive me: " but when your friends are ſo good " as to think me incapable of return- " ing ingratitude for obligation, I hope " I ſhall not be claſſed, by their be- " loved daughter, among the loweſt of " mankind."

" Excuſe me, Sir; the woman who " has been once wrong, has reaſon to " be always afraid of herſelf. If *you* " do not think meanly of me, I will " endeavour to think well of *myſelf*; " and then, Sir, I ſhall think better of " *you*, if better I *can* think: for, after " all, did I not more miſtruſt *myſelf* " than I do *you*, I ſhould not perhaps " be ſo capricious as, I am afraid, I " ſometimes am."

" The marquis has hinted to me, " Madam, that your brother the bi- " ſhop is to diſcourſe with me on the " ſubject now the neareſt to my heart " of all others: may I preſume to ad- " dreſs myſelf to their beloved daugh- " ter upon it, without being thought " capable of endeavouring to pre- " poſſeſs her in my favour before my " lord and I meet?"

" I will anſwer you frankly, Sir: " there are preliminaries to be ſettled; " and, till they are, I that *know* there " are, do not think myſelf at liberty " to hear you upon *any* ſubject that " may tend to prepoſſeſſion."

" I acquiesce, Madam: I would " not for the world be thought to wish " for the honour of your attention, " while it is improper for you to fa- " vour me with it."

[" I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, " but upon a supposition of a mutual " interest between us, as I had hoped " she would allow, Clementina might " *wish* that I would lead to some par- " ticular discourse. Though modesty " becomes ours as well as the other " sex, yet it would be an indelicacy " not to prevent a lady, in some cer- " tain cases. But thus discouraged,] " Perhaps, Madam," said I, " the " attendance I do myself the honour " to pay you here, may not be agree- " able to the marquis."

" Then, Sir, you will chuse, per- " haps, to withdraw. But don't— " Yes, do."

" I respectfully withdrew; but she " taking a winding alley, which led " into that in which I slowly walked, " we met again. " I am afraid," " said she, " I have been a little petu- " lant: indeed, Sir, I am not satis- " fied with myself. I *wish*—" and " there she stopped.

" What, Madam, do you wish? " Favour me with your wishes. If it " be in *my* power—"

" It is *not*, interrupted she—I wish " I had not been at Florence. The " lady I was with, is a good woman; " but she was too hard for me. Per- " haps," (and she sighed) " had I not " been with *her*, I had been at rest, " and happy, before now; but if I " had *not*, there is a pleasure, as well " as pain, in melancholy. But now " I am so fretful!—If I hated the bit- " terest enemy I have, as *much* as at " times I hate myself, I should be a " very bad creature."

" This was spoken with an air so " melancholy, as greatly disturbed " me. " God grant," thought I, " that the articles of religion and re- " sidence may be agreed upon between " the bishop and me!"

' Here, my good Miss Byron, I ' close this letter. Sir Charles, has ' told you briefly, the event of the ' conference between the bishop and ' him; and I hasten to obey you in ' your next article.'

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

THURSDAY MORN. MARCH 29.

I Send you now inclosed the doctor's fourth letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to Heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleasure have I had in it?—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been easy and happy; since but for *him*, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame might perhaps have brought to my ears, in general conversation, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain, or the pride I have had of being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life; enough to talk of to every one: and when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, what diversions, what entertainments, I had been at; I should have said, ' I have been in company and con- ' versed with SIR CHARLES GRAN- ' DISON; and been favoured and dis- ' tinguished by all his family.' And I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work, and read with me at Selby House, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *The Fine Gentleman*; and my young friends would have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of *The Excellent Man*.

But now my ambition has overthrown me: aiming, wishing, to be every thing, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject: and yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have

have I seen, what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but him and them; and what else, indeed, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of *his*, of *every*-body's distresses!—But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own! How severely do I pay for my curiosity: yet it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by the permission he has given to Dr. Bartlett to oblige me.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the letter I inclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, though they are all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleased with the young lady's faithful Camilla: but, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Sir Charles's woe—It must be love—But he *ought* to love Clementina: she is a glorious, though unhappy young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in *self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

DR. BARTLETT'S FOURTH LETTER.

'AS I remember, Madam, Sir Charles 'mentions to you, in a very pathetick manner, the distress he was 'in when the terms and conditions, 'on which he was to be allowed to call 'the noble Clementina his, were proposed to him; as they were by the 'bishop. He has briefly told you the 'terms, and his grief to be obliged 'to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But 'you will not, I believe, be displeased, 'if I dwell a little more on these particulars, though they are not commanded from me.

'The bishop, when he had acquainted my Grandison with the terms, 'said, "You are silent, my dear "Grandison: you hesitate. What, "Sir! is a proposal of a daughter of "one of the noblest families in Italy; "that daughter a *Clementina*; to be "slighted by a man of a private fa- "mily; a foreigner of dependent for- "tunes; her dowry not unworthy a "prince's acceptance? Do you hesi- "tate upon such a proposal as this, "Sir?"

"My lord, I am grieved, rather "than surprized, at the proposal: I "was apprehensive it would be made. "My joy at receiving the condescend- "ing invitation, and at the honour "done me, on my arrival, otherwise "would have been immoderate."

'A debate then followed, upon some 'articles in which the church 'of Rome and the Protestant 'churches differ. Mr. Grandi- 'son would fain have avoided it; 'but the bishop, supposing he 'should have some advantages in 'the argument, which he met 'not with, would not permit him. 'He was very warm with Mr. 'Grandison more than once, which 'did not help his cause.

'The particulars of this debate I 'will not at this time give you: 'they would carry me into great 'length; and I have much to 'transcribe, that I believe, from 'what Sir Charles has let me see 'of your manner of writing to 'your friends, you would prefer. 'To that I will proceed; after a 'passage or two, which will shew 'you how that debate, about the 'difference in religion, went off.

"You will call to mind, chevalier," 'said the bishop, "that your church "allows of a possibility of salvation "out of it's pale—Ours does not."

"My lord, our church allows not "of it's members indulging them- "selves in capital errors, against con- "viction: but I hope that no more "need be said on this subject."

"I think," replied the bishop, "we "will quit it. I did not expect that "you were so firmly rooted in error, "as I find you: but to the point on "which we began; I should think it "an extraordinary misfortune, were "we to find ourselves reduced to the "necessity of reasoning a private man "into the acceptance of our sister Cle- "mentina. Let me tell you, Sir, "that were she to know that you *but* "*hesitate*—" He spoke with earnest- ness, and reddened.

" Pardon an interruption, my lord: you are diſpoſed to be warm. I will not ſo much as *offer* to defend myſelf from any imputations that may, in diſpleaſure, be caſt upon me, as if I were capable of ſlighting the honour intended me of a lady who is worthy of a prince. I am perſuaded that your lordſhip cannot think ſuch a defence neceſſary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconſiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of anceſtors, whom hitherto I have not diſgraced, will give me conſideration. But what, my lord, is anceſtry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condeſcending invitation. Your lordſhip would not perſuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and ſince, as you have heard, I have ſomething to offer, when called upon, in ſupport of them."

" You will conſider this matter, my dear chevalier. It is you, I think, that are diſpoſed to be warm: but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our ſiſter, wiſh to have you among us: our church would wiſh it. Such a proſelyte will juſtify us to every other conſideration, and to all our friends. Conſider of it, Grandiſon; but let it not be known to the principals of our family, that you think conſideration neceſſary: the dear Clementina, particularly, muſt not know it. Your *perſon*, dear chevalier, is not ſo dear to the excellent creature, as your *ſoul*. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame ſo pure and ſo bright."

" My diſtreſs, my lord, is beyond the power of words to deſcribe. I revere, I honour, and will to my laſt hour, the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur and nobility. Their ſons—You know not, my lord, the pride I have always had to be diſtinguiſhed even by a nominal relation to *them*: and give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you preſcribe, and I ſhall be happy beyond my higheſt wiſh. I deſire not dowry with her. I have a father on whoſe generoſity and affection I can rely. But I muſt repeat, my lord, that my principles are ſo well known, that I hoped a compromiſe would be accepted. I would not for the world compel your ſiſter. The ſame liberty that I crave, I would allow."

" And will you not take time, Sir, to conſider? Are you abſolutely determined?"

" If your lordſhip knew the pain it gives me to ſay that *I am*, you would pity me."

" Well, Sir, I am ſorry for it. Let us go into Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever ſince he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, chevalier, have no affections."

" I thank God," ſaid I, " that your lordſhip does not do me juſtice."

" He led me into his brother's apartment.

" There, what did I not ſuffer, from the friendſhip, from the love of that brother, and from urgency of the biſhop! But what was the reſult?

" The biſhop aſked me, if he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his ſiſter? Or to allow me to depart without ſeeing them? —This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I reſpectfully bowed. I recommended myſelf to the favour of the two brothers, and through them to that of the three truly reſpectable perſons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart ſorely diſtreſſed.

" I was unable to ſtir out for the remainder of the day. The ſame chair into which I threw myſelf, upon my firſt coming in, held me for hours.

" In the evening Camilla, in diſguiſe, made me a viſit. On my ſervant's withdrawing, revealing herſelf, "O, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "what a diſtracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiouſneſs: I cannot ſtay. But let me juſt tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generoſity will ſuggeſt to you, what is beſt to be done.

" As ſoon as you were gone, my lord biſhop acquainted my lady marchioneſs with what had paſſed between you. O Sir! you have an

" affectionate

affectionate friend in Signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to soften every thing. My lady marchioness acquainted my lord with the bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what is said—"

"In a passion with *me*, Camilla!"

"Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, Sir."

"The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla," said I. "I honour him.—But proceed."

"The marchioness, in the tendereſt manner, broke the matter to my young lady: I was present. She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

"Before she could speak all she had to say, my young lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to spare the rest. '"I see," said she, "that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, Madam, am refused. Palliate not, I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough that I am refused. Surely, Madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit, as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my papa, for you, Madam, and for my brothers. I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man wherever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master; and now he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, Madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me, as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, Madam, my papa, my brothers, shall not find *me* mean.'

"The marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: he also tenderly embraced the dear young lady, and rejoiced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

"But, unseasonably, as the event shewed, Father Marescotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: *Then*, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

"I was bid to tell her, that his reverence desired to attend her.

"O let me go," said she, "to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont! —To-morrow morning let me go; and not see Father Marescotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!"

"But the good father prevailed; he meant the best.

"He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, she found her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she *did* speak, it was with wildness: but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

"Her mother told her, she should go to Florence, as soon as she pleased: but then the humour was off. Would to Heaven she had gone before she saw his reverence! So they all now wish.

"Camilla," said she to me, when we were alone, "was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison! Was it necessary to inveigh against him? —I was ungenerous to do so. Was the man obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes! I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. Yet, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised, neither."

"She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks; she raves; she starts: she neither sits nor stands with quietness.—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and hurry; yet weeps not, though she makes every body else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between Father Marescotti and her: but still, "*To be despised!*" are the words she often repeats.—"*Jesu!*" once, said she—"*To be despised!*—and by an English protestant! Who can bear that?"

"In

" In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature! I see, " I see, you have compassion, Sir! " You never wanted humanity! Generosity is a part of your nature! " —I am sure you love her—I *see* you " love her—I pain your noble heart! " —Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's love extended beyond the " limits of this world: she hoped to " to be yours to all eternity."

" Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate " Camilla, the attendant from infant " years of her beloved Clementina, " thus run on, without interruption. " I could not speak. And had I been " able, to what purpose should I have " pleaded to Camilla the superior attachment which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

" What can I say, but thank you, " my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your " own heart, but you have loaded " mine—Nevertheless, I thank you. " Would to Heaven that your lady's " own wishes had been complied " with; that she had been encouraged " to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! the first natural impulses of " the distressed heart often point out " the best alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been pursued! I have " great dependence on the generous " friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All " that is in my power to do, I will " do. I honour, I venerate, every " one of the truly-noble family: I " never can deserve their favour. On " all occasions, Camilla, let them " know my devotion to them."

" I beg of God," said she, " to " put it into your heart to restore the " tranquillity of a family which was, " till lately, the happiest in Bologna. " It may not be yet too late. I beg " of you to excuse my officiousness. " Pray take no notice that I have " waited on you. I shall be wanted."

" She was hastening away. " Good " Camilla," said I, taking a ring of " some value from my finger, and " forcing it upon hers (she is above " accepting of pecuniary presents, " and struggled against this) " accept " this as a remembrance, not acknowledgment. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, " and so have no opportunity again " to see the equally faithful and oblig- " ing Camilla."

" What other conditions could " have been prescribed, Dr. Bartlett, " that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distress- " ed, at the account Camilla gave me! " But my great consolation in the " whole transaction is, that my own " heart, on the maturest deliberation, " acquits me; and the rather, as it is " impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: for can there " be on earth a nobler woman than " Clementina?"

' The next morning, early, Mr. ' Grandison received the following ' letter from his friend Signor Jero- ' nymo. I translated it, my good ' Miss Byron, at the time I received ' it. I will send you the translation, ' only.

" MY DEAR CHEVALIER!

" SHALL I blame you?—I cannot. " " Shall I blame my father, my " mother?—They blame themselves, " for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; " yet they own, that you acted nobly. " But they had forgot that Clementina " had eyes. Yet who knew not her " discernment? Who knew not her " regard for merit, wherever she found " it? Can I therefore blame my sister? " —Indeed, no. Has she a *brother* " whom I can blame?—No. But ought " I not to blame myself? The dear " creature owned, it seems, to Mrs. " Beaumont, that my declaration in " your favour, which was made long " before you knew it, was one of her " influences. Must I therefore accuse " myself?—If I regard my intention, " gratitude, for a life preserved by " you, and for a sense of my *social* duties, (soul as well as body indebted " to you, though a protestant yourself) will not suffer it. Is there " then nobody whom we can blame " for the calamity befallen us?— " How strangely is that calamity circumstanced!

" But is there so irreconcileable a " difference between the two religions? " —There is: the bishop says there " is; Clementina thinks there is; " my father, my mother, think there " is.

" But does *your* father think so?

" Will

" Will you put the whole matter on
" that iſſue, chevalier?

" O no, you will not. You are as
" determined as we are: yet, ſurely,
" with leſs reaſon.

" But I debate not the matter with
" you. I know you are a maſter of
" the queſtion.

" But what is to be done? Shall
" Clementina periſh? Will not the
" gallant youth, who ventured his life
" ſo ſucceſsfully to ſave a brother,
" exert himſelf to preſerve a ſiſter?

" Come, and ſee the way ſhe is
" in.—Yet they will not admit you
" into her preſence while ſhe is in that
" way.

" The ſenſe ſhe has of her dignity
" debaſed, and the perpetual expoſtu-
" lations and apprehenſion of her zea-
" lous confeſſor—Can the good man
" think it his duty to wound and tear
" in pieces a mind tenacious of it's
" honour, and of that of her ſex?
" At laſt, you ſee, I have found ſome-
" body to accuſe.—But I come to my
" motive for giving you this trouble.

" It is to requeſt you to make me a
" viſit. Breakfaſt with me, my dear
" chevalier, this morning. You will
" perhaps ſee nobody elſe.

" Camilla has told me, and *only*
" me, that ſhe attended you laſt night:
" ſhe tells me how greatly you are
" grieved. I ſhould renounce your
" friendſhip, were you *not*. At my
" ſoul, I pity you, becauſe I knew,
" long ſince, your firm attachment to
" your religion; and becauſe you love
" Clementina.

" I wiſh I were able to attend *you*:
" I would ſave you the pain of this
" viſit; for I know it muſt pain you:
" but come, nevertheleſs.

" You hinted to my brother, that
" you thought, as your principles
" were ſo well known, a compromiſe
" would be accepted.—Explain your-
" ſelf to me upon this compromiſe.—
" If I can ſmooth the way between
" you—Yet I deſpair that any thing
" will do but your converſion. They
" love your ſoul; *they* think they love
" it better than you do yourſelf. Is
" there not a merit in them, which
" you cannot boaſt in return?

" The general, I hear, came to
" town laſt night: we have not ſeen
" him yet. He had buſineſs with the
" gonfaloniere. I think you muſt not
" meet. He is warm. He adores Cle-
" mentina. He knew not, till laſt
" night, that the biſhop broke to him,
" at that magiſtrate's, our unhappy
" ſituation. What a diſappointment!
" One of the principal views he had
" in coming was, to do you honour,
" and to give his ſiſter pleaſure. Ah,
" Sir! he came to be preſent at two ſo-
" lemn acts: the one of your nuptials,
" in conſequence of the other.—You
" muſt not meet. It would go to my
" heart, to have offence given you by
" any of my family, eſpecially in our
" own houſe.

" Come, however; I long to ſee
" you, and to comfort you, whether
" your hard heart (I did not uſe to
" think it a hard one) will allow you,
" or not, to give comfort to *your ever-*
" *affectionate and faithful friend,*

" JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA."

" I accepted of the invitation. My
" heart was in this family. I longed,
" before this letter came, to ſee and
" to hear from it. The face of the
" meaneſt ſervant belonging to it would
" have been *more* than welcome to me.
" What, however, were my hopes?
" Yet, do you think, Dr. Bartlett,
" that I had not pain in going; a pain
" that took more than it's turn, with
" the deſire I had once more to enter
" doors that uſed to be opened to me
" with ſo much pleaſure on both ſides!"

DR. BARTLETT'S FIFTH LETTER.

'MR. Grandiſon thus proceeds:
" I was introduced to Signor
" Jeronymo. He ſat expecting me.
" He bowed more ſtiffly than uſual, in
" return to my compliment.

" I ſee," ſaid I, " that I have loſt
" my friend."

" Impoſſible," ſaid he. " It can-
" not be."

" Then ſpeaking of his ſiſter,
" Dear creature!" ſaid he. " A very
" bad night. My poor mother has
" been up with her ever ſince three
" o'clock: nobody elſe has any in-
" fluence with her. Theſe talking
" fits are worſe than her ſilent ones."

" What could I ſay? My ſoul was
" vexed. My friend ſaw it, and was
" grieved for me. He talked of in-
" different things. I could not follow
" him in them.

' He

" He then entered upon the ſubject " that would not long allow of any " other. " I expect the general," ſaid he. " I will not, I think, have you " ſee each other. I have ordered no- " tice to be given me before any one " of the family is admitted while you " are with me. If you chuſe not to " ſee the general, or my father or mo- " ther, ſhould they ſtep in to make " their morning compliments, you can " walk down the back-ſtairs into the " garden, or into the next chamber."

" I am not the leaſt ſufferer in this " diſtreſs," replied I. " You have " invited me. If on your own ac- " count you would have me withdraw, " I will; but elſe I cannot conceal " myſelf."

" This is like you. It is you your- " ſelf. O, Grandiſon! that we could " be *real* brothers!—In ſoul we are " ſo. But what is the compromiſe " you hinted at?"

" I then told him, that I would re- " ſide one year in Italy, another in " England, by turns, if the dear Cle- " mentina would accompany me; if " not, but three months in England, " in every year. As to religion, ſhe " ſhould keep her own; her confeſſor " only to be a man of known diſ- " cretion."

" He ſhook his head.—" I'll propoſe " it as from yourſelf, if you would " have me do ſo, chevalier. It would " do with me; but will not with any- " body elſe. I have undertaken for " *more* than that already; but it will " not be heard of. Would to God, " chevalier, that you, for *my* ſake, " for *all* our ſakes—But I know you " have a great deal to ſay on this ſub- " ject, as you told my brother. New " converts," added he, " may be zea- " lous; but you old proteſtants, pro- " teſtants by deſcent, as I may ſay, " 'tis ſtrange you ſhould be ſo very " ſtedfaſt. You have not many young " gentlemen, I believe, who would be " ſo very tenacious; ſuch offers, ſuch " advantages.—And ſurely you muſt " love my ſiſter. All our family, you " ſurely love. I will preſume to ſay, " they deſerve your love; and they " give the ſtrongeſt proofs that can be " given of their regard for you."

" Signor Jeronymo expected not an " argumentative anſwer to what he " ſaid. My ſtedfaſtneſs was beſt ex- " preſſed, and ſurely it was ſufficiently " expreſſed (the circumſtances of the " caſe ſo intereſting) by ſilence.

" Juſt then came in Camilla. " The " marchioneſs, Sir, knows you are " here. She deſires you will not go " till ſhe ſees you. She will attend " you here, I believe.

" She is perſuading Lady Clemen- " tina to be blooded. She has an " averſion to that operation. She begs " it may not be done. She has been " hitherto, on that account, bled by " leeches. The marquis and the bi- " ſhop are both gone out. They could " not bear her ſolicitations to them " to ſave her, as ſhe called it."

" The marchioneſs ſoon after en- " tered.—Care, melancholy, yet ten- " derneſs, was in her aſpect: grief " for her daughter's malady ſeemed " fixed in the lines of her fine face. " Keep your ſeat, chevalier." She ſat down, ſighed, wept; but would " not have had her tears ſeen.

" Had I not been ſo deeply con- " cerned in the cauſe of her grief, I " could have endeavoured to comfort " her. But what could I ſay? I " turned my head aſide. I would " alſo have concealed *my* emotion; " but Signor Jeronymo took notice " of it.

" The poor chevalier—" kindly ſaid he, with an accent of compaſſion— " I don't doubt it," anſwered ſhe " as kindly, though he ſpoke not out " what he had to ſay. " He may be " obdurate, but not ungrateful."

" Excellent woman! How was I " affected by her generoſity! This " was taking the direct road to my " heart. You *know* that heart, Dr. " Bartlett, and what a taſk it had.

" Jeronymo enquired after his ſiſter's " health; I was afraid to enquire.

" Not worſe, I hope: but ſo talka- " tive! poor thing!" She burſt into " tears.

" I preſumed to take her hand— " O Madam! will no compromiſe! " will no—"

" It *ought not*, chevalier. I cannot " urge it. We know your power, " *too well* we know your power, over " the dear creature. She will not be " long a catholick, if ſhe be yours; " and you know what we ſhould then " think of her precious ſoul!—Better " to part with her for ever.—Yet, how

" can

" can a mother—" Her tears ſpoke
" what her lips could not utter.

" Recovering her voice, " I have
" left her," ſaid ſhe, " contending
" with the doctors againſt being let
" blood. She was ſo earneſt with me
" to prevent it, that I could not ſtay.
" It is over by this time."—She rang.

" At that moment, to the aſtoniſh-
" ment of all three, in ran the dear
" Clementina herſelf.—" A happy
" eſcape! Thank God!" ſaid ſhe—
" her arm bound up.

" She had felt the lancet; but did
" not bleed more than two or three
" drops.

" O, my mamma! and *you* would
" have run away from me too, would
" you!—You don't uſe to be cruel;
" and to leave me with theſe doctors.—
" See! ſee!" and ſhe held out her
" lovely arm a little bloody, regarding
" nobody but her mother; who, as
" well as we, was ſpeechleſs with ſur-
" prize.—" They did attempt to
" wound; but they could not obtain
" their cruel ends.—And I ran for
" ſhelter to my mamma's arms,"
" (throwing hers about her neck)—
" Deareſt, deareſt Madam, don't let
" me be ſacrificed. What has your
" poor child done to be thus treated?"

" O my Clementina!"

" And O my mamma, too! Have
" I not ſuffered enough!"

" The door opened. She caſt her
" fearful eye to it, clinging faſter to
" her mother—" They are come to
" take me!—Be gone, Camilla;" [It
" was ſhe] " be gone, when I bid
" you! They ſhan't take me—My
" mamma will ſave me from them—
" Won't you, my mamma?" claſp-
" ing more fervently her arms about
" her neck, and hiding her face in
" her boſom; then, lifting up her
" face, " Be gone, I tell you, Ca-
" milla. They ſhan't have me."—
" Camilla withdrew.

" Brother! my dear brother! you
" will protect me; won't you?"

" I aroſe. I was unable to bear
" this affecting ſcene—She ſaw me.

" Good God!" ſaid ſhe.—Then in
" Engliſh breaking out into that line
" of Hamlet, which ſhe had taken
" great notice of, when we read that
" play together—

" Angels, and miniſters of grace, defend us!"

" She left her mother, and ſtepped
" gently towards me, looking ear-
" neſtly with her face held out, as if
" ſhe were doubtful whether it were
" I, or not.

" I ſnatched her hand, and preſſed
" it with my lips—" O Madam!—
" Deareſt lady!"—I could ſay no
" more.

" It is he! it is he! indeed, Ma-
" dam!" turning her head to her mo-
" ther, one hand held up, as in ſur-
" prize, as I detained the other.

" The ſon's arms ſupported the al-
" moſt fainting mother; his tears
" mingling with hers.

" For God's ſake! for my ſake,
" dear Grandiſon!"—ſaid he, and
" ſtopped.

" I quitted Clementina's hand;
" Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had
" weakened him, and I haſtened to
" ſupport the marchioneſs.

" O chevalier! ſpare your concern
" for me," ſaid ſhe. " My child's
" *head* is of more conſequence to me
" than my own *heart*."

" What was it of diſtreſs that I did
" not at that moment feel!

" The young lady turning to us—
" Well, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " here is ſad
" work! Sad work, to be ſure! Some-
" body is wrong: I won't ſay who.—
" But *you* will not let theſe doctors
" uſe me ill—will you?—See here!"
" ſhewing her bound-up arm to me,
" what they would have done!—See!
" They did get a drop or two, but no
" more. And I ſprang from them,
" and ran for it."

" Her mother then taking her atten-
" tion, " My deareſt mamma! how
" do you do?"

" O my child!" and ſhe claſped her
" arms about her Clementina.

" Camilla came in. She added by
" *her* grief to the diſtreſsful ſcene.
" She threw her arms, kneeling, about
" the marchioneſs: " O my deareſt
" lady!" ſaid ſhe—The marchioneſs
" feeling for her *ſalts*, and taking them
" out of her pocket, and ſmelling to
" them; " Unclaſp me, Camilla," ſaid
" ſhe: " I am better. Are the doctors
" gone?"

" No, Madam," whiſpered Camil-
" la: " But they ſay, it is highly
" proper; and they talk of bliſter-
" ing!"—

" Not her head, I hope—the dear

" creature, when she used to value " herself upon any thing, took pride, " as well she might, in her hair."

" Now you are whispering, my " mamma—And this impertinent Ca- " milla is come—Camilla, they shall " not have me, *I* tell you!—See, bar- " barous wretches! what they have " done to me already!"—again hold- " ing up her arm, and then with indig- " nation tearing off the fillet.

" Her brother begged of her to sub- " mit to the operation. Her mother " joined her gentle command—Well, " I won't love you, brother," said " she; you are in the plot against me " —But *here* is one who *will* protect " me;" laying her hand upon my arm, " and looking earnestly in my face, " with such a mixture of woe and ten- " derness in her eye, as pierced my very " soul.

" Persuade her, chevalier," said the " marchioness.

" My good young lady, will you " not obey your mamma? You are " not well. Will you not be well? " See how you distress your noble " brother!"

" She stroked her brother's cheek " (it was wet with his tears) with a " motion inimitably tender, her voice " as inimitably soothing—" Poor Je- " ronymo! My dearest brother! And " have not you suffered enough from " vile assassins? Poor dear brother!" " and again stroked his cheek—How " was I affected!

" A fresh gush of tears broke from " his eyes—" Ah, Grandison!" said " he.

" O why, why," said I, " did I " accept of your kind invitation? " This distress could not have been so " deep, had not I been present."

" See! see! chevalier!" holding out " her spread hand to me, " Jeronymo " weeps—He weeps for his sister, I " believe —These—Look, my hand " is wet with them! are the tears of " my dear Jeronymo! My hand— " See! is wet with a brother's tears! " —And *you*, Madam, are affected " too!" turning to her mother. " It " is a grievous thing to see men weep! " What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep. " —Have they softer hearts than mine? " —Don't weep, chevalier.—See, Je- " ronymo has done!—I would stroke " your cheek too, if it would stop " your tears—But what is all this " for? It is because of these doctors, " I believe—But, Camilla, bid them " be gone: they sha'n't have me."

" Dearest Madam," said I, " submit " to your mamma's advice. Your " mamma wishes you to suffer them " to breathe a vein—It is no more— " Your Jeronymo also beseeches you " to permit them."

" And do *you* wish it too, cheva- " lier?—Do *you* wish to see me wound- " ed?—To see my heart bleeding at " my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* " be so hard-hearted."

" Let me join with your mamma, " with your brother, to entreat it: " for your father's sake! For—"

" For *your* sake, chevalier?—Well, " will it do you good to see me bleed?"

" I withdrew to the window. I " could not stand this question; but " with an air of tenderness for me, " and in an accent *equally* tender.

" The irresistible lady (O what elo- " quence in her disorder) followed " me; and laying her hand on her " arm, looking earnestly after my " averted face, as if she would not " suffer me to hide it from her— " Will it, will it, comfort *you* to see " me bleed?—Come then, *be* com- " forted; I *will* bleed: but you shall " not leave me. You shall see that " these doctors shall not kill me quite."

" O Dr. Bartlett! How did this " address to me torture my very soul!

" Camilla," proceeded she, " I *will* " bleed.—Madam," to her mother, " will it please *you* to have me bleed?— " Will it please *you*, my Jeronymo?" " turning to him—" And, Sir, Sir," " stepping to me with quickness, " will " it please *you?*—Why then, Camilla, " bid the doctors come in—What " would I not do to please such kind " friends? You grudge not your tears: " and as I cannot give you tears for " tears, from my eyes, shall not my " arm weep?—But do *you* stand by " me, chevalier, while it is done. " You will; won't you?"—seeking " again with her eye my averted face.

" O that my life," thought I, " would be an *effectual* offering for " the restoring the peace of mind of " this dear lady, and her family! and " that it might be taken by any hand " but my own!—But my conscience! " —Prepossessed as I am in favour of

" my

" my own religion, and in disfavour " of that I am wished to embrace; " how," thought I, " can I make a " sacrifice of my conscience!"

" The dear lady was then as earnest " for the operation, as before she had " been averse to it: but she did and " said every thing in a hurry.

" The marchioness and my friend " were comforted, in hopes that some " relief would follow it. The doctors " were invited in.

" Do you stand by me, Sir," said she " to me.—" Come, make haste. But " it shan't be the same arm—Camilla, " see, I can bare my own arm—It " will bleed at this arm, I warrant—" I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make " haste—Are you always so tedious? " —The preparation in all these things, " I believe, is worse than the act.—" Pray, pray, make haste."

" They did; though she thought " they did not.

" Turn your face another way, " Madam," said the doctor.

" Now methinks I am Iphigenia, " chevalier, going to be offered—" looking at me, and from the doctors.

" And is this all?"—The puncture " being made, and she bleeding freely.

" The doctors were not satisfied " with a small quantity. She fainted, " however, before they had taken quite " so much as they intended; and her " women carried her out of her bro- " ther's apartment into her own, in " the chair she sat in.

" Dear Clementina!—My com- " passion and my *best* wishes followed " her.

" You see your power over the dear " girl, Grandison," said her brother.

" The marchioness sighed; and " looking at me with kind and earnest " meaning, withdrew to attend her " daughter's recovery."

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

RECEIVE, my Lucy, the doc- tor's sixth letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

DR. BARTLETT'S SIXTH LETTER.

" A Scene of another nature took " place of this," proceeds Mr. Grandison.

" Camilla stepped in, and said, the " general was come; and was at that " moment lamenting with the mar- " chioness the disordered state of mind " of his beloved sister; who had again " fainted away; but was quiet when " Camilla came in.

" The general will be here present- " ly, said Jeronymo. Do you chuse " to see him?"

" As, perhaps, he has been told I " am here, it would look too particular " to depart instantly. If he comes " not in soon, I will take my leave " of you."

" I had hardly done speaking, when " the general entered, drying his eyes.

" Your servant, Mr. Grandison," " said he.—" Brother, how do you? " Not the better, I dare say, for the " present affliction. Who the devil " would have thought the girl had " been so deeply affected—Well, Sir, " you have a glorious triumph!—Cle- " mentina's heart is not a vulgar one. " Her family—"

" My lord, I hope I do not deserve " this address!—*Triumph*, my lord! " —Not a heart in this family can be " more distressed than mine."

" And is religion, is conscience, " *really* of such force, chevalier?"

" Let me ask that question, my " lord, of your own heart: let me ask " it of your brother the bishop; of " the other principals of your noble " family: and the answer given will " be an answer for me."

" He seemed displeased. " Explain " yourself, chevalier."

" If, my lord," said I, " you " think there is so great, so essential, " a difference in the two religions, " that you cannot consent that I should " keep my own; what must I be, who " think as highly of my own as you " can of yours, to give it up, though " on the highest temporal consider- " ation? Make the case your own, " my lord."

" I *can*. And were I in your situ- " ation, such a woman as my sister; " such a family as ours; such a " splendid fortune as she will have; I " believe, I should not make the scru- " ples you do. My brother the bishop " indeed might not have given the " same answer. He might have been " more tenacious."

" The bishop cannot be better satis- " fied with *his* religion than I am with

" *mine.* But I hope, my lord, *from what you have said,* that I may " claim the honour of your friendſhip " in this great article. It is propoſed " to me, that I renounce my religion: " I make no ſuch propoſal to your " family; on the contrary, I conſent " that Lady Clementina ſhould keep " hers; and I am ready to allow a " very handſome proviſion for a diſ- " creet man, her confeſſor, to attend " her, in order to ſecure her in it. " As to reſidence; I will conſent to " reſide one year in Italy, one in Eng- " land; and even, if ſhe chuſe not to " go to England at all, I will ac- " quieſce, and viſit England myſelf " but for three months in every year."

" As to the children, Mr. Gran- " diſon?" ſaid Signor Jeronymo; de- " ſirous of promoting the compromiſe.

" I will conſent that daughters ſhall " be the mother's care; the education " of ſons muſt be left to me."

" What will the poor daughters " have done, chevalier," ſneeringly " ſpoke the general, " that *they* ſhould " be left to perdition?"

" Your lordſhip, without my en- " tering into the opinion of the pro- " feſſors of both religions on this ſub- " ject, will conſider my propoſal as a " *compromiſe.* I would not have be- " gan an addreſs upon theſe terms " with a princeſs. I do aſſure you, " that mere fortune has no bias with " me. Preſcribe not to me in the ar- " ticle of religion, and I will, with " all my ſoul, give up every ducat of " your ſiſter's fortune."

" Then what will you have to ſup- " port—"

" My lord, leave that to your ſiſter " and me. I will deal honourably " with her. If ſhe renounce me on " that article, you will have reaſon " to congratulate yourſelves."

" Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, " will be much more conſiderable than " it can be by patrimony, if Clemen- " tina be yours: why then ſhould you " not look forward to your poſterity " as Italians? And in *that* caſe—"

" He ſtopped there.—It was eaſy to " gueſs at his inference.

" I would no more renounce my " country than my religion. I would " leave poſterity free; but would not " deprive them of an attachment that " I value myſelf upon: nor yet my " country, of a family that never gave " it cauſe to be aſhamed of it."

" The general took ſnuff, and look- " ed on me and off me, with an air " too ſupercilious. I could not but " be ſenſible of it.

" I have no ſmall difficulty, my " lord," ſaid I, " to bear the hard- " ſhips of my ſituation, added to the " diſtreſs which that ſituation gives " me, to be looked upon in this family " as a delinquent, without having " done any thing to reproach myſelf " with, either in thought, word, or " deed—My lord, it is extremely " hard."

" It is, my lord," ſaid Signor Je- " ronymo. " The great misfortune in " the caſe before us, is, that the Che- " valier Grandiſon has merit ſuperior " to that of moſt men; and that our " ſiſter, who was not to be attached " by common merit, could not be in- " ſenſible to his."

" Whatever were my ſiſter's attach- " ments, Signor Jeronymo, we know " *yours*; and generous ones they are: " but we all know how handſome men " may attach young ladies, without " needing to ſay a ſingle word. The " poiſon once taken in at the eye, it " will ſoon diffuſe itſelf through the " whole maſs."

" My honour, yet, my lord, was " never called in queſtion, either by " man or woman."

" Your character is well known, " chevalier—Had it not been unex- " ceptionable, we ſhould not have en- " tered into treaty with you on this " ſubject, I do aſſure you; and it " piques us not a little to have a daugh- " ter of our houſe refuſed. You don't " know the conſequence, I can tell " you, of ſuch an indignity offered in " this country."

" *Refuſed!* my lord—To *endeavour* " to obviate this charge would be to " put an affront upon your lordſhip's " juſtice, as well as an indignity offer- " ed to your truly noble houſe."

" He aroſe in anger, and ſwore that " he would not be treated with con- " tempt.

" I ſtood up too: " And if I am, " my lord, with indignity, it is not " what I have been uſed to bear."

" Signor Jeronymo was diſturbed. " He ſaid, he had oppoſed our ſeeing " each other. He knew his brother's

" warmth;

" warmth; and I, he said, from the " scenes that had before passed, ought " perhaps to have shewn more pity than " resentment.

" It was owing to my regard for " the delicacy of your sister, Signor " Jeronymo," said I, (" for whom I " have the tenderest sentiments) as " well as to do justice to my own " conduct towards her, that I could " not help shewing myself affected *by* " the word *refused!*"

" *Affected by the word refused!*" " Sir," said the general,—" Yes, you " have soft words for hard meanings. " But I, who have not your choice of " words, make use of those that are " explained by actions."

" I was in hopes, my lord, that I " might rather have been favoured " with your weight in the proposed " compromise, than to have met with " your displeasure."

" Consider, chevalier, coolly con- " sider this matter: how shall we an- " swer it to our country, (we are pub- " lick people, Sir) to the church, to " which we stand related; to our own " character; to marry a daughter of " our house to a protestant? You say " you are concerned for her honour: " what *must* we, what *can* we say in " her behalf, if she be reflected upon " as a love-sick girl, who, though " stedfast in her religion, could refuse " men of the first consideration, all of " her own religion and country, and " let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry " her off?"

" Preserving nevertheless by *stipu-* " *lation*, you will remember, my lord, " her religion.—If you shall have so " much to answer for to the world " with such a stipulation in the lady's " favour; what shall I be thought " of, who, though I am not, nor wish " to be, a publick man, am not of a " low or inconsiderable family, if I, " against my conscience, renounce my " religion and my country, for a con- " sideration, that, though the highest " in private life, is a partial and sel- " fish consideration?"

" No more, no more, Sir—If you " can despise worldly grandeur; if you " can set light by riches, honours, " love; my sister has *this* to be said in " her praise, that she is the first wo- " man, that ever I heard of, who fell " in love with a philosopher: and she " must, I think, take the consequence " of such a peculiarity. Her example " will not have many followers."

" Yes, my lord, it will," said Je- " ronymo, " if Mr. Grandison be the " philosopher. If women were to be " regimented, he would carry an army " into the field without beat of drum."

" I was vexed to find an affair that " had penetrated my heart go off so " lightly; but the levity shewn by " the general was followed by Jero- " nymo, in order to make the past " warmth between us forgotten.

" I left the brothers together. As " I passed through the saloon, I had " the pleasure of hearing, by a whis- " per from Camilla, that her young " lady was somewhat more composed " for the operation she had yielded to.

" In the afternoon, the general made " me a visit at my lodgings. He told " me, he had taken amiss some things " that had fallen from my mouth.

" I owned that I was at one time " warm; but excused myself by *his* " example.

" I urged him to promote my in- " terest as to the proposed compromise. " He gave me no encouragement: but " took down my proposals in writing.

" He asked me, if my father were " as tenacious in the article of religion " as I was?

" I told him, that I had forborne to " write any thing of the affair to my " father.

" *That*, he said, was surprizing. " He had always apprehended, that a " man who pretended to be strict " in religion, be it what religion it " would, should be uniform. He who " could dispense with one duty, might " with another.

" I answered, that having no view " to address Lady Clementina, I had " only given my father general ac- " counts of the favour I had met with " from a family so considerable: that it " was but *very lately* that I had enter- " tained any hopes *at all*, as he must " know; that those hopes were al- " layed by my fears that the articles " of religion and residence would be " an insuperable obstacle: but that it " was my resolution, in the same hour " that I could have any prospect of " succeeding, to lay all before him;

" and

" and I was ſure of his approbation " and conſent to an alliance ſo anſwerable to the magnificence of his " own ſpirit.

" The general, at parting, with a " haughty air, ſaid " I take my leave, " chevalier; I ſuppoſe you will not " be in haſte to *leave* Bologna. I am " extremely ſenſible of the indignity " you have caſt upon us all. I *am*—" and ſwore—" We ſhall not diſgrace " our ſiſter and ourſelves, by courting " your acceptance of her. I underſtand, that Olivia is in love with " you too. Theſe contentions for you " may give you conſequence with " yourſelf: but Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country " jealous of family-honour. Ours " is a firſt family in it. You know " not what you have done, Sir."

" What you have ſaid, my lord, I " have not deſerved of you. It can *not* " be anſwered, at leaſt by me. I ſhall " not leave Bologna till I apprize you " of it, and till I have the misfortune " to be aſſured, that I cannot have any " hope of the honour once deſigned " me. I will only add, that my principles were well known before I was " written to at Vienna."

" And do you reproach us with " that ſtep? It was a *baſe* one. It " had not *my* concurrence." He " went from me in a paſſion.

" I had enough at my heart, Dr. " Bartlett, had I been ſpared this inſult from a brother of Clementina. " It went very hard with me to be " threatened. But, I thank God, " I do not deſerve the treatment."

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LONDON, FRIDAY MORNING MAR. 31.

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yeſterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miſs Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My couſin ſays, they are inſeparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's ſake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think, that he and his kinſman give up all their time in tranſcribing for us. I ſend you now his ſeventh, eighth, and ninth letters. In reading the two latter, we were ſtruck (for the two ſiſters and my lord were with us) with the nobleneſs of Clementina. Her motive, through her whole delirium, is ſo apparently owing to her concern for the ſoul of the man ſhe loved, (entirely regardleſs of any intereſt of her own) that we all forgot what had been ſo long our wiſhes, and joined in giving preference to her.

DR. BARTLETT'S SEVENTH LETTER.

" I Had another viſit paid me," " proceeds Mr. Grandiſon, " two " hours after the general left me, by " the kind-hearted Camilla, diſguiſed " as before.

" I come now, chevalier," ſaid ſhe, " with the marchioneſs's connivance, " and, I may ſay, by her command; " and at the ſame time, by the command " of Signor Jeronymo, who knows " of my laſt attendance upon you, " though no one elſe does, not even " the marchioneſs. He gave me this " letter for you."

" But how does the nobleſt young " lady in Italy, Capilla? How does " Lady Clementina?"

" More compoſed than we could " have hoped for from the height of " her delirium. It *was* high; for ſhe " has but a very faint idea of having " ſeen you this morning."

" The marchioneſs had bid her ſay, " that although I had now given her " deſpair inſtead of hope, yet that ſhe " owed it to my merit, and to the " ſenſe ſhe had of the benefits they " had actually received at my hands, " to let me know, that it was but too " likely that reſentments might be " carried to an unhappy length; and " that therefore ſhe wiſhed I would " leave Bologna for the preſent. If " happier proſpects preſented, ſhe " would be the firſt to congratulate " me upon them.

" I opened the letter of my kind " Jeronymo. Theſe were the con- " tents—

" I Am infinitely concerned, my dear " Grandiſon, to find a man " equally generous and brave as my " brother is, hurried away by paſſion. " You *may* have acted with your uſual " magna-

" magnanimity in preferring your re-
" ligion to your love, and to your
" glory. I, for my part, think you
" to be a diſtreſſed man. If you are
" not, you muſt be very inſenſible to
" the merits of an excellent woman,
" and very ungrateful to the diſtinc-
" tion ſhe honours you with. I muſt
" write in this ſtile, and think ſhe
" does honour by it even to my Gran-
" diſon. But ſhould the conſequences
" of this affair be unhappy for either
" of you; if, in particular, for my
" *brother*; what cauſe of regret
" would our family have, that a
" *younger* brother was ſaved by the
" hand which deprived them of a
" more worthy *elder*? If for *you*,
" how deplorable would be the re-
" flection, that you ſaved one brother,
" and periſhed by the hand of ano-
" ther! Would to God that his paſ-
" ſion and your ſpirit, were more mo-
" derate! But let me requeſt this fa-
" vour of you: that you retire to Flo-
" rence, for a few days, at leaſt.

" How unhappy am I, that I am diſ-
" abled from taking part in a more
" active mediation!—Yet the gene-
" ral admires you. But how can we
" blame in him a zeal for the honour
" of his family, in which he would
" be glad at his ſoul to include a zeal
" for yours.

" For God's ſake quit Bologna for
" a few days only. Clementina is
" more ſedate. I have carried it, that
" her confeſſor ſhall not at preſent vi-
" ſit her; yet he is an honeſt and a
" pious man.

" What a fatality! Every one to
" mean well, yet every one to be mi-
" ſerable! And can religion be the
" cauſe of ſo much unhappineſs? I
" cannot *act*; I can only *reflect*. My
" dear friend, let me know by a line,
" that you will depart from Bologna
" to-morrow; and you will then a
" little lighten the heart of your

" JERONYMO."

" I ſent my grateful compliments
" to the marchioneſs by Camilla. I
" beſought her to believe, that my
" conduct on this occaſion ſhould be
" ſuch as ſhould merit her approba-
" tion. I expreſſed my grief for the
" apprehended reſentments. I was
" ſure that a man ſo noble, ſo gene-
" rous, ſo brave, as was the man from
" whom the reſentments might be
" ſuppoſed to ariſe, would better con-
" ſider of every thing: but it was im-
" poſſible for me, I bid Camilla ſay,
" to be far diſtant from Bologna; be-
" cauſe I ſtill preſumed to hope for a
" happy turn in my favour.

" I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to
" the ſame effect. I aſſured him of
" my high regard for his gallant bro-
" ther; I deplored the occaſion which
" had ſubjected me to the general's
" diſpleaſure; bid him depend upon
" my moderation. I referred to my
" known reſolution of long ſtanding,
" to avoid a meditated rencontre with
" *any* man; urging, that he might,
" for that reaſon, the more ſecurely
" rely upon my care to ſhun any
" acts of offence either to or from a
" ſon of the Marquis della Porretta;
" a brother of my dear friend Jero-
" nymo, and of the moſt excellent and
" beloved of ſiſters!

" Neither the marchioneſs nor Jero-
" nymo were ſatisfied with the an-
" ſwers I returned: but what could
" I do? I had promiſed the general
" that I would not leave Bologna till
" I had apprized him of my intention
" to do ſo; and I ſtill was willing,
" as I bid Camilla tell the marchio-
" neſs, to indulge my hopes of ſome
" happy turn.

" The marquis, the biſhop, and ge-
" neral, went to Urbino; and there,
" as I learned from my Jeronymo, it
" was determined, in full aſſembly,
" that Grandiſon, as well from dif-
" ference in religion, as from infe-
" riority in degree and fortune, was
" unworthy of their alliance: and it
" was hinted to the general, that he
" was equally unworthy of his reſent-
" ment.

" While the father and two bro-
" thers were at Urbino, Lady Cle-
" mentina gave hopes of a ſedate
" mind. She deſired her mother to
" allow her to ſee me: but the mar-
" chioneſs, believing there were no
" hopes of my complying with their
" terms, and being afraid of the con-
" ſequences, and of incurring blame
" from the reſt of her family, now
" eſpecially that they were abſent, and
" conſulting together on what *was*
" proper to be done, deſired ſhe would
" not think of it.

" This refuſal made Clementina
" the

" the more earneſt for an interview. " Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in " favour of it. The misfortune he " had met with, had added to his " weight with the family. It is a " family of harmony and love. They " were hardly more particularly fond " of Clementina than they were of " one another, throughout the ſeveral " branches of it: this harmony among " them added greatly to the family-" conſequence, as well in publick as " private. Till the attempt that was " made upon their Jeronymo, they " had not known calamity.

" But the confeſſor ſtrengthening " the marchioneſs's apprehenſions of " what the conſequence of indulging " the young lady might be, all Jero-" nymo's weight would have failed to " carry this point, had it not been for " an enterprize of Clementina, which " extremely alarmed them, and made " them give into her wiſhes.

" Camilla has enabled me to give " the following melancholy account " of it, to the only man on earth to " whom I could communicate parti-" culars, the very recollection of " which tears my heart in pieces.

" The young lady's malady, after " ſome favourable ſymptoms which " went off, returning in another ſhape, " her talkativeneſs continued; but the " hurry with which ſhe ſpoke and " acted, gave place to a ſedateneſs that " ſhe ſeemed very fond of. They " did not ſuffer her to go out of her " chamber; which ſhe took not well: " but Camilla, being abſent about an " hour, on her return miſſed her, and " alarmed the whole houſe upon it. " Every part of it, and of the garden, " was ſearched. From an apprehen-" ſion that they dared not ſo much as " whiſper to one another, they *dread-*" *ed* to find her whom they ſo carefully " ſought after.

" At laſt, Camilla ſeeing, as ſhe " ſuppoſed, one of the maid-ſervants " coming down ſtairs with remarka-" ble tranquillity, as ſhe thought, in " her air and manner; " Wretch!" " ſaid ſhe, " how compoſed do you " ſeem to be in a ſtorm that agitates " every body elſe!"

" Don't be angry with me, Ca-" milla," returned the ſuppoſed ſer-" vant.

" O my lady! my *very* Lady Cle-" mentina, in Laura's cloaths! Whi-" ther are you going, Madam?—But " let the marchioneſs know," (ſaid " ſhe to one of the women-ſervants " who then appeared in ſight) " that " we have found my young lady—" What, dear Madam, is the mean-" ing of this?—Go, Martina," (to " another woman-ſervant) " go this " inſtant to my lady!—Dear Lady " Clementina, what concern have you " given us!"

" And thus ſhe went on, aſking " queſtions of her young lady, and " giving orders almoſt in the ſame " breath, till the marchioneſs came to " them in a joyful hurry, from one of " the pavillions in the garden, into " which ſhe had thrown herſelf; tor-" tured by her fears, and dreading the " approach of every ſervant, with fa-" tal tidings.

" The young lady ſtood ſtill, but " with great compoſure. " I *will* go, " Camilla," ſaid ſhe; " indeed I will. " You diſturb me by your frantick " ways, Camilla. I wiſh you would " be as ſedate and calm as I am: " what's the matter with the woman?"

" Her mother folding her arms " about her—" O my ſweet girl!" " ſaid ſhe, " How could you terrify " us thus! What's the meaning of " this diſguiſe? Whither were you " going?"

" Why, Madam, I was going on " God's errand; not on my own—" What is come to Camilla? The " poor creature is beſide herſelf!"

" O my dear!" ſaid her mother, " taking her hand, and leading her " into her own apartment (Camilla " following, weeping with joy for " having found her) " tell me," ſaid " ſhe, " tell me, has Laura furniſhed " you with this dreſs?"

" Why no, Madam; I'll tell you " the whole truth. I went and hid " myſelf in Laura's room, while ſhe " changed her cloaths: I ſaw where " ſhe put thoſe ſhe took off; and " when ſhe had left the room, I put " them on."

" And for what? For what, my " dear? Tell me what you deſigned?"

" I am neither afraid nor aſhamed " to tell. It was God's errand I " was going upon."

" What *was* the errand?

" Don't weep then, my dear mam-" ma,

" ma, and I'll tell you. Do let me " kiſs away theſe tears."—And ſhe " tenderly embraced her mother.

" Why, I have a great mind to " talk to the Chevalier Grandiſon. I " had many fine thoughts upon my " pillow; and I believed I could ſay " a great deal to the purpoſe to him; " and you told me I muſt not ſee " him: ſo I thought I would not. " But then I had other notions came " into my head; and I believed, if I " could talk freely to him, I ſhould " convince him of his errors. "Now," " thought I, " I know he will mind " what I ſay to him, more than per- " haps he will my brother the biſhop, " or Father Mareſcotti." I am a ſim- " ple girl, and can have no intereſt in " his converſion; for he has refuſed " me, you know: ſo there is an end " of all matters between him and me. " I never was refuſed before: *was* I, " my mamma? I never will be twice " refuſed. Yet I owe him no ill-will. " And if one can ſave a ſoul, you " know, Madam, there is no harm " in that. So it is God's errand I go " upon, and not my own. And ſhall " I not go? Yes, I ſhall. I know you " will give me leave."—She curtſied. " Silence is permiſſion! Thank you, " Madam."—And ſeemed to be go- " ing.

" Well might her mother be ſilent. " She could not ſpeak; but riſing, " went after her to the door, and tak- " ing her hand, ſobbed over it her de- " nial, (as Camilla deſcribed it;) and " brought her back, and motioned to " her to ſit down.

" She whiſpered Camilla, " What " ails my mamma? Can you tell?— " But ſee how calm, how compoſed, " I am! This world, Camilla! what " a vain thing is this world!" and ſhe " looked up. " And ſo I ſhall tell " the chevalier. I ſhall tell him not " to refuſe Heaven, though he has re- " fuſed a ſimple girl, who was no " enemy to him, and might have been " a faithful guide to him thither, for " what he knew. Now all theſe things " I wanted to ſay to him, and a vaſt " deal more; and when I have told " him my mind, I ſhall be eaſy."

" *Will* my precious girl be eaſy," " broke out into ſpeech her weeping " mother, " when you have told the " chevalier your mind? You *ſhall* tell " him your mind, my dear; and God " reſtore my child to peace and to " me!"

" Well now, my mamma, this is " a good ſign—For if I have moved " you to oblige me, why may I not " move him to oblige himſelf?— " That's all I have in view. He has " been my tutor, and I want, me- " thinks, to return the favour, and " be his tutoreſs; and ſo you will let " me go—Won't you?"

" No, my dear, we will ſend for " him."

" Well, that may do as well, pro- " vided you will let us be alone toge- " ther: for theſe proud men may be " aſhamed, before company, to own " themſelves convinced by a ſimple " girl."

" But, my deareſt love, whither " would you have gone? Do you know " where the chevalier's lodgings are?"

" She pauſed.—" She does not, " ſurely, Camilla!"

" Camilla repeated the queſtion, " that the young lady might herſelf " anſwer it.

" She looked as if conſidering— " Then, " Why no, truly," ſaid ſhe; " I did not think of that: but every " body in Bologna knows where the " Chevalier Grandiſon lives. Don't " you think ſo—But when ſhall he " come? That will be better; *much* " better."

" You ſhall go, Camilla, diſguiſed " as before. Probably he has not " quitted Bologna yet. And let him " know to a tittle, all that has paſſed, " on this attempt of the dear ſoul— " If he can bring his mind to comply " with our terms, it may not yet be " too late: though it *will be* ſo after " my lord and my two ſons return " from Urbino, but ſmall are my " hopes from him. If the interview " makes my poor child eaſy, that will " be a bleſſed event: we ſhall all re- " joice in that. Mean time, come " with me, my dear—But firſt reſume " your own dreſs—And then we will " tell Jeronymo what we were deter- " mined upon. He will be pleaſed " with it, I know."

' You tell me, my good Miſs Byron, ' that I cannot be too particular: yet ' the melancholy tale, I ſee, affects you ' too ſenſibly; as it alſo does my Lord ' and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon. No

'I wonder, when the transcribing of 'them has the same effect upon me, as 'the reading had at my first being fa-'voured with the letters that give the 'moving particulars.'

DR. BARTLETT'S EIGHTH LETTER.

'I Proceed now to give an account of 'Mr. Grandison's interview with 'Lady Clementina.

'He had no sooner heard the pre-'ceding particulars, than he hastened 'to her, though with a tortured heart.

'He was introduced to the mar-'chioness and Signor Jeronymo, in 'the apartment of the latter.

"I suppose," said the marchioness, 'after first civilities, "Camilla has "told you the way we are now in. "The dear creature has a great desire "to talk with you. Who knows, but "she may be easier after she has been "humoured?—She is more composed "than she was, since she knows she "may expect to see you. Poor thing! "she has hopes of converting you."

"Would to Heaven," said Jerony-"mo, "that compassion for her dis-"ordered mind may have that effect "upon my Grandison, which argu-"ment has not had!—Poor Grandi-"son! I can pity you at my heart. "These are hard trials to your huma-"nity! Your distress is written in "your countenance!"

"It is deeper written in my heart," "said I.

"Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

"The marchioness rang. Camilla "came in. "See," said she, "if "Clementina is disposed now to admit "of the chevalier's visit; and ask her, "if she will have her mamma intro-"duce him to her."

"By all means," was the answer "returned.

"Clementina at our entrance was "sitting at the window, a book in her "hand. She stood up. A great, but "solemn composure appeared in her "air and aspect.

"The marchioness went to the win-"dow, holding her handkerchief at "her eyes. I approached with pro-"found respect her Clementina; but "my heart was too full to speak first "—*She* could speak. She did, with-"out hesitation—

"You are nothing to me now, che-"valier; you have refused me, you "know; and I thank you: you are in "the right, I believe. I am a very "proud creature. And you saw what "trouble I gave to the best of parents, "and friends. You are certainly in "the right. She that can give so much "concern to them, must make any "man afraid of her. But religion, it "seems, is your pretence. Now I am "sorry that you are an obstinate man. "You *know* better, chevalier. I think "you *should* know better. But you "have been my tutor. Shall I be "yours?"

"I shall attend to every instruction "that you will honour me with."

"But let me, Sir, comfort my "mamma."

"She went to her, and kneeled: "Why weeps my mamma?" taking a "hand in each of hers, and kissing "first one, then the other. "Be com-"forted, my mamma. You see I am "quite well. You see I am sedate— "Bless your Clementina!"

"God bless my child!"

"She arose from her knees; and "stepping towards me—"You are "very silent, Sir; and very sad.— "But I don't want you to be sad.— "Silent I will allow you to be; be-"cause the tutored should be all ear. "So I used to be to you."

"She then turned her face from me, "putting her hand to her forehead— "I had a great deal to say to you; "but I have forgot it all—Why do "you look so melancholy, chevalier? "You know your own mind; and you "did what you thought just and fit— "Did you not? Tell me, Sir."

"Then turning to her weeping "mother—"The poor chevalier can-"not speak, Madam.—Yet had no-"body to bid him do this, or bid him "do that—He is sorry, to be sure!— "Well, but, Sir," talking to me, "Don't be sorry.—And yet the man "who once refused me—Ah, cheva-"lier! I thought that was very cruel of "you: but I soon got over it. You "see how sedate I am now. Cannot "you be as sedate as I am?"

"What could I say? I could not "soothe her: she boasted of her se-"dateness. I could not argue with "her. Could I have been hers, could "my compromise have been allowed "of, I could have been unreserved in

"my

Plate XII. Published as the Act directs by Harrison and C°Jan.18,1783.

" my declarations. Was ever man ſo " unhappily circumſtanced? — Why " did not the family forbid me to come " near them? Why did not my Jero- " nymo renounce friendſhip with me? " Why did this excellent mother bind " me to her, by the ſweet ties of kind- " neſs and eſteem; engaging all my " reverence and gratitude?

" But let me aſk you, chevalier, " how could you be ſo *unreaſonable* as " to expect, that I ſhould change my " religion, when you were ſo very te- " nacious of yours? Were you not " *very* unreaſonable to expect this?— " Upon my word, I believe you men " think, it is no matter for us women " to have any conſciences, ſo as we do " but ſtudy your wills, and do our duty " by you. Men look upon themſelves " as Gods of the earth, and on us " women but as their miniſtering ſer- " vants? But I did not expect that *you* " would be ſo unreaſonable. You " uſed to ſpeak highly of our ſex. " Good women, you uſed to ſay, were " angels. And many a time have you " made me proud that I *was* a wo- " man. How could *you*, chevalier, " be ſo unreaſonable?"

" May I, Madam," to her mother, " acquaint her with the propoſals I " made?—She ſeems to think, that I " inſiſted upon her change of religion."

" It was not deſigned ſhe ſhould " think ſo: but I remember now, that " ſhe would not let me tell all I had to " ſay, when I was making my report " to her of what had paſſed between " the biſhop and you. It was enough, " ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had been refuſed; " ſhe beſought me to ſpare the reſt: " and ſince that, ſhe has not been in " ſuch a way that we *could* talk to " her on that part of the ſubject. We " took it for granted, that *ſhe* knew " it all, becauſe *we* did. Could we " have yielded to your propoſals, we " ſhould have enforced them upon her. " —If you acquaint her with what " you had propoſed, it may make her " think ſhe has not been *deſpiſed*, as " ſhe calls it; the notion of which " changed her temper, from over- " thoughtful to over-lively."

" No need of ſpeaking low to each " other," ſaid the young lady. " After " your ſlight, Sir, you may let me " hear *any thing*.—Madam! you ſee " how ſedate I am. I have quite over- " come myſelf. Don't be afraid of " ſaying *any thing* before me."

" *Slight*, my deareſt Lady Clemen- " tina! Heaven is my witneſs, your " honoured mamma is my witneſs, " that I have not ſlighted you!—The " conditions I had propoſed, could " they have been complied with, would " have made me the happieſt of men!"

" Yes, and me the unhappieſt of " women. Why you refuſed me, did " you not?" And putting both her " hands ſpread before her face; " Don't " let it be told abroad, that a daugh- " ter of that beſt of mothers was re- " fuſed by any man leſs than a prince! " —Fie upon that daughter! to be " able to ſtand before the proud re- " fuſer!" [She walked from me.] " I am aſhamed of myſelf!—O Mrs. " Beaumont! but for *you!*—My ſecret " had been buried here," putting one " hand on her boſom, holding ſtill the " other before her face.—" But, Sir, " Sir," coming towards me, " don't " ſpeak! Let me have all my talk out " —and then—everlaſting ſilence be " my portion!"

" How her mother wept! How was " I affected!

" I had a great deal to ſay to you, " I thought: I wanted to convince " you of your errors. I wanted *no* " favour of you, Sir: mine was a " pure, diſintereſted eſteem. A voice " from Heaven, I thought, bid me " convert you. I was ſetting out to " convert you. I ſhould have been " enabled to do it, I doubt not: " *Out* " *of the mouths of babes and ſuck-* " *lings*;" do you remember that text, " Sir?—Could I have gone, when " I would have gone—I had it *all* in " my head then—But now I have loſt " it—O that impertinent Camilla!— " *She* muſt queſtion me—The woman " addreſſed me in a quite frantick way. " She was vexed to ſee me ſo ſedate."

" I was going to ſpeak—" Huſh, " huſh, when I bid you!" and ſhe put " her hand before my mouth. With " both my hands I held it there for a " moment, and kiſſed it.

" Ah, chevalier!" ſaid ſhe, not " withdrawing it, " I believe you are a " flattering man! How *can* you, to a " poor *deſpiſed* girl!—"

" Let me *now* ſpeak, Madam—Uſe

" not a word that I cannot repeat after
" you. Let me beg of you to hear
" the propoſals I made—"

" I mentioned them; and added,
" Heaven only knows the anguiſh of
" my ſoul."—"Huſh," ſaid ſhe, inter-
" rupting, and turning to her mother,
" I know nothing of theſe men, Ma-
" dam! Do you think, my mamma,
" I may believe him? He *looks* as if
" one might!—Do you think I may
" believe him?"

" Her mother was ſilent, through
" grief.

" Ah, Sir! my mamma, though
" ſhe is not your enemy, cannot vouch
" for you! But I will have you bound
" by your own hand." She ſtepped
" to her cloſet in a hurry, and brought
" out pen, ink, and paper.—" Come,
" Sir, you muſt not play tricks with
" me. Give me under your hand
" what you have now ſaid—But I will
" write it, and you ſhall ſign it."

" She wrote in an inſtant, as fol-
" lows—

" The Chevalier Grandiſon ſo-
" lemnly declares, that he did,
" in the moſt earneſt manner,
" of his own accord, propoſe,
" that he would *allow* a cer-
" tain young creature, if ſhe
" might be *allowed* to be his
" wife, the free uſe of her re-
" ligion; and to have a diſcreet
" man, at her choice, for her
" confeſſor: and that he would
" never oblige her to go to
" England with him; and that
" he would live in Italy with
" her every other year."

" Will you ſign this, Sir?"

" Moſt willingly."

" Do then—"

" I did.

" And you *did* propoſe this?—Did
" he, Madam?"

" My dear, he did. And I would
" have told you ſo; but that you were
" affected at his ſuppoſed refuſal."

" Why, to be ſure, Madam," in-
" terrupted ſhe, " it was a ſhocking
" thing to be *refuſed*."

" Would you have wiſhed us, my
" dear, to comply with theſe terms?
" Would you have choſen to marry
" a proteſtant? A daughter of the
" houſe of Porretta, and of the houſe
" I ſprang from, to marry an Engliſh
" proteſtant?"

" Clementina took her mother aſide,
" but ſpoke loud enough to be heard.

" To be ſure, Madam, that would
" have been wrong: but I am glad I
" was not refuſed with contempt; that
" my tutor, and the preſerver of my
" Jeronymo, did not *deſpiſe* me. To
" ſay truth, I was afraid he liked
" Olivia, and ſo made a pretence."

" Don't you think, my dear, that
" you would have run too great a ha-
" zard of your own faith, had you
" complied with the chevalier's pro-
" poſals?"

" Why no, ſurely, Madam!—
" Might I not have had as great a
" chance of converting him, as he
" could have had of perverting me?
" I glory in my religion, Madam."

" So does he, my love, in his."

" That is his *fault*, Madam.—
" Chevalier," ſtepping towards me,
" I think you a very obſtinate man.
" I hope you have not heard our diſ-
" courſe."

" Yes, my dear, he has: and I de-
" ſire not but he ſhould."

" Would to God, Madam," ſaid I
" to the marchioneſs, " that I had
" your's and my lord's intereſt! From
" what the dear Lady Clementina has
" hinted, I might preſume—"

" But, Sir, you are *miſtaken*, perhaps,"
" ſaid the young lady. " Though I an-
" ſwer for anſwering's ſake, and to
" ſhew that I have no doubt of my
" ſtedfaſtneſs in an article in which my
" ſoul is concerned; yet that is no
" proof of my attachment to an obſti-
" nate—I know what!"—Heretick
" was, no doubt, in her head.

" I took her mother aſide: " For
" God's ſake, Madam, encourage my
" preſumptuous hopes. Do you not
" obſerve already an alteration in the
" dear lady's mind? Is ſhe not more
" unaffectedly ſedate than ſhe was be-
" fore? Is not her mind quieter, now
" ſhe knows that every thing was
" yielded up that honour and con-
" ſcience would permit to be yielded
" up? See that ſweet ſerenity almoſt
" reſtored to thoſe eyes, that within
" theſe few moments had a wilder
" turn!"

" Ah, chevalier! this depends not
" on me. And if it *did*, I cannot
" allow of my daughter's marrying a
" man ſo bigotted to his errors. Ex-
" cuſe me, Sir! But if you were more
" indifferent

" indifferent in your religion, I ſhould " have more hopes of you, and leſs " objection."

" If, Madam, I *could* be indifferent " in my religion, the temptation would " have been too great to be reſiſted. " Lady Clementina, and an alliance " with ſuch a family—"

" Ah, chevalier! I can give you no " hope."

" Look at the ſweet lady, Madam! " Behold her, as now, perhaps, ba- " lancing in my favour! Think of " what ſhe was, the joy of every heart; " and what ſhe may be! Which, what- " ever becomes of me, Heaven avert!— " And ſhall not the noble Clementina " have her mother for her advocate? " God is my witneſs, that your Cle- " mentina's happineſs is, more than " my own, the object of my vows. " Once more, for your Clementina's " ſake, (What, alas! is *my* ſake to " that) on my knee, let me requeſt " your intereſt: that, joined to my " Jeronymo's, and if the dear lady " recede not, if ſhe blaſt not theſe " budding hopes, will, I doubt not, " ſucceed."

" The young lady ran to me, and " offering to help me up with both her " hands, " Riſe, chevalier!—Shall I " raiſe the cheyalier, Madam?—I don't " love to ſee him kneel. Poor cheva- " lier!—See his tears!—What is the " matter with every body? Why do " you weep?—My mamma weeps " too!—What ails every body?"

" Riſe, chevalier," ſaid the mar- " chioneſs. " O this ſweet prattler! " She will burſt my heart aſunder!— " You cannot, Sir, prevail, (I cannot " *wiſh* that you ſhould) but upon our " own terms. And will not this " ſweet ſoul move you?—Hard-heart- " ed Grandiſon!"

" What a fate is mine!" riſing: " with a ſoul penetrated by the diſor- " der of this moſt excellent of women, " and by the diſtreſs given by it to a " family, every ſingle perſon of which " I both love and reverence, to be " called hard-hearted! What is it I " deſire, but that I may not renounce " a religion in which my conſcience is " ſatisfied, and be obliged to embrace " for it, one, about which, though I " can love and honour every worthy " member of it, I have ſcruples *more* " than ſcruples, that my heart can " juſtify, and my reaſon defend?—You " have not, Madam, yourſelf, with a " heart all mother and friend, a deeper " affliction than mine."

" Clementina, all this time, looked " with great earneſtneſs, now on me, " now on her weeping mother.—And " at laſt, breaking ſilence, [Her mo- " ther could not ſpeak.] and taking " her hand, and kiſſing it, " I don't," " ſaid ſhe, " comprehend the reaſon " of all this. This houſe is not the " houſe it was: who, but I, is the " ſame perſon in it? My father is not " the ſame. My brothers neither: " my mamma never has a dry eye, I " think; but I don't weep. I am to " be the comforter of you all! And " I *will*. Don't weep! Why now " you weep the more for my com- " fortings!—O, my mamma! what " would you ſay to your girl, if *ſhe* " refuſed comfort?" Then kneeling " down, and kiſſing her hand with " eagerneſs, " I beſeech you, my " dear mamma, I *beſeech* you be com- " forted; or lend me ſome of your " tears.—What ails me that I cannot " weep for you?—But," turning to " me, " See, the chevalier weeps " too!"—Then riſing, and coming to " me, her hand preſſing my arm— " Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, " my friend, my brother's preſerver! " What ails you?—Be comforted!"— " Then taking her handkerchief out " of her pocket with one hand, ſtill " preſſing my arm with the other, and " putting it to her eyes, and looking " upon it—" No! I thought I *could* " have wept for you!—But why is all " this!—You ſee what an example I, " a ſilly girl, can ſet you."—Affect- " ing a ſtill ſedater countenance.

" O chevalier!" ſaid the weeping " mother, " and do you ſay your " heart is penetrated?—Sweet crea- " ture!" wrapping her arms about " her; "my own Clementina! would " to Heaven it were given me to re- " ſtore my child!—O chevalier! if " complying with your terms would " do it—But *you* are immoveable!"

" How can that be ſaid, Madam, " when I have made conceſſions, that " a princely family ſhould not, on a " *beginning* addreſs, have brought me " to make! May I *repeat*, before " Lady Clementina—"

" What would he repeat to me?"

" interrupted

" interrupted she. " Do, Madam, let " him say all he has a mind to say. " If it will make his poor heart easy, " why let him say all he would say.— " Chevalier, speak. Can I be any " comfort to you? I would make you " *all* happy, if I could."

" This, Madam," said I to her mother, " is too much! Excellent " young lady!—Who can bear such " transcendent goodness of heart, shining " through intellects so disturbed!—And think you, Madam, that " on earth there can be a man more " unhappily circumstanced than I " am?"

" O my Clementina!" said the mother, " dear child of my heart! " And could you consent to be the " wife of a man of a contrary religion " to your own? A man of another " country?—You see, chevalier, I will " put *your* questions to her. A man " that is an enemy to the faith of his " own ancestors, as well as to your " faith?"

" Why, no, Madam!—I hope he " does not expect that I would."

" May I presume, Madam, to put " the question in my own way?— " But yet I think it may distress the " dear lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope " of *your* interest in my favour; and " of the acquiescence of the marquis " and your sons with my proposals."

" They will never comply."

" Let me then be made to appear " insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made " the easier by such a representation. " If I have no hopes of *your* favour, " Madam, I must indeed despair."

" Had I any hope of carrying your " cause, I know not what might be " done: but I must not separate myself from my family in this great " article.—My dear!" to Clementina, " you said you should be easier " in your mind, if you were to talk to " the chevalier alone. This is the " only time you can have for it. Your " father and brothers will be here to-morrow—and then, chevalier, all " will be over."

" Why, Madam, I did think I " had a great deal to say to him. " And, as I thought I had no *interest* " in what I had to say—"

" Would you wish, my dear, to be " left alone with the chevalier? Can " you recollect any thing that you had " intended to say to him, had you " made him the visit you designed to " make him?"

" I don't know."

" Then I will withdraw. Shall I, " my dear?"

" Ought I, Sir, (You have been " my tutor, and many excellent lessons " have you taught me—though I don't " know what is become of them!— " ought I) to wish my mamma to " withdraw? Ought I to have any " thing to say to you, that I could not " say before her?—I think not."

" The marchioness was retiring. " I beg of you, Madam," said I, " to slip unobserved into that closet. " You *must* hear all that passes. The " occasion may be critical. Let me " have the opportunity of being either " approved or censured, as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation " that may pass between the dear lady " and me, if you do withdraw."

" O chevalier! you are equally " prudent and generous! Why won't " you be one of us? Why won't you " be a catholick?"

" She went out at the door. Clementina curtsied to her. I led her " eye from the door, and the marchioness re-entered, and slipped into " the closet.

" I conducted the young lady to a " chair, which I placed with it's back " to the closet-door, that her mother " might hear all that passed.—She sat " down, and bid me sit by her.

" I was willing she should lead the " subject, that the marchioness might " observe I intended not to prepossess " her.

" We were silent for a few moments. " She seemed perplexed; looked up, " looked down; then on one side, then " on the other.—At last, " O chevalier!" said she, " they were happy " times when I was your pupil, and " you were teaching me English!"

" They were *indeed* happy times, " Madam."

" Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for " me, chevalier!—Do you know Mrs. " Beaumont?"

" I do. She is one of the best of " women."

" Why, so I think. But she turned

" and

" and winded me about moſt ſtrangely.
" I think I was in a great fault."
" How ſo, Madam?"
" How ſo! Why to let her get out
" of me a ſecret that I had kept from
" my mother. And yet there never
" was a more indulgent mother.—
" Now you look, chevalier; but I
" ſhan't tell you what the ſecret was."
" I do not aſk you, Madam."
" If you did, I would not tell
" you.—Well, but I had a great deal
" to ſay to you, I thought. I wiſh
" that frantick Camilla had not ſtop-
" ped me when I was going to you.
" I had a great deal to ſay to you."
" Cannot you recollect, Madam,
" any part of it?"
" Let me conſider.—Why, in the
" firſt place, I thought you *deſpiſed*
" me. I was not ſorry for that, I do
" aſſure you: that did me good. At
" firſt it vexed me—you cannot think
" how much. I have a great deal of
" pride, Sir.—But, well, I got over
" that; and I grew ſedate.—You ſee
" how ſedate I am. " Yet this poor
" man," thought I, " whether he
" thinks ſo or not,"—(I will tell you
" all my thoughts, Sir) but don't be
" grieved.—You ſee how ſedate *I* am.
" Yet I am a ſilly girl; you are thought
" to be a wiſe man: don't diſgrace
" your wiſdom. Fie! a wiſe man to
" be weaker than a ſimple girl!—
" Don't let it be ſaid—What was I
" ſaying?"
" *Yet this poor man, whether he*
" *thinks ſo or not*," you ſaid, Madam."
" True!—" has a ſoul to be ſaved.
" He has taken great pains with *me*,
" to teach me the language of Eng-
" land: ſhall I not take ſome with
" *him*, to teach him the language of
" Heaven!"—No heretick can learn
" that, Sir!—And I had collected
" abundance of fine thoughts in my
" mind, and many pertinent things
" from the Fathers; and they were all
" in my head—But that impertinent
" Camilla—And ſo they are all gone.
" —But this one thing I have to ſay—
" I deſigned to ſay ſomething like it at
" the concluſion of my diſcourſe with
" you.—So it is premeditated, you
" will ſay: and ſo it is. But let me
" whiſper it—No, I won't, neither.—
" But turn your face another way—
" I find my bluſhes come already.—
" But," (and ſhe put her ſpread hand
" before her face, as if to hide her
" bluſhes) " Don't look at me, I tell
" you—look at the window." [I did.]
" Why, chevalier, I did intend to
" ſay—But ſtay—I have wrote it down
" ſomewhere."—[She pulled out her
" pocket-book.] " Here it is. Look
" another way, when I bid you."—She
" read—" Let me beſeech you, Sir,"
" I was very earneſt, you ſee) " to
" hate, to deſpiſe, to deteſt" (Now
" don't look this way) " the unhappy
" Clementina, with all your heart;
" but, for the ſake of your immortal
" ſoul, let me conjure you to be recon-
" ciled to our holy mother church!"—
" Will you, Sir?"—following my in-
" deed averted face with her ſweet
" face; for I *could not* look towards
" her. " Say you will. I heard you
" once called an angel of a man: and
" is it not better to be an angel in
" heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I
" always thought you had ſenſibili-
" ty.—Say you will.—Not for my
" ſake.—I told you that I would con-
" tent myſelf to be ſtill deſpiſed. It
" ſhall not be ſaid, that you did this
" for a wife!—No, Sir, your con-
" ſcience ſhall have all the merit of
" it!—And I'll tell you what; I will
" lay me down in peace."—She ſtood
" up with a dignity that was aug-
" mented by her piety: " and I will
" ſay, " Now do thou, O beckoning
" angel," (for an angel will be on the
" other ſide of the river—the river
" ſhall be Death, Sir!—"Now do thou)
" reach out thy divine hand, O mi-
" niſter of peace! I will wade through
" theſe ſeparating waters; and I will
" beſpeak a place for the man, who,
" many, many years hence, may
" fill it!"—And I will ſit next you for
" ever and ever!—And this, Sir,
" ſhall ſatisfy the poor Clementina;
" who will then be richer than the
" richeſt! So you ſee, Sir, as I told
" my mother, I was ſetting out on
" God's errand; not on my own!"
" For hours might the dear lady
" have talked on, without interrup-
" tion from me!—My dear Dr. Bart-
" lett! What did I not ſuffer?
" The marchioneſs was too near for
" herſelf: ſhe could not bear this
" ſpeech of her pious, generous, no-
" ble daughter. She ſobbed; ſhe
" groaned.
" Clementina ſtarted—She looked
" a

" at me. She looked round her. " Whence came these groans? Did " *you* groan, Sir?—You are not a " hard-hearted man, though they say " you are. But will you be a catho- " lick, Sir? Say you will. I won't " be denied. And I will tell you " what—If I don't resign to my desti- " ny in a few, a very few weeks, why " then I will go into a nunnery; and " then I shall be God's child, you " know, even in this life."

" What could I say to the dear " lady? Her mind was raised above " an earthly love. Circumstanced as " we were, how could I express the " tenderness for her which overflowed " my heart? Compassion is a motive " that a woman of spirit will reject: " and how could love be here *pleaded*, " when the parties believed it to be in " my own power to exert it? Could " I endeavour to replace myself in her " affection, when I refused to comply " with her terms, and they with mine; " to have argued against her religion, " and in defence of my own, her " mind so disturbed, could not be " done: and ought I, in generosity, " in justice to her family, to have at- " tempted to unsettle her in a faith in " which she, and all her family, were " so well satisfied!

" I could only, when I could speak, " applaud her piety, and pronounce " her an angel of a woman, an orna- " ment of her sex, and an honour to " her religion; and endeavour to wave " the subject.

" Ah, chevalier!" said she, after " a silence of some minutes!—" You " are an obstinate man! Indeed you " are—Yet—I think, you do not " despise me.—But what says your " paper?"

" She took it out of her bosom, and " read it. She seemed affected by it, " as if she had not before considered " it: " And you *really* proposed these " terms, Sir? And would you have " allowed me the full exercise of my " religion? And should I have had " my confessor? And would you have " allowed me to convert you, if I " could? And would you have treat- " ed my confessor kindly? And would " you have been dutiful to my papa " and mamma? And would you have " loved my two other brothers as well " as you do Jeronymo?—And would " you have let me live at Bologna?—" You don't say, Yes—But do you " say, No?"

" To these terms, Madam, most " willingly would I have subscribed: " and if, my dearest lady, they could " have had the wished-for effect, how " happy had I been!"

" Well!—" She then paused; and " resuming, " What shall we say to all " these things?"

" I thought her mother would take " it well, to have an opportunity given " her to quit the closet, now her Cle- " mentina had changed her subject to " one so concerning to the whole fa- " mily. I favoured her doing so. " She slipped out, her face bathed in " tears, and soon after came in at the " drawing-room door.

" Ah, Madam!" said Clementina, " paying obeisance to her, " I have " been arguing and pleading with the " chevalier."

" Then, speaking low, " I believe " he may, in time, be convinced: he " has a tender heart. But hush," put- " ting her finger to her mouth, and then " speaking louder, " I have been " reading this paper again—"

" She was going on too favourably " for me, as it was evident the mar- " chioness apprehended; (the first time " that I had reason to think she was " disinclined to the alliance;) for she " stopped her: " My love," said she, " you and I will talk of this matter " by ourselves."

" She rang. Camilla came in. She " made a motion for Camilla to attend " her daughter; and withdrew, invi- " ting me out with her.

" When we were in another room, " Ah, chevalier!" said she, " How " was it possible that you could with- " stand such a heavenly pleader? You " cannot love her as she deserves to be " loved: you cannot but act nobly, " generously; but, indeed, you are an " invincible man."

" Not love her, Madam? Your " ladyship adds distress to my very " great distress!—*Am* I, in your o- " pinion, an ungrateful man?—But " must I lose *your* favour, *your* inte- " rest? On that, and on my dear Je- " ronymo's, did I build my hopes, " and *all* my hopes."

" I know your terms can never be " accepted, chevalier; and I have now

" no

" no hopes of you. After this laſt converſation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor ſoul! She began to waver. O how ſhe loves you! I ſee you are *not* to be united: it is impoſſible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine farther to expoſe herſelf, as it muſt have been to no manner of purpoſe.—You are concerned.—I ſhould pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your *power* to make yourſelf happy, and us, and ours too."

" Little did I expect ſuch a turn in my diſfavour from the marchioneſs.

" May I, Madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear lady, to whoſe piety and admirable heart I am ſo much indebted?"

" I believe it may as well be deferred, chevalier."

" *Deferred*, Madam!—The marquis and the general come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to ſee her again."

" At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir."

" If it muſt, I ſubmit—God for ever bleſs you, Madam, for all your goodneſs! God reſtore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me!* Time and my own not diſapproving conſcience, may—But a more unhappy man never paſſed your gates!"

" I took the liberty to kiſs her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

" Camilla haſtened after me. " Chevalier," ſays ſhe, " my lady aſks, if you will not viſit Signor Jeronymo?"

" Bleſſings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot ſee him. I ſhall *complain* to him. My heart will burſt before him. Commend me to that true friend. Bleſſings attend every one of this excellent family! Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!"

" O Dr. Bartlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the abſence of her lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of ſhewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumſtanced, it was proper ſhe ſhould ſhew me: yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way ſhe was in, was not eaſily diverted from any thing ſhe took ſtrongly into her head; and they never had accuſtomed her to contradiction."

Well, Lucy, now you have read this letter, do you not own, that this man, and this woman, can only deſerve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the ſame opinion, I am ſure: and this letter will convince you, that *more* than his compaſſion, that his *love* for Clementina, was engaged. And ſo it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervour, my dear, in a ſecond love, that was in a firſt. Do you think there can?

DR. BARTLETT'S NINTH LETTER.

" THE young lady," proceeds Mr. Grandiſon, " after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I ſhould have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, viſited my friend: but when I found he was likely to ſtand alone in his favour to me; when the marchioneſs had ſo unexpectedly declared herſelf againſt the compromiſe; I was afraid of diſturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the inſtant overwhelmed mine.

" The following particulars Jeronymo ſent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

" His ſiſter, making Camilla retire, ſhewed him the paper which ſhe had written, and made me ſign, and aſked him what he knew of the contents.

" He knew not what had paſſed between his mother and me; nor did Clementina.

" He told her, that I had actually made thoſe propoſals. He aſſured her that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my diſtreſs.

" She pitied me. She thought, ſhe ſaid, that I had not made any overtures, any conceſſions; that I deſpiſed her; and ſenſibly aſked, why the chevalier was ſent for from

" Vienna? "We all knew his mind, " as to religion," ſaid ſhe.

" Then, after a pauſe, " He never " could have perverted me," proceeded ſhe: " He would have allowed " me a confeſſor, would he not?"

" He would," anſwered Jeronymo.—

" And he would have left me among " my friends in Italy?"—

" He would," replied he.

" Well, brother, and I ſhould have " been glad perhaps to have ſeen " England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his ſiſters and his father to viſit us: and " he praiſes them highly, *you know*. " And if I were their ſiſter, I could " have gone over with them, *you know*. " Do you think, if I had loved *them*, " they would not have loved *me?* I " am not an ill-natured creature *you know*: and they *muſt* be courteous; " are they not *his* ſiſters? And don't " you think his father would love " me? I ſhould have brought no diſhonour into his family, *you know*. " —Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo; he is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of " his ſoul; and, upon my honour, I " believe I could have prevailed, in " time. Father Mareſcotti is a ſevere " man, *you know*; and he has been " always ſo much conſulted, and don't " love the chevalier, I believe: ſo " that I fancy, if I were to have a " venerable ſweet-tempered man for " my confeſſor, between *my* love, " and my *confeſſor's* prudence, we " ſhould gain a ſoul—Don't you think " ſo, Jeronymo?—And that would " cover a great many ſins. And all " his family might be converted too, " *you know!*"

" He encouraged her in this way " of thinking. She believed, ſhe ſaid, " that I was not yet gone. " He is " *ſo* tender-hearted, brother! *that* is " my dependence: and you ſay, he " loves me. Are you ſure of that? " —But I have reaſon to think he " does. He ſhed tears, as I talked " to him, more than once: while my " eyes were as dry as they are now. " I did not ſhed one tear. Well, I'll " go to him, and talk with him."

" She went to the door; but came " back on tiptoe; and in a whiſpering " accent—" My mamma is coming: " Huſh, Jeronymo! let Huſh be the " word!—"

" The door opened—" Here, Ma- " dam, is your girl!—But it is not " my mamma: the impertinent Ca- " milla. She follows me as my ſha- " dow!"

" My lady deſires to ſee you, Lady " Clementina, in her dreſſing-room."

" I obey. But where is the che- " valier?"

" Gone, Madam. Gone ſome time."

" Ah, brother!" ſaid ſhe, and her " countenance fell.

" What, gone!" ſaid Jeronymo, " without ſeeing me! Unkind Gran- " diſon! He did not uſe to be ſo un- " kind."

" This was the ſubſtance of the " advices ſent me by my friend Jero- " nymo.

" I acquainted him in return, by pen " and ink, with all that had paſſed " between the marchioneſs and me, " that he might not, by his friend- " ſhip for me, involve himſelf in diffi- " culties.

" In the morning I had a viſit from " Camilla, by her lady's command; " with excuſes for refuſing to allow " me to take leave of Clementina. " She hoped I was not diſpleaſed with " her on that account. It was the " effect of prudence, and not diſre- " ſpect. She ſhould ever regard me, " even in a tender manner, as if the " deſired relation could have taken " place. Her lord, and her brother " the Conte della Porretta (as he is " called) with the general and the bi- " ſhop, arrived the night before, ac- " companied by the count's eldeſt ſon, " Signor Sebaſtiano. She had been " much blamed for permitting the in- " terview; but regretted it the leſs, " as her beloved daughter was more " compoſed than before, and gave ſe- " date anſwers to all the queſtions put " to her. But, nevertheleſs, ſhe wiſhed " that I would retire from Bologna, " for Clementina's ſake, as well as for " my own.

" Camilla added from Signor Jero- " nymo, that he wiſhed to hear from " me from the Trentine, or Venice: " and as from herſelf, and in confi- " dence, that her young lady was " greatly concerned, that I did not " wait on her again before I went away;

" that

" that she fell into a silent fit upon it; " and that her mamma, on her not " answering to her questions, for the " first time, chid her; that this gave " her great distress, but produced " what they had so much wished for, a " flood of tears; and that now she fre- " quently wept, and lamented to her, " What *should* she do? Her mamma did " not love her, and her mamma talked " against the chevalier. She wished " to be allowed to see him. Nobody " now would love her but the cheva- " lier and Jeronymo. It would be " better for her to be in England, or " any where, than to be in the sweetest " country in the world, and hated.

" Camilla told me, that the mar- " quis, the count his brother, and the " general, had, indeed, blamed the " marchioness for permitting the in- " terview; but were pleased that I was " refused taking leave of the young " lady, when she seemed disposed to " dwell on the contents of the note " she had made me sign: they seemed " now all of a mind, she said; that " were I to comply with their terms, " the alliance would not by any " means be a proper one. Their rank, " their degree, their alliances, were " dwelt upon; I found that their ad- " vantages, in all these respects, were " heightened; my degree, my conse- " quence, lowered, in order to make " the difference greater, and the diffi- " culties insuperable.

" Clementina's uncle, and his eldest " son, both men of sense and ho- " nour, who used to be high in her " esteem, had talked to her; but could " get nothing from her but " No," " and " Yes." Her father had talked " to her alone; but they melted each " other, and nothing resulted of com- " fort to either. Her mother joined " him; but she threw herself at her " mother's feet, besought her to for- " give her, and not to *chide her again*. " They had intended to discourage " her from thinking of me upon any " terms. The general and the bishop " were to talk to her that morning. " They had expressed displeasure at " Signor Jeronymo, for his continued " warmth in my favour. Father " Marescotti was now consulted as " an oracle: and I found, that, by " an indelicacy of thinking, he ima- " gined, that the *husband* would set " all right; and was for encouraging " the Count of Belvedere, and getting " me at a distance.

" Camilla obligingly offered to ac- " quaint me, from time to time, with " what occurred; but I thought it " was not right to accept of a ser- " vant's intelligence out of the family " she belonged to, unless some one of " it authorized her to give it me. Yet " you must believe, I wanted not " anxious curiosity on a subject so in- " teresting. I thanked her; but said, " that it might, if discovered, lay her " under inconveniences which would " grieve me for her sake. She had " the good sense to approve of my " declining her offer.

" In the morning of the same day, " I had a visit made me which I little " expected: it was from Father Mare- " scotti. It is a common thing to " load an enemy, especially if he " be in holy orders, and comes to us " in the guise of friendship, with the " charge of hypocrisy: but partiality " may be at the bottom of the accu- " sation. Father Marescotti is a zea- " lous Roman catholick: I could not " hope either for his interest, or af- " fection; he could not but wish to " frustate my hopes. As a man in " earnest in his own principles, and " who knew how stedfast I was in " mine, it was his duty to oppose this " alliance. He is, perhaps, the ho- " nester man for knowing but little of " human nature, and of the tender " passions. As to that of love, he " seemed to have drawn his conclu- " sions from general observations: he " knew not how to allow for particu- " lar constitutions, nor to account " for the delicacy of such a heart as " Clementina's. Love, he thought, " was always a poor blind boy, led " in a string, either by folly, or fancy; " and that once the impetus got over, " and the lady settled into the com- " mon offices of life, she would do- " mesticate herself, and be as happy " with the Count of Belvedere, espe- " cially as he is a very worthy man, " as if she had married the man once " most favoured. On this presump- " tion, it was a condescension in such " a man to come to me, and to de- " clare himself my friend; and ad- " vise me what to do for promoting " the peace of a family which I pro-

" feſſed to venerate; and you will " hear that his condeſcenſion was " owing to a real greatneſs of mind.

" I was, from the moment of his " entrance, very open, very frank; " more ſo than he expected, as he " owned. He told me, that he was " afraid I had conceived prejudices " againſt him. The kinder then in " him, I ſaid, that he condeſcended " to make me ſo friendly a viſit. I " aſſured him, that I regarded him " as a good man. I had indeed ſome- " times thought him ſevere; but that " convinced me that he was very much " in earneſt in his religion. I was " ſenſible, I ſaid, that we ought al- " ways to look to the intention; to " put ourſelves in the ſituation of the " perſons of whoſe actions we pre- " ſumed to judge; and even to think " well of auſterities, which had their " foundation in virtue, in whatever " manner they affected ourſelves.

" He applauded me; and ſaid, I " wanted ſo little to be a catholick, " that it was a thouſand pities I was " not one: and he was perſuaded, that " I ſhould one day be a proſelyte.

" This father's buſineſs was, to " convince me of the unfitneſs of an " alliance between families ſo very op- " poſite in their religious ſentiments. " He went into hiſtory upon it. You " may believe, that the unhappy con- " ſequences which followed the mar- " riage between our Charles I. and " the Princeſs Henrietta of France, " were not forgotten. He expatiated " upon them: but I obſerved to him, " that the monarch was the ſufferer by " the zeal of the queen for her reli- " gion, and not the queen, any other- " wiſe than as ſhe was involved in the " conſequences of thoſe ſufferings " which ſhe had brought upon him. " In ſhort, father," ſaid I, " we pro- " teſtants, ſome of us, have zeal; but " let us alone, and it is not a perſe- " cuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* " makes the zeal of your devotees " altogether active, and perhaps the " more flaming, in proportion as the " perſon is more honeſt and worthy.

" I lamented, that I was ſent for from " Vienna, upon hopes, though my " principles were well known, that " otherwiſe I had never preſumed to " entertain.

" He owned that that was a wrong " ſtep: and valued himſelf that he " had not been conſulted upon it; " and that when that he knew it had " been taken, he inveighed againſt it.

" And I am *afraid*, father," ſaid I—

" He interrupted me—" Why, I " believe ſo!—You have made ſuch " generous diſtinctions in favour of " the duty of a man acting in my " function, that, I muſt *own*, I have " not been an idle obſerver on this " occaſion."

" He adviſed me to quit Bologna. " He was profuſe in his offers of ſer- " vice in any other affair; and, I dare " ſay, was in earneſt.

" I told him, that I choſe not to " leave it precipitately, and as if I had " done ſomething blame-worthy. I " had ſome hopes of being recalled to " my father's arms. I ſhould ſet out, " when I left Bologna, directly for " Paris, to be in the way of ſuch a " long-wiſhed for call: "And then," " ſaid I, "adieu, to travelling! Adieu " to Italy, for ever! I ſhould have " been happy, had I never ſeen it, but " in the way for which I have been " accuſtomed to cenſure the generality " of my countrymen."

" His behaviour at parting was " ſuch, as will make me for ever re- " vere him; and will *enlarge* a charity " for all good men of his religion; " which yet, before, was not a nar- " row one. For, begging my excuſe, " he kneeled down at the door of my " antichamber, and offered up, in a " very fervent manner, a prayer for " my converſion. He could not have " given me, any other way, ſo high an " opinion of him: no, not had he of- " fered me his intereſt with Clemen- " tina, and her family. I embraced " him; as he did me: tears were in " his eyes. I thanked him for the " favour of this viſit; and recom- " mending myſelf to his frequent " prayers, told him, that he might be " aſſured of all the reſpectful ſervices " he ſhould put it in my power to ren- " der him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, " to make him a preſent worthy of his " acceptance! had I known what " would have been acceptable, and " had I not been afraid of affronting " him. I accompanied him to the " outward door. " I never" ſaid he, " ſaw a proteſtant that I loved, be- " fore. Your mind is ſtill more amia-

" ble

" ble than your perſon. Lady Cle-
" mentina, I ſee, might have been
" happy with you: but it was not
" fit, on *our* ſide." He ſnatched my
" hand, before I was aware, and ho-
" noured it with his lips: and haſten-
" ed from me, leaving me at a loſs,
" and looking after him, and for him,
" when he was out of ſight; my mind
" labouring as under a high ſenſe of
" obligation to his goodneſs.

" Religion and love, Dr. Bartlett,
" which heighten our reliſh for the
" things of both worlds, what pity
" is it, that they ſhould ever run the
" human heart either into enthuſiaſm,
" or ſuperſtition; and thereby debaſe
" the minds they are both ſo well
" fitted to exalt.

" I am equally ſurprized and af-
" fected by the contents of the fol-
" lowing letter, directed to me. It
" was put within the door; nobody
" ſaw by whom. The daughter to
" the lady at whoſe houſe I lodge,
" found it, and gave it to one of my
" ſervants for me.

" DON'T be ſurprized, chevalier;
" don't think amiſs of me for
" my forwardneſs. I heard ſome
" words drop (ſo did Camilla, but ſhe
" can't go out to tell you of them)
" as if Somebody's life was in danger.
" This diſtracts me. I am not treated
" as I was accuſtomed to be treated.
" They don't love me now—They
" don't love their poor Clementina!
" Very true, chevalier! You who are
" always telling me how dearly they
" all loved me, will hardly believe it,
" I ſuppoſe. Nothing now is ſaid,
" but "*You ſhall Clementina*"— from
" thoſe who uſed to call me *ſiſter*, and
" *dear ſiſter*, at every word.

" They ſaid, I was well, and quite
" well, and ought to be treated with
" a high hand—I know from whom
" they have that. From myſelf. I
" ſaid ſo to Mrs. Beaumont: but ſhe
" need not to have told *them*. I won't
" go to her again, for that. They
" ſay I *ſhall*. God help me, I don't
" know where to go for a quiet
" mind. A *high hand* won't do, che-
" valier: I wiſh I knew what would;
" I would tell it to them. I once
" thought it would; elſe I had not
" ſaid it to Mrs. Beaumont: but let
" them go on with their high hands,
" with all my heart; that heart will
" not hold always. It had been gone
" before now, had not Mrs. Beau-
" mont got out of me—ſomething—
" I won't tell you what—And then
" they ſent for Somebody—And Some-
" body came—And what then?—They
" need not threaten me ſo—Somebody
" is not ſo much to blame as they will
" have it he is: and that Somebody
" did make propoſals.—Did you not,
" chevalier?—I had liked to have be-
" trayed myſelf—I ſtopped juſt in
" time.

" But, chevalier, I'll tell you a ſe-
" cret—Don't ſpeak of it to any body—
" May I depend upon you?—I know
" I may. Why, Camilla tells me,
" that the Count of Belvedere is to
" come again.—Are you not ſorry for
" your poor pupil? But I'll tell you
" another ſecret—and that is, what I
" intend to ſay to him—" Look you
" here, my lord, you are a very good
" ſort of man; and you have great
" eſtates: you are very rich; you are,
" in ſhort, a very good ſort of man;
" but there is, however, a man in the
" world with whom I had rather live
" in the pooreſt hermitage in the wil-
" derneſs, than with you in the richeſt
" palace in the world." After this,
" if he be not the creeping mean man
" you ſaid he was not, he will be an-
" ſwered.—Every thing you ſaid to
" me in former happy times, I re-
" member. You always ſaid things
" to me that were fit to be remem-
" bered. Yet I don't tell you who
" my hermit is, that I had rather live
" with. Perhaps there is no ſuch man.
" But this, you know, will be a ſuffi-
" cient anſwer to the Count of Belve-
" dere. Don't you think ſo?

" Here I have been tormented a-
" gain!—Would you think it? I
" have been pleading for Somebody,
" boldly, confidently. I ſaid I could
" depend upon his honour! Ah, che-
" valier! don't you think I might?—
" I am to be locked up, and I can't
" tell what!—They won't let me ſee
" Somebody—They won't let me ſee
" my poor Jeronymo!—You, and I,
" and Jeronymo, are all put toge-
" ther!—I don't care, as I tell Ca-
" milla: I don't care; they will quite
" harden me.

" But

" But juſt now my mamma—O, ſhe " is the beſt of mothers!—My mam- " ma tells me, ſhe will not perſuade " me, if I will be patient, if I will be " good. " My dear mamma," as I " told her, " I will be patient, and " good: but don't let them inveigh " againſt the chevalier, then. What " harm has he done?—Was he not—" " Ah! Sir, now I bluſh!—" Was he " not ſent for?—And did he not weep " over me?—Yet is he none of your " bold men, who look as proudly as " if they were ſure of your approba- " tion!"—Well, but what do you " think my mamma ſaid—" Ah, Cle- " mentina!" ſaid ſhe, " would to " God the chevalier for *his own ſake*," " (yes, ſhe ſaid for " *his own ſake*;" " and that made a great impreſſion " upon me; it was ſo good, you know, " of my mamma) " that the chevalier " was in England, or a thouſand miles " off." So, Sir, this is my advice— " pray take it; for I and Camilla " heard ſome words, and Camilla, as " well as I, is much troubled about " them.—Get away to England as " ſoon as you can—Be ſure do!—And " ſome months hence, bring your two " ſiſters over with you; and by that " time all our feuds will be ended, " you know: and you ſhall take a " houſe, and then I can go and viſit " your ſiſters, you know, and your " ſiſters will viſit us. You will come " ſometimes with them; won't you? " Well, and I'll tell you how we will " paſs part of our time: they ſhall " perfect me in Engliſh; I will per- " fect them in Italian. They know " as much of that, I ſuppoſe, at leaſt, " as I do of Engliſh: and we will " viſit every court, and every city. " So, God bleſs you, Sir; and get " away, as ſoon as you can. I put " no name; for fear this ſhould miſ- " carry, and I ſhould be found out.— " Ah, Sir! they are very ſevere with " me! Pity me: but I know you " will; for you have a tender heart. " *It is all for You!*"

" Theſe laſt five words were intend- " ed to be ſcratched out; and are but " juſt legible.

" How the contents of this letter " afflict me! Words cannot expreſs " what I feel! I ſee, evidently, that " they are taking wrong meaſures " with the tendereſt heart in the world; " a heart that never has once ſwerved " from it's duty; and which is filled " with reverence and love for all that " boaſt a relation to it. Harſh treat- " ment, and which is beſides *new* to " it, is *not* the method to be taken " with ſuch a heart. " Shall I," " thought I, when I had peruſed it, " aſk for an audience of a mother ſo " indulgent, and give her my diſin- " tereſted advice upon it?" Once I " could have done ſo; and even, in " confidence, have ſhewn her this very " letter: but now ſhe is one with the " angry part of her family, and I dare " not do it, for Clementina's ſake. " Talk of locking her up! Talk of " bringing a lover to her!—*Threaten- ing* her with going to Mrs. Beau- " mont; when they ſhould *court* her " to go thither!—Not ſuffer her to ſee " her beloved Jeronymo?—*He* in diſ- " grace too!—How hard, how wrong, " is all this conduct!—I could have " written to Jeronymo, thought I, " and adviſed gentle meaſures, were " he not out of their conſultations.— " As to the threatened *reſentments*, " they are nothing as to me. Clemen- " tina's ſufferings are every thing: " my ſoul diſdains the thought of " faſtening myſelf upon a proud fa- " mily, that now looks upon me in a " mean light. A proud heart under- " valued, will ſwell. It will be put " upon *over*-valuing itſelf. You " know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a " *very* proud heart: but when I am " trampled upon, or deſpiſed, *then* " it is moſt proud. I would call my- " ſelf a *man*, to a prince, who ſhould " unjuſtly hold me in contempt; and " let him know that I looked upon " *him* to be no more. My pride is " raiſed: yet againſt whom? Not " Clementina! She has all my pity! " She has ſeen, and I have found, " that her unhappy delirium, though " not cauſed by me, (I bleſs God for " that!) has made me tender as a " chidden infant. And can I think " of quitting Bologna, and not ſee " if it be poſſible for me to gratify " myſelf, and ſerve them in her re- " ſtoration? Setting quite out of the " queſtion the general's cauſeleſs re- " ſentments, and the engagement I " have

" have laid myſelf under not to leave
" it without apprizing him of my
" intention.

" Upon the whole, I reſolved to
" wait the iſſue of the new meaſures
" they have fallen upon. The dear
" lady has declared herſelf in my fa-
" vour. Such a frank declaration
" muſt ſoon be followed by important
" conſequences.

* *

" THE third day after the arrival
" of her father and brothers from
" Urbino, I received the following
" billet from the marquis himſelf—

" CHEVALIER GRANDISON,

" WE are in the utmoſt diſtreſs.
" We cannot take upon us to
" forbid your ſtay at Bologna; but
" ſhall be obliged to you, if you will
" enable us to acquaint our daughter,
" that you are gone to England, or
" ſome far diſtant part of Italy. Wiſh-
" ing you happy, I am, Sir, *your moſt*
" *obedient humble ſervant.*"

" To this I wrote as follows—

" MY LORD,

" I Am exceſſively grieved for your
" diſtreſs. I make no heſitation
" to obey you. But as I am not con-
" ſcious of having, in word or deed,
" offended you, or any one of a fa-
" mily to whom I owe infinite obliga-
" tions; let me hope that I may be
" allowed a farewel viſit to your lord-
" ſhip, to your lady, and to your
" three ſons; that my departure may
" not appear like that of a criminal,
" inſtead of the parting, which, from
" the knowledge I have of my own
" heart, as well as of your experi-
" enced goodneſs, may be claimed by
" your lordſhip's *ever obliged, and*
" *affectionate humble ſervant,*

" GRANDISON."

" This requeſt, I underſtood, oc-
" caſioned warm debates. It was ſaid
" to be a very bold one: but my dear
" Jeronymo inſiſted, that it was worthy
" of his friend, his deliverer, as he
" called me; and of an innocent man.

" The reſult was, that I ſhould be
" invited in form, to viſit and take
" leave of the family: and two days
" were taken, that ſome others of the
" Urbino family might be preſent, to
" ſee a man for the laſt time, (and
" ſome of them for the firſt) who was
" thought, by his requeſt, to have
" ſhewn a very extraordinary degree
" of intrepidity; and who, though a
" proteſtant, was honoured with ſo
" great an intereſt in the heart of their
" Clementina.

" The day before I was to make
" this formal viſit, (for ſuch it was
" to be) I received the following
" letter from my friend Jeronymo—

" MY DEAREST GRANDISON,

" TAKE the particulars of the
" ſituation we are in here, that
" you may know what to expect, and
" how to act and comport yourſelf,
" to-morrow evening.

" Your reception will be, I am
" afraid, cold; but civil.

" You will be looked upon by the
" Urbino family, who have heard
" more of you than they have ſeen,
" as a curioſity; but with more won-
" der than affection.

" Of them will be preſent, the count
" my father's brother, and his ſons
" Sebaſtiano and Juliano, my aunt
" Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow
" lady, as you know, and her daugh-
" ter Signora Laurana, a young wo-
" man of my ſiſter's age, between
" whom and my ſiſter uſed to be, as
" you have heard, the ſtricteſt friend-
" ſhip and correſpondence; and who
" inſiſted on being preſent on this oc-
" caſion. They are all good-natured
" people; but love not either your
" country or religion.

" Father Mareſcotti will be preſent.
" He is become your very great ad-
" mirer.

" My father thinks to make you his
" compliments; but if he withdraws
" the moment he has made them, you
" muſt not be ſurprized.

" My mother ſays, that as it is the
" laſt time that ſhe may ever ſee you,
" and as ſhe really greatly reſpects
" you, ſhe ſhall not be able to leave
" you while you ſtay.

" The general, I hope, will behave
" with politeneſs.

" The biſhop loves you; but will
" not, however, perhaps, be in high
" good humour with you.

" Your Jeronymo will be wheeled
" into the ſame room. If he be more

" ſilent

" ſilent than uſual on the ſolemn oc-
" caſion, you will not do him in-
" juſtice, perhaps, if you attribute it
" to his prudence; but much more to
" his grief.

" And now let me tell you, as
" briefly as I can, the ſituation of the
" dear creature who muſt not appear,
" but who is more intereſted in the
" occaſion of the congreſs than any
" perſon who will be preſent at it.

" What paſſed between you and her
" at the laſt interview, has greatly
" impreſſed her in your favour. The
" biſhop, the general, and my father,
" ſoon after their return from Urbino,
" made her a viſit in her dreſſing-
" room. They talked to her of the
" excellency of her own religion, and
" of the errors of the pretended re-
" formed, which they called, and I
" *ſuppoſe* are, *damnable*. They found
" her ſteady in her abhorrence of the
" one, and adherence to the other.
" They were delighted with her ra-
" tional anſwers, and compoſed beha-
" viour: they all three retired in rap-
" tures, to congratulate each other
" upon it; and returned with plea-
" ſure, to enter into farther talk with
" her: but when they mentioned you
" to her, ſhe, led by their affectionate
" behaviour to her on their return,
" ſaid, it had given her great plea-
" ſure, and eaſe of mind, to find that
" ſhe was not *deſpiſed* by a man whom
" every one of the family regarded for
" his merit and great qualities. The
" general had hardly patience; he
" walked to the farther end of the
" room: my father was in tears;
" the biſhop ſoothed her, in order to
" induce her to ſpeak her whole mind.

" He praiſed you. She ſeemed
" pleaſed. He led her to believe,
" that the whole family were willing
" to oblige her, if ſhe would declare
" herſelf; and aſked her queſtions,
" the anſwers to which muſt either be
" an avowal or a denial of her love:
" and then ſhe owned, that ſhe pre-
" ferred the Chevalier Grandiſon to
" all the men in the world; ſhe would
" not, againſt the opinion of her
" friends, wiſh to be his; but never
" would be the wife of any other man.

" What," ſaid the general, "though
" he continue a heretick?"

" He might be converted, ſhe ſaid.
" And he was a ſweet-tempered and
" compaſſionate man: and a man of
" ſenſe, as *he* was, muſt ſee his errors.

" Would ſhe run the riſque of her
" own ſalvation?

" She was ſure ſhe ſhould never give
" up her faith.

" It was tempting God to abandon
" her to her own perverſeneſs.

" Her reliance on his goodneſs to
" enable her to be ſtedfaſt, was hum-
" ble, and not preſumptuous, and
" with a pious view to gain a proſe-
" lyte; and God would not forſake
" a perſon ſo well intending. Was
" ſhe not to be allowed her confeſſor?
" Her confeſſor ſhould be appointed
" by themſelves. She did not doubt
" but the chevalier would conſent to
" that.

" The biſhop, you know, can be
" cool, when he pleaſes. He bore to
" talk farther with her.

" My father was ſtill in tears.

" The general had no longer pa-
" tience. He withdrew, and came to
" me, and vented on me his diſ-
" pleaſure. It is true, Grandiſon,
" when it was propoſed to ſend for you
" from Vienna, I, ſanguine in my
" hopes, had expreſſed myſelf as void
" of all doubt but you would become
" a catholick.—Your love, your com-
" paſſion, your honour, as I thought,
" engaged by ſuch a ſtep taken on our
" ſide—I had no notion that on ſuch
" a ſurprize, with ſuch motives to urge
" your compliance, a young man like
" myſelf, and with a heart ſo ſenſible,
" could have been ſo firm: but theſe
" thoughts are all over—This, how-
" ever, expoſes me to the more re-
" proaches.

" We were high; and my mother
" and uncle came in to mediate be-
" tween us.

" I would not, I could not, re-
" nounce my friend; the friend of my
" *ſoul*, as in our firſt acquaintance;
" and the preſerver of my life—Miſe-
" rable as that has been, the preſerver
" of it, at a time when I was engaged
" in an *unlawful* purſuit, in which I
" had periſhed, what might I have
" now been, and where?

" I ventured to give my opinion in
" favour of my ſiſter's marriage with
" you, as the only method that could
" be taken to reſtore her; who, I ſaid,
" loved you becauſe you were a vir-
" tuous man; and that her love was

" not

" not only founded in virtue, but was " virtue itſelf.

" My brother told me, that I was " as much beſide myſelf with my no- " tions of gratitude, as my ſiſter was " with a paſſion leſs excuſable.

" I bid him forbear wounding a " wounded man.

" Thus high ran words between us.

" The biſhop, mean time, went on " with a true church ſubtlety, to get " out of the innocent girl her whole " mind.

" He boaſted afterwards of his art. " But what was there in it to boaſt of? " A mind ſo pure and ſo ſimple as " Clementina's ever was, and which " only the pride of her ſex, and mo- " tives of religion, had perhaps hin- " dered her from declaring to all the " world.

" He aſked her, if ſhe were willing " to leave her father, mother, brothers, " and country, to go to a ſtrange land; " to live among a hated people?

" No, ſhe ſaid; you would not wiſh " her to go out of Italy. You would " live nine months out of twelve in " Italy.

" He told her, that ſhe muſt, when " married, do as her huſband would " have her.

" She could truſt to your honour.

" Would ſhe conſent that her chil- " dren ſhould be trained up hereticks?

" She was ſilent to this queſtion. " He repeated it.

" Well, my lord, if I muſt not be " allowed to chuſe for myſelf; only " let me not hear the chevalier ſpoken " of diſreſpectfully: he does not de- " ſerve it. He has acted by me with " as much honour, as he did by my " brother. He is an uniformly good " man, and as generous as good— " And don't let me have *other* pro- " poſals made me; and I will be con- " tented. I had never ſo much diſ- " tinguiſhed him, if every body had " not as well as I."

" He was pleaſed to find her anſwers " ſo rational: he pronounced her quite " well; and gave it as his opinion, " that you ſhould be deſired to quit " Bologna. And your abſence, and " a little time, he was ſure, would " ſecure her health of mind.

" But when her aunt Sforza and " her couſin Laurana talked with her " next morning, they found her, on " putting queſtions about you, abſo- " lutely determined in your favour.

" She anſwered the objections they " made againſt you with equal warmth " and clearneſs. She ſeemed ſenſible " of the unhappy way ſhe had been " in, and would have it, that the laſt " interview ſhe had with you, had " helped to calm and reſtore her; and " ſhe hoped that ſhe ſhould be better " every day: ſhe praiſed your beha- " viour to her; ſhe expatiated upon, " and pitied your diſtreſs of mind.

" They let her run on till they too " had obtained from her a confirma- " tion of all that the biſhop had re- " ported; and, upon repeating the " converſation, would have it, upon " experience, that ſoothing ſuch a " paſſion was not the way to be taken; " but that a high hand was to be " uſed, and that ſhe was to be ſhamed " out of a love ſo improper, ſo irre- " ligious, ſo *ſcandalous*, to be en- " couraged in a daughter of their " houſe with a heretick; and who had " ſhewn himſelf to be a determined " one.

" They accordingly entered upon " their new meaſures. They forbade " her to think of you: they told her, " that ſhe ſhould not upon any terms " be yours; not now, even if you " would change your religion for her. " They depreciated your family, your " fortune, and even your underſtand- " ing; and brought to prove what " they ſaid againſt the latter, your " obſtinate adherence to your *muſhroom* " religion, ſo they called it; a reli- " gion that was founded in the wicked- " neſs of your VIIIth Henry; in the " ſuperſtition of a child his ſucceſſor; " and in the arts of a vile woman who " had martyred a ſiſter queen, a better " woman than herſelf. They inſiſted " upon her encouraging the Count of " Belvedere's addreſſes, as a mark of " her obedience.

" They condemned, in terms wound- " ing to her modeſty, her paſſion for " a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; " and on her earneſt requeſt to ſee her " father, he was prevailed upon to re- " fuſe her that favour.

" Lady Juliana Sforza and her " daughter Laurana, the companion " of her better hours, never ſee her, " but they inveigh againſt you as an " artful, an intereſted man.

" Her uncle treats her with autho-
" rity; Signor Sebaſtiano with a pity
" bordering on contempt.

" My mother ſhuns her; and indeed
" avoids me: but as ſhe has been
" blamed for permitting the interview,
" which they ſuppoſe the wrongeſt ſtep
" that could have been taken, ſhe de-
" clares herſelf neutral, and reſigns to
" whatever ſhall be done by her lord,
" by his brother, her two ſons, and
" Lady Juliana de Sforza: but I am
" ſure, in her heart, that ſhe approves
" not of the new meaſures; and which
" are alſo, as I have reminded the
" biſhop, ſo contrary to the advice of
" the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to
" whom they begin to think of once
" more ſending my ſiſter, or of pre-
" vailing on her to come hither: but
" Clementina ſeems not to be deſirous
" of going again to her; we know
" not why; ſince ſhe uſed to ſpeak of
" her with the higheſt reſpect.

" The dear ſoul ruſhed in to me
" yeſterday. " Ah, my Jeronymo!"
" ſaid ſhe, " they will drive me to
" deſpair. They hate me, Jeronymo
" —But I have written to Somebody!
" —Huſh! for your life, huſh!"

" She was immediately followed in
" by her aunt Sforza, and her couſin
" Laurana, and the general; who,
" though he heard not what ſhe ſaid,
" inſiſted on her returning to her own
" apartment.

" What!" ſaid ſhe, " muſt I not
" ſpeak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jerony-
" mo!—I had a great deal to ſay to
" you!"

" I raved; but they hurried her
" out, and have forbid her to viſit me:
" they, however, have had the civility
" to deſire my excuſe. They are ſure,
" they ſay, they are in the right way:
" and if I will have patience with
" them for a week, they will change
" their meaſures, if they find theſe
" new ones ineffectual. But my ſiſter
" will be loſt, irrecoverably loſt; I
" foreſee that.

" Ah, Grandiſon! And can you
" ſtill—But now they will not accept
" of your change of religion. Poor
" Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo!
" Unhappy *Grandiſon!* I will ſay.
" If you are not ſo, you cannot de-
" ſerve the affection of a Clementina.

" But are *you* the Somebody to whom
" ſhe has written? *Has* ſhe written to
" you? Perhaps you will find ſome
" opportunity to-morrow to let me
" know whether ſhe has, or not. Ca-
" milla is forbidden to ſtir out of the
" houſe, or to write.

" The general told me, juſt now,
" that my gratitude to you ſhewed nei-
" ther more nor leſs, than the high
" value I put upon my own life.

" I anſwered—That his obſerva-
" tion *convinced* me, that he put a
" much leſs upon mine, than I, in
" the ſame caſe, ſhould have put upon
" his.

" He reconciled himſelf to me by
" an endearment. He embraced me.
" Don't ſay *convinced*, Jeronymo, I
" love not myſelf better than I love
" my Jeronymo."

" What can one do with ſuch a
" man? He *does* love me.

" My mother, as I ſaid, is reſolved
" to be neutral: but, it ſeems, ſhe is
" always in tears.

* *

" My mother ſtepped in juſt now—
" To my queſtion after my ſiſter's
" health; " Ah, Jeronymo!" ſaid
" ſhe, " All is wrong! The dear
" creature has been bad ever ſince
" yeſterday. They are all wrong!—
" But patience and ſilence, child!
" You and I have nothing to anſwer
" for.—Yet my Clementina," ſaid
" ſhe—" Oh!"—and left me.

" I have no heart to write on. You
" will ſee, from the above, the way
" we are in. O my Grandiſon! What
" will you do among us?—I wiſh you
" would not come. Yet what hope,
" if you do not, ſhall I ever have of
" ſeeing again my beloved friend,
" who has behaved ſo unexceptionably
" in a caſe ſo critical?

" You muſt not think of the dear
" creature; her head is ruined: for
" your *own* ſake, you muſt not. We
" are all unworthy of you: yet, not
" *all*; all, however, but Clementina,
" and (if true friendſhip will juſtify
" my claim to another exception) *your*
" *afflicted*

" JERONYMO."

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

O My Lucy!—What think you!—
But it is eaſy to gueſs what you
muſt

must think. I will, without saying one word more enclose—

DR. BARTLETT'S TENTH LETTER.

"THE next day," proceeds my patron, "I went to make my "visit to the family. I had nothing "to reproach myself with; and there- "fore had no other concern upon me "but what arose from the unhappi- "ness of the noble Clementina: that "indeed was enough. I thought I "should have some difficulty to manage "my own spirit, if I were to find "myself insulted, especially by the "general. Soldiers are so apt to "value themselves on their knowledge "of what, after all, one may call but "a trade, that a private gentleman is "often thought too slightly of by "them. Insolence in a great man, a "rich man, or a soldier, is a *call* "upon a man of spirit to exert him- "self. "But I hope," thought I, "I "shall not have this call from any "one of a family I so greatly respect."

"I was received by the bishop; who "politely, after I had paid my com- "pliments to the marquis and his "lady, presented me to those of the "Urbino family to whom I was a "stranger. Every one of those named "by Signor Jeronymo, in his last let- "ter, were present.

"The marquis, after he had re- "turned my compliment, looked "another way, to hide his emotion: "the marchioness put her handker- "chief to her eyes; but withdrawing "it again, looked upon me with ten- "derness; and I read in them her "concern for her Clementina.

"I paid my respects to the general "with an air of freedom, yet of re- "gard; to my Jeronymo, with the "tenderness due to our friendship; and "congratulated him on seeing him "out of his chamber. His kind eyes "glistened with pleasure; yet it was "easy to read a mixture of pain in "them; which grew stronger as the "first emotions at seeing me enter, "gave way to reflection.

"The Conte della Porretta seemed "to measure me with his eye.

"I addressed myself to Father Mare- "scotti, and made my particular ac- "knowledgments to him for the fa- "vour of his visit, and what had pas- "sed in it. He looked upon me with "pleasure; probably with the more, "as this was a farewel visit.

"The two ladies whispered, and "looked upon me, and seemed to be- "speak each other's attention to what "passed.

"Signor Sebastiano placed himself "next to Jeronymo, and often whis- "pered him, and as often cast his eye "upon me. He was partial to me, I "believe, because my generous friend "seemed pleased with what he said.

"His brother, Signor Juliano, sat "on the other hand of me. They "are agreeable and polite young men.

"A profound silence succeeded the "general compliments.

"I addressed myself to the marquis: "Your lordship—and you, Madam," "turning to the marchioness—"I "hope will excuse me for having re- "quested the favour of being once more "admitted to your presence, and to "that of three brothers for whom I "shall ever retain the most respectful "affection. I could not think of "leaving a city, where one of the first "families in it has done me the highest "honour, without taking such a leave "as might shew my gratitude.—Ac- "cept, my lords,"—bowing to each— "Accept, Madam," more profound- "ly bowing to the marchioness—"my "respectful thanks for all your good- "ness to me. I shall to the end of "my life, number most of the days "that I have passed at Bologna, "amongst it's happiest, even were the "remainder to be as happy as man "ever knew."

"The marquis said, "We wish "you, chevalier, very happy; hap- "pier than—" He sighed, and was "silent.

"His lady only bowed. Her face "spoke distress. Her voice was lost "in sighs, though she struggled to sup- "press them.

"Chevalier," said the bishop, with "an air of solemnity, "you have "given us many happy hours: for "them we thank you. Jeronymo, "for himself, will say more: he is the "most grateful of men. We thank you "also for what you have done for him."

"I cannot," said Jeronymo, "ex- "press suitably my gratitude: my

" prayers, my vows, ſhould follow " you, whitherſoever you go, beſt of " friends, and beſt of men!"

" The general, with an air and a " ſmile that might have been diſpenſed " with, oddly ſaid, " High pleaſure " and high pain are very near neigh- " bours: they are often guilty of ex- " ceſſes, and then are apt to miſtake " each other's houſe. I am one of " thoſe who think our whole houſe " obliged to the chevalier for the ſea- " ſonable aſſiſtance he gave to our Je- " ronymo. But—"

" Dear general," ſaid Lady Juliana, " bear with an interruption: the in- " tent of this meeting is amicable. " The chevalier is a man of honour. " Things may have fallen out unhap- " pily: yet nobody to blame."

" As to blame, or otherwiſe," ſaid " the Conte della Porretta, " that is " not now to be talked of; elſe, I " *know* where it lies: in ſhort, among " ourſelves. The chevalier acted " greatly by Signor Jeronymo; we " were all obliged to him; but to let " ſuch a man as *this* have free admiſſion " to our daughter—She ought to have " had no eyes."

" Pray, my lord—pray, brother," " ſaid the marquis—" are we not " enough ſufferers?"

" The chevalier," ſaid the general, " cannot but be gratified by ſo high a " compliment;" and ſmiled indig- " nantly.

" My lord," replied I to the gene- " ral, " you know very little of the " man before you, if you don't be- " lieve him to be the moſt afflicted man " preſent."

" Impoſſible!" ſaid the marquis, " with a ſigh.

" The marchioneſs aroſe from her ſeat, " motioning to go; and turning round " to the two ladies, and the count; " I have reſigned my will to the will " of you all, my deareſt friends, and " ſhall be permitted to withdraw. " This teſtimony, however, before I " go, I cannot but bear: wherever the " fault lay, it lay not with the che- " valier. He has, from the firſt to the " laſt, acted with the niceſt honour. " He is intitled to our reſpect. The " unhappineſs lies no where but in " the difference of religion."

" Well, and that is now abſolutely " out of the queſtion," ſaid the ge- " neral—" it is, indeed, chevalier."

" I hope, my lord, from a deſcend- " ant of a family ſo illuſtrious, to find " an equal exemption from wounding " words and wounding looks; and " that, Sir, as well from your gene- " roſity, as from your *juſtice*."

" My looks give you offence, che- " valier!—Do they?"

" I attended to the marchioneſs. " She came towards me. I aroſe, and " reſpectfully took her hand.—" Che- " valier," ſaid ſhe, " I could not with- " draw, without bearing the teſtimony " I have borne to your merits. I wiſh " you happy—God protect you, whi- " therſoever you go. Adieu."

" She wept. I bowed on her hand " with profound reſpect. She retired " with precipitation. It was with " difficulty that I ſuppreſſed the riſing " tear. I took my ſeat.

" I made no anſwer to the general's " laſt queſtion, though it was ſpoken " in ſuch a way (I ſaw by their eyes) " as took every other perſon's notice.

" Lady Sforza, when her ſiſter was " retired, hinted, that the laſt inter- " view between the young lady and " me was an unadviſed permiſſion, " though intended for the beſt.

" I then took upon me to defend " that ſtep. " Lady Clementina," " ſaid I, " had declared, that if ſhe " were allowed to ſpeak her whole " mind to me, ſhe ſhould be eaſy. " I had for ſome time given my- " ſelf up to abſolute deſpair. The " marchioneſs intended not *favour* to " me in allowing of the interview: " it was the moſt affecting one to me " I had ever known. But let me ſay, " that, far from having bad effects on " the young lady's mind, it had good " ones. I hardly knew how to talk " upon a ſubject ſo very intereſting to " *every one* preſent, but not more ſo " to *any one* than to myſelf. I thought " of avoiding it; and have been led " into it, but did not lead. And " ſince it is before us, let me recom- " mend, as the moſt effectual way to " reſtore every one to peace and hap- " pineſs, *gentle treatment*. The moſt " generous, the meekeſt, the moſt du- " tiful of human minds, requires not " harſh treatment."

" How do *you* know, Sir," ſaid the " general,

" general, and looked at Jeronymo,
" the methods now taken—"

" And *are* they then harſh, my
" lord?" ſaid I.

" He was offended.

" I had heard," proceeded I, " that
" a change of meaſures was reſolved
" on. I knew that the treatment be-
" fore had been all gentle, condeſcend-
" ing, indulgent. I received but yeſ-
" terday letters from my father, ſig-
" nifying his intention of ſpeedily
" recalling me to my native country.
" I ſhall ſet out very ſoon for Paris,
" where I hope to meet with his more
" direct commands for this long-de-
" ſired end. What may be my deſti-
" ny, I know not; but I ſhall carry
" with me a heart burdened with the
" woes of this family, and diſtreſſed
" for the beloved daughter of it. But
" let me beſpeak you all, for your own
" ſakes, (mine is out of the queſtion: I
" preſume not upon any hope on my own
" account) that you will treat this an-
" gelick-minded lady with tenderneſs.
" I pretend to ſay, that I know that
" harſh or ſevere methods will not do."

" The general aroſe from his ſeat,
" and with a countenance of fervour,
" next to fierceneſs—" Let me tell
" you, Grandiſon—" ſaid he.

" I aroſe from mine, and going to
" Lady Sforza, who ſat next him, he
" ſtopped, ſuppoſing me going to him,
" and ſeemed ſurprized, and attentive
" to motions: but diſregarding him,
" I addreſſed myſelf to that lady.
" You, Madam, are aunt of the Lady
" Clementina: the tender, the indul-
" gent mother is abſent, and has de-
" clared, that ſhe reſigns her will to
" the will of her friends preſent—Al-
" low me to ſupplicate, that former
" meaſures may not be changed with
" her. Great dawnings of returning
" reaſon did I diſcover in our laſt inter-
" view. Her delicacy (never was there
" a more delicate mind) wanted but
" to be ſatisfied. It *was* ſatisfied,
" and ſhe began to be eaſy. Were her
" mind but once compoſed, the ſenſe
" ſhe has of her duty, and what ſhe
" owes to her religion, would reſtore
" her to your wiſhes: but if ſhe ſhould
" be treated harſhly, (though I am
" ſure, if ſhe *ſhould*, it would be with
" the beſt intention) Clementina will
" be loſt."

" The general ſat down. They all
" looked upon one another. The two
" ladies dried their eyes. The ſtart-
" ing tear *would* accompany my fer-
" vour. And then ſtepping to Jero-
" nymo, who was extremely affected;
" My dear Jeronymo," ſaid I, " my
" friend, my beloved friend, cheriſh
" in your noble heart the memory of
" your Grandiſon: would to God I
" could attend you to England! We
" have baths there of ſovereign effi-
" cacy. The balm of a friendly and
" grateful heart would promote the
" cure. I have urged it before. Con-
" ſider of it."

" My Grandiſon, my dear Grandi-
" ſon, my friend, my preſerver! You
" are not going!"

" I *am*, my Jeronymo;" and em-
" braced him. " Love me in abſence,
" as I ſhall you."

" Chevalier," ſaid the biſhop, " you
" don't go? We hope for your com-
" pany at a ſmall collation.—We muſt
" not part with you yet."

" I cannot, my lord, accept the fa-
" vour. Although I had given my-
" ſelf up to deſpair of obtaining the
" happineſs to which I once aſpired;
" yet I was not willing to quit a city
" that this family had made dear to
" me, with the precipitation of a man
" conſcious of miſbehaviour. I thank
" you for the permiſſion I had to at-
" tend you all in full aſſembly. May
" God proſper *you*, my lord; and may
" you be inveſted with the firſt ho-
" nours of that church which muſt be
" adorned by ſo worthy a heart! It
" will be *my* glory, when I am in my
" native place, or *wherever* I am, to
" remember that I was once thought
" not unworthy of a rank in a family
" ſo reſpectable. Let me, my lord, be
" intitled to your kind remembrance."

" He pulled out his handkerchief.
" My lord," ſaid he, to his father—
" my lord," to the general—" Gran-
" diſon muſt not go!"—and ſat down
" with emotion.

" Lady Sforza wept; Laurana ſeem-
" ed moved; the two young lords, Se-
" baſtiano and Juliano, were greatly
" affected.

" I then addreſſed myſelf to the
" marquis, who ſat undetermined, as
" to ſpeech—" My venerable lord,
" forgive me, that my addreſs was not
" firſt paid here: my heart overflows
" with gratitude for your goodneſs in

" permitting

" permitting me to throw myself at
" your feet, before I took a last fare-
" wel of a city favoured with your
" residence. Best of fathers, of friends,
" of men, let me intreat the continu-
" ance of your paternal indulgence
" to the child neareſt, and *deſer-*
" *ving* to be neareſt, to your heart.
" She is all *you* and her *mother*. Re-
" ſtore her to yourſelf and to her, by
" your indulgence; that alone, and a
" bleſſing on your prayers, can reſtore
" her. Adieu, my good lord: re-
" peated thanks for all your hoſpitable
" goodneſs to a man who will ever re-
" tain a grateful ſenſe of your favour."

" You will not yet go!" was all he
" ſaid—He ſeemed in agitation. He
" could ſay no more.

" I then, turning to the count his
" brother, who ſat next him, ſaid,
" I have not the honour to be fully
" known to your lordſhip: ſome pre-
" judices from differences in opinion
" may have been conceived; but if
" you ever hear any thing of the man
" before you *unworthy* of his name,
" and of the favour once deſigned
" him; then, my lord, blame, as well
" as wonder at, the condeſcenſion of
" your noble brother and ſiſter in my
" favour."

" Who, I! Who I!" ſaid that lord,
" in ſome hurry.—"I think very well
" of you. I never ſaw a man in my
" life, that I liked ſo well!"

" Your lordſhip does me honour.
" I ſay this the rather, as I may, on
" this ſolemn occaſion, taking leave of
" ſuch honourable friends, charge my
" future life with reſolutions to behave
" worthy of the favour I have met
" with in this family."

" I paſſed from him to the general
" —" Forgive, my lord," ſaid I,
" the ſeeming formality of my beha-
" viour in this parting ſcene: it is a
" very ſolemn one to me. You have
" expreſſed yourſelf *of* me, and *to* me,
" my lord, with more paſſion (forgive
" me, I mean not to offend you) than
" perhaps you will approve in your-
" ſelf when I am far removed from
" Italy. For have you not a noble
" mind? And are you not a ſon of
" the Marquis della Porretta? Per-
" mit me to obſerve, that paſſion will
" make a man exalt himſelf, and de-
" grade another; and the juſt medium
" will be then forgot. I am afraid
" I have been thought more lightly
" of, than I ought to be, either in
" juſtice, or for the honour of a perſon
" who is dear to every one preſent.
" My country was once mentioned
" with diſdain. Think not my vanity
" ſo much concerned in what I am
" going to ſay, as my honour: I am
" proud to be thought an Eng-
" liſhman; yet I think as highly of
" every worthy man of every nation
" under the ſun, as I do of the
" worthy men of my own. I am not of a
" contemptible race in my own coun-
" try. My father lives in it with the
" magnificence of a prince. He loves
" his ſon; yet I preſume to add, that
" that ſon deems his good name his
" riches; his integrity his grandeur.
" Princes, though they are intitled by
" their rank to reſpect, are princes
" only to him as they act.

" A few words more, my lord.

" I have been of the *hearing*, not of
" the *ſpeaking* ſide of the queſtion, in
" the two laſt conferences I had the
" honour to hold with your lordſhip.
" Once you unkindly mentioned the
" word *triumph*. The word at the
" time went to my heart. When
" I can ſubdue the natural warmth of
" my temper, then, and then only, I
" have a triumph. I ſhould not have
" remembered this, had I not now,
" my lord, on this ſolemn occaſion,
" been received by you with an indig-
" nant eye. I reſpect your lordſhip
" *too much*, not to take notice of this
" angry reception. My ſilence upon
" it, perhaps, would look like ſub-
" ſcribing before this illuſtrious com-
" pany to the juſtice of your con-
" tempt; yet I mean no *other* notice
" than this; and *this*, to demonſtrate
" that I was not, in my *own* opinion
" at leaſt, abſolutely unworthy of the
" favour I met with from the father,
" the mother, the brothers, you ſo
" juſtly honour, and which I wiſhed to
" ſtand in with *you*.

" And now, my lord, allow me the
" honour of your hand; and, as I have
" given you no cauſe for diſpleaſure,
" ſay, that you will remember me with
" kindneſs, as I ſhall honour you and
" your whole family to the laſt day
" of my life."

" The general heard me out; but
" it was with great emotion. He ac-
" cepted not my hand; he returned

" not

" not any anſwer: the biſhop aroſe, " and taking him aſide, endeavoured " to calm him.

" I addreſſed myſelf to the two " young lords, and ſaid, that if ever " their curioſity led them to viſit Eng- " land, where I hoped to be in a few " months, I ſhould be extremely glad " of cultivating their eſteem and fa- " vour by the beſt offices I could do " them.

" They received my civility with " politeneſs.

" I addreſſed myſelf next to Lady " Laurana—" May you, Madam, " the friend, the intimate, the choſen " companion of Lady Clementina, " never know the hundredth part of the " woe that fills the breaſt of the man " before you, for the calamity that " has befallen your admirable couſin, " and, becauſe of that, a whole ex- " cellent family. Let me recom- " mend to you, that tender and ſooth- " ing treatment to *her*, which her ten- " der heart would ſhew to *you*, in " any calamity that ſhould befal you. " I am not a bad man, Madam, " though of a different community " from yours. Think but half ſo " charitably of me, as I do of every " one of your religion who lives up to " his profeſſions, and I ſhall be " happy in your favourable thoughts " when you hear me ſpoken of."

" It is eaſy to imagine, Dr. Bart- " lett, that I addreſſed myſelf in this " manner to this lady, whom I had " never before ſeen, that ſhe might " not think the harder of her couſin's " prepoſſeſſions in favour of a pro- " teſtant.

" I recommended myſelf to the fa- " vour of Father Mareſcotti. He aſ- " ſured me of his eſteem, in very warm " terms.

" And juſt as I was again applying " to my Jeronymo, the general came " to me: " You cannot think, Sir," " ſaid he, " nor did you *deſign* it, I " ſuppoſe, that I ſhould be pleaſed with " your addreſs to me. I have only " this queſtion to aſk, When do you " quit Bologna!"

" Let me aſk your lordſhip," ſaid I, " When do you return to Naples?

" Why that queſtion, Sir?" haugh- " tily.

" I will anſwer you frankly. Your " lordſhip, at the firſt of my acquaint- " ance with you, invited me to Na- " ples. I promiſed to pay my reſpects to " you there. If you think of being " there in a week, I will attend you " at your own palace in that city: " and there, my lord, I hope, no cauſe " to the contrary having ariſen from " me, to be received by you with the " ſame kindneſs and favour that you " ſhewed when you gave me the " invitation. I think to leave Bo- " logna to-morrow."

" O brother!" ſaid the biſhop, " are you not *now* overcome?"

" And are you in earneſt?" ſaid the " general.

" I am, my lord, I have many va- " luable friends, at different courts " and cities in Italy, to take leave of, " I never intend to ſee it again. I " would look upon your lordſhip as " one of thoſe friends: but you ſeem " ſtill diſpleaſed with me. You ac- " cepted not my offered hand before: " once more I tender it. A man of " ſpirit cannot be offended at a man of " ſpirit, without leſſening himſelf. " I call upon your dignity, my lord."

" He held out his hand, juſt as I " was withdrawing mine. I have " pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; " and I was conſcious of a ſuperiority " in *this inſtance*; I took his hand, " however, at his offer; yet pitied " him, that his motion was made at " all, as it wanted that grace which " generally accompanies all he does " and ſays.

" The biſhop embraced me.— " Your moderation thus exerted," ſaid " he, " muſt ever make you triumph, " O Grandiſon! you are a prince of " the Almighty's creation."

" The noble Jeronymo dried his " eyes, and held out his arms to em- " brace me.

" The general ſaid, " I ſhall cer- " tainly be at Naples in a week. I " am too much affected by the woes " of my family, to behave as perhaps " I ought on this occaſion. Indeed, " Grandiſon, it is difficult for ſufferers " to act with ſpirit and temper at the " ſame time."

" It is, my lord: I have found it " ſo. My hopes raiſed, as once they " were, now ſunk, and abſolute de- " ſpair having taken place of them—

" Would

" Would to God I had never returned " to Italy?—But I reproach not any " body."

" Yet, said Jeronymo, you have " some reason—To be sent for as you " were—"

" He was going on—" Pray, bro- " ther," said the general—And turn- " ing to me, " I may expect you, " Sir, at Naples?"

" You may, my lord. But one fa- " vour I have to beg of you mean " time. It is, that you will not treat " harshly *your* dear Clementina. " Would to Heaven I might have had " the honour to say, *my* Clementina! " And permit me to make one other " request on my own account; and " that is, that you will tell her, that " I took my leave of your whole fa- " mily, by their kind permission; and " that, at my departure, I wished her, " from my soul, all the happiness that " the best and tenderest of her friends " can wish her! I make this request " to you, my lord, rather than to " Signor Jeronymo, because the ten- " derness which he has for me might " induce him to mention me to her " in a manner which might, at this " time, affect her too sensibly for her " peace.

" Be pleased, my dear Signor Jero- " nymo, to make my devotion known " to the marchioness. Would to " Heaven—But adieu, and once more " adieu, my Jeronymo. I shall hear " from you when I get to Naples, if " not before—God restore your sister, " and heal you!"

" I bowed to the marquis, to the " ladies, to the general, to the bishop, " particularly; to the rest in gene- " ral; and was obliged, in order to " conceal my emotion, to hurry out " at the door. The servants had " planted themselves in a row; not " for selfish motives, as in England; " they bowed to the ground, and " blessed me, as I went through them. " I had ready a purse of ducats. " One hand and another declined it; " I dropped it in their sight. " God " be with you, my honest friends!" " said I; and departed—O, Dr. Bart- " lett, with a heart how much dis- " tressed!"

' And now, my good Miss Byron, ' have I not reason, from the deep ' concern which you take in the woes ' of Lady Clementina, to regret the ' task you have put me upon? And do ' you, my good Lord and Lady L. ' and Miss Grandison, now wonder ' that your brother has not been for- ' ward to give you the particulars of ' this melancholy tale? Yet you all ' say, I must proceed.'

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

THIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *she* pretend to—But I will not puzzle myself about her, yet *she* pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next letter; or she would not have been named by *me*.

DR. BARTLETT'S ELEVENTH LETTER.

' MR. Grandison, on his return to ' his lodgings, found there, in ' disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted ' not any new disturbance. But I will ' not mix the stories.

' The next morning he received a ' letter from Signor Jeronymo. The ' following is a translation of it.

" MY DEAREST GRANDISON,

" HOW do you?—Ever-amiable " friend! What triumphs did " your behaviour of last night obtain " for you! not a soul here but ad- " mires you!

" Even Laurana declared, that, " were you a catholick, it would be a " *merit* to love you. Yet she reluc- " tantly praised you, and once said, " What but *splendid sins*, are the *vir- " tues* of an *heretick*?"

" Our two cousins, with the good- " nature of youth, lamented that you " could not be ours in the way you " wish. My Father wept like a child, " when you were gone, and seemed " to enjoy the praises given you by " every one. The count said, he ne- " ver saw a nobler behaviour in man. " Your free, your manly, your polite " air and address, and your calmness

" and

" and intrepidity, were applauded by " every one.

" What joy did this give to your " Jeronymo! I thought I wanted nei- " ther crutches, helps, nor wheeled " chair; and several times forgot that " I ailed any thing.

" I begin to love Father Marescot- " ti. He was with the foremost in " praising you.

" The general owned, that he once " was resolved to quarrel with you. " But will he, do you think, Jero- " nymo," said he, " make me a visit " at Naples!"

" You may depend upon it, he " will," answered I.

" I will be there to receive him," " replied he.

" They admired you particularly " for your address to my sister, by the " general, rather than by me: and " Lady Sforza said, it was a thousand " pities that you and Clementina " could not be one. They applauded, " all of them, what they had not, any " of them, the power to imitate, that " largeness of heart which makes you " think so well, and speak so tenderly, " of those of communions different " from your own. So much steadi- " ness in your own religion, yet so " much prudence, in a man so young, " they said was so astonishing! No " wonder that your character ran so " high in every court you had visited.

" My mother came in soon after " you had left us. She was equally " surprized and grieved to find you " gone. She thought she was sure " of your staying supper; and, not " satisfied with the slight leave she " had taken, she had been strengthen- " ing her mind to pass an hour in your " company, in order to take a more " solemn one.

" My father asked her after her " daughter.

" Poor soul!" said she, " she has " heard that the chevalier was to be " here, to take leave of us."

" By whom? By whom?" said my " father.

" I cannot tell: but the poor crea- " ture is half raving to be admitted " among us. She has dressed herself " in one of her best suits; and I found " her sitting in a kind of form, expect- " ing to be called down.—Indeed, " Lady Sforza, the method we are in " does not do."

" So the chevalier said," replied " that lady. " Well, let us change " it with all my heart. It is no plea- " sure to treat the dear girl harshly— " O sister! this is a most extraordinary " man!"

" That moment in bolted Camilla. " —Lady Clementina is just at the " door. I could not prevail upon " her—"

" We all looked upon one another.

" Three soft taps at the door, and " a hem, let us know she was there.

" Let her come in, dear girl, let her " come in," said the count: " the che- " valier is not here."

" Laurana rose, and ran to the door, " and led her in by the hand.

" Dear creature, how wild she look- " ed!—Tears ran down my cheeks: " I had not seen her for two days be- " fore. O how earnestly did she look " round her! withdrawing her hand " from her cousin, who would have " led her to a chair, and standing quite " still.

" Come and sit by me, my sweet " love," said her weeping mother.— " She stepped towards her.

" Sit down, my dear girl."

" No: you beat me, remember."

" Who beat you, my dear?—Sure " nobody would beat my child!— " Who beat you, Clementina!"

" I don't know,"—Still looking " round her, as wanting somebody.

" Again her mother courted her to " sit down.

" No, Madam, you don't love me."

" Indeed, my dear, I do."

" So you say."

" Her father held out his open arms " to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. " He could not speak—" Ah, my fa- " ther!" said she, stepping towards him.

" He caught her in his arms— " —Don't, don't, Sir," faintly strug- " gling, with averted face—" You " love me not—You refused to see " your child, when she wanted to " claim your protection!—I was used " cruelly."

" By whom, my dear? By whom?"

" By every body. I complained " to one, and to another; but all were " in a tone: and so I thought I would " be contented. My mamma too!— " But it is no matter. I saw it was " to be so; and I did not care."

" By my soul," said I, " this is not " the way with her, Lady Sforza!

" The chevalier is in the right. You " see how ſenſible ſhe is of hard treat- " ment."

" Well, well," ſaid the general, " let us change our meaſures."

" Still the dear girl looked out ear- " neſtly, as for ſomebody.

" She looſed herſelf from the arms " of her ſorrowing father.

" Let us in ſilence," ſaid the count, " obſerve her motions."

" She went to him on tiptoe, and " looking in his face over his ſhoul- " der, as he ſat with his back towards " her, paſſed him; then to the gene- " ral; then to Signor Sebaſtiano; " and to every one round, till ſhe " came to me; looking at each over " his ſhoulder in the ſame manner: " then folding her fingers, her hands " open, and her arms hanging down " to their full extent, ſhe held up her " face meditating, with ſuch a ſigni- " ficant woe, that I thought my heart " would have burſt.—Not a ſoul in " the company had a dry eye.

" Lady Sforza aroſe, took her two " hands, the fingers ſtill clapſed; and " would have ſpoken to her, but " could not; and haſtily retired to her " ſeat.

" Tears, at laſt, began to trickle " down her cheeks, as ſhe ſtood fix- " edly looking up. She ſtarted, looked " about her, and haſtening to her mo- " ther, threw her arms about her " neck; and, hiding her face in her " boſom, broke out into a flood of " tears, mingled with ſobs that pene- " trated every heart.

" The firſt words ſhe ſaid, were, " Love me, my mamma! Love your " child! your poor child! your Cle- " mentina!" Then raiſing her head, " and again laying it in her mother's " boſom—" If ever you loved me, " love me now, my mamma!—I have " need of your love!"

" My father was forced to with- " draw. He was led out by his two " ſons.

" Your poor Jeronymo was unable " to help himſelf.

" He wanted as much comfort as " his father. What were the wounds " of his body, at that time, to thoſe " of his mind?

" My two brothers returned. " This " dear girl," ſaid the biſhop, " will " break all our hearts."

" Her tears had ſeemed to relieve " her. She held up her head. My " mother's boſom ſeemed wet with " her child's tears and her own. Still " ſhe looked round her.

" Suppoſe," ſaid I, " ſomebody " were to name the man ſhe ſeems to " look for? It may divert this wild- " neſs."

" Did ſhe come down," ſaid Lau- " rana to Camilla, " with the ex- " pectation of ſeeing him?"

" She did."

" Let *me*," ſaid the biſhop, " ſpeak " to her. He aroſe, and, taking her " hand, walked with her about the " room. " You look pretty, my dear " Clementina! Your ornaments are " charmingly fancied. What made " you dreſs yourſelf ſo prettily?"

" She looked earneſtly at him, in " ſilence. He repeated his queſtion— " I ſpeak," ſaid ſhe, " all my heart? " and then I ſuffer for it. Every body " is againſt me."

" You ſhall not ſuffer for it: every " body is for you."

" I confeſſed to Mrs. Beaumont— " I confeſſed to you, brother—but " what did I get by it?—Let go my " hand. I don't love you, I believe."

" I am ſorry for it. I love you, " Clementina, as I love my own ſoul!"

" Yet you never chide your own " ſoul!"

" He turned his face from her to us. " She muſt not be treated harſhly," " ſaid he. He ſoothed her in a truly " brotherly manner.

" Tell me," added he to his ſooth- " ings, " did you expect any body " here, that you find not!"

" Did I? Yes, I did—Camilla, " come hither—Let go my hand, bro- " ther."

" He did. She took Camilla un- " der the arm—" Don't you know, " Camilla," ſaid ſhe, " what you " heard ſaid of Somebody's threaten- " ing Somebody?—Don't let any " body hear us;" drawing her to one " end of the room.—" I want to take " a walk with you into the garden, " Camilla."

" It is dark night, Madam."

" No matter. If you are afraid, " I will go by myſelf."

" Seem to humour her in talk, Ca- " milla," ſaid the count; " but don't " go out of the room with her."

" Be

"Be pleaſed to tell me, Madam, "what we are to walk in the garden "for?"

"Why, Camilla, I had a horrid "dream laſt night; and I cannot be "eaſy till I go into the garden."

"What, Madam, was your dream?"

"In the Orange Grove, I thought I "ſtumbled over the body of a dead "man!"

"And who was it, Madam?"

"Don't you know who was threat-"ened? And was not Somebody here "to-night? And was not Somebody "to ſup here? And *is* he here?"

"The general then went to her. "My deareſt Clementina; my be-"loved ſiſter; ſet your heart at reſt. "Somebody is ſafe; ſhall be ſafe."

"She took firſt one of his hands, "then the other; and, looking in the "palms of them, "They are not "bloody!" ſaid ſhe.—"What have "you done with him, then? Where "is he?"

"Where is who?"

"You know whom I aſk after; "but you want ſomething againſt "me."

"Then ſtepping quick up to me: "My Jeronymo!—Did I ſee *you* be-"fore?" and ſtroked my cheek.—"Now tell me, Jeronymo.—Don't "come near me, Camilla.—Pray, "Sir," to the general, "do you ſit "down." She leaned her arm upon "my ſhoulder:—"I don't hurt you, "Jeronymo; do I?"

"No, my deareſt Clementina."

"That's my beſt brother.—Cruel "aſſaſſins!—But the brave man came "juſt in time to ſave you.—But do "you know what is become of him?"

"He is ſafe, my dear. He could "not ſtay."

"Did any body affront him?"

"No, my love."

"Are you ſure nobody did?—*Very* "ſure?—Father Mareſcotti," ſaid ſhe, "turning to him, (who wept from the "time ſhe entered) "you don't love "him: but you are a good man, and "will tell me truth. Where is he? "Did nobody affront him?"

"No, Madam."

"Becauſe," ſaid ſhe, "he never "did any thing but good to any one."

"Father Mareſcotti," ſaid I, "ad-"mires him as much as any body."

"*Admire* him! Father Mareſcotti "admire him!—But he does not *love* "him. And I never heard *him* ſay "one word againſt Father Mareſcotti "in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, "what made him go away, then? "Was he not to ſtay ſupper?"

"He was deſired to ſtay: but "would not."

"Jeronymo, let me whiſper you—"Did he tell you that I wrote him a "letter?"

"I gueſſed you did," whiſpered I.

"You are a ſtrange gueſſer: but "you can't gueſs how I ſent it to "him.—But huſh, Jeronymo.—Well, "but, Jeronymo, did he ſay nothing "of me, when he went away?"

"He left his compliments for you "with the general."

"With the general! The general "won't tell me!"

"Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell "my ſiſter what the chevalier ſaid to "you at parting."

"He repeated, exactly, what you "had deſired him to ſay to her.

"Why would they not let me ſee "him?" ſaid ſhe. "Am I never to "ſee him more?"

"I hope you will," replied the "biſhop.

"If," reſumed ſhe, "we could "have done any thing that might "have looked like a return to his "goodneſs to us, (—and to you, my "Jeronymo, in particular) I believe "I ſhould have been eaſy.—And ſo "you ſay he is gone?—And gone for "ever!" lifting up her hand from her "wriſt, as it lay over my ſhoulder: "poor chevalier!—But huſh, huſh! "pray huſh, Jeronymo."

"She went from me to her aunt, "and couſin Laurana. "Love me "again, Madam," ſaid ſhe to the "former. "You loved me once."

"I never loved you better than "now, my dear."

"Did *you*, Laurana, ſee the Cheva-"lier Grandiſon?"

"I did."

"And did he go away ſafe, and "unhurt?"

"Indeed he did."

"A man who had preſerved the "life of our dear Jeronymo," ſaid "ſhe, "to have been hurt by us, "would have been dreadful, you

" know. I wanted to ſay a few words " to him. I was aſtoniſhed to find " him not here: and then my dream " came into my head. It was a ſad " dream, indeed!—But, couſin, be " good to me; pray do. You did " not uſe to be cruel. You uſed to " ſay, you loved me. I am in cala- " mity, my dear. I know I am mi- " ſerable: at times I know I am; " and then I am grieved at my heart, " and think how happy every one is, " but me: but then, again, I ail no- " thing, and am well. But do love " me, Laurana: I am in calamity, " my dear. I would love you, if you " were in calamity; indeed I would. " —Ah, Laurana! what is become of " all your fine promiſes? But then " every body loved me, and I was " happy!—Yet you tell me, it is all " for my good. Naughty Laurana, " to wound my heart by your croſs- " neſs, and then ſay, it is for my " good!—Do you think I ſhould have " ſerved you ſo?"

" Laurana bluſhed, and wept. Her " aunt promiſed her, that every body " would love her, and comfort her, " and not be angry with her, if ſhe " would make her heart eaſy.

" I am very particular, my dear " Grandiſon. I know you love I " ſhould be ſo. From this minuteneſs " you will judge of the workings of " her mind. They are reſolved to " take your advice, (it was very ſea- " ſonable) and treat her with indul- " gence. The count is earneſt to have " it ſo.

* *

" CAMILLA has juſt left me. She " ſays, that her young lady had a " tolerable night. She thinks it ow- " ing, in a great meaſure, to her be- " ing indulged in aſking the ſervants, " who ſaw you depart, how you look- " ed; and being ſatisfied that you " went away unhurt, and unaffronted.

" Adieu, my deareſt, my beſt friend. " Let me hear from you as often as " you can.

* *

" I JUST now underſtand from " Camilla, that the dear girl has made " an earneſt requeſt to my father, mo- " ther, and aunt: and been refuſed. " She came back from them deeply " afflicted; and, as Camilla fears, is " going into one of her gloomy fits " again. I hope to write again, if " you depart not from Bologna before " to-morrow: but I muſt, for my " own ſake, write ſhorter letters. Yet " how can I? ſince, however melan- " choly the ſubject, when I am writ- " ing to you, I am converſing with " you. My dear Grandiſon, once " more *adieu*."

O Lucy, my dear! whence come all the tears this melancholy ſtory has coſt me? I cannot dwell upon the ſcenes!—Be gone, all thoſe wiſhes that would interfere with the intereſt of that ſweet diſtreſſed ſaint at Bologna!

How impolitick, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to ſee him! She would moſt probably have been quieted in her mind, if ſhe had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generoſity is there in her love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s ſtudy, ſaid to me, that his compaſſion was engaged, but his honour was free: and ſo it ſeems to be; but a generoſity, in return for her generoſity, muſt bind ſuch a mind as his.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

IN the doctor's next letter, incloſed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's Literary Journal: I fancy, my dear, it muſt be a charming thing. I wiſh we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the preſumptuous Harriet had hopes, that ſhe might have been intitled—But no more of theſe hopes—It can't be helped, Lucy.

DR. BARTLETT'S TWELFTH LETTER.

'MR. Grandiſon proceeds thus—" The next morning I em- " ployed myſelf in viſiting and taking " leave of ſeveral worthy members of " the univerſity, with whom I had " paſſed many very agreeable and im- " proving hours, during my reſidence " in this noble city. In my Literary " Journal you have an account of " thoſe worthy perſons, and of ſome

" of

" of our converſations. I paid my " duty to the cardinal legate, and the " gonfaloniere, and to three of his " counſellors, by whom, you know, " I had been likewiſe greatly honour- " ed. My mind was not free enough " to *enjoy* their converſation: ſuch a " weight upon my heart, how could " it? But the debt of gratitude and " civility was not to be left unpaid.

" On my return to my lodgings, " which was not till the evening, I " found the general had been there to " enquire after me.

" I ſent one of my ſervants to the " palace of Porretta, with my com- " pliments to the general, to the bi- " ſhop, and Jeronymo; and with par- " ticular enquiries after the health of " the ladies, and the marquis; but " had only a general anſwer, that they " were much as I left them.

" The two young lords, Sebaſtiano " and Juliano, made me a viſit of " ceremony. They talked of viſiting " England in a year or two. I aſſured " them of my beſt ſervices, and urged " them to go thither. I aſked them " after the healths of the marquis, " the marchioneſs, and their beloved " couſin Clementina. Signor Sebaſti- " ano ſhook his head: " Very, *very* " indifferent!" were his words. We " parted with great civilities.

" I will now turn my thoughts to " Florence, and to the affairs there " that have lain upon me, from the " death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, " and from my wardſhip. I told you, " in their courſe, the ſteps I took in " thoſe affairs; and how happy I had " been in ſome parts of management. " There I hope ſoon to ſee you, my " dear Dr. Bartlett, from the Levant, " to whoſe care I can ſo ſafely conſign " my precious truſt, while I go to " Paris, and attend the wiſhed-for " call of my father to my native " country, from which I have been " for ſo many years an exile.

" There alſo I hope to have ſome " opportunities of converſing with my " good Mrs. Beaumont; reſolving to " make another effort to get ſo valu- " able a perſon to reſtore herſelf to my " beloved England.

" Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do " I endeavour to conſole myſelf, in " order to lighten that load of grief " which I labour under on the diſtreſſes " of the dear Clementina. If I can " leave her happy, I ſhall be ſooner " ſo, than I could have been in the " ſame circumſtances, had I, from the " firſt of my acquaintance with the " family, (to the breach of all the " laws of hoſpitality) indulged a " paſſion for her.

" Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp " upon my endeavours after conſola- " tion. When ſhe made her unſea- " ſonable viſit to me at Bologna, ſhe " refuſed to return to Florence with- " out me, till I aſſured her, that as " my affairs would ſoon call me thi- " ther, I would viſit her at her own " palace, as often as thoſe affairs would " permit. Her pretence for coming " to Bologna was to induce me to " place Emily with her, till I had " ſettled every thing for my carrying " the child to England; but I was " obliged to be peremptory in my de- " nial, though ſhe had wrought ſo " with Emily, as to induce her to be " an earneſt petitioner to me, to per- " mit her to live with Lady Olivia, " whoſe equipages, and the glare in " which ſhe lives, had dazzled the " eyes of the young lady.

" I was impatient to hear again " from Jeronymo; and juſt as I was " ſetting out for Florence, in deſpair " of that favour, it being the ſecond " day after my farewel viſit, I had the " following letter from him—

" I Have not been well, my dear " Grandiſon. I am afraid the " wound in my ſhoulder muſt be laid " open again. God give me patience! " But my life is a burden to me.

" We are driving here at a ſtrange " rate. They promiſed to keep mea- " ſures with the dear creature; but " ſhe has heard that you are leaving " Bologna, and raves to ſee you.

" Poor ſoul! ſhe endeavoured to " prevail upon her father, mother, " aunt, to permit her to ſee you, but " for *five* minutes: that was the pe- " tition which was denied her, as I " mentioned in my laſt.

" Camilla was afraid ſhe would go " into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told " you.—She did; but it laſted not " long; for ſhe made an effort, ſoon " after, to go out of the houſe by way " of the garden. The gardener re-

" fuſed

" fused his key, and brought Camilla " to her, whom she had by an inno- " cent piece of art, but just before, " sent to bring her something from " her toilette.

" The general went with Camilla " to her. They found her just setting " a ladder against the wall. She heard " them, and screamed; and, leaving " the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till " she came in sight of the great cas- " cade; into which, had she not by a " cross alley been intercepted by the " general, it is feared she would have " thrown herself.

" This has terrified us all: she begs " but for one interview; one parting " interview; and she promises to make " herself easy: but it is not thought " advisеable. Yet Father Marescotti " himself thought it best to indulge " her. Had my mother been earnest, " I believe it had been granted: but " she is so much concerned at the " blame she met with on permitting " the last interview, that she will not " contend, though she has let them " know that she did not oppose the " request.

" The unhappy girl ran into my " chamber this morning.—" Jeromy- " mo; he will be *gone!*" said she; " I *know* he will. All I want is, but " to see him! To wish him happy! " And to know, if he will remember " me when he is gone, as I shall him? " —Have *you* no interest, Jeronymo? " Cannot I *once* see him? Not *once?*"

" The bishop, before I could an- " swer, came in quest of her, follow- " ed by Laurana, from whom she had " forcibly disengaged herself, to come " to me.

" Let me have but one parting in- " terview, my lord," said she, look- " ing to him, and clinging about my " neck. " He will be gone, gone for " ever. Is there so much in being " allowed to say, " Farewel, and be " happy, Grandison! and excuse all " the trouble I have given you?"— " What has my brother's preserver " done, what have I done, that I must " not see him, nor he me, for one " quarter of an hour only?"

" Indeed, my lord," said I, " she " should be complied with. Indeed " she should."

" My *father* thinks otherwise," " said the bishop; " the *count* thinks " otherwise: *I* think otherwise. Were " the chevalier a common man, she " might. But she dwells upon what " passed in the last interview, and his " behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, " did her harm."

" The next may drive the thoughts " of that out of her head," returned I.

" Dear Jeronymo," replied he a " little peevishly, " you will always " think differently from every body " else! Mrs. Beaumont comes to- " morrow."

" What do I care for Mrs. Beau- " mont?" said she. " I don't love her: " she tells every thing I say."

" Come, my dear love," said Lau- " rana, " you afflict your brother Je- " ronymo. Let us go up to your own " chamber."

" I afflict every body, and every " body afflicts me: and you are all " cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell " you! That makes me so impatient: " and I have something to say to him. " My father won't see me; my mo- " ther renounces me. I have been " looking for her, and she hides her- " self from me!—And I am a prison- " er, and watched, and used ill!"

" Here comes my mother," said " Laurana. " You now *must* go up to " your chamber, cousin Clementina."

" So she does," said she: " now I " must go, indeed!—Ah, Jeronymo! " Now there is no saying nay!—But " it is hard! *very* hard!"—And she " burst into tears. " I won't speak, " though," said she, " to my aunt— " Remember, I will be silent, Ma- " dam!"—Then whispering me, "My " aunt, brother, is not the aunt she " used to be to me!—But hush, I don't " complain, you know!"

" By this I saw that Lady Sforza " was severe with her.

" She addressed herself to her aunt: " You are not my mamma, are you, " Madam?"

" No, child."

" No, child, indeed! I know that " *too* well. But my brother Giacomo " is as cruel to me as any body.—But " hush, Jeronymo!—Don't you be- " tray me!—Now my aunt is come, " I must go!—I wish I could run " away from you all."

" She was yesterday detected writ- " ing a letter to you. My mother " was shewn what she had written,

" and

Plate XXV. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. April 19, 1783.

" and wept over it. My aunt took it " out of my sister's bosom, where she " had thrust it, on her coming in. " This she resented highly.

" When she was led into her own " chamber, she refused to speak; but " in great hurry went to her closet, " and taking down her Bible, turned " over one leaf and another very quick. " Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, " and sat over-against the closet-door, " to observe her motions. She came " to a place—" *Pretty!*" said she.

" The bishop had formerly given " her a smattering of Latin—She took " pen and ink, and wrote. You'll " see, chevalier, the very great purity " of her thoughts, by what she omit- " ted, and what she chose, from the " Canticles. " *Velut unguentum dif-* " *funditur nomen tuum,*" &c.

" [In the English translation, thus: " *Thy name is as ointment poured* " *forth; therefore do the virgins love* " *thee. Draw me; we will run after* " *thee: the upright love thee.*

" *Look not upon me because I am* " *black, because the sun hath looked* " *upon me. My mother's children were* " *angry with me: they made me the* " *keeper of the vineyards, but mine* " *own vineyard have I not kept.*

" *Tell me, O thou whom my soul* " *loveth! where thou feedest, where* " *thou makest thy flock to rest at noon:* " *for why should I be as one that turn-* " *eth aside by the flocks of thy com-* " *panions?*"]

" She laid down her pen, and was " thoughtful; her elbow resting on " the escritoire she wrote upon, her " hand supporting her head.

" May I look over you, my dear?" " said her aunt, stepping to her; and, " taking up the paper, read it, and " took it out of the closet with her, " unopposed; her gentle bosom only " heaving sighs.

" I will write no more, so minute- " ly, on this affecting subject, my " Grandison.

" They are all of opinion that she " will be easy, when she knows that " you have actually left Bologna; and " they strengthen their opinion by these " words of hers, above recited: "Why " he will be gone, I tell you; and this " makes me so impatient."—At least, " they are resolved to try the experi- " ment. And so, my dear Grandi- " son, you must be permitted to leave " us!

" God be your director and com- " forter, as well as ours! prays *your* " *ever affectionate*

" JERONYMO."

' Mr. Grandison, having no hopes ' of being allowed to see the unhappy ' lady, set out with an afflicted heart ' for Florence. He gave orders there, ' and at Leghorn, that the clerks and ' agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois ' should prepare every thing for his ' inspection against his return from ' Naples; and then he set out for that ' city, to attend the general.

' He had other friends to whom he ' had endeared himself at Sienna, ' Ancona, and particularly at Rome, ' as he had also some at Naples; of ' whom he intended to take leave, ' before he set out for Paris: and ' therefore went to attend the general ' with the greater pleasure.

' Within the appointed time he ar- ' rived at Naples.

" The general received me," said ' Mr. Grandison, "with greater tokens ' of politeness than affection. " You " are the happiest man in the world, " chevalier," said he, after the first " compliments, " in escaping dangers " by braving them. I do assure you, " that I had great difficulties to deny " myself the favour of paying you a " visit *in my own way* at Bologna. I " had indeed resolved to do it, till you " proposed this visit to me here."

" I should have been very sorry," " replied I, " to have seen a brother " of Lady Clementina in *any* way that " should not have made me consider " him as her brother. But, before " I say another word, let me ask after " her health. How does the most ex- " cellent of women?"

" You have not heard, then?"

" I have not, my lord: but it is " not for want of solicitude. I have " sent three several messengers; but " can hear nothing to my satisfaction."

" Nor can you hear any thing from " me that will give you any."

" I am grieved at my soul, that I " cannot. How, my lord, do the " marquis and marchioness?"

" Don't ask. They are extremely " unhappy."

" I hear

" I hear that my dear friend, Sig-
" nor Jeronymo, has undergone—"
" A dreadful operation," inter-
" rupted the general.—" He has. Poor
" Jeronymo! He *could not* write to
" you. God preserve my brother!
" But, chevalier, you did not save
" half a life, though we thank you
" for that, when you restored him to
" our arms."
" I had no reason to boast, my
" lord, of the accident. I never made
" a merit of it. It was a *mere* acci-
" dent, and cost me nothing. The
" service was greatly over-rated."
" Would to God, chevalier, it had
" been rendered by any other man in
" the world!"
" As it has proved, I am sure, my
" lord, I have reason to join in the
" wish."
" He shewed me his pictures, sta-
" tues, and cabinet of curiosities,
" while dinner was preparing; but
" rather for the ostentation of his
" magnificence and taste, than to do
" me pleasure. I even observed an
" increasing coldness in his behaviour;
" and his eye was too often cast upon
" me with a fierceness that shewed re-
" sentment; and not with the hospi-
" table frankness that became him to
" a visitor and guest who had under-
" taken a journey of above two hun-
" dred miles, principally to attend
" him, and to shew him the confidence
" he had in his honour. This, as it
" was more to his discredit than mine,
" I pitied him for. But what most
" of all disturbed me, was, that I
" could not obtain from him any par-
" ticular intelligence relating to the
" health of one person, whose distresses
" lay heavy upon my heart.
" There were several persons of
" distinction at dinner; the discourse
" could therefore be only general. He
" paid me great respect at his table:
" but it was a solemn one. I was the
" more uneasy at it, as I apprehend-
" ed, that the situation of the Bologna
" family was more unhappy than when
" I left that city.
" He retired with me into the gar-
" den. " You stay with me at least
" the week out, chevalier?"
" No, my lord: I have affairs of a
" deceased friend at Florence and Leg-
" horn to settle. To-morrow, as early
" as I can, I shall set out for Rome,
" in my way to Tuscany."
" I am surprized, chevalier. You
" take something amiss in my beha-
" viour."
" I cannot say that your lordship's
" countenance (I am a very free speak-
" er) has that benignity in it, that
" complacency, which I have had the
" pleasure to see in it."
" By G—, chevalier, I could have
" loved you better than any man in the
" world, next to the men of my own
" family; but I own I see you not here
" with so much love as admiration."
" The word *admiration*, my lord,
" may require explanation. You may
" admire at my confidence: but I
" thank you for the manly freedom of
" your acknowledgment in general."
" By *admiration* I mean, all that
" may do you honour. Your bravery
" in coming hither, particularly; and
" your greatness of mind on your
" taking leave of us all. But did you
" not then mean to insult me?"
" I meant to observe to you then,
" as I now do in your own palace,
" that you had not treated me as my
" heart told me I deserved to be treat-
" ed: but when I thought your warmth
" was rising to the uneasiness of your
" assembled friends, instead of an-
" swering your question about my stay
" at Bologna, as you seemed to mean
" it, I invited myself to an attend-
" ance upon you here, at Naples, in
" such a manner as surely could not
" be construed an insult."
" I own, Grandison, you discon-
" certed me. I had intended to save
" you that journey."
" Was that your lordship's mean-
" ing, when, in my absence, you
" called at my lodgings, the day after
" the farewel visit?"
" Not absolutely: I was uneasy with
" myself. I intended to talk with
" you. What that talk might have
" produced, I know not: but had I
" invited you out, if I had found you
" at home, would you have answered
" my demands?"
" According as you had put them."
" Will you answer me now, if I
" attend you as far as Rome, on your
" return to Florence?"
" If they are demands fit to be an-
" swered."

" Do

" Do you expect I will make any
" that are *not* fit to be answered."

" My lord, I will explain myself.
" You had conceived causeless preju-
" dices against me: you seemed in-
" clined to impute to me a misfortune
" that was not, could not be, greater
" to you than it was to me. I knew
" my own innocence; I knew that I
" was rather an injured man, in hav-
" ing hopes given me, in which I was
" disappointed, not by my own fault:
" whom shall an innocent and an in-
" jured man fear?—Had I feared, my
" fear might have been my destruction.
" For was not I in the midst of your
" friends? A foreigner? If I *would*
" have avoided you, *could* I, had you
" been determined to seek me?—I
" would chuse to meet even an enemy
" as a man of honour, rather than to
" avoid him as a malefactor. In my
" country, the law supposes flight a
" confession of guilt: had you made
" demands upon me that I had not
" chosen to answer, I would have ex-
" postulated with you. I could per-
" haps have done so as calmly as I
" now speak. If you would not have
" been expostulated with, I would
" have stood upon my defence: but
" for the world I would not have hurt
" a brother of Clementina and Jero-
" nymo, a son of the marquis and
" marchioness of Porretta, could I
" have avoided it. Had your passion
" given me any advantage over you,
" and I had obtained your sword, (a
" pistol, had the choice been left to
" me, I had refused, for both our
" sakes) I would have presented both
" swords to you, and bared my breast:
" it was before penetrated by the dis-
" tresses of the dear Clementina, and
" of all your family—Perhaps I should
" only have said, " If your lordship
" thinks I have injured you, take your
" revenge."

" And now that I am at Naples,
" let me say, that if you are deter-
" mined, contrary to all my hopes,
" to accompany me to Rome, or else-
" where, on my return, with an un-
" friendly purpose; such, and no
" other, shall be my behaviour to you,
" if the power be given me to shew it.
" I will rely on my own innocence,
" and hope by generosity to overcome
" a *generous* man. Let the guilty se-
" cure themselves by violence and
" murder."

" Superlative pride!" angrily said
" he, and stood still, measuring me
" with his eye: " And could you
" hope for such an advantage?"

" While I, my lord, was calm, and
" determined only upon self-defence;
" while you were passionate, and per-
" haps rash, as aggressors generally
" are; I did not doubt it: but could
" I have avoided drawing, and pre-
" served your good opinion, I would
" not have drawn. Your lordship
" cannot but know my principles."

" Grandison, I *do* know them; and
" also the general report in your fa-
" vour for skill and courage. Do you
" think I would have heard with pa-
" tience of the once-proposed alliance,
" had not your character—" And
" then he was pleased to say many
" things in my favour, from the re-
" port of persons who had weight with
" him; some of whom he named.

" But, still, Grandison," said he,
" this poor girl!—She could not have
" been so deeply affected had not some
" lover-like arts—"

" Let me, my lord, interrupt you
" —I cannot bear any imputation of
" this kind. *Had* such arts been used,
" the lady could *not* have been so much
" affected. Cannot you think of your
" noble sister, as a daughter of the
" two houses from which you sprang?
" Cannot you see her, as by Mrs.
" Beaumont's means we now so lately
" have been able to see her, struggling
" nobly with her own heart, [Why am I
" put upon this tender subject?] because
" of her duty and her religion; and
" resolved to die rather than encourage
" a wish that was not warranted by
" both? I cannot, my lord, urge this
" subject: but there never was a passion
" so nobly contended with. There
" never was a man more disinterested,
" and so circumstanced. Remember
" only, my voluntary departure from
" Bologna, against persuasion; and
" the great behaviour of your sister
" on that occasion; great as it came
" out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont
" brought her to acknowledge what
" would have been my glory to have
" known, could it have been encour-
" aged; but is now made my heaviest
" concern."

" Indeed, Grandiſon, ſhe ever was " a noble girl! We are too apt, perhaps, to govern ourſelves by events, " without looking into cauſes: but " the acceſs you had to her; ſuch a " man! and who became known to " us from circumſtances ſo much in " his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery."

" This, my lord," interrupted I, " is ſtill judging from events. You " have ſeen Mrs. Beaumont's letter. " Surely you cannot have a nobler " monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof " of my own integrity."

" I *have* that letter: Jeronymo gave " it me, at my taking leave of him; " and with theſe words—" Grandiſon " will certainly viſit you at Naples. " I am afraid of your warmth. His " ſpirit is well known. All my dependence is upon his principles. He " will not draw but in his own defence. Cheriſh the noble viſitor. " Surely, brother, I may depend upon " your hoſpitable temper. Read over " again this letter, before you ſee " him."—I have not yet read it," proceeded the general; " but I will, " and that, if you will allow me, " now."

" He took it out of his pocket, " walked from me, and read it; and " then came to me, and took my hand " —I am half-aſhamed of myſelf, my " dear Grandiſon: I own I wanted " magnanimity. All the diſtreſſes of " our family, on this unhappy girl's " account, were before my eyes, and I " received you, I behaved to you, as " the author of them. I was *contriving* to be diſſatisfied with you: forgive me, and command my beſt ſervices. I will let our Jeronymo " know how greatly you ſubdued me " before I had recourſe to the letter; " but that I have ſince read that part " of it which accounts for my ſiſter's " paſſion, and wiſh I had read it with " equal attention before. I acquit " *you*: I am proud of my *ſiſter*. Yet " I obſerve from this very letter, that " Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But— " Let us not ſay one word more of the " unhappy girl: it is painful to me to " talk of her."

" Not aſk a queſtion, my lord?"

" Don't, Grandiſon, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my ſoul's " woe—But they are not worſe than " might be apprehended. You go to " court with me to-morrow: I will " preſent you to the king."

" I have had that honour formerly. " I muſt depart to-morrow morning " early. I have already taken leave " of ſeveral of my friends here: I " have ſome to make my compliments " to at Rome, which I reſerved for " my return."

" You ſtay with me to-night?"—" I " intend it, my lord."

" Well, we will return to company. " I muſt make my excuſes to my " friends. Your departure to-morrow muſt be one. They all admire " you. They are acquainted with " your character. They will join with " me to engage you, if poſſible, to " ſtay longer."—We returned to the " company."

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

RECEIVE now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth letter, and the laſt he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the hiſtories of Mrs. Beaumont and Lady Olivia.

DR. BARTLETT'S THIRTEENTH LETTER.

' MR. Grandiſon ſet out next morning. The general's behaviour to him at his departure, was ' much more open and free than it was ' at receiving him.

' Mr. Grandiſon, on his return to ' Florence, entered into the affairs of ' his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the ' ſpirit, and yet with the temper, for ' which he is noted, when he engages in any buſineſs. He put every thing in a happy train in fewer ' days than it would have coſt ſome ' other perſons months; for he was ' preſent himſelf on every occaſion, ' and in every buſineſs, where his ' preſence would accelerate it: yet he ' had embarraſſments from Olivia.

' He found before he ſet out for Naples, ' that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earneſt ' requeſt of the marchioneſs, was gone ' to Bologna. At his return, not

' hearing

hearing any thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three letters he had written, he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that lady know, that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following answer—

"SIR,

"I Have the favour of your's. We "are very miserable here. The "servants are forbidden to answer "any enquiries, but generally; and "that not truly.

"Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, "has gone through a severe operation. "He has been given over; but hopes "are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be "no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor "man! He forgot not, however, his "sister and you, when he was out of "the power of the opiates that were "administered to him.

"On my coming hither, I found "Lady Clementina in a deplorable "way. Sometimes raving, sometimes "gloomy; and in bonds—Twice had "she given them apprehensions of fatal attempts: they therefore confined her hands.

"They have been excessively wrong "in their management of her: now "soothing, now severe; observing no "method.

"She was extremely earnest to see "you before you left Bologna. On "her knees repeatedly she besought "this favour, and promised to be easy "if they would comply; but they "imagined that their compliance would "aggravate the symptoms.

"I very freely blamed them for not "complying at the time when she was "so desirous of seeing you. I told "them, that soothing her would probably *then* have done good.

"When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told "her so. Camilla shocked me with "the description of her rage and despair, on the communication. This "was followed by fits of silence, and "the deepest melancholy.

"They had hopes, on my arrival, "that my company would have been "of service to her: but for two days "together she regarded me not, nor "any thing I could say to her. On "the third of my arrival, finding her "confinement extremely uneasy to her, "I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of "her hands, and to be allowed to "walk with me in the garden. They "had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

"Her woman being near us, if there "had been occasion for assistance, I "insensibly led that way. She sat "down on a seat over against the great "cascade; but she made no motion "that gave me apprehensions. From "this time she has been fonder of me "than before. The day I obtained "this liberty for her, she often clasped "her arms about me, and laid her face "in my bosom; and I could plainly "see, it was in gratitude for restoring "to her the use of her arms: but she "cared not to speak.

"Indeed she generally affects deep "silence: yet, at times, I see her very "soul is fretted. She moves to one "place; is tired of that; shifts to "another, and another, all round the "room.

"I am grieved at my heart for her: "I never knew a more excellent young "creature.

"She is very fervent in her devotions; and as constant in them as she "used to be: every good habit she "preserves; yet, at other times, "rambles much.

"She is often for writing letters to "you; but when what she writes is "privately taken from her, she makes "no enquiry about it, but takes a "new sheet, and begins again.

"Sometimes she draws; but her "subjects are, generally, angels and "saints. She often meditates in a "map of the British dominions, and "now and then wishes she were in "England.

"Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest "to have her with her at Urbino, or "at Milan, where she has also a noble "palace; but I hope it will not be

" granted. That lady profeſſes to " love her; but ſhe cannot be perſuad- " ed out of her notion of harſh me- " thods; which will never do with " Clementina.

" I ſhall not be able to ſtay long " with her. The diſcompoſure of ſo " excellent a young creature affects " me deeply. Could I do her either " good or pleaſure, I ſhould be will- " ing to deny myſelf the ſociety of " my dear friends at Florence: but I " am perſuaded, and have hinted as " much, that one interview with you " would do more to ſettle her mind, " than all the methods they have " taken.

" I hope, Sir, to ſee you before I " leave Italy. It muſt be at Florence, " not at Bologna, I believe. It is ge- " nerous of you to propoſe the latter.

" I have now been here a week, " without hope. The doctors they " have conſulted are all for ſevere me- " thods, and low diet. The firſt, I " think, is in compliment to ſome of " the family: ſhe is ſo loth to take " nouriſhment, and when ſhe does, is " ſo very abſtemious, that the regimen " is hardly neceſſary. She never or " but very ſeldom, uſed to drink any " thing but water.

" She took it into her poor head ſeve- " ral times this day, and perhaps it will " hold, to ſit in particular places, to " put on attentive looks, as if ſhe " were liſtening to ſomebody. She " ſometimes ſmiled, and ſeemed pleaſ- " ed; looked up, as if to ſomebody, " and ſpoke Engliſh. I have no doubt, " though I was not preſent when ſhe " aſſumed theſe airs, and talked Eng- " liſh, but her diſordered imagination " brought before her her tutor inſtruct- " ing her in that tongue.

" You deſired me, Sir, to be very " particular. I have been ſo; but at " the expence of my eyes; and I ſhall " not wonder if your humane heart " ſhould be affected by my ſad tale.

" God preſerve you, and proſper " you in whatſoever you undertake!

" HORTENSIA BEAUMONT."

' Mrs. Beaumont ſtaid at Bologna ' twelve days, and then left the un- ' happy young lady.

' At taking leave, ſhe aſked her, ' what commands ſhe had for her?— " Love me," ſaid ſhe, " and pity me, " that is one. Another is," (whiſ- ' pering her) " you will ſee the che- " valier, perhaps, though I muſt not.— " Tell him, that his poor friend Cle- " mentina is ſometimes very unhappy! " —Tell him, that ſhe ſhall rejoice to " ſit next him in Heaven!—Tell him, " I ſay, that he cannot go thither, " good man as he is, while he ſhuts " his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, " that I ſhall take it very kindly of " him, if he will not think of mar- " rying till he acquaints me with it; " and can give me aſſurance, that the " lady will love him as well as Some- " body elſe would have done.—O " Mrs. Beaumont! ſhould the Cheva- " lier Grandiſon marry a woman un- " worthy of him, what a diſgrace " would that be to me!"

' Mr. Grandiſon by this time had ' prepared every thing for his journey ' to Paris. The friend he honoured ' with his love, was arrived from the ' Levant, and the Archipelago. Thi- ' ther, at his patron's requeſt, he had ' accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the ' amiable friend of both; and at part- ' ing, engaged to continue by let- ' what had been the ſubject of their ' daily converſations, and tranſmit to ' him as many particulars as he could ' obtain of Mr. Grandiſon's ſenti- ' ments and behaviour, on every oc- ' caſion; Mr. Beauchamp propoſing ' him as a pattern to himſelf, that he ' might be worthy of the credential ' letters he had furniſhed him with to ' every one whom he had thought de- ' ſerving of his own acquaintance, ' when he was in the parts which Mr. ' Beauchamp intended to viſit.

' To the care of the perſon ſo much ' honoured by his confidence, Mr. ' Grandiſon left his agreeable ward, ' Miſs Jervois; requeſting the aſſiſt- ' ance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly ' promiſed her inſpection; and with ' the goodneſs for which ſhe is ſo emi- ' nently noted, performed her pro- ' miſe in his abſence.

' He then made an offer to the biſhop ' to viſit Bologna once more; but that ' not being accepted, he ſet out for ' Paris.

' It was not long before his father's ' death called him to England; and ' when he had been there a few weeks, ' he ſent for his ward and his friend.

' But,

'But, my good Miss Byron, you 'will say, that I have not yet fully 'answered your last enquiry, relating 'to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

'I will briefly inform you of it.

'When it was known, for certain, 'that Mr. Grandison had actually 'left Italy, the family at Bologna 'began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by 'the poor lady: and when they afterwards understood that he was 'sent for to England, to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of 'the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

'The poor lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: for 'still an interview with Mr. Grandison having never been granted, it was 'her first wish.

'They carried her to Urbino, to 'Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

'Whether they made her hope that 'it was to meet with Mr. Grandison, 'I know not; but it is certain, she 'herself expected to see him at the end 'of every journey; and, while she 'was moving, was easier, and more 'composed; perhaps in that hope.

'The marchioness was sometimes 'of the party. The air and exercise 'were thought proper for *her* health, 'as well as for that of her daughter. 'Her cousin Laurana was always with 'her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escorte 'was generally, Signors Sebastiano 'and Juliano.

'But within these four months past, 'these journeyings have been discontinued. The young lady accuses 'them of deluding her with vain hopes. 'She is impatient, and has made two 'attempts to escape from them.

'She is, for this reason, closely confined, and watched.

'They put her once into a nunnery, 'at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for 'a trial only. She was not uneasy 'in it: but this being done unknown to 'the general, when he was apprized 'of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeased, and had her 'taken out directly.

'Her head runs more than ever 'upon seeing her tutor, her friend, 'her chevalier, once more. They have 'certainly been to blame, if they have 'let her travel with such hopes; because they have thereby kept up her 'ardour for an interview. Could she but 'once more see him she says, and let 'him know the cruelty she has been 'treated with, she should be satisfied. '*He* would pity her, she is sure, 'though nobody else will.

'The bishop has written to beg, 'that Sir Charles would pay them 'one more visit at Bologna.

'I will refer to my patron himself 'the communicating to you, ladies, 'his resolution on this subject. I had 'but a moment's sight of the letters 'which so greatly affected him.

'It is but *within* these few days 'past that this new request has been 'made to him, in a *direct* manner. 'The question was before put, if such 'a request *should* be made, would he 'comply? And once Camilla wrote, 'as having heard Sir Charles's presence wished for.

'Mean time the poor lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. 'The disorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, 'and some of her particular flights 'not being generally known, he, who 'is a pious man himself, pities her; 'and declares, that he would run all 'risques of her recovery, would the 'family give her to him: and yet he 'knows, that she would chuse to be the 'wife of the Chevalier Grandison, rather than that of any other man, 'were the article of religion to be got 'over; and generously applauds her 'for preferring her faith to her love.

'Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad 'way. Sir Charles often writes to 'him, and with an affection worthy 'of the merits of that dear friend. 'He was to undergo another severe 'operation on the next day after the 'letters came from Bologna; the success of which was very doubtful.

'How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such 'heavy afflictions! For those of his 'friends were ever his. But his 'heart bleeds in secret for them. A 'feeling heart is a blessing that no

'one,

'one, who has it, would be without; 'and it is a moral security of inno- 'cence; since the heart that is able to 'partake of the distress of another, 'cannot wilfully give it.

'I think, my good Miss Byron, that 'I have now, as far as I am at pre- 'sent able, obeyed all your commands 'that concern the unhappy Clemen- 'tina, and her family. I will defer, 'if you please, those which relate to 'Olivia and Mrs. Beaumont, (ladies 'of very different characters from 'each other) having several letters to 'write.

'Permit me, my good ladies, and 'my lord, after contributing so much 'to afflict your worthy hearts, to re- 'fer you, for relief under all the dis- 'tresses of life, whether they affect 'ourselves or others, to those motives 'that can alone give support to a ra- 'tional mind. This mortal scene, 'however perplexing, is a very short 'one; and the hour is hastening when 'all the intricacies of human affairs 'shall be cleared up; and all the sor- 'rows that have had their foundation 'in virtue be changed into the highest 'joy: when all worthy minds shall be 'united in the same interests, the same 'happiness.

'Allow me to be, my good Miss 'Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady 'L. and Miss Grandison, *your most 'faithful and obedient servant*,

'AMBROSE BARTLETT.'

Excellent Dr. Bartlett!—How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty: but whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LETTER I.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31.

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting ſtory, as far as Dr. Bartlett can give it. My couſins expreſs a good deal of concern for your Harriet: ſo does Miſs Grandiſon; ſo doth my Lord and Lady L. and the more, as I ſeem to carry off the matter with aſſumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me a hypocrite; and I ſuppoſe, therefore, that I act my part very aukwardly.

But, my dear, as this caſe is one of thoſe few in which a woman *can* ſhew a bravery of ſpirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miſs Jervois.

The doctor has whiſpered to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that diſturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it ſeems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two ſiſters, who once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themſelves to acquaint a lady of her rank and merit, that there can be no hopes; and they are ſtill more loth to ſay, that their brother thinks himſelf under ſome obligations to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: but who, now, will ſay *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wiſh, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaſter. How eaſy then might one throw off one's ſhackles!

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miſs Grandiſon. His father and aunt are to viſit her this afternoon. She behaves whimſically to my lord: yet I cannot think that ſhe *greatly* diſlikes him.

The Earl of D. and the counteſs-dowager are both in town. The counteſs made a viſit to my couſin Reeves laſt Tueſday: ſhe ſpoke of me very kindly; ſhe ſays my lord has heard ſo much of me, that he is very deſirous of ſeeing me: but ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, that ſince my heart was not diſ-

engaged,

engaged, she should be afraid of the consequences of his visit to himself.

My grandmamma, though she was so kindly fond of me, would not suffer me to live with her; because she thought that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when she is always saying that chearfulness is most becoming: she would therefore turn over her girl to the best of aunts. But now, I fancy, she will allow me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby would be glad to spare me. I shall not be able to bear a jest: and then what shall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he says: and so I have; but if my heart is not quite so easy as it was, it is, I hope, a better, at least, not a *worse* heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excursion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all it's painful consequences—But let me say, with my grandmamma, 'The man is Sir 'Charles Grandison!' The very man by whose virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as she is, I rank her with the first of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandison's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I shall ever have again. Very true—O heart! the most wayward of hearts, sigh if thou wilt!

You have seen how seldom he was with us, when we were absolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But such a man cannot, ought not to be engrossed by one family. Bless me, Lucy, when he comes into publick life, (for has not his country a superior claim to him beyond every private one?) what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate some of his present engagements that we know of.

The Danby family must have some farther portion of his time.

The executorship in the disposal of the 3000l. in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be said to be under his tutelage, as to the future happiness of his life.

Miss Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her person, engage much of his attention.

He is his own steward.

He is making alterations at Grandison Hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reside among them; and he himself is fond of that seat.

His estate in Ireland is in a prosperous way, from the works he set on foot there, when he was on the spot; and he talks, as Dr. Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another visit to it.

His sister's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has services to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended visit of Olivia gives him disturbance.

And the Bologna family in it's various branches, and more especially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous state of health, and Signora Clementina's disordered mind—O Lucy!—What leisure has this man to be in love!—Yet how can I say so, when he is in love already? And with Clementina—And do not you think, that when he goes to France on the executorship account, he will make a visit to Bologna?—Ah, my dear, to be sure he will.

After he has left England, therefore, which I suppose he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonshire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to see him; except she can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her request to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a year, or so, on his visiting his ward, see, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-estranged Harriet! Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandison* will be with him! God restore her! Surely I shall be capable, if she be Lady Grandison, of rejoicing in her recovery!—

Fie upon it!—Why this involuntary tear? You would see it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man! Dr. Bartlett has just been telling me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two sons of Mrs. Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old;

old: the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor says, with as much tenderness, as if they were children of his own mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, and diversions: and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and said, he had a dear friend, whom he reverenced as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now and then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr. Bartlett to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their mother know, that he should be glad of a visit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, of their own accord, the younger, by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr. Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowledgments of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number, she invoked on her benefactor for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two sons, as he had done; and said, he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to Heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared was too great an honour for her to accept of: she should not be able to stand in his presence. 'Alas, Sir!' said she, 'can the severest, truest peni-'tence recal the guilty past?'

The doctor said, that Sir Charles Grandison ever made it a rule with him to raise the dejected and humble spirit. 'Your birth and education, 'Madam, entitle you to a place in the 'first company: and where there are 'two lights in which the behaviour of 'any person may be set, though there 'has been unhappiness, he always re-'members the most favourable, and 'forgets the other. I would advise 'you, Madam, (as he has invited 'you) by all means to come. He 'speaks with pleasure of your humi-'lity and good sense.'

The doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O'Hara with Mrs. Jervois, and had satisfied himself that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad, for Miss Jervois's sake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together since their last enterprize: for the man, who had long been a sufferer from poverty, was in fear of losing one half at least of his wife's annuity, by what passed on that occasion; and accused her of putting him upon the misbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he said, the resentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who visited Sir Charles from these people, at their request, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they should not suffer in their annuity, and expressing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs. O'Hara also requested it as a favour to see der daughter.

Sir Charles commissioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs. O'Hara would come to St. James's Square next Wednesday about five o'clock, Miss Jervois should be introduced to her; and she should be welcome to bring with her her husband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu, till bye and bye. Miss Grandison is come, in one of her usual hurries, to oblige me to be present at the visit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertude, his sister, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

The earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertude is a very agreeable woman. They saw Miss Grandison with the young lord's eyes; and were better pleased with her, as I told her afterwards, than *I* should have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, she

anſwered me, but I ſhould find fault with her; and yet ſhe was as good as for her life ſhe could be.

Such an archneſs in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G.'s aſſiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such a half-timid, half-free parade, when he had done any thing that he intended to be obliging, and now and then aiming at raillery, as if he were not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to ſpeak his mind even to *her!* On her part, on thoſe occaſions, ſuch an air, as if ſhe had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been preſent to mediate for him; that though I could not but love her for her very archneſs, yet in my mind, I could, for their ſakes, but more for her own, have ſeverely chidden her.

She is a charming woman; and every thing ſhe ſays and does becomes her. But I am ſo much afraid of what may be the caſe, when the lover is changed into the huſband, that I wiſh to myſelf now and then, when I ſee her ſo lively, that ſhe would remember that there was once ſuch a man as Captain Anderſon. But ſhe makes it a rule, ſhe ſays, to remember nothing that will vex her.

'Is not my memory,' (ſaid ſhe once) 'given me for my benefit, and 'ſhall I make it my torment? No, 'Harriet, I will leave that to be done 'by you wiſe ones, and ſee what good 'you will get by it.'

'Why *this*, Charlotte,' replied I, 'the wiſe ones may have a *chance* to 'get by it.—They will very probably, by remembering paſt miſtakes, 'avoid many inconveniences into which 'forgetfulneſs will run you lively ones.'

'Well, well,' returned ſhe, 'we are 'not all of us born to equal honour. 'Some of us are to be ſet up for warnings, ſome for examples: and the 'firſt are generally of greater uſe to the 'world than the other.'

'Now, Charlotte,' ſaid I, 'do you 'deſtroy the force of your own argument. Can the perſon who is ſingled 'out for the warning, be near ſo 'happy, as ſhe that is ſet up for the 'example?'

'You are right, as far as I know, 'Harriet: but I obey the preſent impulſe, and try to find an excuſe afterwards for what that puts me upon; 'and all the difference is this, as to 'the reward, I have a *joy*; you a *com-* 'fort: but comfort is a poor word; 'and I cannot bear it.'

'So Biddy in the Tender Huſband 'would have ſaid, Charlotte. But 'poor as the word is with you and 'her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, 'if they *muſt* be ſeparated. But I ſee 'not but that a woman of my Char-'lotte's happy turn may have *both*.'

She tapped my cheek.—'Take that, 'Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. 'I believe, if you have not *joy*, you 'have *comfort*, in your ſeverity.'

My heart, as well as my cheek, glowed at the praiſes the earl and the lady both joined in, (with a fervour that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandiſon, while they told us what this man, and that woman, of quality or conſideration, ſaid of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wiſh to be remembered with honour after death? And what a ſhare of it has this excellent man in this life!—May nothing, for the honour-ſake of human nature, to which he is ſo great an ornament, ever happen to tarniſh it!

They were extremely obliging to *me*. I could not but be pleaſed at ſtanding well in their opinion: but, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praiſes of *me*, as I did thoſe they gave *him*. Indeed, I had the preſumption, from the approbation given to what they ſaid of him by my own heart, to imagine myſelf a ſharer in them, though not in his merits. Oh, Lucy, *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, ſince what I have ſaid, from what I found in myſelf on hearing him praiſed, is a demonſtration of a regard for him ſuperior to the love of ſelf?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers. *Adieu, my dear!*

LETTER II.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

DR. Bartlett is one of the kindeſt, as well as beſt of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child; but good men muſt be affectionate

tionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and haſtened to communicate ſome of it's contents to me, though I could pretend to no other motive but curioſity for wiſhing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his letter of a riotous day: 'Yet I think,' adds he, 'it has led me into ſome uſeful reflections. It is not indeed agreeable to be the ſpectator of riot; but how eaſy to ſhun being a partaker in it! How eaſy to avoid the too freely circling glaſs, if a man is known to have eſtabliſhed a rule to himſelf, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refuſed ſullenly, but mirth and good humour the more ſtudiouſly kept up by the perſon; who would elſe indeed be looked upon as a ſpy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare ſay, has a good heart, but from falſe ſhame durſt not aſſert the *freedom* to which every Engliſhman would claim a right, in almoſt every other inſtance! He had once put by the glaſs, and excuſed himſelf on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a "*ſober dog*," as they phraſed it, and aſked, if his *ſpouſe* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: nor could I interfere at ſuch a noiſy moment with effect; they had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which ſhould drink the deepeſt.

'I wiſh, my good Dr. Bartlett, you would throw together ſome ſerious conſiderations on this ſubject. You could touch it delicately, and ſuch a diſcourſe would not be unuſeful to ſome few of our neighbours even at Grandiſon Hall. What is it not, that, in this ſingle article, men ſacrifice to falſe ſhame and falſe glory! Reaſon, health, fortune, perſonal elegance, the peace and order of their families, and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peeviſh, how wretched, is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, reſolutions might be formed, that ſhould ſtand the attack of a boiſterous jeſt.'

I obtained leave from Dr. Bartlett, to tranſcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleaſed with it.

It was near ten at night before Sir Charles got to Lord W.'s, though but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My lord rejoiced to ſee him; and, after firſt compliments, aſked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more deſirous of ſeeing him in his way to the Hall, becauſe he wanted to know if his lordſhip held his mind as to marriage. He aſſured him he did, and would ſign and ſeal to whatever he ſhould ſtipulate for him.

I wiſhed for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the ſake of my aunt, whoſe delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been ſo good as to ſay, he would tranſcribe it for me. I will incloſe it, Lucy; and you will read it here—

'I cannot, my lord,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'engage, that the lady will comply with the propoſal I ſhall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four and thirty; ſhe is handſome; ſhe has a fine underſtanding; ſhe is brought up an œconomiſt; ſhe is a woman of good family: ſhe has not, however, though born to happier proſpects, a fortune worthy of your lordſhip's acceptance. Whatever that is, you will perhaps chuſe to give it to her family.'

'With all my heart and ſoul, nephew: but do you ſay, ſhe is handſome? Do you ſay, ſhe is of family? And has ſhe ſo many good qualities?—Ah, nephew, ſhe won't have me, I doubt.—And is ſhe not too young, Sir Charles, to think of ſuch a poor decrepit ſoul as I am?'

'All I can ſay to this, my lord, is, that the propoſals on your part muſt be the more generous.'

'I will leave all thoſe matters to you, kinſman.'

'This, my lord, I will take upon me to anſwer for, that ſhe is a woman of principle; ſhe will not give your lordſhip her hand, if ſhe thinks ſhe cannot make you a wife worthy

of your utmoſt kindneſs: and now, my lord, I will tell you who ſhe is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.'

'And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumſtances and affairs of it, that I ſhall bye and bye give you; though you are not quite a ſtranger to the unhappy caſe.

'My lord was in raptures: he knew ſomething, he ſaid, of the lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearſay, to confirm all I had ſaid of them; and beſought me to do my utmoſt to bring the affair to a ſpeedy concluſion.

'Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man, and much reſpected in his neighbourhood. He was once poſſeſſed of a large eſtate: but his father left him involved in a law-ſuit to ſupport his title to more than one half of it.

'After it had been depending ſeveral years, it was at laſt, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the oppoſite ſide, and the remiſſneſs of his own, carried againſt him; and his expences having been very great in ſupporting for years his poſſeſſion, he found himſelf reduced from an eſtate of near three thouſand pounds a year, to little more than five hundred. He had ſix children; four ſons, and two daughters. His eldeſt ſon died of grief in two months after the loſs of the cauſe. The ſecond, now the eldeſt, is a melancholy man. The third is a cornet of horſe. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deſerve better fortune.

'The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good œconomy, and prudence. They are the moſt dutiful of children, and moſt affectionate of ſiſters. They were for three years the ſupport of their father's ſpirits, and have always been the conſolation of their mother. They loſt their father about four years ago: and it is even edifying to obſerve, how elegantly they ſupport the family reputation in their fine old manſion-houſe, by the prudent management of their little income; for the mother leaves every houſhold care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with diſcharging every demand that can be made upon them, and to commence the new year abſolutely clear of the world, and with ſome caſh in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handſome fortunes; for, beſides that they could have no thought of loſing their cauſe, they had very great and reaſonable proſpects from Mr. Calvert, an uncle by their mother's ſide, who was rich in money, and had beſides an eſtate in land of 1500l. a year. He always declared, that, for the ſake of his ſiſter's children, he would continue a ſingle man; and kept his word till he was upwards of ſeventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his underſtanding, Bolton, his ſteward, who had always ſtood in the way of his inclination to have his eldeſt niece for his companion and manager, at laſt contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the ſervants in the houſe; who brought him a child at ſeven months; and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: and then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born within a year after his demiſe. This ſteward and woman now live together as man and wife.

'A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redreſs, either in the one caſe or in the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every thing to be as repreſented, I made myſelf acquainted with the widow lady and her ſons: and it was impoſſible to ſee them at their own houſe, and not reſpect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

'I deſired them, when I was laſt down, to put into my hands their titles, deeds, and papers; which they have done; and they have been laid before counſel, who give a very hopeful account of them.

'Being fully authorized by my lord, I took leave of him over night, and ſet out early in the morning, directly for Mansfield Houſe. I arrived there ſoon after their breakfaſt was over,

'and

and was received by Lady Mansfield, her ſons, (who happened to be all at home) and her two daughters, with politeneſs.

'After ſome general converſation, I took Lady Mansfield aſide; and making an apology for my freedom, aſked her, if Miſs Mansfield were, to her knowledge, engaged in her affections?

'She anſwered, ſhe was *ſure* ſhe was not: "Ah, Sir!" ſaid ſhe, "a man "of your obſervation muſt know, "that the daughters of a decayed fa"mily of ſome note in the world, do "not eaſily get huſbands. Men of "great fortunes look higher: men of "ſmall muſt look out for wives to en"large them; and men of genteel "buſineſſes are afraid of young wo"men better born than portioned. "Every body knows not that my girls "can bend to their condition; and "they muſt be contented to live ſingle "all their lives; and ſo they will "chuſe to do, rather than not marry "creditably, and with ſome proſpect."

'I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably ſurprized: "But "who, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "would expect "ſuch a propoſal from the next heir to "Lord W.?'

'I made known to her how much in earneſt I was in this propoſal, as well for my lord's ſake, as for the young lady's. "I will take care, "Madam," ſaid I, "that Miſs Mans"field, if ſhe will conſent to make Lord "W. happy, ſhall have very handſome "ſettlements, and ſuch an allowance "of pin-money, as ſhall enable her to "gratify every moderate, every rea"ſonable wiſh, of her heart."

'Was it poſſible, ſhe aſked, for ſuch an affair to be brought about? "Would my lord—" There ſhe ſtopt.

'I ſaid, I would be anſwerable for him: and deſired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

'I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two ſiſters: and ſoon after Miſs Mansfield was ſent for by her mother.

'After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield ſent to ſpeak with me. They were both ſilent when I came in. The mother was at a loſs what to ſay: the daughter was ſtill in greater confuſion.

'I addreſſed myſelf to the mother. "You have, I perceive, Madam, ac"quainted Miſs Mansfield with the "propoſal I made to you. I am fully "authorized to make it. Propitious "be your ſilence!—There never was," 'proceeded I, "a treaty of marriage "ſet on foot, which had not it's con"veniences and inconveniences. My "lord is greatly afflicted with the "gout: there is too great a diſparity "in years. Theſe are the inconve"niences which are to be conſidered "of for the lady.

"On the other hand, if Miſs "Mansfield can give into the propo"ſal, ſhe will be received by my "lord as a bleſſing; as one whoſe "acceptance of him will lay him un"der an obligation to her. If this "propoſal could not have been "made with dignity and honour to "the lady, it had not come from "me.

"The conveniences to yourſelves "will more properly fall under the "conſideration of yourſelves and fa"mily. One thing only I will ſug"geſt, that an alliance with ſo rich a "man as Lord W. will make perhaps "ſome people tremble, who now think "themſelves ſecure.

"But, Madam," (to the ſtill ſilent 'daughter) "let not a regard for me "bias you: your family may be ſure "of my beſt ſervices, whether my "propoſal be received or rejected.

"My lord (I muſt deal ſincerely "with you) has lived a life of error. "He thinks ſo himſelf. I am earneſt "to have him ſee the difference, and "to have an opportunity to rejoice "with him upon it."

'I ſtopped: but both being ſtill 'ſilent, the mother looking on the 'daughter, the daughter glancing now 'and then her conſcious eye on the 'mother. "If, Madam," ſaid I, "you *can* give your hand to Lord W. "I will take care that ſettlements ſhall "exceed your expectation. What I "have obſerved, as well as heard of "Miſs Mansfield's temper and good"neſs, is the principal motive of my "application to her, in preference to "all the women I know.

"But permit me to ſay, that were "your affections engaged to the loweſt "honeſt man on earth, I would not

"wiſh

" wiſh for your favour to Lord W.
" And farther, if Madam, you think
" you ſhould have but the ſhadow of
" a hope, to induce your compliance,
" that my lord's death would be more
" agreeable to you than his life, then
" would I not, for your morality's
" ſake, wiſh you to engage. In a
" word, I addreſs myſelf to you, Miſs
" Mansfield, as to a woman of ho-
" nour and conſcience: if your con-
" ſcience bids you *doubt*, reject the
" propoſal; and this not only for my
" lord's ſake, but for your own.

" Conſider, if, without too great a
" force upon your inclinations, you
" can behave with that condeſcenſion
" and indulgence to a man who has
" haſtened advanced age upon himſelf,
" which I have thought from your
" temper I might hope.

" I have ſaid a great deal, becauſe
" you, ladies, were ſilent; and becauſe
" explicitneſs in every caſe becomes
" the propoſer. Give me leave to re-
" tire for a few moments."

' I withdrew, accordingly, to the
' brothers and ſiſter. I did not think
' I ought to mention to *them* the pro-
' poſal I had made: it might perhaps
' have engaged them all in it's favour,
' as it was of ſuch evident advantage
' to the whole family; and that might
' have impoſed a difficulty on the lady,
' that neither for her own ſake, nor my
' lord's, it would have been juſt to lay
' upon her.

' Lady Mansfield came out to me,
' and ſaid, " I preſume, Sir, as we
" are a family which misfortune, as
" well as love, has cloſely bound to-
" gether, you will allow it to be men-
" tioned—"

" To the whole family, Madam!
" By all means. I wanted only firſt
" to know, whether Miſs Mansfield's
" affections were diſengaged: and now
" you ſhall give me leave to attend
" Miſs Mansfield. I am party for
" my Lord W. Miſs Mansfield is a
" party: your debates will be the
" more free in our abſence. If I find
" her averſe, believe me, Madam, I
" will not endeavour to perſuade her.
" On the contrary, if ſhe declare againſt
" accepting the propoſal, I will be her
" advocate, though every one elſe
" ſhould vote in it's favour."

' The brothers and ſiſters looked
' upon one another: I left the mother
' to propoſe it to them; and ſtepped
' into the inner parlour to Miſs Mans-
' field.

' She was ſitting with her back to
' the door, in a meditating poſture.
' She ſtarted at my entrance.

' I talked of indifferent ſubjects, in
' order to divert her from the impor-
' tant one, that had taken up her whole
' attention.

' It would have been a degree of op-
' preſſion to her to have entered with
' her upon a ſubject of ſo much con-
' ſequence to her while we were alone;
' and when her not having given a ne-
' gative, was to be taken as a modeſt
' affirmative.

' Lady Mansfield ſoon joined us.—
" My dear daughter," ſaid ſhe, " we
" are all unanimous.—We are agreed
" to leave every thing to Sir Charles
" Grandiſon: and we hope *you* will."

' She was ſilent. " I will only aſk
" you, Madam," ſaid I to her, " if
" you have any wiſh to take time to
" conſider of the matter? Do you think
" you ſhall be eaſier in your mind, if
" you take time?"—She was ſilent.

" I will not at this time, my good
" Miſs Mansfield, urge you farther.
" I will make my report to Lord W.
" and you ſhall be ſure of his joyful
" approbation of the ſteps I have tak-
" en, before your final conſent ſhall
" be aſked for. But that I may not
" be employed in a doubtful cauſe, let
" me be commiſſioned to tell my lord,
" that you are diſengaged; and that
" you wholly reſign yourſelf to your
" mother's advice."

' She bowed her head.

" And that *you*, Madam," to Lady
' Mansfield, " are not averſe to enter
" into treaty upon this important ſub-
" ject."

" *Averſe*, Sir!" ſaid the mother,
' bowing, and gratefully ſmiling.

" I will write the particulars of our
" converſation to Lord W. and my
" opinion of ſettlements, and adviſe
" him (if I am not forbid) to make a
" viſit at Mansfield Houſe." [I ſtopt:
' they were both ſilent.] " If poſſible,
" I will attend my lord in his firſt
" viſit.—I hope, Madam," to Miſs
' Mansfield, " you will not diſlike
" him; I am ſure he will be charmed
" with you: he is far from being diſ-
" agreeable in his perſon; his temper
" is not bad. *Your* goodneſs will

" make

" make *him* good. I dare say that he " will engage your gratitude; and I " defy a good mind to separate love " from gratitude."

' We returned to the company. I ' had all their blessings pronounced at ' once, as from one mouth. The me- ' lancholy brother was enlivened: who ' knows but the consequence of this ' alliance may illuminate his mind! ' I could see by the pleasure they all ' had, in beholding him capable of joy ' on the occasion, that they *hoped* it ' would. The unhappy situation of ' the family affairs, as it broke the ' heart of the eldest brother, fixed a ' gloom on the temper of this gentle- ' man.

' I was prevailed upon to dine with ' them. In the conversation we had ' at and after dinner, their minds ' opened, and their characters rose ' upon me. Lord W. will be charmed ' with Miss Mansfield. I am delight- ' ed to think, that my mother's bro- ' ther will be happy, in the latter part ' of his life, with a wife of so much ' prudence and goodness, as I am sure ' this lady will make him. On one ' instance of her very obliging beha- ' viour to me, I whispered her sister, " Pray, Miss Fanny, tell Miss Mans- " field, but not till I am gone, that she " knows not the inconveniences she is " bringing upon herself: I may, per- " haps, hereafter, have the boldness " to look for the same favour from my " aunt, that I meet with from Miss " Mansfield."

" If my sister," returned she, " should " ever misbehave to her benefactor, I " will deny my relation to her."

' You will soon have another letter ' from me, with an account of the ' success of my visit to Sir Harry ' Beauchamp and his lady. *We* must ' have our Beauchamp among us, my ' dear friend: I should rather say, *you* ' must among *you*; for I shall not be long ' in England. He will supply to you, ' my dear Dr. Bartlett, the absence (it ' will not, I hope, be a long one) of ' *your*

' CHARLES GRANDISON.'

Sir Charles, I remember, as the doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he says, will supply his absence to *him*; —But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldness to ask, shall supply it to your *Harriet*?—Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear something very much amiss of this man.

I have a great suspicion, that the first part of the letter inclosed related to me. The doctor looked *so* earnestly at me, when he skipped two sides of it; and, as I thought, with so much compas- sion!—To be sure, it was about me.

What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr. Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Har- riet—I should scorn myself. I am, I *will* be, above his pity, Lucy. In this believe *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 2.

DR. Bartlett has received from Sir Charles an account of what pas- sed last Friday between him, and Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp: by the doctor's allowance, I inclose it to you.

In this letter, Lucy, you will see him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no resisting, when he re- solves to carry a point. But it abso- lutely convinces me, of what indeed I before suspected, that he had not a high opinion of our sex in general: and this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverse, humoursome, babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to use it. See him so delicate in his behaviour and address to Miss Mans- field, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the same man. Could he be any thing to me, I should be more than half afraid of him: yet *this may* be said in his behalf—he but ac- comodates himself to the persons he has to deal with: he can be a man of gay wit, when he pleases to *descend*, as indeed his sister Charlotte has often found, as she has given occasion for the exercise of that talent in him—yet, that virtue, for it's *own sake*, is his choice; since, had he been a free-liver, he would have been a dangerous man.

But

But I will not anticipate too much: read it here if you pleaſe.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

GRANDISON HALL, FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH 31.

I Arrived at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and ſhewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his ſon's earneſt deſire to throw himſelf at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myſelf, either this day or to-morrow, for an anſwer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. 'Lady 'Beauchamp,' ſaid he, 'will be with 'us in a moment. I am afraid you 'will not meet with all the civility from 'her on the errand you are come upon, 'that a man of Sir Charles Grandiſon's character deſerves to meet with 'from all the world. We have been 'unhappy together, ever ſince we had 'your letter. I long to ſee my ſon: 'your friendſhip for him eſtabliſhes 'him in my heart. But—' And then he curſed the apron-ſtring tenure, by which, he ſaid, he held his peace.

'You will allow me, Sir Harry,' ſaid I, 'to addreſs myſelf in my own 'way to your lady. You give me 'pleaſure in letting me know, that the 'difficulty is not with you. You have 'indeed, Sir, one of the moſt prudent 'young men in the world for your 'ſon. His heart is in your hand: 'you may form it as you pleaſe.'

'She is coming! She is coming!' interrupted he. 'We are all in pieces: 'we were in the midſt of a feud, when 'you arrived. If ſhe is not civil to 'you—'

In ſwam the lady; her complexion raiſed; diſpleaſure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and ſhe was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could aſſume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great ſtiffneſs; ſwelling at Sir Harry: who ſidled to the door, in a moody and ſullen manner, and then ſlipped out.

'You are Sir Charles Grandiſon, I 'ſuppoſe, Sir,' ſaid ſhe: 'I never ſaw 'you before; I have heard much talk 'of you.—But pray, Sir, are good 'men *always* officious men? Cannot 'they perform the obligations of friendſhip, without diſcompoſing families?'

'You ſee me *now*, Madam, in an evil 'moment, if you are diſpleaſed with 'me: but I am not uſed to the diſpleaſure of ladies; I do my utmoſt 'not to deſerve it; and let me tell you, 'Madam, that I will not ſuffer *you* 'to be diſpleaſed.'

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and ſeated myſelf in another near her.

'I ſee, Sir, you have your arts.'

She took the fire-ſcreen, that hung by the ſide of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as if reſolved to be diſpleaſed.

'You come upon a hateful errand, 'Sir: I have been unhappy ever ſince 'your officious letter came.'

'I am ſorry for it, Madam. While 'you are warm with the remembrance 'of a paſt miſunderſtanding, I will 'not offer to reaſon with you: but let 'me, Madam, ſee leſs diſcompoſure 'in your looks. I want to take my 'impreſſions of you from more placid 'features: I am a painter, Madam; 'I love to draw ladies pictures. Will 'you have this paſs for a firſt ſitting!'

She knew not what to do with her anger: ſhe was loth to part with it.

'You are impertinent, Sir Charles! '—Excuſe me—You are impertinent.'

'I do excuſe you, Lady Beauchamp: 'and the rather, as I am ſure you do 'not think me ſo. Your freedom is 'a mark of your favour; and I thank 'you for it.'

'You treat me as a child, Sir—'

'I treat all angry people as chil'dren: I love to humour them. In'deed, Lady Beauchamp, you muſt 'not be angry with me. *Can* I be 'miſtaken? Don't I ſee in your aſpect 'the woman of ſenſe and reaſon?—I 'never blame a lady for her humour'ſomeneſs, ſo much as, in my mind, 'I blame her mother.'

'Sir L.

'Sir!' ſaid ſhe. I ſmiled. She bit her lip to avoid returning a ſmile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-tempered woman, though haughty, and a lover of power.

'I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandiſon; but I am quite 'miſtaken in you: I expected to ſee a 'grave, formal young man, his prim 'mouth ſet in plaits; but you are a 'joker; and a free man; a *very* free 'man, I do aſſure you.'

'I would be *thought* decently free, 'Madam; but not *impertinent*. I ſee 'with pleaſure a returning ſmile. O 'that ladies knew how much ſmiles 'become their features!—Very few 'cauſes can juſtify a woman's anger. '—Your ſex, Madam, was given to 'delight, not to torment us.'

'*Torment* you, Sir!—Pray, has Sir 'Harry—'

'Sir Harry cannot look pleaſed, 'when his lady is *diſ*-pleaſed: I ſaw 'that you were, Madam, the moment 'I beheld you. I hope I am not an 'unwelcome viſitor to Sir Harry for 'one hour, (I intend to ſtay no longer) 'that he received me with ſo diſturbed 'a countenance, and has now with-'drawn himſelf, as if to avoid me.'

'To tell you the truth, Sir Harry 'and I have had a diſpute: but he al-'ways ſpeaks of Sir Charles Grandi-'ſon with pleaſure.'

'Is he not offended with me, Ma-'dam, for the contents of the let-'ter—'

'No, Sir, and I ſuppoſe you hardly 'think he is—But *I* am—'

'Dear Madam, let me beg your 'intereſt in favour of the contents of 'it.'

She took fire—roſe up—

I beſought her patience—'Why 'ſhould you wiſh to keep abroad a 'young man, who is a credit to his 'family, and who *ought* to be, if he is '*not*, the joy of his father! Let him 'owe to your generoſity, Madam, that 'recal, which he ſolicits; it will be-'come your character: he cannot be 'always kept abroad; be it your own 'generous work—'

'What, Sir—Pray, Sir—' With an angry brow—

'You muſt not be angry with me, 'Madam—' (I took her hand)—'You can't be angry in earneſt.'

'Sir Charles Grandiſon—You are—' She withdrew her hand; '*You are*—' repeated ſhe—and ſeemed ready to call names.

'I *am* the Grandiſon you call me; 'and I honour the maternal character. 'You muſt permit me to honour *you*, 'Madam.'

'I *wonder*, Sir—'

'I will not be denied. The world 'reports miſunderſtandings between 'you and Mr. Beauchamp. That buſy 'world that will be meddling, knows 'your power, and his dependence. 'You muſt not let it charge you with 'an ill uſe of that power: if you do, '*you* will have it's blame, when you 'might have it's praiſe; *he* will have 'it's pity.'

'What, Sir, do you think your 'fine letters, and ſmooth words, will 'avail in favour of a young fellow 'who has treated me with diſreſpect?'

'You are miſinformed, Madam.—'I am willing to have a greater depen-'dence upon your juſtice, upon your 'good-nature, than upon any thing I 'can urge either by letter or ſpeech. 'Don't let it be ſaid, that you are not 'to be prevailed on—A woman not to 'be prevailed on to join in an act of 'juſtice, of kindneſs; for the honour 'of the ſex, let it not be ſaid.'

"*Honour of the ſex*, Sir!"—Fine talk-'ing!—Don't I know, that were I to 'conſent to his coming over, the firſt 'thing would be to have his annuity 'augmented out of my fortune? He 'and his father would be in a party 'againſt me. Am I not already a 'ſufferer through him in his father's 'love?—You don't know, Sir, what 'has paſſed between Sir Harry and me 'within this half-hour.—But don't 'talk to me; I won't hear of it: the 'young man hates me; I hate him; 'and ever will.'

She made a motion to go.

With a reſpectful air, I told her, ſhe muſt not leave me. My motive deſerved not, I ſaid, that both ſhe and Sir Harry ſhould leave me in diſplea-ſure.

'You know but too well,' reſumed ſhe, 'how acceptable your officiouſ-'neſs (I muſt call it ſo) is to Sir 'Harry.'

'And *does* Sir Harry, Madam, fa-'vour his ſon's ſuit? You rejoice me: 'let not Mr. Beauchamp know that

'he does—and do *you*, my dear Lady 'Beauchamp, take the whole merit of 'it to yourself. How will he revere 'you for your goodness to him! And 'what an obligation, if, as you say, 'Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, 'will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry!'

'Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, 'Sir Charles Grandison, I have laid 'too many obligations already upon 'him for his gratitude.'

'Lay this one more. You own you 'have had a misunderstanding this 'morning; Sir Harry is withdrawn, 'I suppose, with his heart full: let 'me, I beseech you, make up the 'misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way.—Thus we will order 'it—We will desire him to walk in. 'I will beg *your* interest with him in 'favour of the contents of the letter 'I sent. His compliance will follow 'as an act of obligingness to you. 'The grace of the action will be yours. 'I will be answerable for Mr. Beauchamp's gratitude.—Dear Madam, 'hesitate not. The young gentleman 'must come over one day: let the favour of it's being an early one, be 'owing entirely to you.'

'You are a strange man, Sir: I 'don't like you at all; you will persuade me out of my reason.'

'Let us, Madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the dearest 'of friends, begin a *family* understanding. Let St. James's Square, 'and Berkley Square, when you come 'to town, be a next-door neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of 'being the bondsman for the duty of 'Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as 'to his father.'

She was silent, but looked vexed and irresolute.

'My sisters, Madam, are amiable 'women. You will be pleased with 'them. Lord L. is a man worthy of 'Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall 'want nothing, if you would think 'so, but Mr. Beauchamp's presence 'among us.'

'What! I suppose you design your 'maiden sister for the *young fellow*.—'But if you do, Sir, you must ask me 'for—' There she stopped.

'Indeed I do not. He is not at 'present disposed to marry. He never 'will without his father's approbation, and let me say—*your's*. My 'sister is addressed to by Lord G. and 'I hope will soon be married to him.'

'And do you say so, Sir Charles 'Grandison?—Why, then, you are a 'more disinterested man than I thought 'you in this application to Sir Harry. 'I had no doubt but the *young fellow* 'was to be brought over to marry 'Miss Grandison; and that he was to 'be made worthy of her at my expence.'

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words '*young fellow*,' that designed contempt, which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

'I do assure you, Madam, that I 'know not his heart, if he has at present any thoughts of marriage.'

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes, that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country: and that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's before I left them.

'And pray, Sir, as to his place of 'residence, *were* he to come: do you 'think he shall live under the same 'roof with me?'

'You shall govern that point, Madam, as you approve or disapprove 'of his behaviour to you.'

'His behaviour to me, Sir?—One 'house cannot, shall not, hold him 'and me.'

'I think, Madam, that *you* should 'direct in this article. I hope, after 'a little while, so to order my affairs, 'as constantly to reside in England. 'I should think myself very happy, if 'I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp 'to live with *me*.'

'But I must see him, I suppose?'

'Not, Madam, unless you shall 'think it right, for the sake of the 'world's opinion, that you should.'

'I can't consent—'

'You *can*, Madam! You *do*!—I 'cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be 'one of those women, who, having 'insisted upon a wrong point, can be 'convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be so kind to '*yourself*, as to let Sir Harry know, 'that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return; but that it must be 'upon your own conditions: then, 'Madam, make those conditions ge-

'nerous

'nerous ones; and how will Sir Harry 'adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How shall I 'esteem you!'

'What a strange impertinent have I 'before me!'

'I love to be called names by a lady. 'If undeservedly, she lays herself by 'them under obligation to me, which 'she cannot be generous, if she re'solves not to repay. Shall I endea'vour to find out Sir Harry? Or will 'you, Madam?'

'Was you ever, Sir Charles Gran'dison, denied by any woman to whom 'you sued for favour?'

'I think, Madam, I hardly ever 'was: but it was because I never sued 'for a favour, that it was not for a 'lady's honour to grant. This is the 'case now; and this makes me deter'mine, that I will not be denied the 'grant of my present request.—Come, 'come, Madam! How can a woman 'of your ladyship's good sense,' (taking her hand, and leading her to the door) 'seem to want to be persuaded 'to do a thing she knows in her heart 'to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.'

'Strange man!—Unhand me—*He* 'has used me unkindly.'

'Overcome him then by your gene'rosity.—But, dear Lady Beauchamp,' taking both her hands, and smiling confidently in her face, [I could, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp] 'will you make me believe, 'that a woman of your spirit (you 'have a charming spirit, Lady Beau'champ) did not give Sir Harry as 'much reason to complain, as he gave 'you?—I am sure, by his disturbed 'countenance—'

'Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you 'are downright affronting. Unhand 'me!'

'This misunderstanding is owing 'to my officious letter. I should have 'waited on you in person. I should 'from the first have put it in your 'power to do a graceful and obliging 'thing. I ask your pardon. I am 'not *used* to make differences between 'man and wife.'

I touched first one hand, then the other, of the perverse baby, with my lips—'Now am I forgiven; now is 'my friend Beauchamp permitted to 'return to his native country; now 'are Sir Harry and his lady recon'ciled.—Come, come, Madam, it 'must be so.—What foolish things are 'the quarrels of married people!—'They must come to an agreement 'again; and the sooner the better; 'before hard blows are struck, that 'will leave marks.—Let us, dear Ma'dam, find out Sir Harry.'

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I intended, *to* Sir Harry, wherever he could be found.

'Hold, hold, Sir,' resisting; but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible—'If 'I *must* be compelled—You are a 'strange man, Sir Charles Grandi'son—If I must be compelled to see 'Sir Harry—But you are a strange 'man—' And she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound respect; otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, 'Go to your master, Sir, and tell 'him, that your lady requests the fa'vour—'

"*Requests the favour!*" repeated she; but in a low voice: which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

'Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for 'your own sake; for Sir Harry's sake; 'make happy; and be happy: are 'there not, dear Madam, unhappi'nesses enough in life, that we must 'wilfully add to them?'

Sir Harry came in sight. He stalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he entered, my work would have been easier. But his hostile air disposed my lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person; and the cloudy indignation with which she entered at first, again

overſpread her features.—Ought wrath, Dr. Bartlett, to be ſo ready to attend a female will?—'Surely,' thought I, 'my lady's preſent airs, after what 'has paſſed between her and me, can 'be only owing to the fear of making 'a precedent, and being thought too 'eaſily perſuaded.'

'Sir Harry,' ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to him, 'I have obtained Lady 'Beauchamp's pardon for the officious 'letter.'

'*Pardon*, Sir Charles Grandiſon! 'You are a good man, and it was kind-'ly intended—'

He was going on: anger from his eyes flaſhed upon his cheek-bones, and made them ſhine. My lady's eyes ſtruck fire at Sir Harry, and ſhewed that ſhe was not *afraid* of him.

'Better *intended*, than done,' interrupted I, 'ſince my lady tells me, 'that it was the occaſion of a miſun-'derſtanding.—But, Sir, all will be 'right: my lady aſſures me, that you 'are not diſinclined to comply with 'the contents; and ſhe has the good-'neſs—'

'Pray, Sir Charles,' interrupted the lady.

'To give me hopes that ſhe—'

'Pray, Sir Charles—'

'Will uſe her intereſt to confirm 'you in your favourable ſentiments—'

Sir Harry cleared up at once—'May I hope, Madam—' And offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air.—O, Dr. Bartlett, *I* muſt have been thought an unpolite huſband, had ſhe been my wife!

I took her hand. 'Excuſe this free-'dom, Sir Harry.—For Heaven's ſake, 'Madam,' whiſpering, 'do what I 'know *you* will do, with a grace.—'Shall there be a miſunderſtanding, 'and the huſband court a refuſed 'hand?'—I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended ſhould have both freedom and reſpect in it.

'What a man have we got here, 'Sir Harry? This cannot be the mo-'deſt man, that you have praiſed to 'me.—I thought a good man muſt 'of neceſſity be baſhful, if not ſheep-'iſh: and here your viſitor is the 'boldeſt man in England.'

'*The righteous*, Lady Beauchamp,' ſaid Sir Harry, with an aſpect but half-conceding, '*is bold as a lion.*'

'And *muſt* I be compelled thus, 'and by ſuch a man, to forgive you, 'Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very 'unkind.'

'And you, Lady Beauchamp, were 'very cruel.'

'I did not think, Sir, when I laid 'my fortune at your feet—'

'O Lady Beauchamp! you ſaid 'cutting things! *very* cutting things!'

'And did not you, Sir Harry, ſay 'it ſhould be ſo?—So *very* peremp-'torily!'

'Not, Madam, till you *as* peremp-'torily—'

'A little recrimination,' thought I, 'there muſt be, to keep each in coun-'tenance on their paſt folly.'

'Ah! Sir Charles—You may re-'joice that you are not married!' ſaid Sir Harry.

'Dear Sir Harry,' ſaid I, 'we muſt 'bear with ladies. They are *meek*, 'good creatures. They—'

'*Meek!* Sir Charles,' repeated Sir Harry, with a half-angry ſmile, and ſhrugging, as if his ſhoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekneſs—'I ſay, '*meek!*'

'Now, Sir Charles Grandiſon—' ſaid my lady, with an air of threatening.

I was deſirous either of turning the lady's diſpleaſure into a jeſt, or of diverting it from the firſt object, in order to make her play with it till ſhe had loſt it.

'Women are of gentle natures,' purſued I; 'and being accuſtomed to 'be humoured, oppoſition ſits not eaſy 'upon them. Are they not kind to 'us, Sir Harry, when they allow of 'our ſuperiority, by expecting us to 'bear with their pretty perverſeneſſes?'

'O Sir Charles Grandiſon!' ſaid my lady; both her hands lifted up.

'Let us be contented,' proceeded I, 'with ſuch their kind acknowledg-'ments, and in pity to them, and in 'compliment to ourſelves, bear with 'their foibles.—See, Madam, I ever 'was an advocate for the ladies.'

'Sir Charles, I have no patience 'with you.'

'What can a poor woman do, continued I, 'when oppoſed? She can 'only be a little violent in *words*, 'and when ſhe has ſaid as much as ſhe 'chuſes

Stothard del. Walker sculp.

late XVII

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Feb. 22, 1783.

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'chuſes to ſay, be perhaps a little 'ſullen. For my part, were I ſo 'happy as to call a woman mine, and 'ſhe *happened* to be in the wrong, I 'would endeavour to be in the right, 'and truſt to her good ſenſe to reco-'ver her temper: arguments only be-'get arguments.—Thoſe reconcilia-'tions are the moſt durable, in which 'the lady makes the firſt advances.'

'What doctine is this Sir Charles! 'You are not the man I took you for. '—I believe, in my conſcience, that 'you are not near ſo good a man as 'the world reports you.'

'What, Madam, becauſe I pretend 'to know a little of the ſex? Surely, 'Lady Beauchamp, a man of com-'mon penetration may ſee to the bot-'tom of a woman's heart. A cun-'ning woman cannot hide it: a good 'woman will not. You are not, 'Madam, ſuch myſteries, as ſome of 'us think you. Whenever you know 'your *own* minds, we need not be 'long doubtful: that is all the diffi-'culty; and I will vindicate you, as 'to that—'

'As how, pray, Sir?'

'Women, Madam, were deſigned 'to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle* 'creatures: and of conſequence when 'left to their own wills, they know 'not what to reſolve upon.'

'I was hoping, Sir Charles, juſt 'now, that you would ſtay to dinner: 'but if you talk at this rate, I believe 'I ſhall be ready to wiſh you out of 'the houſe.'

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what paſſed between his lady and me. It was better for *me* to ſay what he could not but ſubſcribe to by his feeling, than for him to ſay it. Though reproof ſeldom amends a determinate ſpirit, ſuch a one as this lady's; yet a man who ſuffers by it, cannot but have ſome joy, when he hears his ſentiments ſpoken by a bye-ſtander. This freedom of mine ſeemed to ſave the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

'You remind me, Madam, that I 'muſt be gone;' riſing, and looking at my watch.

'You muſt not leave us, Sir Charles,' ſaid Sir Harry.

'I beg excuſe, Sir Harry—Your's, 'alſo, Madam,' ſmiling—'Lady 'Beauchamp muſt not twice wiſh me 'out of the houſe.'

'I will *not* excuſe you, Sir,' replied ſhe—'If you have a deſire to ſee the 'matter compleated.'—She ſtopped—'You muſt ſtay to dinner, be *that* as 'it will.'

"Be that as it *will*," Madam!—

'You ſhall not recede.'

'*Recede!* I have not yet complied—'

'O theſe women! they are ſo uſed to 'courtſhip, that they know not how to 'do right things without it—And par-'don me, Madam, not always with it.'

'Bold man—Have I conſented—'

'Have you not, Madam, given a '*lady's* conſent? *That* we men expect 'not to be very explicit, very gracious '—It is from ſuch *non*-negative con-'ſents, that we men make ſilence an-'ſwer all we wiſh.'

'I leave Sir Charles Grandiſon to 'manage this point,' ſaid Sir Harry. 'In my conſcience, I think the com-'mon obſervation juſt; a ſtander-by 'ſees more of the game, than he that 'plays.'

'It ever will be ſo, Sir Harry—But 'I will tell you, my lady and I have 'as good as agreed the matter—'

'I have agreed to nothing, Sir 'Harry—'

'Huſh, Madam—I am doing you 'credit.—Lady Beauchamp ſpeaks '*aſide* ſometimes, Sir Harry: you are 'not to hear any thing ſhe ſays, that 'you don't like.'

'Then I am afraid I muſt ſtop my 'ears for eight hours out of twelve.'

'That was *aſide*, Lady Beauchamp. '—You are not to hear that.'

'To ſit, like a fool, and hear my-'ſelf abuſed—A pretty figure I make! 'Sir Charles Grandiſon, let me tell 'you, that you are the firſt man that 'ever treated me like a fool.'

'Excuſe, Madam, a little innocent 'raillery—I met you both, with a diſ-'compoſure on your countenance. I 'was the occaſion of it, by the letter 'I ſent to Sir Harry. I will not *leave* 'you diſcompoſed. I think you a 'woman of ſenſe; and my requeſt is 'of ſuch a nature, that the granting 'of it will confirm to me, that you 'are ſo—But you *have* granted it.'

'..ve *not*.'

'..at's charmingly ſaid—My lady 'will

'will not undervalue the compliment 'she is inclined to make you, Sir 'Harry. The moment *you* ask for 'her compliance, she will not refuse 'to your affection, what she makes a 'difficulty to grant to the intreaty of 'an almost stranger.'

'Let it, let it be so, Lady Beauchamp!' said Sir Harry: and he clasped his arms about her as she sat.

'There never was such a man as 'this Sir Charles Grandison in the 'world!—It is a contrivance between 'you, Sir Harry—'

'Dear Lady Beauchamp,' resumed I, 'depreciate not your compliment 'to Sir Harry. There wanted not 'contrivance, I dare to hope, (if there '*did*, it had it not) to induce Lady 'Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an 'obliging thing.'

'Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp,' said Sir Harry—'Let me request—'

'At *your* request, Sir Harry.—But 'not at Sir Charles's.'

'This is noble,' said I, 'I thank 'you, Madam, for the absent youth. 'Both husband and son will think 'themselves favoured by you; and 'the more, as I am sure, that you will 'by the chearful welcome, which you 'will give the young man, shew, that 'it is a sincere compliment that you 'have made to Sir Harry.'

'This man has a strange way of 'flattering one into acts of—of—what 'shall I call them? But, Sir Harry, 'Mr. Beauchamp must not, I believe, 'live with us—'

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. 'I have a request to make to you both,' said I. 'It is this: That Mr. Beau-'champ may be permitted to live with 'me; and attend you, Madam, and 'his father, as a visitor, at your own 'command. My sister, I believe, 'will be very soon married to Lord G.'

'That is to be certainly so!' interrupted the lady.

'It is, Madam.'

'But what shall we say, my dear,' resumed Sir Harry—'Don't fly out 'again—As to the provision for my 'son?—Two hundred a year—What 'is two hundred a year—'

'Why then let it be three,' answered she.

'I have a handsome and improve-'able estate,' said I. 'I have no de-'mands but those of reason upon me. 'I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he 'would not have come if I had) without his father's consent: in which, 'Madam, he hoped for your's.—You 'shall not, Sir, allow him either the 'two or three hundred a year. See 'him with love, with indulgence, (he 'will deserve both;) and think not 'of any thing else for my Beau-'champ.'

'There is no bearing this, my dear,' said Sir Harry; leaning upon his lady's shoulder, as he sat, tears in his eyes—'My son is already, as I have heard, 'greatly obliged to this his true friend. '—Do you, do you, Madam, answer 'for me, and for yourself.'

She was overcome: yet pride had it's share with generosity. 'You *are*,' said she, 'the Grandison I have heard 'of: but I will not be under obliga-'tions to you—not *pecuniary* ones, 'however.—No, Sir Harry! Recal your 'son; I will trust to your love; do 'for him what you please: let him be 'independent on this *insolent* man,' [She said this with a smile, that made it obliging] 'and if we are to be visi-'tors, friends, neighbours, let it be 'on an equal foot, and let him have 'nothing to reproach us with.'

I was agreeably surprized at this emanation (shall I call it?) of goodness: she is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one; in short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surprizing turns.

'Generous, charming Lady Beau-'champ!' said I: 'Now *are* you the 'woman, whom I have so often heard 'praised for many good qualities; 'now will the portrait be a just one!'

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had like to have spoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

'Be this,' said, I 'the result—Mr. 'Beauchamp comes over. He will 'be pleased with whatever you do. 'At your feet, Madam, he shall ac-'knowledge your favour; my home 'shall be his, if you permit it: on '*me*, he shall *confer* obligations; from '*you*, he shall receive them. If any 'considerations of family prudence

'(there

(there *are* such, and very just ones) 'restrain you from allowing him at 'present, what your generosity would 'wish to do.'

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: she interrupted me—'We are 'not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune—'

'Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, 'be all that as you please: not one 'retrospect of the past—'

'Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall: 'his allowance has been lessened for 'some years; not from considerations 'of *family prudence*—But—Well, 'tis 'all at an end,' proceeded she—'When 'the young man returns, you, Sir 'Harry, for my sake, and for the sake 'of this strange unaccountable crea-'ture, shall pay him the whole arrear.'

'Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp,' said I, lifting her hand to my lips, per-'mit me to give you joy. All doubts 'and misgivings so triumphantly got 'over, so solid a foundation laid for 'family harmony—What was the mo-'ment of your nuptials to this? Sir 'Harry, I congratulate you: you may 'be, and I believe you have been, as 'happy as most men; but now, you 'will be still happier.'

'Indeed, Sir Harry,' said she, 'you 'provoked me in the morning: I 'should not else—'

Sir Harry owned himself to blame; and thus the lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return to Mr. Beauchamp: and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the best part of the conversation; but not to mention any thing of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit, by saying, 'I think, Sir 'Harry, you need not mention any 'thing of the *arrears*, as I may call 'them—But only the future 600l. a 'year. One would surprize him a 'little, you know, and be twice thank-'ed—'

Surprizes of such a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett: *pecuniary* surprizes!—I don't love them—They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a sense of obligation?—Pride, vain-glory, must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors: a truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the uplifted hands, and working muscles of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the *will*, with the *power*, of shewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was so much afraid of hearing *farther* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness; so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake; and at the same time so desirous to reach the Hall that night; that I got myself excused, though with difficulty, staying to dine; and accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily, as I have done, in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and stepmother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not therefore ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tuesday last, though he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to engage him, till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

I HAVE had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them, that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday assembly at the Bowling-Green House.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the sermon

ſermon he is to preach to-morrow on the opening of the church: it is a very good diſcourſe; I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodneſs to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the church, and all that is doing in the houſe and gardens. When both have had the direction and inſpection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I ſay, that nothing could have been better?

* *

HALDEN is juſt arrived from my lord, with a letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his lordſhip's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends ſome one early day in next week to pay to her, and Miſs Mansfield, his perſonal compliments.

He has left to me the article of ſettlements; declaring, that his regard for *my* future intereſt is all that he wiſhes may be attended to.

I have therefore written, as from myſelf, that he propoſes a jointure of 1200l. a year, penny-rents, and 400 guineas a year for her private purſe; and that his lordſhip deſires that Miſs Mansfield will make a preſent to her ſiſter of whatever ſhe may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield Houſe of a thouſand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden being very deſirous to ſee his future lady, I ſhall, at his requeſt, ſend the letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning; with a line recommending him to the notice of that Lady as Lord W.'s principal ſteward

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all theſe good people. If Providence graciouſly makes me inſtrumental to it, I look upon myſelf *but* as it's *inſtrument*. I hope oſtentation has no ſhare in what draws on me more thanks and praiſes than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him ſo. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged ſoul have rejoiced on the occaſion, and bleſſed her ſon for an inſtance of duty to her, paid by his diſintereſted regard for her brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is ſo happy, yet who, in ſome caſes, ſo unhappy, as *your*

GRANDISON?

LETTER V.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY, APRIL 3.

THE Counteſs of D. and the earl, her ſon, have but juſt left us. The counteſs ſent laſt night, to let my couſin Reeves know of their intended morning viſit, and they came together. As the viſit was made to my couſin, I did not think myſelf obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my cloſet, comforting myſelf with my own *agreeable* reflections. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was ſent to.

Their talk was of me. I am uſed to recite my own praiſes, you know; and what ſignifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the uſe? I don't value myſelf ſo much as I once did on people's favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I ſhould be glad it was thought a good one; that's all. Yet though it has littleneſſes in it that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial converſation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The lady declared, that ſhe would have her talk out, and hear all my two couſins were inclined to ſay of me, before I was ſent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be ſeen only as a ſubject of curioſity. My lord had declared, it ſeems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whoſe heart was acknowledged not to be her own. My lord's honour would not allow of ſuch an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, haſtened the meſſage to me. The counteſs met me half-way, and embraced me: 'My 'lovely girl, how do you do?—My 'lord,' ſaid ſhe, turning to the earl, 'I 'need not ſay, "This is Miſs Byron."

He

He bowed low, and made me a polite compliment; but it had ſenſe in it, though high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themſelves on theſe occaſions, muſt be diſclaimers, you know: but, my dear uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man, from whoſe mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The counteſs engaged me in an eaſy general converſation; part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, and Miſs Jervois; and how I had paſſed my time at Colnebrook, in this wintry ſeaſon, when there were ſo many diverſions in town.

'But,' ſaid ſhe, 'you had a man with 'you, who is the general admiration 'wherever he goes.'

'Is there no making an acquaint-'ance,' ſaid my lord, 'with Sir 'Charles Grandiſon? What I hear 'ſaid of him, every time he is men-'tioned in company, is enough to 'fire a young man with emulation. 'I ſhould be happy, did I deſerve to be 'thought as a ſecond or third man to 'Sir Charles Grandiſon.'

'I dare ſay,' returned I, 'your 'lordſhip's acquaintance would be 'highly acceptable to him. He is eaſy 'of acceſs. Men of rank, if men of 'merit, muſt be of kindred, and re-'cognize one another the moment they 'meet. But Sir Charles will ſoon 'leave England.'

The fool ſighed: it was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myſelf bluſh, and was the more ſilly for that.

The counteſs took my hand—'One 'word with you, my dear—' and led me out into the next room, and ſitting down, made me ſit on the ſame ſettee with her.

'O that I could call you daughter!' began ſhe at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with the other hand taking one of mine, and earneſtly looking in my downcaſt face.

I was ſilent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the mother of Sir Charles Grandiſon, with what pleaſure could I have liſtened to her!

'You ſaid, my dear, that Sir Charles 'Grandiſon will ſoon leave England: '—And then you ſighed—Will you 'be quite open-hearted? May I aſk 'you a queſtion in hope that you will?'

I was ſilent: yet the word Yes was on my lips.

'You have cauſed it to be told me, 'that your affections were engaged. 'This has been a cruel blow upon us. 'My lord, nevertheleſs, has heard ſo 'much of you, [He is really a good 'young man, my dear] that (againſt 'my advice, I own) he would have me 'introduce him into your company. 'I ſee by his looks, that he could ad-'mire you above all women. *He never 'was in love:* I ſhould be ſorry if he 'were diſappointed in his firſt love. I 'hope his *promiſed* prudence will be 'his guard, if there be no proſpect of 'his ſucceeding with you—' She pauſed—I was ſtill ſilent.

'It will be a mark of your frank-'neſs of heart, my dear, if, when you 'take my full meaning, you prevent 'me ſpeaking more than I need.—I 'would not oppreſs you, my ſweet 'love—Such a delicacy, and ſuch 'a frankneſs mingled, have I never 'ſeen in a young woman—But tell me, 'my dear, has Sir Charles Grandiſon 'made his addreſſes to you?'

It was a grievous queſtion for me to anſwer—But *why* was it ſo, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had, proceeded from my own preſumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his ſiſter's partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has ſuch a preferable claim?

'What ſays Miſs Byron!'

'She ſays, Madam, that ſhe reveres 'Lady D. and will anſwer any queſ-'tions that ſhe puts to her, however 'affecting—Sir Charles Grandiſon has 'not.'

'Once I thought,' proceeded ſhe, 'that I never would make a ſecond 'motion, were the woman a princeſs, 'who had confeſſed a prior love, or 'even liking: but the man is Sir 'Charles Grandiſon, whom all women 'muſt eſteem; and the woman is Miſs 'Byron, whom all men muſt love. 'Let me aſk you, my dear—Have you 'any expectation, that the firſt of men '(I will call him ſo) and the loveliеſt 'and moſt amiable-minded of women, 'can come together?—You ſighed, you 'know, when you mentioned that Sir 'Charles was ſo ſoon to leave Eng-'land! and you own that he has not 'made addreſſes to you—Don't be un-'eaſy, my love!—We women, in theſe

'tender caſes, ſee into each other's 'hearts ſome ſmall openings—Look 'upon me as your mother—What ſay 'you, love?'

'Your ladyſhip compliments me 'with delicacy and frankneſs—It is 'too hard a queſtion, if I have any of 'the firſt, to anſwer without bluſhes. 'A young woman to be ſuppoſed to 'have an eſteem for a man, who has 'made no declaration, and whoſe be'haviour to her is ſuch only as ſhews 'a politeneſs to which he is accuſtom'ed, and only the ſame kind of ten'derneſs, as he ſhews to his ſiſters; '—and whom ſometimes he *calls* ſiſter '—as if—Ah, Madam, how can one 'anſwer?'

'You *have* anſwered, my dear, and 'with that delicacy and frankneſs too, 'which make a principal part of your 'character. If my ſon (and he ſhall 'not be encouraged in his hopes, if he 'ſees you not, mind as well as perſon, 'with his mother's eyes) ſhould not be 'able to check himſelf by the appre'henſions he has had reaſon for, of 'being but a ſecond man in the fa'vour of the object of his wiſhes; '[*We*, my dear, have our delicacies] 'could you not allow him a ſecond 'place in your favour, that might, in 'time, as he ſhould merit, and as you 'ſhould ſubdue your prepoſſeſſions, give 'him a firſt?—Huſh—my dear, for 'one moment—Your honour, your 'piety, are my juſt dependence, and will 'be his.—And now ſpeak: it is to *me*, 'my dear; ſpeak your whole heart; let 'not any apprehended difficulty—I am 'a woman as well as you. And pre'pared to indulge—'

'Your *goodneſs*, Madam, and no'thing elſe,' interrupted I, 'gives me 'difficulty.—My Lord D. ſeems to me 'to be a man of merit, and not diſ'agreeable in his perſon and manners. 'What he ſaid of Sir Charles Gran'diſon, and of his emulation being 'fired by his example, gave him ad'ditional merit with me. He muſt 'have a good mind. I wiſh him ac'quainted with Sir Charles, for his 'own ſake, and for the ſake of the 'world, which might be benefited by 'his large power, ſo happily directed! '—But as to myſelf, I ſhould forfeit 'the character of frankneſs of heart, 'which your ladyſhip's goodneſs a'ſcribes to me, if I did not declare, 'that although I cannot, and, I think, '*ought not*, to entertain a hope with re'gard to Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſince 'there is a lady who deſerved him by 'ſevere ſufferings before I knew him; 'yet is my heart ſo wholly attached, 'that I cannot think it juſt to give the 'leaſt encouragement to any other pro'poſal.'

'You are an excellent young wo'man: but, my dear, if Sir Charles 'Grandiſon is engaged—your mind 'will, it *muſt* change. Few women 'marry their firſt loves. Your heart—'

'O Madam!' it is *already* a wedded 'heart: it is wedded to his merits; his 'merits will be *always* the object of 'my eſteem; I can never think of any '*other*, as I *ought* to think of the man 'to whom I give my hand.'

'Like merits, my dear, as *perſon* 'is not the principal motive, may pro'duce like attachments. My Lord 'D. will be, in your hands, another 'Sir Charles Grandiſon.'

'How good you are, my dear Lady 'D.! But allow me to repeat, as the 'ſtrongeſt expreſſion I can uſe, becauſe 'I mean it to carry all the force that 'can be given it, that my heart is al'ready a wedded heart.'

'You have ſpoken with great force: 'God bleſs you, my dear, as I love 'you! The matter ſhall take it's 'courſe. If my lord ſhould happen 'to be a ſingle man ſome time hence, '(and, I can tell you, that your ex'cellences will make our choice dif'ficult:) and if your mind, from any 'accident, or from perſuaſion of 'friends, ſhould then have received al'teration; you may ſtill be happy in 'each other. I will therefore only 'thank you for that openneſs of heart, 'which muſt ſet free the heart of my 'ſon—Had you had the leaſt lurking in'clination to coquetry, and could have 'taken pride in conqueſts, he might 'have been an undone man.—We 'will return to the company.—But 'ſpare him, my dear; you muſt not 'talk much; he will love you, if 'you do, too fervently for his own 'peace. Try to be a little aukward '—I am afraid for him: indeed I am. 'O that you had never ſeen Sir Charles 'Grandiſon!'

I could not anſwer one word. She took my hand; and led me into the company.

Had

Had I been silent, when my lord directed his discourse to me, or answered only No, or Yes, the countess would have thought me very vain; and that I ascribed to myself the consequence she so generously gave me, with respect to my lord. I therefore behaved and answered unaffectedly; but avoided such a promptness of speech, as would have looked like making pretensions to knowledge and opinion, though some of my lord's questions were apparently designed to engage me into freedom of discourse. The countess observed me narrowly. She whispered to me, that she *did*; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My lord was spoken too slightly of, by Miss Grandison in a former conversation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her affections, may think herself very happy with him. His conversation was easy and polite, and he said nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandison.

At parting, he requested of me, to be allowed to repeat his visits.

'My lord,' said the countess, before I could answer, 'you must not 'expect a mere stiff maiden answer 'from Miss Byron; she is above all 'vulgar forms.' She and her cousins 'have too much politeness, and, I will 'venture to say, discernment, not to 'be glad of your acquaintance, *as* an 'acquaintance—But, for the rest, you 'must look to your heart.'

'I shall be afraid,' said he, turning to the countess, 'to ask your ladyship 'for an explanation.—Miss Byron, I 'hope, Sir,' addressing himself to Mr. Reeves, 'will not refuse me her com-'pany, when I pay you my compli-'ments.' Then turning to me, 'I 'hope, Madam, I shall not be punish-'ed for admiring you.'

'My Lord D.' replied I, 'will be 'intitled to every civility.' I had said more, had he not snatched my hand a little too eagerly and kissed it.

And thus much for the visit of the Countess of D. and the earl.

* *

DID I tell you in my former letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a most engaging young creature. Her manners are so pure! Her heart is so sincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wish I may be asked to carry her down with me. Yet she adores her guardian: but her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would say. But to love with an ardour, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one must have more tenderness than reverence for the object: don't you think so, Lucy?

Miss Grandison made me one of her flying visits, as she calls them, soon after the countess and my lord went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves told her all that had been said before them by the earl and countess, as well before I went down to them, as after. They could not tell what had passed between that lady and me, when she took me aside. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: but besides that I was not in spirits, and cared not to say much, I was not willing to be thought, by my refusal of so great an offer, to seem to fasten myself upon her brother.

She pitied (Who but must?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her brother also: and seeing me dejected, she clasped her arms about me, and wetted my cheek with a sisterly tear.

Is it not strange, Lucy, that Sir Charles's father should keep him so long abroad? These free-living men! Of what absurdities are they not guilty! What misfortunes to others do they occasion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, ask, what had Mr. Grandison to do in Italy? Or why, if he must go abroad, did he stay so long!

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonsensical thing! What can they see, but the ruins of the gay, once busy world, of which they have read.

To see a parcel of giddy boys under the direction of tutors or governors hunting after—What?—Nothing; or at best but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflection, must be left, after all, to make out the greater glories, which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for discovery.

And when this *grand tour* is compleated, the travelled youth returns: and what is his boaſt? Why, to be able to tell, perhaps his *better*-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that he has ſeen in ruins, what the other had a juſter idea of, from reading; and of which, it is more than probable, he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are theſe, petulant Harriet, (methinks, Lucy, you demand, all the benefits that you will ſuppoſe Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in turn, I aſk, is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandiſon?—And does not even *he* confeſs to Dr. Bartlett, that he wiſhed he had never ſeen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* ſake, wiſh he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know but I may aſk Sir Charles, whether, in his conſcience, he thinks that, taking in every conſideration relating to time, expence, riſques of life, health, morals, this part of the faſhionable education of youth of condition is ſuch an indiſpenſible one, as ſome ſeem to ſuppoſe it? If Sir Charles Grandiſon give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that ſix parts out of eight of the little maſters who are ſent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, eſpecially, they would be *orderly*, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.

O my uncle! I am afraid of you: but ſpare the poor girl; ſhe acknowledges her petulance, her preſumption. The occaſion you know, and will pity her for it! Neither petulance nor preſumption, however, ſhall make her declare as her ſentiments what really are not ſo in her unprejudiced hours; and ſhe hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the preſent, adieu, my Lucy.

P. S. Dr. Bartlett tells me, that Mr. Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleaſure of his father; and that Sir Harry has ſent expreſs for him, at his lady's motion.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4.

SIR Charles Grandiſon came to town laſt night. He was ſo polite, as to ſend to enquire after my health; and to let Mr. Reeves know, that he would do himſelf the honour, as he called it, of breakfaſting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious, either for his own ſake or for mine—Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of ſeeing within this half-hour, the noble Clementina's future—Ah, Lucy!

The compliment, you ſee, is to Mr. Reeves—Shall I ſtay above, and ſee if he will aſk for *me?* He owes me ſomething for the emotion he gave me in Lord L.'s library. Very little of him ſince have I ſeen.

'Honour forbids me,' ſaid he, then: 'Yet honour bids me—But I cannot 'be ungenerous, ſelfiſh.' Theſe words are ſtill in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—'*Honour forbids 'me*—' What! to explain himſelf? He had been telling me a tender tale; he had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—'*Yet honour bids me!*' Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But, '*I cannot be unjuſt.*'—To Clementina he means. Who *wiſhed* him to be ſo?—*Unjuſt!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandiſon, to have the word *unjuſt*, in this way of ſpeaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjuſt*; and had but then recollected himſelf.

'*I cannot be ungenerous.*'—To the noble lady, I ſuppoſe? He *muſt* take compaſſion on her. And did he think himſelf under an obligation to my forwardneſs to make this declaration to me, as to one who *wiſhed* him to be *ungenerous* to ſuch a lady for my ſake!—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had ſaid, 'Fond Har'riet, I ſee what you expect from me: '—But I muſt have compaſſion *for*, 'I cannot be ungenerous *to*, Clemen'tina?'—But, what a poor word is *compaſſion!* Noble Clementina, I grieve for

for you, though the man be indeed a generous man!—O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compassion even of a Sir Charles Grandison!

But what means he by the word, '*selfish!*'—*He cannot be selfish!*—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune—Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjust*, *ungenerous* to Clementina—Nor yet *selfish*—This word confounds me, from a man that says nothing at random!

Well, but breakfast-time is come, while I am busy in self-debatings. I will go down, that I may not seem to affect parade. I will endeavour to see with indifference, him that we have all been admiring and studying for this last fortnight in such a variety of lights—The christian; the hero; the friend;—Ah, Lucy! the lover of Clementina! the generous kinsman of Lord W. the modest and delicate benefactor of the Mansfields; the free, gay, railler, of Lady Beauchamp; and, in her, of all our sex's foibles!

But he is come! While I am pratting to you with my pen, he is come.—Why, Lucy, would you detain me?—Now must the fool go down in a kind of hurry: yet stay till she is sent for.—And that is *now*.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

O Lucy, I have such a conversation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself—Such an unaffected modesty and politeness; yet such an ease and freedom!

I thought, by his address, that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were *so emulatively* passive—How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful, that a princess could not blame him?

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: and then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me,

'The last time I had the honour of 'being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. 'I was sure it would raise in such a 'heart as hers generous compassion for 'the noblest lady on the continent; 'and I presumed, as my difficulties 'were not owing either to rashness or 'indiscretion, that she would also pity 'the relater.

'The story did indeed affect you; 'yet, for my own sake, as well as 'yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett, 'for the particulars of some parts of it, 'upon which I could not expatiate.

'The doctor, Madam, has let me 'know the particulars which he com-'municated to you. I remember with 'pain the pain I gave to your generous 'heart in Lord L.'s study. I am sure 'you must have suffered still more from 'the same compassionate goodness on 'the communications he made you. 'May I, Madam, however, add a few 'particulars to the same subject, which 'he then could not give you? Now 'you have been let into so considerable 'a part of my story, I am desirous to 'acquaint you, and that rather than 'any woman in the world, with all 'that I know myself of this arduous 'affair.'

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. 'Sir, Sir—The story, I must 'own, is a most affecting one. How 'much is the unhappy lady to be pi-'tied! You will do me honour in 'acquainting me with farther particu-'lars of it.'

'Dr. Bartlett has told you, Madam, 'that the Bishop of Nocera, second 'brother to Lady Clementina, has very 'lately written to me, requesting that 'I will make one more visit to Bo-'logna.—I have the letter. You read 'Italian, Madam. Shall I—Or will 'you—' He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents.

The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles left them. His sister also declining in her health, yet earnest still to see him.

He says, that she is at present at Urbino; but is soon to go to Naples to the general's. He urges him to make them one visit more; yet owns, that

that his family are not unanimous in the requeſt: but that he and Father Mareſcotti, and the marchioneſs, are extremely earneſt that this indulgence ſhould be granted to the wiſhes of his ſiſter.

He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his preſence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous conſent to the interview ſo much deſired: and ſays, that if this meaſure, which he is ſorry he has ſo long withſtood, anſwers not his hopes, he will adviſe the ſhutting up of their Clementina in a nunnery, or to confign her to private hands, where ſhe ſhall be treated kindly, but as perſons in her unhappy circumſtances are accuſtomed to be treated.

Sir Charles then ſhewed me a letter from Signor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him, that his life is a burden to him. He wiſhes it was brought to it's period. He does not think himſelf in ſkilful hands. He complains moſt of the wound which is in his hip-joint; and which has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian and French ſurgeons who have been conſulted. He wiſhes, that himſelf and Sir Charles had been of one country, he ſays, ſince the greateſt felicity he now has to wiſh for, is to yield up his life to the Giver of it, in the arms of his Grandiſon.

He mentions not one word in this melancholy letter of his unhappy ſiſter: which Sir Charles accounted for, by ſuppoſing, that ſhe not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, every thing relating to her that was likely to diſturb him.

He then read part of a letter written in Engliſh, by the admired Mrs. Beaumont; ſome of the contents of which were, as you ſhall hear, extremely affecting.

Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the ſituation of the unhappy young lady; and excuſes herſelf for not having done it before, in anſwer to his requeſt, becauſe of an indiſpoſition under which ſhe had for ſome time laboured, which had hindered her from making the neceſſary enquiries.

She mentions, that the lady had received no benefit from her journeyings from place to place; and from her voyage from Leghorn to Naples, and back again; and blames her attendants, who, to quiet her, unknown to their principals, for ſome time, kept her in expectation of ſeeing her chevalier, at the end of each; for her more prudent Camilla, ſhe ſays, had been hindered by illneſs from attending her, in ſeveral of the excurſions.

They had a ſecond time, at her own requeſt, put her into a nunnery. She at firſt was ſo ſedate in it, as gave them hopes: but the novelty going off, and one of the ſiſters, to try her, having officiouſly aſked her to go with her into the parlour, where, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would be allowed to converſe through the grate with a *certain* Engliſh gentleman, her impatience, on her diſappointment, made her more ungovernable than they had ever known her; for ſhe had been, for two hours before, meditating what ſhe ſhould ſay to him.

For a week together, ſhe was vehemently intent upon being allowed to viſit England; and had engaged her couſins Sebaſtiano and Juliano to promiſe to eſcort her thither, if ſhe could obtain leave.

Her mother brought her off this when nobody elſe could, only by entreating her, for *her* ſake, never to think of it more.

The marchioneſs then, encouraged by this inſtance of her obedience, took her under her own care: but the young lady going on from flight to flight; and the way ſhe was in viſibly affecting the health of her indulgent mother, a doctor was found who was abſolutely of opinion, that nothing but harſh methods would avail: and in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, and the general concurring, ſhe was told, that ſhe muſt prepare to go to Milan. She was ſo earneſt to be excuſed from going thither, and to be permitted to go to Florence to Mrs. Beaumont, that they gave way to her entreaties; and the marquis himſelf, accompanying her to Florence, prevailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take her under her care.

With her ſhe ſtaid three weeks: ſhe was tolerably ſedate in that ſpace of time; but moſt ſo, when ſhe was talking of England, and of the Chevalier Grandiſon, and his ſiſters, with whom ſhe wiſhed to be acquainted. She delighted to ſpeak Engliſh, and to talk of

of the tenderneſs and goodneſs of her tutor; and of what he ſaid to her, upon ſuch and ſuch a ſubject.

At the three weeks end, the general made her a viſit, in company of Lady Sforza; and her talk being all on this ſubject, they were both highly diſpleaſed; and hinted, that ſhe was too much indulged in it; and unhappily, ſhe repeating ſome tender paſſages that paſſed in the interview her mother had permitted her to hold with the chevalier, the general would have it, that Mr. Grandiſon had deſignedly, from the firſt, ſought to give himſelf conſequence with her; and expreſſed himſelf, on the occaſion, with great violence againſt him.

He carried his diſpleaſure to extremity, and obliged her to go away with his aunt and him that very day, to her great regret; and as much to the regret of Mrs. Beaumont, and of the ladies her friends; who tenderly loved the *innocent viſionary*, as ſometimes they called her. And Mrs. Beaumont is ſure, that the gentle treatment ſhe met with from them, would in time, though perhaps ſlowly, have greatly helped her.

Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harſh treatment the poor young lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandiſon would have ſtopped reading here. He ſaid, he could not read it to me, without ſuch a change of voice, as would add to my pain, as well as to his own.

Tears often ſtole down my cheeks, when I read the letters of the biſhop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont's letter: and I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet, I ſaid, 'Be pleaſed, Sir, 'to let *me* read on. I am not a ſtran-'ger to diſtreſs. I can pity others, 'or I ſhould not deſerve pity myſelf.'

He pointed to the place, and withdrew to the window.

Mrs. Beaumont ſays, that the poor mother was prevailed upon to reſign her child wholly to the management of Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who took her with them to their palace in Milan.

The tender parent, however, beſought them to ſpare all unneceſſary ſeverity; which they promiſed: but Laurana objected to Camilla's attendance. She was thought too indulgent; and her ſervant Laura, as a more manageable perſon, was taken in her place. And O how cruelly, as you ſhall hear, did they treat her!

Father Mareſcotti, being obliged to viſit a dying relation at Milan, was deſired by the marchioneſs to inform himſelf of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her letters boaſted of both. The good father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars—

He was ſurprized to find a difficulty made of his ſeeing the lady: but inſiſting on it, he found her to be wholly ſpiritleſs, and in terror; afraid to ſpeak, afraid to look, before her couſin Laurana; yet ſeeming to want to complain to him. He took notice of this to Laurana—'O father,' ſaid ſhe, 'we 'are in the right way, I aſſure you: 'when we had her firſt, her chevalier, 'and an interview with him, were 'ever in her mouth; but now ſhe is 'in ſuch order, that ſhe never ſpeaks 'a word of him.'—'But what,' aſked the compaſſionate father, 'muſt ſhe 'have ſuffered, to be brought to 'this?'—'Don't you, father, trouble 'yourſelf about that,' replied the cruel Laurana: 'the doctors have given 'their opinion, that ſome ſeverity was 'neceſſary. It is all for her good.'

The poor lady expreſſed herſelf to him with earneſtneſs, after the veil; a ſubject on which, it ſeems, they indulged her; urging, that the only way to ſecure her health of mind, if it could be reſtored, was to yield to her wiſhes. Lady Sforza ſaid, that it was not a point that ſhe herſelf would preſs; but it was her opinion, that her family ſinned in oppoſing a divine dedication; and, perhaps, their daughter's malady might be a judgment upon them for it.

The father, in his letter to Mrs. Beaumont, aſcribes to Lady Sforza ſelf-intereſted motives for her conduct; to Laurana, envy on account of Lady Clementina's ſuperior qualities: but nobody, he ſays, till now, doubted Laurana's love to her.

Father Mareſcotti then gives a ſhocking inſtance of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble ſufferer—'*All for her good.*'—Wretch! how my heart riſes againſt her! Her ſervant Laura, under pretence of *confeſſing* to her

her Bologna father, in tears, acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

When any severity was to be exercised upon the unhappy lady, Laura was always shut out of her apartment. Her lady had said something that she was to be chidden for. Lady Sforza, who was not altogether so severe as her daughter, was not at home. Laura listened in tears: she heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady Clementina, and threaten her—and her young lady break out to this effect—'What have 'I done to you, Laurana, to be so 'used?—You are not the cousin Laurana you used to be? You know I 'am not able to help myself: why 'do you call me crazy, and frantick, 'Laurana?' [Vile upbraider, Lucy!] 'If the Almighty has laid his hand 'upon me, should I not be pitied?'

'It is all for your good! It is all 'for your good, Clementina! You 'could not always have spoken so 'sensibly, cousin.'

'Cruel Laurana! You loved me 'once!—I have no mother, as you 'have. My mother was a good mo'ther: but she is gone! Or I am gone, 'I know not which.'

She threatened her then with the strait-waistcoat, a punishment at which the unhappy lady was always greatly terrified. Laura heard her beg and pray; but Laurana coming out, she was forced to retire.

The poor young lady apprehending her cruel cousin's return with the threatened waistcoat, and with the woman that used to be brought in when they were disposed to terrify her, went down and hid herself under a staircase, where she was soon discovered by her cloaths, which she had not been careful to draw in after her.

O Lucy! how I wept! 'How in'supportable to me,' said Sir Charles, 'would have been my reflections, had 'my conscience told me, that I had 'been the wilful cause of the noble 'Clementina's calamity!'

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself the next paragraph, which related, that the cruel Laurana dragged the sweet sufferer by her gown, from her hiding-place, inveighing against her, threatening her: she, all patient, resigned her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for mercy, not by speech, but by her eyes; which, however, wept not: and causing her to be carried up to her chamber, there punished her with the strait-waistcoat, as she had threatened.

Father Marescotti was greatly affected with Laura's relation, as well as with what he had himself observed: but on his return to Bologna, dreading to acquaint her mother, for her own sake, with the treatment her Clementina met with, he only said, he did not quite approve of it; and advised her not to oppose the young lady's being brought home, if the bishop and the general came into it. But he laid the whole matter before the bishop, who wrote to the general to join with him out of hand, to release their sister from her present bondage: and the general meeting the bishop, on a set day at Milan, for that purpose, the lady was accordingly released.

A breach ensued upon it, with Lady Sforza and her daughter; who would have it Clementina was much better for their management. They had by terror broken her spirit, and her passiveness was reckoned upon as an indication of amendment.

The marchioness being much indisposed, the young lady, attended by her Camilla, was carried to Naples; where it is supposed she now is. Poor young lady, how has she been hurried about! —But who can think of her cousin Laurana without extreme indignation?

Mrs. Beaumont writes, that the bishop would fain have prevailed upon his brother the general to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles Grandison to come over, as a last expedient, before they locked her up either in a nunnery, or in some private house: but the general would by no means come into it.

He asked, what was proposed to be the end of Sir Charles's visit, were all that was wished from it to follow, in his sister's restored mind?—He never, he said, would give his consent that she should be the wife of an English protestant.

The bishop declared, that he was far from wishing her to be so; but he was for leaving that to after-consideration. Could they but restore his sister to her reason, that reason, co-operating with her principles, might answer all their hopes.

He

He might *try* his expedient, the general said, with all his heart: but he looked upon the Chevalier Grandison to be a man of art; and he was sure he must have entangled his sister by methods imperceptible to her, and to them; but yet more efficacious to his ends, than an open declaration. Had he not, he asked, found means to fascinate Olivia, and as many women as he came into company with?—For his part, he loved not the chevalier. He had *forced* him by his intrepidity to be civil to him: but forced civility was but a temporary one. It was his way to judge of causes by the effects: and this he knew, that he had lost a sister who would have been a jewel in the crown of a prince: and would not be answerable for consequences, if he and Sir Charles Grandison were once more to meet, be it where it would.

Father Marescotti, however, joining, as the bishop writes, with him, and the marchioness, in a desire to try this expedient; and being sure that the marquis and Signor Jeronymo would not be averse to it, he took a resolution to write over to him, as has been related.

This Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a *rememberer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumstance escapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles, what answer he returned.

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion, *before* he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor lady. But then he would have shewn a suspense unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man, so circumstanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard!*) was nevertheless as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice to Clementina, and that so often, to you, avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. I thought I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments, being desirous to clear to my own heart the conduct that I was to shew on this trying occasion, as well of precipitation as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity to walk to the other end of the room; and while a short complimental discourse passed between them, 'Harriet Byron,' said I to myself, 'be not mean. Hast thou not 'the example of a Clementina before 'thee! Her religion and her love, 'combating together, have overturned 'the noble creature's reason. Thou 'canst not be called to such a trial: 'but canst thou not shew, that if thou '*wert*, thou couldst have acted greatly, if not *so* greatly?—Sir Charles 'Grandison is just: he *ought* to prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. 'Priority of claim, compassion for the 'noble sufferer, merits *so* superior!—I 'love him for *his* merits: shall I not 'love merits, nearly as great, in one 'of my *own sex?* The struggle will 'cost thee something: but try to be 'above thyself. Banished to thy retirement, to thy pillow,' thought I, 'be all the *girl*. Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex; 'let me now be an example to *myself*, 'and not unworthy in my own eyes '(when I come to reflect) of an union, 'could it have been effected, with a 'man whom a Clementina looked up 'to with hope.'

My cousin being withdrawn, and Sir Charles approaching me, I attempted to assume a dignity of aspect, without pride; and I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it—'My heart bleeds Sir, for the 'distresses of your Clementina.' [Yes, Lucy, said I, '*your* Clementina:'] 'Beyond expression, I admire the greatness of her behaviour; and most sincerely lament her distresses. What, 'that is in the power of man, cannot 'Sir Charles Grandison do? You have 'honoured me, Sir, with the title of '*sister*; in the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread 'the effects of the general's petulance: 'I feel next for you the pain that it 'must give to your humane heart to 'be once more personally present to 'the woes of the inimitable Clementina: but I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all 'your friends here in England, and 'resolving to hasten over to *try*, at 'least, what can be done for the noble 'sufferer.'

Had he praiſed me highly for this my addreſs to him, it would have looked, ſuch was the ſituation on both ſides, as if he had thought this diſintereſted behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity and ſelf-denial; and, of conſequence, as if he had ſuppoſed I had views upon him, which he wondered I could give up. His is the moſt delicate of human minds!

He led me to my ſeat, and taking his by me, ſtill holding my paſſive hand—'Ever ſince I have had the honour 'of Miſs Byron's acquaintance, I have 'conſidered her as one of the moſt ex'cellent of women. My heart de'mands alliance with hers; and hopes 'to be allowed it's claim, though 'ſuch are the delicacies of ſituation, 'that I ſcarcely dare truſt to myſelf 'to ſpeak upon the ſubject. From 'the firſt, I called Miſs Byron my 'ſiſter; but ſhe is *more* to me than the 'deareſt ſiſter; and there is a more 'tender friendſhip that I aſpire to hold 'with her, whatever may be the ac'cidents on either ſide, to bar a far'ther wiſh: and *this* I muſt hope, that 'ſhe will not deny me, ſo long as it 'ſhall be conſiſtent with her other at'tachments.'

He pauſed. I made an effort to ſpeak: but ſpeech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

'My heart,' reſumed he, 'is ever 'on my lips. It is tortured when I 'cannot ſpeak all that is in it. Pro'feſſions I am not accuſtomed to 'make. As I am not conſcious of 'being unworthy of your friendſhip, I 'will *ſuppoſe* it; and farther talk to 'you of my affairs and engagements, 'as that tender friendſhip may war'rant.'

'Sir, you do me honour,' was all I could ſay.

'I had a letter from the faithful 'Camilla. I hold not a correſpondence 'with her: but the treatment that her 'young lady met with, of which ſhe 'had got ſome general intimations, 'and ſome words that the biſhop ſaid 'to her, which expreſſed his wiſhes 'that I would make them one more 'viſit at Bologna, urged her to write, 'begging of me, for Heaven's ſake, to 'go over. But unleſs one of the fa'mily had written to me, and by con'ſent of others of it, what hope had 'I of a welcome, after I had been ſo 'often refuſed, as I had requeſted 'while I was in Italy, to be admitted 'to the preſence of the lady, who was 'ſo deſirous of one interview more—'eſpecially, as Mrs. Beaumont gave 'me no encouragement to go, but 'the contrary, from what ſhe obſerved 'of the inclinations of the family.

'Mrs. Beaumont is ſtill of opinion, 'as in the concluſion of the letter be'fore you, that I ſhould not go, un'leſs the general and the marquis join 'their requeſts to thoſe of the mar'chioneſs, the biſhop, and Father 'Mareſcotti. But I had no ſooner 'peruſed the biſhop's letter, than I 'wrote, that I would moſt chearfully 'comply with his wiſhes: but that 'I ſhould be glad that I might not be 'under any obligation to go farther 'than Bologna; where I might have 'the happineſs to attend my Jerony'mo, as well as his ſiſter.'

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was ſorry for it: but my judgment was entirely with him.

'And now, Madam, you will won'der, that you ſee not any prepara'tions for my departure. All *is* pre'pared: I only wait for the company 'of one gentleman, who is ſettling 'his affairs with all expedition to go 'with me. He is an able, a ſkilful 'ſurgeon, who has had great practice 'abroad, and in the armies: and hav'ing acquired an eaſy fortune, is 'come to ſettle in his native country. 'My Jeronymo expreſſes himſelf diſ'ſatisfied with his ſurgeons. If Mr. 'LOWTHER can be of ſervice to 'him, how happy ſhall I think my'ſelf! And if my preſence can be a 'means to reſtore the noble Clemen'tina—But how dare I hope it? '—And yet I am perſuaded, that in 'her caſe, and with ſuch a temper of 'mind, (unuſed to hardſhip and oppo'ſition as ſhe had been) the only way 'to recover her, would have been by 'complying with her in every thing 'that her heart or head was earneſtly 'ſet upon: for what controul was 'neceſſary to a young lady, who never, 'even in the height of her malady, 'uttered a wiſh or thought that was 'contrary to her duty either to God,

'or

'or her parents; nor yet to the honour 'of her name; and, allow me, Madam, to say, to the *pride* of her sex?

'I am under an obligation to go to 'Paris,' proceeded he, 'from the will 'of my late friend Mr. Danby. I shall 'stop there for a day or two only, in 'order to put things in a way for my 'last hand, on my return from Italy.

'When I am in Italy, I shall perhaps be enabled to adjust two or 'three accounts that stand out, in 'relation to the affairs of my ward.

'This day at dinner I shall see Mrs. 'Oldham, and her sons; and in the 'afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O'Hara, and 'her husband, and Captain Salmonet.

'To-morrow, I hope for the honour of your company, Madam, and 'Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's at dinner: 'and be so good as to engage them for 'the rest of the day. You must not 'deny me; because I shall want your 'influence upon Charlotte, to make 'her fix Lord G.'s happy day, that I 'may be able to see their hands united 'before I set out; as my return will 'be uncertain—'

Ah, Lucy! *more* twitches just then!

'Thursday next is the day fixed for 'the triple marriage of the Danby's. 'I have promised to give Miss Danby 'to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with 'them and their friends at Enfield.

'If I can see my Lord W. and 'Charlotte happy before I go, I shall 'be highly gratified.

'It is another of my wishes, to see my 'friend Beauchamp in England first, 'and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlett and he will 'be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly 'admires you, Madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think 'worthy of your notice, relating to 'the proceedings of a man who will 'always think himself honoured by 'your enquiries after him.'

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart, if he treats me with more than the tenderness of friendship: if he gives me room to think that he wishes —But what can he wish? He *ought* to be, he *must* be, Clementina's; and I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship; and when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so *little* as to be displeased with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be?—No!—He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart, and greatness of mind: and I will think him intitled to my utmost gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shewn me. Is not friendship the basis of my love? And does he not tender me *that?*

Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—'The poor 'Emily,' said I—'*She* will be grieved 'at parting with you. Emily loves her 'guardian.'

'And I love my ward. I once 'had a thought, Madam, of begging '*your* protection of Emily: but as I 'have two sisters, I think she will be 'happy under their wings, and in the 'protection of my good Lord L. and 'the rather as I have no doubt of 'overcoming her unhappy mother, by 'making her husband's interest a guaranty for her tolerable, if not good, 'behaviour to her child.'

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. 'We all, Sir,' said I, 'look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future—'

'Husband for Emily, Madam?' interrupted he—'It must not be at *my* motion. My friend shall be intitled to 'share with me my whole estate: but 'I will never seek to lead the choice 'of my WARD. Let Emily, some 'time hence, find out the husband she 'she can be happy with; Beauchamp 'the wife he can love: Emily, if I 'can help it, shall not be the wife of 'any man's convenience. Beauchamp 'is nice, and I will be as nice for my 'WARD. And the more so, as I hope 'she herself wants not delicacy. 'There is a cruelty in persuasion, 'where the heart rejects the person 'proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.'

'Lord bless me,' thought I, 'what 'a man is this!'

'Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp 'ſoon, Sir?'

'Every day, Madam.'

'And is it poſſible, Sir, that you 'can bring all theſe things to bear 'before you leave England, and go ſo 'ſoon?'

'I fear nothing but Charlotte's 'whimſies. Have you, Madam, any 'reaſon to apprehend that ſhe is averſe 'to an alliance with Lord G.! His 'father and aunt are very importunate 'for an early celebration.'

'None at all, Sir.'

'Then I ſhall depend much upon 'your's, and Lord and Lady L.'s in-'fluence over her.'

He beſought my excuſe for detaining my attention ſo long. Upon his motion to go, my two couſins came in. He took even a ſolemn leave of me, and a very reſpectful one of them.

I had kept up my ſpirits to their utmoſt ſtretch: I deſired my couſins to excuſe me for a few minutes; his departure from me was *too* ſolemn; and I hurried up to my cloſet; and after a few involuntary ſobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I beſought, on my knees, peace to the diſturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmneſs and reſignation to my own, and ſafety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glaſs, I went down ſtairs to my couſins; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occaſion of my red eyes, I ſaid, 'All is 'over! All is over! my dear couſins. 'I cannot blame him: he is all that 'is noble and good—I can ſay no 'more juſt now. The particulars 'you ſhall have from my pen.'

I went up ſtairs to write: and except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I ſtopped not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneaſy, vexed with myſelf, yet hardly knowing why, I laid down my pen—Take what I have written, my dear couſin Reeves: if you can read it, do; and then diſpatch it to my Lucy.

But, on ſecond thoughts, I will ſhew it to the two ladies, and Lord L. before it is ſent away. They will be curious to know what paſſed in a converſation, where the critical circumſtances both of us were in, required a delicacy which I am not ſure was ſo well obſerved on my ſide, as on his. I ſhall, I know, have their pity; but let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina, ſhew any for

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 4.

MISS Grandiſon came to me juſt as we had ſupped, She longed, ſhe ſaid, to ſee me; but was prevented coming before, and deſired to know what had paſſed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the letter, which I had but a little while before concluded. He had owned, ſhe ſaid, that he had breakfaſted with me; and ſpoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L. with an ardour that gave them pleaſure. She put my letter into her boſom, 'I *may*, I hope, Harriet.'—'If 'you pleaſe Madam,' ſaid I.

"*If you pleaſe, Madam*," repeated ſhe; 'and with that *do-lo-rous* accent 'too, my Harriet!—My ſiſter and I 'have been in tears this morning: 'Lord L. had much ado to forbear. 'Sir Charles will ſoon leave us.'

'It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did 'you dine to-day in St. James's 'Square?'

'No, indeed!—My brother had a 'certain tribe with him; and the *wo-'man* alſo! It is very difficult, I be-'lieve, Harriet, for good people to 'forbear doing ſometimes *more* than 'goodneſs requires of them.'

'Could you not, Charlotte, have 'ſat at table with them for one hour or 'two?'

'My brother did not aſk me. He 'did not expect it. He gives every 'body their choice, you know. He 'told me laſt night who were to dine 'with him to-day, and ſuppoſed I 'would chuſe to dine with Lady L. 'or with *you*, he was ſo free as to 'ſay.'

'He did us an honour, which you 'thought too great a one. But if he '*had* aſked you, Charlotte—'

'Then I ſhould have bridled. In-'deed, I aſked him, if he did not 'over-do it.'

'What was his anſwer?'

'Perhaps he might—"But I," ſaid 'he,

" he, " may never see Mrs. Oldham " again. I want to inform myself of " her future intentions, with a view " (*over-do* it again, Charlotte!) to " make her easy and happy for life. " Her children *are* in the world. I " want to give her a credit that will " make her remembered by them, " as they grow up, with duty. I " hope I am superior to forms. She " is conscious. I can pity her. She " is a gentlewoman; and intitled to a " place at any man's table to whom " she never was a servant. She never " was mine."

' And what, Miss Grandison, could ' you say in answer?' asked I.

' What!—Why I put up my lip.'

' Ungracious girl!'

' I can't help it. That may become ' a man to do in such cases as this, that ' would not a woman.'

' Sir Charles wants not *delicacy*, my ' dear,' said I.

' He must suppose, that I should ' have sat swelling, and been reserved: ' he was right not to ask me—So be ' quiet, Harriet—And yet, perhaps, ' you would be as tame to a husband's ' mistress, as you seem favourable to a ' father's.'

She then put on one of her arch looks—

' The cases differ, Charlotte—But do ' you know what passed between the ' generous man, and the mortified ' woman and her children; mortified ' as they *must* be by his goodness?'

' Yes, yes; I had curiosity enough ' to ask Dr. Bartlett about it all.'

' Pray, Charlotte—'

' Dr. Bartlett is favourable to every ' body, sinners as well as saints—He ' began with praising the modesty of ' her dress, the humility of her beha- ' viour: he said, that she trembled ' and looked down, till she was re- ' assured by Sir Charles. Such crea- ' tures have all their tricks, Harriet.'

' You, Charlotte, are not favour- ' able to sinners, and hardly to saints. ' But pray proceed.'

' Why, he re-assured the woman, as ' I told you: and then proceeded to ' ask many questions of the elder Old- ' ham—I pitied that young fellow—to ' have a mother in his eye, whose very ' tenderness to the young ones kept ' alive the sense of her guilt. And ' yet what would she have been, had ' she not been doubly tender to the in- ' nocents, who were born to shame ' from her fault? The young man ac- ' knowledged a military genius, and ' Sir Charles told him, that he would, ' on his return from a journey he was ' going to take, consider whether he ' could not do him service in the way ' he chose. He gave him, it seems, a ' brief lecture on what he should aim ' to be, and what avoid, to qualify him- ' self for a man of true honour; and ' spoke very handsomely of such gen- ' tlemen of the army as are real gen- ' tlemen. The young fellow,' contin- ued Miss Grandison, 'may look upon ' himself to be as good as provided for, ' since my brother never gives the most ' distant hope, that is not followed by ' absolute certainty, the first oppor- ' tunity, not that *offers*, but which he ' can *make*.

' He took great notice of the little ' boys. He dilated their hearts, and ' set them a prating; and was pleased ' with their prate. The doctor, who ' had never seen him before in the com- ' pany of children, applauded him for ' his vivacity, and condescending talk ' to them. The tenderest father in ' the world, he said, could not have ' behaved more tenderly, or shewed ' himself more delighted with his own ' children, that he did with those brats ' of Mrs. Oldham.'

' Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of ' doubt, that you are the daughter of ' Lady Grandison, and sister of Sir ' Charles Grandison?—Well, but I ' believe you are—Some children take ' after the father, some after the mo- ' ther!—Forgive me, my dear.'

' But I won't. I have a great mind ' to quarrel with you, Harriet.'

' Pray don't: because I could nei- ' ther help, nor can be sorry for, what ' I have said. But pray proceed.'

' Why he made presents to the chil- ' dren. I don't know what they were; ' nor could the doctor tell me. I ' suppose very handsome ones; for he ' has the spirit of a prince. He en- ' quired very particularly after the cir- ' cumstances of the mother; and was ' more kind to her than many people ' would be to their own mothers.— ' *He* can account for this, I suppose— ' though *I* cannot. The woman, it ' is true, is of a good family, and so ' forth: but that enhances her crime.

' Natural

'Natural children abound in the present age. Keeping is fashionable. Good men should not countenance such wretches.—But my brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at least as much to say on one side of the question as on the other.'

'When the poor children are in the world, as your brother said—When the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—Your brother's treatment of Mrs. Giffard was different. He is in both instances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of those who repent.'

'Well, well: he is undoubtedly a good sort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good sort of young woman. "Where much is given, much is required:" but I have not given me such a large quantity of charity as either of you may boast: and how can I help it? But, however, the woman went away blessing and praising him; and that, the doctor says, more with her eyes, than she was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: the children hung about *his* knees, on *their's*. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—Perhaps so—He raised them by turns to his arms, and kissed them.—Why, Harriet! your eyes glisten, child. They would have run over, I suppose, had you been there! Is it, that your heart is weakened with your present situation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I see that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however slightly made, will have it's force upon a heart so truly benevolent as yours. You *must* be Lady Grandison, my dear: *indeed* you must.—Well, but I must be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my brother says.'

'He did ask me; and desired me to engage my cousins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.'

'He depends upon your coming: and so do we. He is to talk to me before you, it seems; I can't tell about what: but by his hurrying on every thing, it is plain he is preparing to leave us.'

'He is, Madam.'

"He is, Madam!" And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice—'Speak up like a woman!—The sooner he sets out, if he *must* go, the sooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *shall* be Lady Grandison still—*Ah!* and that *sigh* too! These love-sick folks have a language that nobody else can talk to them in.' And then she affectedly sighed—'Is that right, Harriet?'—She sighed again—'No, it is not: I never knew what a sigh was, but when my father vexed my sister; and that was more for fear he should one day be as cruel to me, than for her sake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the same pity ourselves. Our best passions, my dear, have their mixtures of self-love.'

'You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.'

'It *is* a likeness for all that.'

She arose, snatched my hand, hurried to the door—'Be with us, Harriet—and cousin Reeves—as soon as you can to-morrow.—I want to talk to you, my dear,' (to me!) 'of a hundred thousand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.'

Away she fluttered—Happy Miss Grandison! What charming spirits she has!

LETTER IX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5.

MISS Jervois came to me this morning by six; impatient, as she said, to communicate good news to me. I was in my closet writing. I could not sleep.

'I have seen my mother,' said she; 'and we are good friends. Was she ever unkind to me, Madam?'

'Dear creature,' said I, and clasped her to my bosom, 'you are a sweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.'

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as

as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occasion.

'Sit down, my love,' said I.—'What! when I am talking of a reconciled mother! And to dear Miss Byron!—No, indeed.'

She often held out one open hand, while the fore-finger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were spread, with pretty wonder and delight: and thus she began—

'Why, you must know, it was 'about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, 'that my mother and her husband, and 'Captain Salmonet, came. I was 'told of their visit, but two hours before: and when the coach stopped, 'and I at the window saw them alight, 'I thought I should have fainted away. 'I would have given half I was worth 'in the world to have been a hundred 'miles off.

'Dr. Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in answering a 'letter sent him by Lord W. for which 'a gentleman waited: but they had 'not been there a quarter of an hour, 'when he entered, and made apologies to them in his usual gracious 'manner. Never, the doctor says, 'did any body look so respectful as 'the major and the captain; and they 'would have made apologies to my 'guardian, for their last behaviour to 'him; but he would not let them. 'And my mother, the doctor says, 'from the very first, behaved prettily.

'The moment she asked for me, my 'guardian himself condescended to 'come up to me, and took my hand—'Was not that very good of him?—"My dear," said he, as he led me 'down stairs, (and spoke *so* kindly) "don't tremble so: am I not with "you?—Your mother is very calm "and composed: you must ask her "blessing. I shall ease your tender "heart of every pang. I shall hint to "you what to do, and how to be-"have to the gentlemen, as occasions "arise."

'He had no sooner said the words, 'than the drawing-room door gave 'way to his hand, and I was in the 'room with him.

'Down on my knees dropt I—as I 'now do to you: but I could not 'speak. Thus I did.' [And she kissed my hand, and bowed her face upon it.] 'And my mother raised me—'*You* must raise me, Madam—Yes, 'just so—And she kissed me *too*, and 'wept on my neck; and called me 'pretty names; and encouraged me, 'and said she loved me, as she loved 'her own *soul*—And I *was* encouraged.

'My guardian then, with the air 'and manner of a gracious prince, 'took my hand, and presented it first 'to the major, then to the captain; 'and they each kissed my hand, and 'spoke in my praise, I can't tell how 'many fine things.

"Major," said my guardian, when 'he presented me to him, "you must "excuse the dear child's weakness of "spirits: she wishes you all happiness "on your nuptials. She has let me "know, that she is very desirous to "do you service for her mother's "sake."

'The major swore by his soul, I 'was an angel!—

'Captain Salmonet said, that by 'his salvation, I was a charming 'young lady!

'My mother wept—"O Sir!" said 'she to my guardian: and dropping 'down in a chair by the window, not 'a word more could she speak.

'I ran to her, and clasped my arms 'about her. She wept the more: I 'wiped her eyes with her own hand-'kerchief; I told her it went to my 'heart to see her cry; I begged she 'would spare me *this* grief.

'She clasped her arms then about 'me, and kissed my cheek, and my 'forehead. "O," thought I, "it is "very good of you, my dear mo-"ther."

'Then came my guardian to us, 'and he kindly took my mother's hand 'and conducted her to the fire-side; 'and he led me, and placed me by 'her, at the tea-table; and he made 'the major and the captain sit down 'by him: *so* much graciousness in his 'countenance. O Madam, I shall be 'an idolater, I am afraid. And he 'said, "Emily, my dear, you will "make tea for us.—My sister dined "abroad, Madam," to my mother. '—"Yes, Sir, I will," said I; and 'I was as lively as a bird.

"But before the servants come in, "Let me tell you, Madam," said he, "what

" what Miſs Jervois has propoſed to " me."—They were in ſilent expec- ' tation.

" She has deſired that you, major, " will accept from her, for your mu- " tual uſe, of an additional 100l. a " year; which I ſhall order to be paid " you quarterly, during Mrs. O'Ha- " ra's life, not doubting but you will " make her as happy as it is in your " power to make her."

' My mother bowed, coloured with ' gratitude, and looked obliged.

" And ſhe begs of you, Madam," ' turning to my mother, " that you " will accept, as from the *major*, " another 100l. a year, for pin-mo- " ney, which he, or which *you*, Ma- " dam, will draw upon me for; alſo " quarterly, if you chuſe not to *trou- " ble him* to do it: for this 100l. a " year muſt be appropriated to your " ſole and ſeparate uſe, Madam—and " not be ſubject to your controul, Ma- " jor O'Hara."

" Good God, Sir!" ſaid the major— " What a wretch was I, the laſt time " I was here!—There is no bearing " of this!"

' He got up, and went to the win- ' dow: and the captain ſaid, " Bleſſed " Jeſu!" and ſomething elſe, which I ' could not mind; for I was weeping ' like a baby.

" What, Sir!" ſaid my mother, " 400l. a year! Do you mean ſo?" —" I do, Madam."—" And, Sir, " to be ſo generouſly paid me my 100l. " of it, as if I received it not from " my child, but from my huſband! " Good God! how you overpower " me, Sir! What ſhame, what re- " morſe do you ſtrike into my heart!"

' And my poor mother's tears ran ' down as faſt as mine.

' O Madam,' ſaid the dear girl to me, claſping her arms about me, ' how ' your tender heart is touched!—It is ' well you were not there!'

' Dr. Bartlett came in to tea. My ' guardian would not permit Antony, ' who offered himſelf, to wait. An- ' tony had been my own papa's ſervant, ' when my mother was not ſo good.

' Nothing but bleſſings, nothing but ' looks and words of admiration and ' gratitude, paſſed all the tea-time. ' How their hearts rejoiced, I war- ' rant—is it not a charming thing, ' Madam, to make people's hearts ' glad?—To be ſure it is! How many ' hearts has my guardian rejoiced! ' You muſt bid him be croſs to me, or ' I ſhall not know what to do with ' myſelf!—But then, if he were, I ' ſhould only get by myſelf, and cry, ' and be angry with myſelf, and think ' *he* could not be to blame.'

' O my love, my Emily!' ſaid I, ' take care of your gratitude: that ' drew in your true friend.'

' Well, but how can it be helped, ' Madam? Can a right heart be un- ' grateful? Dr. Bartlett ſays, there ' is no ſuch thing as true happineſs in ' this life: and is it not better to be ' unhappy from good men and women, ' than from bad?—Dear Madam, why ' *you* have often made me unhappy, ' becauſe of your goodneſs to me; ' and becauſe I knew, that I neither ' could deſerve nor return it.'

The dear prater went on—' My ' guardian called me aſide, when tea ' was over; " My Emily," ſaid he, ' [I do love he ſhould call me *his* Emi- ' ly!—But all the world is *his* Emily, ' I think.] " Let me ſee what you " will do with theſe two notes;" giving ' me two bank-notes of 25l. each.— " Preſent pin-money and cath may be " wanted. We will ſuppoſe that your " mother has been married a quarter " of a year. Her pin-money and the " additional annuity may commence " from the 25th of December laſt. " Let me, Emily, when they go away, " ſee the graceful manner in which " you will diſpoſe of the notes; and " from Mr. O'Hara's behaviour upon " it, we ſhall obſerve whether he is a " man with whom your mother, if it " be not her own fault, (now *you* have " made it their intereſt to be kind to " each other) may live well: but let " the motion be all your own."

' How *good* this was! I could have ' kiſſed the hand that gave me the ' notes, if I thought it would not have ' looked too free.

" I underſtand you, Sir," ſaid I.

' And when they went away, pour- ' ing out their very hearts in grateful ' joy, I addreſſed myſelf to Mr. O'Ha- ' ra: " Sir," ſaid I, " it is proper " that the payment of the additional " annuity ſhould have a commence- " ment: let it be from Chriſtmas laſt. " Accept of the firſt payment from my " own hands." And I gave him one

' 25l.

' 25l. note: and, looking at my mo-
' ther, with a look of duty, for fear
' he ſhould miſtake, and diſcredit him-
' ſelf in the eyes of the deepeſt diſ-
' cerner in the world, gave him the
' other.

' He looked firſt upon one, then
' upon the other note, with ſurprize—
' And then bowing to the ground to
' me, and to my guardian, he ſtept to
' my mother, and preſented them both
' to her—" You, Madam," ſaid he,
" muſt *ſpeak*; I cannot as I ought:
" God ſend me with a whole heart
" out of this houſe!" He hurried out,
' and when he was in the hall, wiped
' his eyes, and ſobbed like a child,
' as one of the ſervants told my Anne.

' My mother looked upon one note,
' as her huſband had done, and upon
' the other; and, lifting up her eyes,
' embraced me—And would have ſaid
' ſomething to my guardian, but he
' prevented her by ſaying—" Emily
" will be always dutiful to you, Ma-
" dam, and reſpectful to Mr. O'Ha-
" ra: may you be happy together!"

' And he led her out—Was ever ſuch
' a condeſcenſion! He led her out to
' her huſband; who, being a little re-
' covered, was juſt about to give ſome
' money to the ſervant, who was re-
' tiring from the offer—" Nobody,"
' ſaid my guardian, graciouſly ſmil-
' ing, " pays my ſervants but myſelf,
" Mr. O'Hara. They are good peo-
" ple, and *merit* my favour."

' And he went to the very door with
' my mother, I could not. I ran back,
' crying for joy, into the drawing-
' room, when *they* went out of it. I
' could not bear myſelf. How could
' I, you know, Madam?—Captain
' Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes,
' ſhrugged his ſhoulders, lifted up
' his hands, and cried out upon Jeſu;
' and once or twice he croſſed himſelf:
' but all the time my guardian looked
' and acted, as if thoſe actions and
' praiſes were nothing to be proud of.

' When he came in to me, I aroſe,
' and threw myſelf at his feet; but
' could only ſay, " Thank you, Sir,
" for your goodneſs to my mother."
' He raiſed me. He ſat down by me:
" See, child," ſaid he, and he took
' my hand; my heart was ſenſible of
' the favour, and throbbed with joy;
" what it is in the power of people of
" fortune to do. You have a great
" one. Now your mother is married,
" I have hopes of her. They will
" at leaſt keep up appearances to each
" other, and to the world. They
" neither of them want ſenſe. *You*
" have done an act of duty and bene-
" volence both in one. The man who
" would grudge them this additional
" 200l. a year out of your fortune,
" to make your parent happy, ſhall
" not have my Emily—Shall he?"

" Your Emily, your *happy* Emily,
" Sir, has not, cannot, have a heart,
" that is worth notice, if it be not
" implicitly guided by you."—This
' I ſaid, Madam; and it is true.'

' And did he not,' ſaid I, ' claſp
' his Emily to his generous boſom,
' when you ſaid ſo?'

' No, Madam; that would have
' been too great an honour: but he
' called me, " Good child!" And
' ſaid, " You ſhall never be put to
" pay me an *implicit* regard: your
" own reaſon", (and he called me *child*
' again) " ſhall always be the judge
" of my conduct to you, and direct
" your obſervances of my advice."
' Something like this he ſaid; but in
' a better manner than I can ſay it.

' He calls me oftener *child*, Madam,
' than any thing elſe, when we are
' alone together; and is not quite ſo
' free, I think, at ſuch times, in his
' behaviour to me, (yet is *vaſtly* gra-
' cious, I don't know how) as when
' we are in company.—Why is that?—
' I am ſure, I equally reſpect *him*, at
' one time as at another.—Do you
' think, Madam; there is any thing in
' the obſervation? Is there any *reaſon*
' for it? I *do* love to ſtudy him, and
' to find out the meaning of his very
' looks as well as words. Sir Charles
' Grandiſon's heart is the book of
' Heaven—May I *not* ſtudy it?'

' Study it, my love, while you have
' an opportunity. But he will ſoon
' leave us: he will ſoon leave Eng-
' land.'

' So I fear: and I will love and pity
' the poor Clementina, whoſe heart is
' ſo much wounded and oppreſſed.
' But my guardian ſhall be nobody's
' but yours. I have prayed night and
' day, the firſt thing, and the laſt
' thing, ever ſince I have heard of
' Lady Clementina, that you, and no-
' body but you, may be Lady Gran-
' diſon; and I will continue my pray-

'ers.—But, will you forgive me? I 'always conclude them with praying, 'that you will both consent to let the 'poor Emily live with you.'

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, said she?—I embraced her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other; and each perhaps for herself.

She hurried away. I resumed my pen—Run off what had passed, almost as swift as thought. I quit it, to prepare to attend my cousins to St. James's Square.

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 5.

MISS Grandison, as I told you, took with her my letter of yesterday. As soon as my cousin Reeves's and I entered Sir Charles's house, the two sisters conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their brother had made me, though in preference to themselves, and his communicativeness and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us; and he, having read the letter, congratulated me also.—On what, Lucy?—Why, on the *possibility*, that if the unhappy Clementina should die; or if she should be buried for life in a nunnery; or if she should be otherwise disposed of—why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* husband in Sir Charles Grandison, and *half* a heart: is not this the sum of these humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when he came, was in his study with Mr. Lowther, the surgeon, whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: but he just came out to welcome us; and then returned.—He had also with him two physicians eminent for their knowledge in disorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the case of the unhappy Clementina; and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which she ought to be treated, according to the various symptoms of her disorder.

When he joined us, he told us this; and said very high things at the same time in praise of the English surgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: and added, that as nervous disorders were more frequent in England than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the English physicians were more skilful than those of any other country in the management of persons afflicted with such maladies: and as he was now invited over, he was determined to furnish himself with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be useful in restoring and healing friends so dear to him.

Miss Grandison told him, that we were all in some apprehensions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the general. 'Miss 'Byron,' said she, 'has told us, that 'Mrs. Beaumont advises not your go-'ing over.'

'The young Marquis della Por-'retta,' said he, 'is hasty; but he is 'a gallant man, and loves his sister. 'His grief on the unhappy situation 'they are in, demands allowance. It 'is natural in a heavy calamity to look 'out of ourselves for the occasion. I 'have not any apprehensions from 'him, or from any body else. The 'call upon me is a proper one. The 'issue must be left where it ought to 'be left. If my visit will give com-'fort to any *one* of the family, I shall 'be rewarded: if to *more* than one, 'happy.—And, whatever be the event, 'shall be easier in myself, than I could 'be, were I not to comply with the 'request of the bishop, were *he* only 'to have made it.'

Lord L. asked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his setting out?

'I have,' said he, 'within this 'half-hour. Mr. Lowther has told 'me, that he shall be ready by the 'beginning of next week; and on Sa-'turday se'nnight I hope to be at Do-'ver, on my way.'

We looked upon one another. Miss Grandison told me afterwards, that my colour went and came several times, and that she was afraid for me. My heart was *indeed* a little affected. I believe I must not think of taking leave of him when he sets out. Ah, Lucy! nine days hence!—Yet in less than nine days after that, I shall be embraced by the tendereſt relations that ever creature had to boast of.

Sir Charles taking his sister aside, 'I want,' said he, 'to say a few words

'to

'to you, Charlotte.' They were about half an hour together; and then returning, 'I am encouraged to think,' said he, 'that Charlotte will give her 'hand to Lord G. She is a woman 'of honour, and her heart must therefore go with it.—I have a request to 'make to her, before all you, our 'common friends.—The Earl of G. 'Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all join in 'one suit: it is, that I may be allowed to give my sister to Lord G. before 'I leave England.'

'I have told you, brother, that it is 'impossible, if you go away in nine 'or ten days time.'

Sir Charles particularly requested my influence. I could have no doubt, I said, but Miss Grandison would oblige her brother.

She vehemently opposed so early a day.

In a most affectionate manner, yet with an air of seriousness, he urged his request. He said, that it was very proper for him to make some dispositions of his affairs before he went abroad. He should leave England with much more pleasure, if he saw his Charlotte the wife of a man so worthy as Lord G. 'Lord G.' said he, 'adores you; you *intended* to be 'his: resolve to oblige your brother, 'who, though he cannot be happy 'himself, wishes to see you so.'

'O Sir Charles!' said she, 'you 'ruin me by your solemnity, and by 'your goodness.'

'The subject is not a light one. I 'am greatly in earnest, Charlotte. I 'have many affairs on my hands. 'My heart is in this company; yet 'my engagements will permit me but 'few opportunities to enjoy it between 'this and Tuesday next. If you deny 'me now, I must acquiesce: if you 'have more than punctilio to plead, 'say you have, and I will not urge 'you farther.'

'And so this is the last time of 'asking, Sir?'—A little archly.

'*Not* the last time of my Lord G.'s—'but of mine.—But I will not allow 'you now to answer me lightly. If 'you can name a day before Tuesday, 'you will greatly oblige me. I will 'leave you to consider of it.' And he withdrew.

Every one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was *intitled* to her compliance; and that he had spoken to *her* on this subject in a still more earnest manner. She should hardly be able to excuse her, she said, if the serious hint he had given about settling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. 'You 'know, Charlotte,' continued she, 'that he can have no motive but your 'good; and you have told me, that 'you intend to have Lord G. and 'that you esteem his father, his aunt, 'and every one of his family, whom 'you have seen; and they are highly 'pleased with you. Settlements are 'already drawn: that my brother told 'you last night. Nothing is wanting 'but your day.'

'I wish he was in half the hurry to 'be married himself.'

'So he would be, I dare say, Char-'lotte, if marriage were as much in 'his power as it is in yours.'

'What a deuce, to be married to a 'man in a week's time, with whom I 'have quarrelled every day for a fort-'night past! Pride and petulance must 'go down by degrees, sister. A month, 'at least, is necessary to bring my fea-'tures to such a placidness with him, 'as to allow him to smile in my face.'

'Your brother has hinted, Char-'lotte,' said I, 'that he loves you for 'your vivacity; and should still more, 'if you consulted *time* and *occasion*.'

'He has withdrawn, sister,' said Lord L. 'with a resolution, if you 'deny him, to urge you no farther.'

'I *hate* his peremptoriness.'

'Has he not told you, Charlotte,' said I, 'and that in a manner so seri-'ous, as to affect every body, that 'there is a kind of necessity for it?'

'I don't love this Clementina, Har-'riet: all this is owing to her.'

Just then a rapping at the door signified visitors: and Emily ran in.—'Lord G. the earl, and Lady Ger-'trude, believe me!'

Miss Grandison changed colour. 'A contrivance of my brother's!— 'Ah! Lord! Now shall I be beset!— 'I will be sullen, that I may not be 'saucy.'

'*Sullen* you can't be, Charlotte,' said Lady L. 'But *saucy* you can. 'Remember, however, my brother's

'earneſtneſs, and ſpare Lord G. be-
'fore his father and aunt, or you will
'give me, and every body, pain.'

'How can I? Our laſt quarrel is
'not made up: but adviſe him not to
'be either impertinent or ſecure.'

Immediately entered Sir Charles, introducing the earl and Lady Gertrude. After the firſt compliments, 'Pray,
'Sir Charles,' ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, drawing him aſide, towards me, and whiſpering, 'tell me truly: did not
'you know of this viſit?'

'I *invited* them, Charlotte,' whiſpered he. 'I meant not however to
'ſurprize you. If you comply, you
'will give me great pleaſure: if you
'do not, I will not be *diſ*-pleaſed with
'my ſiſter.'

'What *can* I do? Either be leſs
'good to me, Sir, or leſs hurrying.'

'You have ſacrificed enough to fe-
'male punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G.
'has been a zealous courtier. You
'have no doubt of the ardour of his
'paſſion, nor of your own power.
'Leave the day to me. Let it be
'Tueſday next.'

'Good Heaven! I can't bear you,
'after ſuch a—' And ſhe gaſped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, ſhe went to Lady Gertrude, who, riſing, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They ſtaid out till they were told dinner was ſerved: and when they returned, I thought I never ſaw Miſs Grandiſon look ſo lovely. A charming bluſh had overſpread her cheeks: a ſweet conſciouſneſs in her eyes gave a *female* grace to her whole aſpect, and ſoftened, as I may ſay, the natural majeſty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delight, as if his heart were filled with happy preſages. The earl ſeemed no leſs pleaſed.

Miſs Grandiſon was unuſually thoughtful all dinner-time. She gave me great joy to ſee her ſo, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the huſband, the over-lively miſtreſs will be ſunk in the obliging wife.—And yet, now and then, as the joy in my lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could obſerve *that* archneſs riſing to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner, the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude deſired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long abſent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miſs Grandiſon to them. Lord G.'s complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together, and joined us. We were ſtanding; and he ſingled me out—'I hope, Madam,' ſaid he, 'that Charlotte may be pre-
'vailed upon for Tueſday next: but
'I will not urge it farther.'

I thought he was framing himſelf to ſay ſomething particular to me; when Lady L. came in, and deſired him and me to ſtep to her ſiſter, who had retired from the earl and Lady Gertrude by conſent.

'Ah, my Harriet!' ſaid ſhe, 'pity
'me, my dear!—Debaſement is the
'child of pride!'—Then turning to Sir Charles, 'I acknowledge myſelf
'overcome,' ſaid ſhe, 'by your ear-
'neſtneſs, as you are ſo ſoon to leave
'us, and by the importunities of the
'Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and my
'ſiſter.—Unprepared in mind, in
'cloaths, I am reſolved to oblige the
'beſt of brothers.—Do you, Sir, diſ-
'poſe of me as you think fit.'

'My ſiſter conſents, Sir,' ſaid Lady L. 'for next Tueſday.'

'Chearfully, I hope. If Charlotte
'balances whether, if ſhe took more
'time, ſhe ſhould have Lord G. at all,
'let her take it. Lord L. in my ab-
'ſence, will be to her all that I wiſh
'to be, when ſhe ſhall determine.'

'I balance *not*, Sir: but I thought
'to have had a month's time, at leaſt,
'to look about me; and having treated
'Lord G. too flippantly, to give him
'by degrees ſome fairer proſpects of
'happineſs with me, than hitherto he
'has had.'

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his ſiſter, he ſaid. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and conſider all that had paſſed as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would baniſh from his remembrance the petulant miſtreſs.
'And now allow me, my dear ſiſter,
'to preſent you to the earl and Lady
'Gertrude.'

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in alſo.—
'Charlotte, my lord, yields to your's
'and Lady Gertrude's importunities.
'Next Tueſday will give the two fa-
'milies a near and tender relation to
'each other.'

The earl ſaluted her in a very affectionate

ſionate manner: ſo did Lady Gertrude; who afterwards ran out for her nephew; and, leading him in, preſented him to Miſs Grandiſon.

She had juſt time to whiſper me, as he approached her, 'Ah, Harriet! 'now comes the worſt part of the 'ſhew.'—He kneeled on one knee, kiſſed her hand; but was too much overjoyed to ſpeak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as ſhe led him in, that Tueſday was to be his happy day.

It is impoſſible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandiſon muſt carry every point he ſets his heart upon. When he ſhall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withſtand him!—Is not his conſequence doubled, *more* than doubled, ſince he was with them? The man whoſe abſence they wiſhed for, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to reſtore their Clementina: he has a noble eſtate now in poſſeſſion. The fame of his goodneſs is gone out to diſtant countries. O my dear! all oppoſition muſt fly before him. And if it be the will of Heaven to reſtore Clementina, all her friends muſt concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has propoſed; and from which, having *himſelf* propoſed them, Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and ſo it *ought* to be. And yet I could not forbear being ſenſibly touched by the following words, which I overheard him ſay to Lord L. in anſwer to ſomething my lord ſaid to him—

'I am impatient to be abroad. 'Had I not waited for Mr. Lowther, 'the laſt letters I received from Italy 'ſhould have been anſwered in per'ſon.'

But as honour, compaſſion, love, *friendſhip*, (ſtill nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey the call. He has ſet me high in his eſteem. Let me be worthy of his friendſhip. Pangs I ſhall occaſionally feel; but who, that values one perſon above the reſt of the world, does not?

Sir Charles, as we ſat at tea, mentioned his couſin Grandiſon to Lord L. 'It is ſtrange, my lord,' ſaid he, 'that we hear nothing of our couſin 'Everard, ſince he was ſeen at White's. 'But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, 'if I am abſent, receive him without re'proaches: yet I ſhould be glad that 'he could have rejoiced with us. 'Muſt I leave England, and not ſee 'him?'

It has been, it ſeems, the way of this unhappy man, to ſhut himſelf up with ſome woman in private lodgings, for fear his couſin ſhould find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then ſeek for his couſin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a ſtate of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till ſome new temptation ariſes, he is in earneſt in his penitence; and hopes, that in time he will ſee his errors.

Oh, Lucy! What a poor, creeping, mean wretch, is a libertine; when one looks *down* upon him, and *up* to ſuch a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandiſon!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy ſucceſs that had rewarded his beneficent ſpirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantage, and praiſed the families on both ſides, which were to be ſo cloſely united on the morrow, not forgetting to mention kindly *honeſt* Mr. Sylveſter the attorney.

He told us, that he ſhould ſet out on Friday early for Windſor, in order to attend Lord W. in his firſt viſit to Mansfield Houſe. 'You, Lady L. 'will have the trouble given you,' ſaid he, 'of cauſing to be new-ſet the 'jewels of the late Lady W. for a 'preſent to the future bride. My lord 'ſhewed them to me (among a great 'number of other valuable trinkets 'of his late wife's) in my laſt return 'from the Hall. They are rich, and 'will do credit to his quality.—You, 'my Lord L.—you, my ſiſters—will 'be charmed with your new aunt, 'and her whole family. I have joy 'on the happineſs in proſpect that 'will gild the latter days of my mo'ther's brother; and at the ſame time 'be a means of freeing from oppreſ'ſion an ancient and worthy family.'

Tears were in every eye. 'There

'*now*,'

'*now*,' thought I, 'fits this princely man, rejoicing every one that sees him, and hears him speak: but *where* will he be nine days hence? And *whose* this day twelvemonth?'

He talked with particular pleasure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleased himself that he should leave behind him a man who would delight every body, and supply to his friends *his* absence.—What a character did he give, and Dr. Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the earl, and Lady Gertrude, dwell upon all he said! They prided themselves on the relation they were likely so soon to stand in to so valuable a man.

In your last letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr. Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces against this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart rises against him!—He—But no more of such an earth-born creature.

LETTER XI.

MISS BYRON, IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 6.

MISS Grandison, accompanied by Miss Jervois, has just left us. Lady L. has undertaken, she says, to set all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tuesday next.—Miss Grandison (would you believe it?) owns, that she wants *spirits* to order any thing. What must be the solemnity of that circumstance, when near, that shall make Charlotte Grandison want spirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herself into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low and very silly: I don't like next Tuesday by any means.'

'Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

'I do not like the man.'

'Is there any man whom you like better?'

'I can't say that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half so good—Tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction!—O Harriet! where is there such another man?

'No where.—But you don't by marriage lose, on the contrary, you farther engage and secure, the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your husband, a man who loves you; and you will have your brother besides.'

'Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?'

'I am sure you may, if it be not your own fault.'

'That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man; but I cannot honour him.'

'Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.'

'Yet I must. But I believe I *think* too much: and consideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to Heaven that the same hour that my hand and Lord G.'s were joined, your's and my brother's were also united!'

'Ah, Miss Grandison! If you love me, try to wean me; and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.'

'Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greatest, if you can conquer a passion which overturned her reason.'

'Do not, my Charlotte, make comparisons in which the conscience of your Harriet tells her she must be a sufferer. There is no occasion for me to despise myself, in order to hold myself inferior to Clementina.'

'Well, you are a noble creature!—But, the approaching Tuesday—I cannot bear to think of it.'

'Dear Charlotte!'

'And dear Harriet too!—But the officiousness, the assiduities of this trifling man, are disgustful to me.'

'You don't hate him?'

'Hate him—True—I don't *hate* him—But I have been so much accustomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He should not have been so tame to such a spirit as mine. He should have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and shall never leave it off, that's certain.'

'Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* resent your ill treatment of him.'

'Too late, too late to begin Harriet. I won't

'I won't take it of him now. He has 'never let me see that his face can 'become two sorts of features. The 'poor man can look sorrowful; that 'I know full well: but I shall always 'laugh when he attempts to look 'angry.'

'You *know* better, Charlotte. You 'may give him so much cause for 'anger, that you may make it habi-'tual to him, and then would be glad 'to see him pleased. Men have a 'hundred ways that women have not, 'to divert themselves abroad, when 'they cannot be happy at home. This 'I have heard observed by—'

'By your grandmother, Harriet. 'Good old lady! In *her* reign it might 'be so; but you will find, that wo-'men now have as many ways to di-'vert themselves abroad as the men. 'Have you not observed this yourself 'in one of your letters to Lucy? Ah, 'my dear! We can every hour of the 'twenty-four be up with our monarchs, 'if they are undutiful.'

'But Charlotte Grandison will not, 'cannot—'

'Why that's true, my dear—But 'I shall not then be a Grandison. 'Yet the man will have some security 'from my brother's goodness. He is 'not only good himself, but he makes 'every one related to him, either for 'fear or shame, good likewise. But 'I think that when one week or fort-'night is happily over, and my spirits 'are got up again from the depression 'into which this abominable hurry 'puts them, I could fall upon some in-'ventions that would make every one 'laugh, except the person who might 'take it into his head that he may be 'a sufferer by them: and who can '*laugh*, and be *angry*, in the same 'moment.'

'You should not marry, Charlotte, 'till this wicked vein of humour and 'raillery is stopped.'

'I hope it will hold me till fifty.'

'Don't say so, Charlotte—Say ra-'ther that you hope it will hold you 'so long only as it may be thought 'innocent and inoffensive, by the man 'whom it will be your duty to oblige; 'and so long as it will bring no dis-'credit to yourself.'

'Your servant, good Gravity!—But 'what *must* be, must. The man is 'bound to see it. It will be all his 'own seeking. He will sin with his 'eyes open. I think he has seen 'enough of me to take warning.—All 'that I am concerned about is for the 'next week or fortnight. He will 'be king all that time.—Yet perhaps 'not *quite* all neither. And I shall 'be his sovereign ever after, or I am 'mistaken. What a deuce, shall a 'woman marry a man of talents not 'superior to her own, and forget to re-'ward herself for her condescension? '—But, high-ho!—There's a sigh, 'Harriet. Were I at home, I would 'either sing you a song, or play you 'a tune, in order to raise my own 'heart.'

She besought me then, with great earnestness, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. 'You see,' said she, 'that my brother 'has engagements till Monday. Dear 'creature, support, comfort me—Don't 'you see my heart beat through my 'stays.—If you love me, come to me 'to-morrow to breakfast: and leave 'me not for the whole time—Are you 'not my sister, and the friend of my 'heart? I will give you a month for 'it, upon demand. Come, let us go 'down, I will ask the consent of both 'your cousins.'

She did: and they, with their usual goodness to me, chearfully complied.

Sir Charles set out this morning to attend the triple marriages; dressed charmingly, his sister says. I have made Miss Grandison promise to give me an account of such particulars, as, by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, she can pick up. All we single girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to such subjects as these, as what one day may be our own concern.

LETTER XII.

MISS GRANDISON, TO MISS BYRON.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

UNreasonable, wicked, cruel, Byron! To expect a poor creature, so near her execution, to write an account of other people's behaviour in the same tremendous circumstances! The matrimonial noose has hung over my head for some time past; and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck.

—Almost

—Almoſt choaked, my dear!—This moment done hearing read, the firſts, ſeconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them—Lord be merciful to us!—And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his ſpectacled noſe, as if to ſee how I bore it! Lord G. inſulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude ſimpering; little Emily ready to bleſs herſelf—How will the dear Harriet bear theſe abominable recitatives!—But I am now up ſtairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to ſay about the Danby's? Saunders has made his report; Sir Charles has told us ſome things; yet I will only give you heads: make out the reſt.

In the firſt place, my brother went to Mrs. Harrington's, (Miſs Danby's aunt:) *ſhe* did every thing but worſhip him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late huſband, dainty damſels of the city, who had procured themſelves to be invited, that they might ſee the man whom they called, 'A wonder of generoſity 'and goodneſs.' Richard heard one of them ſay to the other, 'Ah, ſiſter, 'this is a king of a man! What pity 'there are not many ſuch!' But, Harriet, if there were a hundred of them, we would not let one of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir Charles praiſed Miſs Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I ſuppoſe. Meek, modeſt, and humble, are qualities which men are mighty fond of in women. But matrimony, and a ſenſe of obligation, are equally great humblers even of ſpirits prouder than that of Miſs Danby; as your poor Charlotte can teſtify.

The young gentlemen, with the reſt, were to meet Sir Charles, the bride, and theſe ladies, at St. Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in reſpect to Sir Charles, was to be firſt yoked. He gave her away to the ſon Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: but firſt Mr. Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forgot which, fainted away; another half-fainted—ſaved by timely ſalts: the third, poor ſoul, wept heartily—as I ſuppoſe I ſhall do on Tueſday.

Never, ſurely, was there ſuch a matrimony-promoter, as my brother. God give me ſoon my revenge upon him in the ſame way!

The proceſſion afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four filly ſouls in each; and to Mr. Pouſſin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company.

My brother was all chearfulneſs; and both men and women ſeemed to contend for his notice: but they were much diſappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married lady, the wife of Sir —— Somebody, (I am very bad at remembering the names of city knights) was reſolved, ſhe ſaid, ſince they could not have Sir Charles to open the ball, to have one dance before dinner, with the handſomeſt man in England. The muſic was accordingly called in, and he made no ſcruple to oblige the company on a day ſo happy.

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is ſuppoſed to be one of the fineſt dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tueſday—[Lord help me! I ſhall then be ſtupid, and remember nothing] you take him out yourſelf: and then you will judge for yourſelf of his excellence in this ſcience—May we not call dancing a ſcience? If we judge by the *few* who perform gracefully in it, I am ſure we may; and a difficult one too.

O!—And remember, Harriet, that you get ſomebody to call upon him to ſing—*You* ſhall play—I believe I ſhall forget in that only agreeable moment of the day, (for you have a ſweet finger, my love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—how *can* I, in the circumſtances I am in, write any more about the ſoft ſouls, and ſilly? Come to me by day-dawn, and leave me not till—I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I ſhall hate this man; he does nothing but hop, ſkip, and dance about me, grin, and make mouths; and every body upholds him in it.

Muſt this (I hope not!) be the laſt time that I write myſelf to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, FRIDAY MORN. APRIL 7.

SIR Charles Grandiſon ſet out early this morning for Lord W.'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimſical Charlotte.

Lady L. Miſs Jervois, myſelf, and every female of the family, or who do buſineſs for both ſiſters out of it, are buſy in ſome way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tueſday.

Miſs Grandiſon is the only idle perſon. I tell her, ſhe is affectedly ſo.

The earl has preſented her, in his ſon's name, with ſome very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are alſo beſpoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L.'s advice in every thing, as one well read in the faſhions. New equipages are beſpoke; and gay ones they will be.

Miſs Grandiſon confounded me this morning by an inſtance of her generoſity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third ſiſter, of her ſhare of her mother's jewels. You may believe that I abſolutely refuſed ſuch a preſent. I was angry with her; and told her, ſhe had but one way of making it up with me; and that was, that ſince ſhe would be ſo compleatly ſet out from her lord, ſhe would unite the two halves, by preſenting her's to Lady L. who had refuſed jewels from her lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occaſionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleaſed with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any body but me) to her jeweller; who is to diſpoſe them in ſuch figures, as ſhall anſwer thoſe ſhe herſelf is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner uſeleſs to herſelf, ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall oblige her ſiſter, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is alſo preparing ſome fine preſents for her niece-elect: but neither the delighted approbation of the family ſhe is entering into, nor the ſatisfaction expreſſed by her own friends, give the perverſe Charlotte any viſible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the diſtinction which ſhe ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man ſo happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expreſſion of his joy; which ſhe has taken it into her head to call an inſult upon her.

She does not, however, give the ſcope ſhe did before the day was fixed, to her playful captiouſneſs. She is not quite ſo arch as ſhe was. Thoughtfulneſs and a ſeeming careleſsneſs of what we are all employed in, appear in her countenance. She ſaunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpſichord only. What a whimſical thing is Charlotte Grandiſon? But ſtill ſhe keeps Lord G. at diſtance. I told her an hour ago, that ſhe knows not how to condeſcend to him with that grace which is ſo natural to her in her whole behaviour to every body elſe.

I have been talking to Dr. Bartlett, about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. Nobody knows, he ſays, what a bleeding heart is covered by a countenance ſo benign and chearful. 'Sir Charles 'Grandiſon,' ſaid he, 'has a prudence beyond that of moſt young 'men; but he has great ſenſibilities.'

'I take it for granted, Sir,' ſaid I, 'that he will for the future be more an 'Italian than an Engliſhman.'

'Impoſſible, Madam! A *prudent* 'youth, by travelling, reaps this advantage—From what he ſees of other 'countries, he learns to prefer his 'own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long abſence 'from it. Italy in particular is called, 'the garden of Europe: but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, 'and *might be*, than what *it is*. I 'need not tell a lady who has read 'and converſed as you have done, to 'what that incomparable difference 'is owing. Sir Charles Grandiſon 'is greatly ſenſible of it. He loves 'his country, with the judgment of a 'wiſe man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.'

'But, doctor, he has offered, you 'know, to reſide—' There I ſtopped.

'True, Madam—And he will not 'recede from his offers, if they are 'claimed. But this uncertainty it is 'that diſturbs him.

'I pity my patron,' proceeded he.

'I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiſcretion to expect, when diſcretion has ſo much to ſuffer? His only conſolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himſelf with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man ſhould. He makes no oſtentation of his piety: but, Madam, Sir Charles Grandiſon is a CHRISTIAN.'

'You need not, Sir, ſay more to me to exalt him: and, let me add, that I have no ſmall pleaſure in knowing that Clementina is a lady of ſtrict piety, though a Roman Catholick.'

'And let me aſſure you, Madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miſs Byron, (his *more* than regard for her, why ſhould I not ſay? ſince every body ſees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, Madam, is an accidental and tranſient good. No man better knows how to diſtinguiſh between *admiration* and *love*, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and againſt ſenſibilities, that it is heroick to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: and here I muſt acknowledge myſelf a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope ſoon to diſcharge the obligation.'

'Your own time, doctor: but I *muſt* ſay, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's ſtory, I ſhall be pained, if I find that a Clementina is conſidered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandiſon.'

'Lady Olivia, Madam, *admires* him for his virtues, but ſhe cannot, as *he* has made it his ſtudy to do, divide *admiration* from *love*. What offers has ſhe not refuſed? But ſhe declares, that ſhe had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandiſon, than the wife of the greateſt prince on earth.'

This ſtruck me: have not I ſaid ſomething like it? But ſurely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor ſuggeſts, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: yet I hope not.

'The FRIEND, Dr. Bartlett;—I hope that no woman who is not quite given up to diſhonour, will pollute the ſacred word, by affixing ideas to it, that cannot be connected with it. A *friend* is one of the higheſt characters that one human creature can ſhine in to another. There may be *love*, that though it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendſhip. How poor are all ſuch attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that nobleſt, that moſt delicate union of ſouls! You wonder at me, Dr. Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir, if (I have it by heart) Sir Charles Grandiſon's tender of friendſhip to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me ſuch exalted ideas of this diſintereſted paſſion: but you muſt not take notice that I have. I repeated thoſe words beginning, "My "heart demands alliance with hers—" and ending with theſe—"So long as "it ſhall be conſiſtent with her other "attachments *."

The doctor was ſilent for a few moments: at laſt, 'What a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how conſiſtent with the exacteſt truth! The friendſhip he offers you, Madam, is *indeed* friendſhip. What you have repeated can want no explanation: yet it is expreſſive of his uncertain ſituation. It is—'

He ſtopped of a ſudden.

'Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.'

'My *good* young lady!—I may ſay too much. Sir Charles in theſe nice points muſt be left to himſelf. It is impoſſible for any body to expreſs his thoughts as *he* can expreſs them. But let me ſay, that he juſtly, as well as greatly, admires Miſs Byron.'

My heart roſe againſt itſelf. 'Bold Harriet,' thought I, 'how dareſt thou thus urge a good man to ſay more than he has a mind to ſay of the ſecrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyſelf with the *hopes* that the worthieſt man in the world would wiſh to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obſtacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, becauſe juſtice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, haſt thou not been

* See Letter VII.

taught

'taught to prefer right and juſtice to
'every other conſideration? And
'wouldſt thou abhor the thought of a
'common theft; yet ſteal a heart that
'is the property, and that by the
'deareſt purchaſe, of another?'

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY EVENING.

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed.

Charlotte, the perverſe Charlotte, inſiſted upon not going to church.

Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; though his father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other perſon, were againſt her.

Lord L. ſaid, that if fine ladies thought ſo ſlightly of the office, as that it might be performed any where, it would be no wonder if fine gentlemen thought ſtill more ſlightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I ſaid, that I thought of marriage as one of the moſt ſolemn acts of a woman's life.

'And if a woman's, of a *man's*,
'ſurely,' interrupted Lady L. 'If
'your whimſey, Charlotte,' added ſhe,
'ariſes from modeſty, you reflect up-
'on your ſiſter: and, what is worſe,
'upon your mother.'

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid a heavy hand upon the affectation; yet admires her niece elect. She diſtinguiſhed between chamber vows and church vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She ſpoke plainer, of Charlotte's unfeeling perverſeneſs. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom, that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that ſhe was in a hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worſe to Lord G.—'And why,' whiſpered ſhe to him, as he ſat next her, 'muſt thou ſhew all
'thy teeth, man?'—As Lady Gertrude meant to ſhame her, I thought I could as ſoon forgive that lady, as her who was the occaſion of the freedom of ſpeech.

But ſtill ſhe was perverſe: ſhe would not be married at all, ſhe ſaid, if ſhe were not complied with.

I whiſpered her, as I ſat on the other ſide of her, 'I wiſh, Charlotte, the
'knot were tied: till then, you will
'not do even right things, but in a
'wrong manner.'

Dr. Bartlett was not preſent: he was making a kind viſit to my couſin Reeves. When he came in the debate was referred to him. He entered into it with her, with ſo much modeſty, good ſenſe, propriety, and ſteadineſs, that at laſt the perverſe creature gave way: but hardly would neither, had he not aſſured her, that her brother would be entirely againſt her; and that he himſelf muſt be excuſed performing the ſacred office, but in a ſacred place. She has ſet her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertude, as alſo Lord and Lady L. went away, not diſſatisfied with Charlotte's compliance! She is the moſt ungraciouſly graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: but Lord G. was to pay for all. She and I got together in the ſtudy: in bolted Lord G. perhaps with *too* little ceremony. She coloured.—'Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you?' His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. 'Fie, Char-
'lotte!' ſaid I; 'recollect yourſelf—'
and riſing, ſtepped to the door, 'My
'lord—' calling after him.

He came back, but in a little ferment—'I hoped, I hoped, Madam,
'as you were not in your own apart-
'ment, that I might, that I might
'have been—'

'Wherever ladies are by themſelves,
'it is a lady's apartment, my lord!'
ſaid ſhe, with a haughtineſs that ſat better on *her* features, than it would upon almoſt any other woman's.

He looked, as if he knew not whether he ſhould ſtay or go. 'Sit down,
'my lord,' ſaid I; 'we are not parti-
'cularly engaged.' He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who ſat as ſtately as a princeſs on her throne: but yet looked diſobliged. 'You give yourſelf pretty airs, my
'lord—don't you?'

'Pretty airs, Madam—Pretty airs!
'By my ſoul, I think, Madam—And
'with ſuch a glow on your face, Ma-
'dam—' Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earneſt

motion, ſwinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did—

'What, Sir, am I to be buffeted, Sir!'

He put his hat under his arm again—'*Buffeted*, Madam! Would to Heaven—'

'What has Heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G.?'

'I beg pardon for intruding, Madam—But I thought—'

'That you had a privilege, Sir—But marriage itſelf, Sir, ſhall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought*, Sir—You could *not think*—So much the worſe if you did—'

'If I have really offended—I will be more circumſpect for the future—I beg pardon, Madam—Miſs Byron, I hope, will forgive me too.'

He was going, in great diſcompoſure, and with an air of angry humility.

'Charlotte,' whiſpered I—'Don't be ſilly.'

'Come, come, now you *have* broke in upon us, you may ſtay—But another time, when you know me to be retired with a friend ſo dear to me, let it enter into your head that no third perſon, unſent for, can be welcome.'

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance changed at once to the humble placid: he looked as if he had rather be in fault than ſhe.

Oh! how *little* did ſhe make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this inſtance, let her ſee her power over him. I am afraid ſhe will uſe it. I now ſee it is and will be his misfortune, that ſhe can vex him without being vexed herſelf: and what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned diſpleaſure; which, while it ſeems to be in earneſt to him, will be a jeſt to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that ſhe would be an enemy, I was afraid, to her own happineſs. But ſhe only laughed at me: 'Happineſs, my dear!' ſaid ſhe: '*that* only is happineſs which 'we think ſo. If I can be as happy 'in my way, as you can be in yours, 'ſhall I not purſue it? Your happi-'neſs, child, is in the ſtill life. I 'love not a dead calm: now a tem-'peſt, now a refreſhing breeze, I ſhall 'know how to enjoy the difference—'My brother will not be here to turn 'jeſt into earneſt; as might perhaps 'be the effect of his mediation—But 'high-ho, Harriet! that the firſt week 'were over, and I had got into my 'throne!'

She ended with an Italian air, contraſted with another high-ho; and left me for a few moments.

'Poor Lord G.!' ſaid I, looking after her.

She returned ſoon. "*Poor Lord G.!*" repeated ſhe. 'Thoſe were 'the piteous words you threw after 'me—But if I ſhould provoke him, 'do you think he would not give me 'a cuff, or ſo?—You know he can't 'return joke for joke; and he muſt 'revenge himſelf ſome way—If that 'ſhould be the caſe, "*Poor Charlotte*," 'I hope you would ſay—

'Not if you deſerved it.'

'Deſerve a *cuff*, Harriet!—Well, 'but I am afraid I ſhall.'

'Remember next Tueſday, Char-'lotte!—You muſt vow obedience—'Will you break your vow!—This is 'not a jeſting matter.'

'True, Harriet, and that it is *not*, 'was perhaps one of the reaſons that 'made me diſinclined to go to ſo 'ſolemn a place as the church with 'Lord G.—Don't you think it one 'with thoſe who inſiſt upon being 'married in their own chamber?'

'I believe great people,' ſaid I, 'think they muſt not do right things 'in the common way: that ſeems to 'me to be one of their fantaſtick rea-'ſons: but the vow is the vow, Char-'lotte; God is every where.'

'Now you are ſo ſerious, Harriet, 'it is time to have done with the ſub-'ject.'

* *

I HAVE no ſleep in my eyes; and muſt go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miſs Grandiſon, and my pity for Lord G.; for the inſtance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have ſeen: but I thought, ſo near the day, ſhe would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely the ſituation her brother is in, without any fault

fault of his own, might convince her, that she need not go out of her path to pick up subjects for unhappiness.

Such a kittenish disposition in her, I called it; for it is not so much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulness: and when the fit is upon her, she regards not whether it is a china cup, or a cork, that she pats and tosses about: but her *sport* will certainly be the *death* of Lord G.'s happiness. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad so soon! But she has principles: Lady Grandison's daughter, Sir Charles Grandison's sister, must have principles. The solemnity of the occasion; the office; the church; the altar—must strike her. The vow—Will she not regard the vow she makes in circumstances so awful? Could but my Lord G. assume dignity and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and sometimes *at* her, she would not make *him* her sport; she would find somebody else: a butt she must have to shoot at; but I am afraid he will be too sensible of her smartness; and she will have her jest, let who will suffer by it.

Some of the contents of your last are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earnest to think of leaving London. Don't let me look silly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not so *very* presumptuous in me (was it?) to hope—When all his relations—When he himself—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he, give me? He was honest; and I cheated myself: but then all you, my dearest friends, encouraged the cheat; nay, pointed my wishes, and my hopes, by yours, before I had dared (or shall I say condescended?) to own them to myself.

You may let that Greville know, if you please, that there is no room for his *If's*, nor of consequence any for his *menaces*. You may own, that I shall soon be in Northamptonshire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, though my heart has been ever, *dutifully*, as I may say, open to the venerable domestick circle; though it would not have been an honest heart, could it, circumstanced as I was, have concealed itself from Lady D. and must have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been disguised to the two sisters here—yet, I beseech you, my dear; almost on my knees I beseech you, let not the audacious, the insulting Greville, have ground given him to suspect a weakness in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For sex-sake, for example-sake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grandmamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many still more forward girls would plead Mrs. Shirley's approbation of the hasty affection, without considering the circumstances and the object! So the next girl that runs away with a dancing-master, or an ensign, would reckon herself one of Harriet's school.

Poor Mr. Orme! I am sorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to say (so undoubtingly) that his illness is owing to his love of me. You knew that such a suggestion would pain me. Heaven restore Mr. Orme!

But I am vexed, as it cannot be to purpose, that Sir Charles Grandison and I have been named together, and talked of in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad: I shall return to Northamptonshire; and shall look *so* silly! So like a refused girl!

Every body gives me to him, you say—So much the worse. I wonder what business this Every Body has to trouble itself about me.

One consolation, however, I shall have in my return; and that is in my Nancy's recovered health; which was so precarious when I set out for London.

But I shall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandison, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days she will be) my dear Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, will be all my subject. And have I not exhausted that by pen and ink? O no! the doctor promises to correspond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correspond with him as usual.

What can the unusually tender friendship be called which he professed for me, and, as I may say, claimed in return from me? I know that he has

has no notion of the love called *Platonick*. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our ſex, a very unequal one; ſince, while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has every thing from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, eſpecially in preſence. Miſs Grandiſon thus interprets what he ſaid, and ſtrengthens her opinion by ſome of Dr. Bartlett's late intimations that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to ſay; and ſo went as near to a declaration as was poſſible to do in his circumſtances.

But might I not expect, from ſuch a profeſſion of friendſhip in Sir Charles, an offer of correſpondence in abſence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on *my* ſide, were I to do ſo! And does it not on *his*, if he make not the offer? He correſponds with Mrs. Beaumont: nobody thinks that any thing can be meant by that correſpondence on *either* ſide; becauſe Mrs. Beaumont muſt be at leaſt forty; Sir Charles but ſix or ſeven and twenty: but if he makes not the requeſt to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty; what, after ſuch profeſſions of a friendſhip ſo tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I ſhall puzzle myſelf, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this ſort of reaſoning! becauſe I ſhall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expreſſion is weak and perplexed.—But this offered and accepted friendſhip between two perſons not indelicate, muſt be perplexing; ſince he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no diſhonour to fear.—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me, would it not? to ſuppoſe that he had more to fear from Harriet, than ſhe has from him; as the virtue of either, I hope, is not queſtionable? But the event of his Italian viſit will explain and reconcile every thing.

I will encourage a drowſy fit that ſeems to be ſtealing upon me. If I have not written with the perſpicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for ſpirits not high; and for the ſubject, which having it's delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 9.

SIR Charles is already returned: he arrived at Windſor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W. had ſet out the afternoon of the day before for the houſe of his friend Sir Joſeph Lawrence, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield Houſe.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as ſoon as he could, followed him to the knight's; and having time enough himſelf to reach Mansfield Houſe that night, he, by his uncle's conſent, purſued his journey thither; to the great joy of the family, who wiſhed for his perſonal introduction of my lord to Miſs Manſfield.

My lord arrived by breakfaſt-time unfatigued, and in high ſpirits: ſtaid at Mansfield Houſe all day; and promiſed ſo to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be preſent at his niece's nuptials on Tueſday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppreſſion they lay under; pointing out meaſures for redreſs; encouraging Miſs Mansfield; and informing the brothers, that the lawyers he had conſulted on their deeds, told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the reſult of which, probably, would be a means to do them juſtice, ſo powerfully protected and aſſiſted as they would be now; for new lights had broken in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they underſtood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields alſo were in high ſpirits the next morning; and looked, Sir Charles ſaid, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. He found Sir Harry in high ſpirits, expecting the arrival of his ſon; who

who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his father's letters, allowing him to return to England, and wiſhing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his ſpeedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to ſee his friend, permitted him only to breakfaſt with my lord and the Mansfields; and to know the opinion each party formed of the other, on this firſt interview! and then he ſet out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity!—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wiſhes, whatever they be, and make him the happieſt of men!

My lord is greatly taken with the lady, and her whole family. Well he may, Sir Charles ſays. He bleſſed him, and called himſelf bleſſed in his ſiſter's ſon, for his recommendation of each to the other. The lady thinks better of him, as her mother owned to Sir Charles, than ſhe thought ſhe ſhould, from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that thoſe who ſet out for happineſs are moſt likely to find it, when they live ſingle till the age of *fancy* is over. Thoſe who marry while it laſts, are often diſappointed of that which they propoſe ſo largely to themſelves: while thoſe who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honeſty by each other, are at a greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, ſince, it ſeems, we are to expect that both parties will turn the beſt ſide of the old garment outward. Hence ariſes conſolation to old maidens, and cautions againſt precipitation.—Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful ſubject: I would, were I at leiſure.

Sir Charles ſays, that he doubts not but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wiſhes to be, in leſs than a month.

'The deuce is in this brother of 'mine,' whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon to me, 'for huddling up of marriages! 'He don't conſider, that there may be 'two chances for one, that his honeſt 'folks may, in half a year's time, 'bleſs him in the contrary way.'

Sir Charles told us, that he had deſired Lord W. to give out every where (that the adverſaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance; and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retroſpection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aſide at his alighting, and told him that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day; and he was afraid would not receive his ſon with the graciouſneſs that once he hoped for from her; but that he left *him* to manage with her. 'She never,' ſaid he, 'had ſo 'high an opinion either of man or wo-'man as ſhe has of you.'

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to her, as not doubting her goodneſs upon the foot of their former converſation; and praiſed her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them ſhine full out in it. He told her, that his ſiſter and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tueſday. He himſelf, he ſaid, ſhould ſet out for Paris on Friday after: but hoped to ſee a family intimacy begun between his ſiſters and Lady Beauchamp! and between their lords, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generoſity of her intention, as declared to him in their former conference; and congratulated her on the power ſhe had, of which ſhe made ſo noble a uſe, of laying at the ſame time an obligation on the tendereſt of huſbands, and the moſt deſerving of ſons; whoſe duty to her he engaged for.

All this ſet her in high good humour; and ſhe took to herſelf and *bridled* upon it, to expreſs myſelf in Charlotte's manner, the praiſes and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unqueſtionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry tranſported with his lady's goodneſs, when Mr. Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his ſtepmother, as well as to his father, and thanked her for the high favours which his father had ſignified to him by letter he owed to her goodneſs. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles obſerved, with an oſtentation that ſhewed ſhe thought very highly of her own generoſity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, though once or twice it ſeemed a little overſhadowed. As Mr. Beauchamp diſplayed qualities for which his father was too ready

to

to admire him, Sir Charles thought it neceſſary to caution Sir Harry on this ſubject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her huſband ſo well, that ſhe would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a ſon ſo very accompliſhed. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr. Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England ſo ſoon after his arrival; and aſked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared, that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and ſaid it was not quite ſo handſome a return as might have been expected from his Beauchamp, to the joyful reception he had met with from his father, and Lady Beauchamp. But ſhe excuſed the young gentleman, and ſaid ſhe wondered not, that any body who was favoured with *his* friendſhip, ſhould be unwilling to be ſeparated from him.

Sir Charles expreſſes great ſatisfaction in Mr. Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may preſent to us himſelf a man with whom he is ſure we ſhall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in the beloved ſociety which he himſelf is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would conſider only the hardſhip of meeting a long abſent friend, juſt to feel the uneaſineſs of a ſecond parting: but this man views every thing in a right light. When his own happineſs is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and as I have heretofore obſerved, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleaſure to ſee how Sir Charles ſeems to enjoy the love which Dr. Bartlett expreſſes for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to me, on ſeveral occaſions, in ſo polite, in ſo tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are ſure he loves me. Dr. Bartlett at the time, as he ſat next me, whiſpered, on the regret expreſſed by all on loſing him ſo ſoon—'Ah, Madam!—I know and 'pity, my patron's ſtruggles.'—*Struggles*, Lucy! What could the doctor mean by this whiſper to *me!* But I hope he gueſſes not at mine! If he does, would he have whiſpered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is ſome comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakneſs, leſſen myſelf in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte (whoſe aſſent was given in theſe words—'Do 'as you will—or, rather, as my bro-'ther will—What ſignifies oppoſing '*him?*') that the nuptials ſhall be ſolemnized, as privately as poſſible, at St. George's church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miſs Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be preſent at the ceremony. I was very earneſt to be excuſed, till Miſs Grandiſon, when we were alone, dropped down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr. Everard Grandiſon, if he can be found, is to be alſo there, at Sir Charles's deſire.

Dr. Bartlett, as I before hinted, at *her* earneſt requeſt is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wiſhed it to be at his own pariſh-church: but Miſs Grandiſon thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent, as to the place, he ſaid—So it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to conſent from having it performed in her chamber; and ſeemed ſurprized—'Fie, Charlotte!' ſaid he—'An office ſo ſolemn!—Vows 'to receive and pay as in the Divine 'Preſence.'—

She was glad, ſhe told me, that ſhe had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

MONDAY, APRIL 10.

LORD W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They and Miſs Grandiſon, received him with great reſpect. He embraced his nieces in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was abſent. Lord W. is in perſon and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he ſo decrepit with the gout, as I had ſuppoſed. He is very careful of himſelf, it ſeems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of ſtronger exerciſes to his patience; and ſo is a ſufferer by ſelf-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the inſults he bore

bore from Mrs. Giffard, with a ſpirit ſo poor and ſo low, I ſhould have believed I ſaw not only the man of quality but the man of ſenſe, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandiſon. Had he been worthy of that relation, how ſhould I have reverenced him!

But whatever I thought of *him*, he expreſſed himſelf highly in *my* favour. He particularly praiſed me for the modeſty which he ſaid was viſible in my countenance. Free-livers are, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman which they make it their pride to deſtroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modeſty in a woman: and I am ſometimes out of humour with our ſex, that they do not as generally like modeſty in men. I am ſure that this grace in Sir Charles Grandiſon is one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with eaſe; and, as I may ſay, with *ſecurity*, in the conſciouſneſs of a right intention.

But what were Lord W.'s praiſes of his nephew! He called him, 'The 'glory of his ſex and of human na-'ture.' How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praiſes given to her guardian.—She was the taller for them: when ſhe moved it was on tiptoe; ſtealing, as it were, croſs the floor, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe any thing that was ſaid on a ſubject ſo delightful to her.

My lord was alſo greatly pleaſed with her. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the beſt of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occaſion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miſs Mansfield, and declared that his nephew ſhould guide and govern him as he pleaſed in every material caſe, reſpecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and diſpoſition of his eſtate, that he had made his will, and excepting only his lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left every thing to him.

How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be good and generous!

I muſt not forget, that my lord wiſhed, *with all his ſoul*, that was his expreſſion, that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myſelf bluſh. I half ſuppreſſed a ſigh: I would have wholly ſuppreſſed it, if I could. I recovered the little confuſion, his too plainly expreſſed wiſh gave me, by repeating to myſelf the word 'CLEMENTINA.'

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her ſo for fear of a retort. I believe I ſhould be as great a one in her circumſtances, ſo few hours to one of the greateſt events of ones life? But I *pretend* not to bravery: yet hope, that in the cauſe of virtue or honour I ſhould be found to have a ſoul.

I write now at my couſin's. I came hither to make an alteration in my dreſs. I have promiſed to be with the ſweet bully early in the morning of her important day.

LETTER XVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY NIGHT, WEDNESDAY MORN. } APRIL 11, 12.

MISS Grandiſon is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May ſhe make Lord G. as happy as I dare ſay he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her according to promiſe. I found her more affected than ſhe was even laſt night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, ſhe ſaid; and had laid down the duties of the ſtate ſhe was about to enter into, in ſuch a ſerious manner, and made the performance of them of ſo much importance to her happineſs, both here and hereafter, that ſhe was terrified at the thoughts of what ſhe was about to undertake. She had never conſidered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to diſcourage her chearfulneſs, or to ſay any thing that ſhould lower her ſpirits. All he beſought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occaſions; and then it would be impoſſible but her lively humour muſt give delight not only to the man whom ſhe favoured with her hand, but every one who had the pleaſure of approaching her. 'If, Charlotte,' ſaid he, 'you 'would have the world around you

'reſpect your huſband, *you* muſt ſet the 'example. While the wife gives the 'leaſt room to ſuſpect that ſhe deſpiſes 'her huſband, ſhe will find that ſhe ſub-'jects him to double contempt, if he 'reſents it not; and if he does, can you 'be happy? Aggreſſors lay themſelves 'open to ſevere repriſals. If you differ, 'you will be apt to make bye-ſtand-'ers judges over you. They will re-'member when you are willing to 'forget; and your fame will be the 'ſport of thoſe beneath you, as well 'in underſtanding as degree.'

She believed, ſhe told me, that Lord G. had been making ſome complaints of her. *If he had*—

'Huſh, my dear,' ſaid I—'Not one 'word of threatening: are you more 'ſolicitous to conceal your fault, than 'to amend it?'

'No—But you know, Harriet, for 'a man, before he has experienced 'what ſort of a wife I ſhall make, to 'complain againſt me for foibles in 'courtſhip, when he can help himſelf 'if he *will*, has ſomething ſo very 'little—'

'Your conſcience, Charlotte, tells 'you, that he had *reaſon* for com-'plaint; and therefore you think he '*has* complained. Think the beſt of 'Lord G. for *your own* reputation's 'ſake, ſince you thought fit to go thus 'far with him. You have borne no-'thing from *him*: he has borne a great 'deal from *you*.'

'I am fretful, Harriet; I won't be 'chidden: I will be comforted by 'you; you *ſhall* ſoothe me: are you 'not my ſiſter?' She threw her arms around me, and kiſſed my cheek.

I ventured to railly her, though I was afraid of her retort and met with it: but I thought it would divert her. 'I am glad, my dear,' ſaid I 'that you are capable of this 'tenderneſs of temper: you bluſtering 'girls—But fear, I believe, will make 'cowards loving.'

Harriet,' ſaid ſhe, and flung from me to the window, 'remember *this*; 'may I ſoon ſee you in the ſame ſitua-'tion! I will then have no mercy up-'on you.'

* * *

THE ſubject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfaſt, was the three wed-dings of Thurſday laſt. He ſpoke honourably of marriage, and made ſome juſt compliments to Lord and Lady L. concluding them with wiſhes that his ſiſter Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor leſs happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he ſaid, he queſtioned not his lordſhip's happineſs with the lady he had ſo lately ſeen: 'For I cannot doubt,' ſaid he, 'of your lordſhip's affectionate gra-'titude to her, if ſhe behaves as I am 'ſure ſhe will.'

My lord had tears in his eyes. 'Never man had ſuch a nephew as I 'have,' ſaid he. 'All the joy of my 'preſent proſpects, all the comforts of 'my future life, are and will be owing 'you.'

Here had he ſtopped it would have been well: but turning to me, he un-expectedly ſaid, 'Would to God, 'Madam, that *you* could reward him! 'I cannot; and nobody *elſe* can.'

All were alarmed for me: every eye was upon me. A ſickiſhneſs came over my heart—I know not how to deſcribe it. My head ſunk upon my boſom. I could hardly ſit; yet was leſs able to riſe.

Sir Charles's face was overſpread with bluſhes. He bowed to my lord. 'May 'the man,' ſaid he, 'who ſhall have 'the honour to call Miſs Byron his, 'be, if *poſſible*, as deſerving as *ſhe* is! 'Then will they live together the life 'of angels.'

He gracefully looked down! not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: yet Lady L. was concerned for me; ſo was Lord L. Emily's eye dropped a tear upon her bluſhing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a ſevere trial?—Indeed it was.

My lord, to mend the matter, la-mented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and ſtill more, that he could not ſtay to be preſent at the celebra-tion of his nuptials with Miſs Mans-field.

The earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the doctor, were to meet the bride and us at church. Lord and Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach, Miſs Grandiſon and I in another.

As we went, 'I don't like this af-'fair at all, Harriet,' ſaid ſhe. 'My 'brother has long made all other men 'indifferent to me. Such an infinite 'difference!'

'Can

'Can any body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte? Yet Lady L. admires her brother as much as you can do.'

'*They* happy!—And so they are; but Lady L. soft soul! fell in love with Lord L. before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: and it being a first flame with her, she in compliment to *herself* could not but persevere. But the sorry creature Anderson, proving a sorry creature, made me despise the sex: and my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.'

'Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G. loves you: but were Sir Charles *not* your brother, it is not very certain that he would have returned your love.'

'Why, that's true. I believe he would not in that case have chosen *me*. I am sure he would not, if he had known *you*: but for the man one loves, one can *do* any thing, *be* every thing, that he would wish one to be.'

'Do you think you cannot love Lord G.?—For Heaven's sake, Charlotte, though you are now almost within sight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot resolve to make Lord G. as happy, as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.'

'What will my brother say?—What will—'

'Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett to lend me their ear in the vestry; and I am sure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cause, and bring you off.'

"*Antipathy!*" That's a strong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured silly man—'

"*Silly!*" Charlotte!—Silly then he must be for loving you so well, who, really, have never yet given him an opportunity to shew his importance with you.'

'I do pity him sometimes.'

The coach stopped:—'Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!'

'Say, Charlotte, before you step out —Shall I speak to your brother, and Dr. Bartlett, in the vestry?'

'I shall look like a fool either way.'

'Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this solemn occasion. Say, you will deserve, that you will *try* to deserve Lord G.'s love.'

Sir Charles appeared. 'Lord help me!—My brother!—I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.'

He gave each his hand in turn; in we flew: the people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: and the earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one say, as Lord G. led her up to the altar, 'You don't know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: remember that's one of my articles before marriage.'

He returned her an answer of fond assent to her condition. 'I am afraid,' thought I, 'poor Lord G. you will be more than *once* reminded of this previous article.'

When she was led to the altar, and Lord G. and she stood together, she trembled. 'Leave me not, Harriet,' said she.—'Brother!—Lady L.'—

I am sure she looked *fillier* than Lord G. at that instant.

The good doctor began the office. '*No dearly beloveds*, Harriet!' whispered she, as I had said, on a really terrible occasion. I was offended with her in my heart: again she whispered something against the office, as the doctor proceeded to give the reasons for the institution. Her levity did not forsake her even at that solemn moment.

When the service was over, every one (Sir Charles in a solemn and most affectionate manner) wished her happy. My Lord G. kissed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. 'Ah! Lord, what have I done?—And am I married?' whispered she—'And can it never be undone?—And is that the man, to whom I am to be obedient? —Is *he* to be my lord and master?'

'Ah, Lady G.' said I, 'it is a solemn office. You have vowed: *he* has vowed.—It is a solemn office.'

Lord G. led her to the first coach. Sir Charles led me into the same. The people to my great confusion, whispered, 'That's the bride! What a charming couple!' Sir Charles handed Miss Emily next. Lord G. came in; as he was entering, 'Harkee,

'friend,' said Charlotte, and put out her hand, 'you mistake the coach: 'you are not of our company.'

'The whole world,' replied my lord, 'shall not now divide us:' and took his seat on the same side with Emily.

'The man's a rogue, Harriet,' whispered she: 'See! he gives himself 'airs already!'

'This,' said Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand, and eagerly kissing it, 'is the hand that blessed 'me.'

'And that,' said she, pushing him from her with the other, 'is the hand 'that repulses your forwardness. What 'came you in here for?—Don't be 'silly.'

He was in raptures all the way.

When he came home, every one embraced and wished joy to the bride. The earl and Lady Gertrude were in high spirits. The lady re-saluted her niece, as her '*dear* niece:' the earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When he came up to compliment her—'My dearest niece,' said he, 'I 'wish you joy with all my soul. I 'have not been a kind uncle. There 'is no fastening any thing on your 'brother. Accept of this,' [and he put a little paper into her hand—It was a bank note, of 1000l.] '*My* 'sister's daughter, and *your* brother's 'sister, merits more than this.'

Was not this handsomely presented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandison's brother, stepped to Lady L. 'My niece Charlotte is not 'my *only* niece. I wish you, my dear, 'as if this was *your* day of marriage, 'all happiness: accept these two pa-'pers;' [The one, Lucy, was a note for 1000l. and the other for 100l.] and he said, 'the lesser note is due to you for 'interest on the greater.'

When the ladies opened their notes, and saw what they were, they were at first at a loss what to say.

It was most gracefully done: but see, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can sometimes alter natures! and covetous men, I have heard it observed, when their hearts are opened, often act nobly.

As soon as Lady G. (so now I must call her) recovered herself from the surprize into which my lord's present and address had put her, she went to him: 'Allow me, my lord,' said she, and bent one knee to him, 'to crave 'your blessing; and at the same time 'to thank you for your paternal pre-'sent to your ever-obliged Char-'lotte.'

'God bless you, my dear!' saluting her—'But thank your noble 'brother: you delight me with your 'graceful acceptance.'

Lady L. came up, 'My lord, you 'overcome me by your bounty.—How 'shall I—'

'Your brother's princely spirit, La-'dy L.' said he, 'makes this present 'look mean. Forgive me only, that 'it was not done before.' And he saluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. shewed him the opened notes—'See here, my 'lord,' said she, 'what Lord W. has 'done: and he calls this the interest 'due on that.'

'Your lordship oppresses me with 'your goodness to your niece,' said Lord L. 'May health, long life, and 'happiness, attend you in your own 'nuptials!'

'There, there,' said Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles, (who had withdrawn, and then entered) 'make your acknow-'ledgment; his noble spirit has awak-'ened mine; it was only asleep. My 'late sister's brother wanted but the 'force of such an example. That son 'is all his mother.'

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the last words—'If I am 'thought a son not unworthy of the 'most excellent of mothers,' said he, 'and by *her* brother, I am happy.'

'Then you *are* happy,' replied my lord.

'Her memory,' resumed Sir Charles, 'I cherish; and when I have been 'tempted to forget myself, that me-'mory has been a means of keeping 'me steady in my duty. Her precepts, 'my lord, were the guide of my early 'youth. Had I not kept them in 'mind, how much more blameable 'than most young men had I been!—'My Charlotte! have that mother in 'your memory, on this great change 'of your condition! You will not be 'called to her trials.'—His eyes glis-tened. 'Tender be our remembrance

'of

'of my father.—Charlotte, be wor-
'thy of your mother.'

He withdrew with an air *ſo* noble!—But ſoon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done—'Your lordſhip was *before*,' ſaid he, 'intitled to our duty, by the 'ties of blood: but what is the rela-'tion of body to that of mind? You 'have bound me for my ſiſters, and 'that ſtill more by the manner than 'by the act, in a bond of gratitude 'that never can be broken!'

'Thank yourſelf, thank yourſelf, 'my noble nephew.'

'Encourage, my lord, a family in-'timacy between your lady, and her 'nieces and nephew.—You will be 'delighted, my ſiſters, with Miſs 'Mansfield; but when ſhe obliges my 'lord with her hand, you will reve-'rence your aunt. I ſhall have a plea-'ſure, when I am far diſtant, in con-'templating the family union. Your 'lordſhip muſt let me know your day 'in time; and I will be joyful upon 'it, whatever, of a contrary nature, 'I may have to ſtruggle with on my 'own account.'

My lord wept—My *lord* wept, did I ſay?—Not *one* of us had a dry eye!—This was a ſolemn ſcene, you will ſay, for a wedding day: but how delightfully do ſuch ſcenes dilate the heart?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of feſtivity. Sir Charles himſelf, by his vivacity and openneſs of countenance, made every one joyful: and, except that now and then a ſigh, which could not be checked, ſtole from ſome of us, to think that he would ſo ſoon be in another country, (far diſtant from the friends he now made happy) and engaged in difficulties; perhaps in dangers; every heart was preſent to the occaſion of the day.

'O Charlotte! dear Lady G.! Hi-'therto it is in your power, to make 'every *future* day worthy of *this!*—'Have your mother, your noble mo-'ther, in your memory, my dear: 'and give credit to the approbation of 'ſuch a brother.'

I ſhould have told you, that my couſin Reeves's came about two, and were received with the utmoſt politeneſs by every body.

Sir Charles was called out juſt before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dreſſed as if for the day—'This is an earlier favour, 'than I had hoped for,' ſaid Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G. 'This, 'Sir, is the Queen of the Day.—My 'dear Lady G. welcome, (the houſe 'is your's—welcome) the man I love: 'welcome my Beauchamp.'

Every one, except Emily and me, crouded about Mr. Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles preſenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half aſhamed, Lucy, to repeat—But take it as he ſpoke it—'Revere,' ſaid he, 'my dear friend, that excellent young 'lady; but let not your admiration 'ſtop at her face and perſon; ſhe has 'a mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, 'as your own: Miſs Byron, in honour 'to my ſiſter, and to us all, has gild-'ed this day by her preſence.'

Mr. Beauchamp approached me with polite reſpect. 'The lady whom Sir 'Charles Grandiſon admires as he 'does you, Madam, muſt be the firſt 'of women.'

I might have ſaid, that he, who was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed as the friend of Sir Charles Grandiſon, muſt be a moſt valuable man: but my ſpirits were not high. I curtſied to his compliment; and was ſilent.

Sir Charles preſented Emily to him 'My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to 'live to ſee her happily married. 'The man whoſe heart is but half ſo 'worthy as her's, muſt be an excellent 'man.'

Modeſty might look up, and be ſenſible to compliments from the lips of ſuch a man. Emily looked at me with pleaſure, as if ſhe had ſaid, 'Do you 'hear, Madam, what a fine thing my 'guardian has ſaid of me?'

Sir Charles aſked Mr. Beauchamp, how he ſtood with my Lady Beauchamp?

'Very well,' anſwered he. 'After ſuch an introduction as you had 'given me to her, I muſt have been to 'blame, had I *not*. She is my fa-'ther's wife; I muſt reſpect her, were 'ſhe ever ſo unkind to me; ſhe is not 'without good qualities. Were every 'family ſo happy as to have Sir 'Charles Grandiſon for a mediator 'when miſunderſtandings happened,

'there

'there would be very few lasting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they 'never sit down to table together, but 'they bless you; and to me they have 'talked of nobody else: but Lady 'Beauchamp depends upon your promise of making her acquainted with 'the ladies of your family.'

'My sisters, and their lords, will 'do honour to my promise in my absence.—Lady L.—Lady G.—let me 'recommend to you Lady Beauchamp 'as more than a common visiting acquaintance.—Do you, Sir,' to Mr. Beauchamp, 'see it cultivated.'

Mr. Beauchamp is an agreeable, and, when Sir Charles Grandison is not in company, a handsome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the same justice that every body would do, in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modest, and not too full of words. One sees both love and respect in every look he casts upon his friend, and that he is delighted when he hears him speak, be the subject what it will.

He once said to Lord W. who praised his nephew to him, as he does to every body near him; 'The universal 'voice, my lord, is in his favour 'wherever he goes. Every one joins 'almost in the same words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for sweetness 'of manners, and manly dignity, he 'hardly ever had his equal.'

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy, genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening, smiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while she looked back every now and then towards me, *so* proud, poor dear! of being singled out by her guardian.

She tripped to me afterwards, and, leaning over my shoulder, as I sat, whispered—'I have been begging of 'my guardian to use his interest with 'you, Madam, to take me down with 'you to Northamptonshire.'

'And what is the result?'

She paused.

'Has he denied your request?'

'No, Madam.'

'Has he allowed you to go, my dear, 'if I comply?' turning half round to her with pleasure.

She paused, and seemed at a loss. I repeated my question.

'Why, no, he has not consented 'neither—But he said such charming 'things, so obliging, so kind, both of 'you, and of me, that I forgot to repeat my question, though it was so 'near my heart: but I will ask him 'again.'

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet send away a requester so much delighted with him, as to forget what her request was.

Miss Grandison—Lady G. I would say—singled me out soon after—'This 'Beauchamp is really a very pretty 'fellow, Harriet.'

'He is an agreeable man,' answered I.

'So I think.'

She said no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L.'s motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and, after one lesson, they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the bass-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; and most of the company joined in the chorus. The song was from Alexander's feast: the words—

'Happy, happy, happy pair!
'None but the good deserves the fair.'

Sir Charles, though himself equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always insisted upon dancing at her sister's wedding. We were not company enough for country-dances: but musick having been ordered, and the performers come, it was insisted upon that we should have a dance, though we were engaged in a conversation, which I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began by dancing a minuet with his bride: she danced charmingly! But on my telling her so afterwards, she whispered me, that she should

ſhould have performed better, had ſhe danced with her brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The earl took me out: but we had hardly done, when, aſking pardon for diſgracing me, as he too modeſtly expreſſed himſelf; he, and all of my couſins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abaſhed at the general voice calling upon us both: but it was obeyed.

He deſerved all the praiſes that Miſs Gran—Lady G. I would ſay, gave him in her letter to me.

Lord bleſs me, my dear, this man is every thing: but his converſation has ever been among the politeſt people of different nations.

Lord W. wiſhed himſelf able, from his gout, to take out Miſs Jervois.

The bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: and he took out the good girl, who danced very prettily. I fancied that he choſe to call out Lord G. rather than Mr. Beauchamp. He is the moſt delicate and conſiderate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the bride herſelf: and ſhe danced then with a grace, indeed! I was pleaſed that ſhe *could* perform ſo well at her own wedding.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr. Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two.

Perhaps the company would not have broke up ſo ſoon, had not the bride been perverſe, and refuſed to retire.

Was ſhe not at home? ſhe aſked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: and ſhould ſhe leave her company?

She would make me retire with her. She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is ſuppoſed to be a joyful ſolemnity: but on the woman's ſide it can be only ſo, when ſhe is given to the man ſhe loves above all the men in the world; and even to *her*, the anniverſary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, muſt be much happier than the day itſelf.

What a victim muſt that woman look upon herſelf to be, who is compelled, or even *over-perſuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no ſhare in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in ſuch a circumſtance, eſpecially if the child has a *delicate* an *honeſt* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy conſequences that may follow from ſuch a cruel compulſion?

But this is not the caſe with Miſs Grandiſon. Early ſhe caſt her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as ſhe owns, gave her an indifference to all men.

She hates not Lord G. There is no man whom ſhe prefers to him: and in this reſpect may, perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives.

As ſhe played with her paſſion till ſhe loſt it, ſhe may be happy if ſhe will: and ſince ſhe intended to be, ſome time or other, Lady G., her brother was kind in perſuading her to ſhorten her days of coquetting and teazing, and to allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

DR. Bartlett was ſo good as to breakfaſt with my couſins and me this morning. He talks of ſetting out for Grandiſon Hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have ſettled a correſpondence; and he gives me hope, that he will make me a viſit in Northamptonſhire. I know you will all rejoice to ſee him.

Emily came in before the doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the bride, and Lord W. with their earneſt requeſt, that I, and my two couſins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, ſhe ſaid, to make a farewel viſit to the Danby ſet; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of ſeeing him: don't you think ſo?—There is no ſuch thing as ſeeing him with indifference. But, ſo earneſtly invited, how could I deny; eſpecially as my couſins were inclinable to go?

Miſs Jervois whiſpered me at parting: 'I never before,' ſaid ſhe, 'had

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'an opportunity to obſerve the behaviour of the new-married couple to each other: but, is it cuſtomary, Madam, for the bride to be more ſnappiſh, as the bridegroom is more obliging?'

'Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if ſhe ſo behaves, as to give you reaſon to aſk this queſtion.'

'She does: and, upon my word, I ſee more *obedience* where it was not promiſed, than where it was. Dear Madam, is not what is ſaid at church to be thought of *afterwards?* But why did not the doctor make her ſpeak out? What ſignified bowing, except a woman was ſo baſhful that ſhe could not ſpeak?'

'The bowing, my dear, is an aſſent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could you like to be called upon, Emily, to ſpeak out, on ſuch an occaſion?'

'Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good-natured to my huſband, if it were but for fear he ſhould be croſs to me: but I ſhould think it my duty as well.'

'Sweet innocent!'

She went away, and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are ſet upon a particular ſubject, how impertinent, how much beſide the purpoſe, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandiſon; but as he fell not into the ſubject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I ſuffered him to go away at his firſt motion: I never knew him ſo ſhy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr. Galliard ſenior, that if he were not engaged in his affections, he was commiſſioned to make him a very great propoſal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had ſeen the Thurſday before; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that ſo many offers fall to the lot of one.

But, I am thinking, 'tis no ſmall advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is ſo taken up, that he cannot ſtay long enough in any company to ſuffer them to caſt their eyes on other objects, with diſtinction. He left the numerous aſſembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the ſtretch. You will obſerve, Lucy, that on the return of a long abſent dear friend, the *rapture* laſts not more than an hour: gladdened as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps in leſs than that time, can ſit down quietly together, to hear and to tell ſtories, of what has happened to either in the long-regretted abſence. It will be ſo with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of my kind friends: and now, does not Sir Charles's propoſed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that nobleman, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved *pretty* well to her lord before them: but I, who underſtood the language of her eyes, *ſaw* them talk very ſaucily to him on ſeveral occaſions. My lord is a little officious in his obligingneſs; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankneſs, which ſo charmingly, on all occaſions, diſtinguiſhes one happy man, who was then preſent. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that perſon's abſence.

Mr. Beauchamp was alſo preſent. He is indeed an agreeable, a modeſt young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his converſation, as by his behaviour: and not the leſs for ſubſcribing in both to the ſuperiority of his friend; who nevertheleſs endeavoured to draw him out, as the firſt man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I, found an opportunity to be by ourſelves for one half-hour. Lady G. aſked Lady L. what ſhe intended to do with the thouſand pounds with which Lord W. had ſo generouſly preſented her?—'Do with it, my dear!—What 'do you think I *intend* to do with it!—'It is already diſpoſed of.'

'I'll be hang'd,' ſaid Lady G. 'if 'this good creature has not given it to 'her huſband.'

'Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave 'it to him before I ſlept.'

'I thought ſo!' She laughed—'And Lord L. took it! Did he?'

'To

'To be sure he did. I should otherwise have been displeased with him.'

'Dear, good soul!—And so you gave him a thousand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleasure?'

'Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purse. You may not, perhaps, know how we manage it.'

'Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how *do* you manage it!'

'Thus, Charlotte: my lord knows that his wife and he have but one interest; and from the first of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page, the money he receives; on the opposite, the money he takes out: and when I want money, I have recourse to my key. If I see but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the supplying of it till my lord is richer: but little or much, I minute down the sum, as he himself does what he takes out; and so we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my lord's power, by my unseasonable expences, to preserve that custom of his for which he is as much respected, as well served; not to suffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.'

'Good soul!—And, pray, don't you minute down too the *use* to which you put the money you take out?'

'Indeed I often do; always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my Lord L. did so; and I followed the example of my own accord.'

'Happy pair!' said I—'O Lady G, what a charming example is this!—I hope you will follow it.'

'Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but say, that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: but don't you think, that where an honest pair are so *tender* of disobliging, and so *studious* of obliging each other, they seem to confess that the matrimonial good understanding hangs by very slender threads?'

'And do not the tenderest friendships,' said I, 'hang by *as* slender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate observances?'

'Why *thou* art a good soul, too, Harriet!—And so you would both have me make a present to Lord G. of my thousand pounds before we have chosen our private drawer; before he has got two keys made to it?'

'Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following. And then—'

'Aye, and *then* give him my thousand pounds for a beginning, Lady L.?—But see you not that this proposal should come from *him*, and not from *me?*—And should we not let each other see a little of each other's merits first?'

'See, *first*, the merits of the man you have actually married, Charlotte!'

'Yes, Lady L.—But yesterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the same man, a lover and a husband?—And now, my *generous* advisers, be pleased to continue silent. You cannot answer me fairly. And besides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an early present, which you are not *obliged* to make!'

We were both silent, each expecting the other to answer the strange creature.

She laughed at us both. 'Soft souls and tender!' said she, 'let me tell you, that there is more indelicacy in delicacy, than you *very* delicate people are aware of.'

'You, Charlotte,' said Lady L. have odder notions than any body else. Had you been a man, you would have been a sad rake.'

'A rake perhaps I might have been; but not a *sad* one, Lady L.'

'Lady G. can't help being witty,' said I: 'it is sometimes *her* misfortune, sometimes *ours*, that she cannot: however, I highly approve of the example set by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.'

'And so do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. sets the example, I shall—consider of it. I am not a bad œconomist. Had I *ten* thousand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not

'money, but as it enables me to lay 'an obligation, instead of being un- 'der the necessity of receiving one. 'I am my mother's daughter, and 'brother's sister;—and your's, Lady L. 'in this particular;—and *your's* too, 'Harriet:—different means may be ta- 'ken to arrive at the same end. Lord 'G. will have no reason to be dissatis- 'fied with my prudence in money 'matters, although I should not make 'him one of my best curtseys, as if— 'as if—' (and she laughed; but check- ing herself) 'I were conscious—' a- gain she laughed— 'that I had signed 'and sealed to my absolute depend- 'ance on his bounty.'

'What a mad creature!' said Lady L. 'But, my Harriet, don't you think 'that she behaved pretty well to Lord 'G. at table?'

'Yes,' answered I, 'as those would 'think who observe not her arch looks: 'but she gave me pain for her several 'times; and I believe her brother was 'not without his apprehensions.'

'He had his eyes upon you, Harriet,' replied Lady G. 'more earnestly than 'he had upon me, or any body else.'

'That's true,' said Lady L. 'I 'looked upon both him and you, my 'dear, with pity. My tears were 'ready to start more than once, to 'reflect how happy you two might be 'in each other, and how greatly you 'would love each other, were it not—'

'Not one word more on this sub- 'ject, dear Lady L.! I cannot bear 'it. I thought my-*self*, that he often 'cast an eye of tenderness upon me. 'I cannot bear it. I am afraid of 'myself: of my *justice*—'

'His tender looks did not escape 'me,' said Lady G. 'nor yet did my 'dear Harriet's. But we will not 'touch this string: it is *too* tender a 'one. I, for my part, was forced, 'in order to divert myself, to turn my 'eyes on Lord G: he got nothing by 'that. The most *officious*—'

'Nay, Lady G.' interrupted I, 'you 'shall not change the discourse at the 'expence of the man you have vowed 'to honour. I will take pain to my- 'self, by the continuation of the for- 'mer subject, rather than that shall be.'

'Charming Harriet!' said Lady L. 'I hope your generosity will be re- 'warded. Yet, tell me, my dear, 'can you wish Lady Clementina may 'be his? I have no doubt but you 'wish her *recovery*; but can you wish 'her to be *his?*'

'I have debated the matter, my 'dear Lady L. with myself. I am 'sorry it has *admitted* of debate: so 'excellent a creature! such an honour 'to her sex! So nobly sincere! So 'pious!—But I will confess the truth: 'I have called upon *justice* to support 'me in my determination: I have 'supposed *myself* in *her* situation, her 'unhappy malady excepted; I have 'supposed *her* in *mine:* and ought I 'then to have hesitated to which to 'give the preference?—Yet—'

'What yet, most frank, and most 'generous of women?' said Lady L. clasping her arms about me; 'what 'yet—'

'Why, yet—Ah, ladies—Why, 'yet, I have many a pang; many a 'twitch, as I may call it!—Why is 'your brother so tender-hearted, so 'modest, so faultless?—Why did he 'not insult me with his pity? Why 'does he on every occasion shew a ten- 'derness for me, that is more affect- 'ing than pity? And why does he 'give me a consequence that exalts, 'while it depresses me?'

I turned my head aside, to hide my emotion. Lady G. snatched my hand- kerchief from me; and wiped away a starting tear; and called me by very tender names.

'Am I dear,' continued I, 'to the 'heart of such a man? You think I 'am: allow me to say, that he is in- 'deed dear to mine; yet I have not a 'wish but for his happiness, whatever 'becomes of me.'

Emily appeared at the door—'May 'I come in, ladies?—I *will* come in!— 'My dear Miss Byron affected! My 'dear Miss Byron in tears!'

Her pity, without knowing the cause, sprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both her's, and repeatedly kissed it!—'My guardian asks for you. O 'with what tenderness of voice!— "Where is your Miss Byron, love?" 'He calls every one by gentle names, 'when he speaks of *you*—His voice 'then is the voice of love.—"*Love*," 'said he, to *me!* Through *you*, Ma- 'dam, he will love his ward—And on 'your love will I build all my merit.—

'But

'But you sigh, dear Miss Byron, you 'sigh—Forgive your prating girl!— 'You must not be grieved.'

I embraced her. 'Grief, my dear, 'reaches not my heart at this time. It 'is the merit of your guardian that 'affects me.'

'God bless you, Madam, for your 'gratitude to my guardian!'

'A Clementina and a Harriet!' said Lady L. 'two women so excellent! 'What a fate is *his!* How must his 'heart be divided!'

'Divided, say you, Lady L.!' resumed Lady G. 'The man who loves 'virtue for virtue's sake, loves it where-'ver he finds it: such a man may '*distinguish* more virtuous women than 'one; and if he be of a gentle and 'beneficent nature, there will be ten-'derness in his distinction to every one, 'varying only according to the diffe-'rence of circumstance and situation.'

'Let me embrace you, my Char-'lotte,' resumed Lady L. 'for that 'thought. Don't let me hear, for a 'month to come, one word from the 'same lips, that may be unworthy 'of it.'

'You have Lord G. in your head, 'Lady L. but never mind us. He 'must now and then be made to look 'about him. I'll take care to keep up 'my consequence with him, never fear: 'nor shall he have reason to doubt the 'virtue of his wife.'

'Virtue, my dear!' said I: 'what 'is virtue only? She who will not be 'virtuous for *virtue's* sake, is not 'worthy to be called a woman: but 'she must be something more than vir-'tuous for her *husband's*, nay, for her '*vow's* sake. Complacency, oblig-'ingness—'

'*Obedience* too, I warrant.—Hush, 'hush, my sweet Harriet!' putting her hand before my mouth, 'we will 'behave as well as we can: and that 'will be very well, if nobody minds 'us. And now let us go down to-'gether.'

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

WE played at cards last night till supper-time. When that was over, every one sought to engage Sir Charles in discourse. I will give you some particulars of our conversation, as I did of one before.

Lord W. began it with a complaint of the insolence and profligateness of servants. What he said, was only answered by Sir Charles, with the word '*Example, example*, my good lord, 'repeated.'

'You, Sir Charles,' replied my lord, 'may indeed insist upon the force of 'example; for I cannot but observe, 'that all those of yours, whom I have 'seen, are intitled to regard. They 'have the looks of men at ease, and 'of men grateful for that ease: they 'know their duty, and need not a 'reminding look. A servant of yours, 'Sir Charles, looks as if he would 'one day make a figure as a master. 'How do you manage it?'

'Perhaps I have been peculiarly for-'tunate in worthy servants. There is 'nothing in my management deserv-'ing the attention of this company.'

'I am going to begin the world 'anew, nephew. Hitherto, servants 'have been a continual plague to me. 'I must know how *you* treat them.'

'I treat them, my lord, as neces-'sary parts of my family. I have no 'secrets, the keeping or disclosing of 'which might give them self-import-'ance. I endeavour to set them no 'bad example. I am never angry 'with them but for wilful faults: if 'those are not habitual, I shame them 'into amendment, by gentle expostu-'lation and *forgiveness*. If they are 'not capable of a generous shame, 'and the faults are repeated, I part 'with them; but with such kindness, 'as makes their fellow-servants blame 'them, and take warning. I am fond 'of seeking occasions to praise them: 'and even when they mistake, if it be 'with a good intention, they have my 'approbation of the *intention*, and my 'endeavours to set them right as to the '*act*. Sobriety is an indispensible 'qualification for my service; and for 'the rest, if we receive them not quite 'good, we make them better than they 'were before. Generally speaking, a 'master may make a servant what he 'pleases. Servants judge by example, 'rather than precept, and almost al-'ways by their feelings. One thing 'more permit me to add; I always 'insist upon my servants being kind

'and compassionate to one another. 'A compassionate heart cannot habi-'tually be an unjust one. And thus 'do I make their good-nature contri-'bute to my security as well as quiet.'

My lord was greatly pleased with what his nephew said.

Upon some occasion, Lady G. reflected upon a lady for *prudery*; and was going on, when Sir Charles, interrupting her, said, 'Take care, La-'dy G.—You, ladies, take care; for 'I am afraid, that MODESTY, under 'this name, will become ignominious, 'and be banished the hearts, at least 'the behaviour and conversation, of 'all those whose fortunes or inclina-'tions carry them often to places of 'publick resort.'

'Talk of places of publick resort!' said Lord L. 'It is vexatious to ob-'serve at such, how men of real merit 'are neglected by the fine ladies of 'the age, while every distinction is 'shewn to fops and foplings.'

'But who, my lord,' said Sir Charles, 'are those women? Are they 'not generally of a class with those 'men? Flippant women love empty 'men, because they cannot reproach 'them with a superiority of under-'standing, but keep their folly in 'countenance. They are afraid of a 'wise man: but I would by no means 'have such a one turn fool to please 'them; for they will despise the wise 'man's folly more than the silly man's, 'and with reason; because being un-'characteristick, it must sit more awk-'wardly upon him than the other's 'can do.'

'Yet wisdom itself, and the truest 'wisdom, *goodness*,' said Mrs. Reeves, 'is sometimes thought to sit ungrace-'fully, when it is uncharacteristick, 'not to the man, but to the times.' She then named a person who was branded as a hypocrite, for perform-ing all his duties publickly.

'He will be worse spoken of, if he 'declines doing so,' said Dr. Bartlett. 'His enemies will *add* the charge of 'cowardice; and not acquit him of 'the other.'

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that so agreeable a woman, as she must have been in her youth, and still was for her years, should remain single. Lord G. said, that she had had many offers; and once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding; but her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

'The longer,' said Sir Charles, 'a woman remains unmarried, the 'more apprehensive she will be of en-'tering into the state. At *seventeen* 'or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, 'sometimes without either fear or wit; 'at *twenty* she will begin to think; 'at *twenty-four* will weigh and dis-'criminate; at *twenty-eight* will be 'afraid of venturing; at *thirty* will 'turn about, and look down the hill 'she has ascended; and as occasions 'offer, and instances are given, will 'sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, 'that she had gained that summit *sola*.'

'Indeed,' said Mrs. Reeves, 'I be-'lieve in England many a poor girl 'goes up the hill with a companion 'she would little care for, if the state 'of a single woman were not here so 'peculiarly unprovided and helpless: 'for girls of slender fortunes, if they 'had been genteelly brought up, how 'can they, when family-connexions 'are dissolved, support themselves? 'A man can rise in a profession, and, 'if he acquires wealth in a trade, can 'get above it, and be respected. A 'woman is looked upon as demeaning 'herself, if she gains a maintenance 'by her needle, or by domestick at-'tendance on a superior; and without 'them where has she a retreat?'

'You speak, good Mrs. Reeves,' said Sir Charles, 'as if you would join 'with Dr. Bartlett and me in wishing 'the *establishment* of a scheme we have 'often talked over, though the name 'of it would make many a lady start. 'We want to see established in every 'county, *Protestant Nunneries*; in which 'single women of small or no fortunes 'might live with all manner of free-'dom, under such regulations as it 'would be a disgrace for a modest or 'good woman not to comply with, 'were she absolutely on her own hands; 'and to be allowed to quit it whenever 'they pleased.'

'Well, brother,' said Lady G. 'and 'why could you not have got all this 'settled a fortnight ago, (you that can 'carry every point) and have made 'poor me a lady abbess?'

'You are still better provided for, 'my sister. But let the doctor and me

'proceed

'proceed with our ſcheme.—The go-
'verneſſes or matrons of the ſociety I
'would have to be women of family,
'of unblameable characters from in-
'fancy, and noted equally for their
'prudence, good-nature, and gentle-
'neſs of manners. The attendants,
'for the ſlighter ſervices, ſhould be
'the hopeful female children of the
'honeſt, induſtrious poor.'

'Do you not, ladies, imagine,' ſaid Dr. Bartlett, 'that ſuch a ſociety as 'this, all women of unblemiſhed re-'putation, employing themſelves as 'each, (conſulting her own genius) 'at her admiſſion, ſhall undertake to 'employ herſelf, and ſupported gen-'teely, ſome at more, ſome at leſs ex-'pence to the foundation, according 'to their circumſtances, might be-'come a *national* good; and particu-'larly a ſeminary for good wives, and 'the inſtitution a ſtand for virtue, in 'an age given up to luxury, extrava-'gance,' and amuſements little leſs 'than riotous?'

'How could it be ſupported?' ſaid Lord W.

'Many of the perſons, of which 'each community would conſiſt, would 'be, I imagine,' replied Sir Charles, 'no expence to it at all; as numbers 'of young women, joining their ſmall 'fortunes, might be able, in ſuch a 'ſociety, to maintain themſelves gen-'teely on their own income; though 'each, ſingly in the world, would be 'diſtreſſed. Beſides, liberty might be 'given for wives, in the abſence of 'their huſbands, in this maritime 'country; and for widows, who, on 'the deaths of their's, might wiſh to 'retire from the noiſe and hurry of 'the world, for three, ſix, or twelve 'months, more or leſs; to reſide in 'this well-regulated ſociety: and ſuch 'perſons, we may ſuppoſe, would be 'glad, according to their reſpective 'abilities, to be benefactreſſes to it. 'No doubt but it would have beſides 'the countenance of the well-diſpoſed 'of both ſexes; ſince every family in 'Britain, in their connexions and re-'lations, near or diſtant, might be be-'nefited by ſo reputable and uſeful an 'inſtitution: to ſay nothing of the 'works of the ladies in it, the profits of 'which perhaps will be thought pro-'per to be carried towards the ſupport 'of a foundation that ſo genteelly 'ſupports them. Yet I would have 'a number of hours in each day, for 'the encouragement of induſtry, that 'ſhould be called their own: and 'what was produced in them, to be 'ſolely appropriated to their own uſe.

'A truly worthy divine, at the ap-'pointment of the biſhop of the dio-'ceſe, to direct and animate the devo-'tion of ſuch a ſociety, and to guard 'it from that ſuperſtition and enthu-'ſiaſm which ſoars to wild heights in 'almoſt all nunneries, would confirm 'it a bleſſing to the kingdom.

'I have another ſcheme, my lord,' proceeded Sir Charles—'An hoſpital 'for female penitents: for ſuch un-'happy women, as having been once 'drawn in, and betrayed, by the per-'fidy of men, find themſelves, by the 'cruelty of the world, and principally 'by that of their own ſex, unable to re-'cover the path of virtue, when perhaps '(convinced of the wickedneſs of the 'men in whoſe honour they confided) 'they would willingly make their firſt 'departure from it the laſt.

'Theſe,' continued he, 'are the 'poor creatures who are eminently in-'titled to our pity, though they ſel-'dom meet with it. Good-nature, 'and *credulity*, the child of good-na-'ture, are generally, as I have the cha-'rity to believe, rather than viciouſ-'neſs, the foundation of their crime. 'Thoſe men who pretend they would 'not be the firſt deſtroyers of a woman's 'innocence, look upon theſe as fair 'prize. But what a wretch is he, 'who, ſeeing a poor creature expoſed 'on the ſummit of a dangerous pre-'cipice, and unable, without an aſſiſt-'ing hand to find her way down, would 'rather puſh her into the gulf below, 'than convey her down in ſafety?'

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations in wedlock; 'Tyranny and ingratitude,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'from a man beloved, will be 'more ſupportable to a woman of ſtrong 'paſſions, than even kindneſs from a 'man ſhe loves not: ſhall not parents, 'then, who hope to ſee their children 'happy, avoid compelling them to give 'their hand to a man who has no 'ſhare in their hearts?'

'But would you allow young la-'dies to be their own chuſers, Sir 'Charles?' ſaid Mr. Reeves.

'Daughters,' replied he, 'who are 'earneſt

'earneſt to chuſe for themſelves, ſhould 'be *doubly* careful that prudence juſtifies 'their choice. Every widow who mar-'ries imprudently (and very many there 'are who do) furniſhes a ſtrong argu-'ment in favour of a parent's autho-'rity over a maiden daughter. A de-'ſigning man looks out for a woman 'who has an independent fortune, and 'has no queſtions to aſk. He ſeems '*aſſured* of finding indiſcretion and 'raſhneſs in ſuch a one to befriend 'him. But ought not ſhe to think 'herſelf affronted, and reſolve to diſ-'appoint him?'

'But how,' ſaid Lady G. 'ſhall a 'young creature be able to judge—'

'By his application to *her*, rather 'than to her natural friends and rela-'tions; by his endeavouring to alie-'nate her affections from them; by 'wiſhing her to favour private and 'clandeſtine meetings, (conſcious that 'his pretenſions will not ſtand diſ-'cuſſion;) by the inequality of his 'fortune to her's: and has not our 'excellent Miſs Byron, in the letters 'to her Lucy, (bowing to me) 'which 'ſhe has had the goodneſs to allow us to 'read, helped us to a criterion? "Men "in their addreſſes, to young women," 'ſhe very happily obſerves, "forget "not to ſet forward the advantages "by which they are diſtinguiſhed, "whether hereditary or acquired; "while love, love is all the cry of him "who has no other to boaſt of."

'And by that means,' ſaid Lady Gertrude, 'ſetting the ſilly creature at 'variance with all her friends, he 'makes her fight his battles for him; 'and become herſelf the cat's paw to 'help him to the ready-roaſted cheſ-'nuts.'

'But, dear brother,' ſaid Lady G. 'do you think love is ſuch a ſtaid and 'deliberate paſſion as to allow a young 'creature to take time to ponder and 'weigh all the merits of the cauſe.'

'Love at firſt ſight,' anſwered Sir Charles, 'muſt indicate a mind *pre-'pared* for impreſſion, and a ſudden 'guſt of paſſion, and that of the leaſt 'noble kind; ſince there could be no 'opportunity of knowing the *merit* of 'the object. What woman would 'have herſelf ſuppoſed capable of ſuch 'a *tindery fit?* In a man it is an inde-'licate paroxyſm: but in a *woman*, 'who expects protection and inſtruc-'tion from a man, much more ſo. 'Love at firſt may be only fancy. Such 'a young love may be eaſily given up, 'and ought, to a parent's judgment. 'Nor is the conqueſt ſo difficult as 'ſome young creatures think it.—One 'thing, my good Emily, let me ſay to '*you*, as a rule of ſome conſequence in 'the world you are juſt entering into '—Young perſons, on ardous occa-'ſions, eſpecially in love-caſes, ſhould 'not preſume to adviſe young perſons; 'becauſe they ſeldom can diveſt them-'ſelves of paſſion, partiality, or preju-'dice; that is, indeed, of *youth*; 'and forbear to mix their own con-'cerns and biaſſes with the queſtion 'referred to them. It ſhould not be put 'from young friend to young friend, "What would you do in ſuch a caſe?" 'but, "What *ought* to be done?"

How the dear girl bluſhed, and how pleaſed ſhe looked, to be particularly addreſſed by her guardian!

Lady Gertrude ſpoke of a certain fa-ther, who for intereſted views obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when ſhe was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the ſtate.

'And are they not unhappy?' aſked Sir Charles.

'They are,' replied ſhe.

'I knew ſuch an inſtance,' returned he. 'The lady was handſome, and had 'her full ſhare of vanity. She be-'lieved every man, who ſaid civil 'things to her, was in love with her: 'and had ſhe been ſingle, that he would 'have made his addreſſes to her. She 'ſuppoſed, that ſhe might have had '*this* great man, or *that*, had ſhe not 'been precipitated: and this brought 'her to ſlight the man who had, as ſhe 'concluded, deprived her of better of-'fers. They were unhappy to the 'end of their lives. Had the lady 'lived ſingle long enough to find out 'the difference between compliment 'and ſincerity, and that the man who 'flattered her vanity meant no more 'than to take advantage of her 'folly, ſhe would have thought her-'ſelf not unhappy with the very man 'with whom ſhe was ſo diſſatisfied.'

Lady L. ſpeaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing againſt matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent huſband to an obliging wife; 'I have known more

'men

' men than one,' ſaid Sir Charles, ' in-
' veigh againſt matrimony, when the
' invective would have proceeded with
' a much better grace from their
' wives lips than from theirs. But
' let us enquire, would this complainer
' have been, or deſerved to be happier,
' in *any* ſtate, than he now is?'

' A ſtate of ſuffering,' ſaid Lady L.
' had probably humbled the ſpirit of
' the poor wife into perfect meekneſs
' and patience.'

' You obſerve rightly,' replied Sir Charles; ' and ſurely a moſt kind diſ-
' poſition of Providence it is, that ad-
' verſity, ſo painful in itſelf, ſhould
' conduce ſo peculiarly as it does to
' the improvement of the human mind:
' it teaches modeſty, humility, and
' compaſſion.'

' You ſpeak feelingly, brother,' ſaid Lady L. with a ſigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody ſighed but ſhe?

' I do,' ſaid he. ' I ſpeak with a
' ſenſe of gratitude: I am naturally of
' an imperious ſpirit; but I have
' reaped advantages from the early
' ſtroke of a mother's death. Being
' for years againſt my wiſhes, obliged
' to ſubmit to a kind of exile from my
' native country, which I conſidered as
' a heavy evil, though I thought it my
' duty to acquieſce, I was determined,
' as much as my capacity would al-
' low, to make my advantage of the
' compulſion, by qualifying myſelf to
' do credit, rather than diſcredit, to
' my father, my friends, and my
' country. And, let me add, that if
' I have in any tolerable manner ſuc-
' ceeded, I owe much to the example
' and precepts of my dear Dr. Bartlett.'

The doctor bluſhed and bowed, and was going to diſclaim the merit which his patron had aſcribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in ſtill ſtronger terms: ' You, my dear Dr. Bartlett,' ſaid he, ' as I have told Miſs Byron,
' was a ſecond conſcience to me in my
' earlier youth: your precepts, your
' excellent life, your pure manners,
' your ſweetneſs of temper, could not
' but open and enlarge my mind. The
' ſoil I hope I may ſay, was not bar-
' ren; but you, my dear paternal
' friend, was the cultivator: I ſhall
' ever acknowledge it.'—And he bowed to the good man; who was covered with modeſt confuſion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowledgment leſſened the excellent man with any one preſent? No! it raiſed him in every eye: and I was the more pleaſed with it, as it helped me to account for that deep obſervation, which otherwiſe one ſhould have been at a loſs to account for, in ſo young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

LETTER XIX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

FOR Heaven's ſake, my deareſt Harriet, dine with us to day; for two reaſons: one relates to myſelf; the other you ſhall hear bye and bye: to myſelf firſt, as is moſt fit—This ſilly creature has offended me, and preſumed to be ſullen upon my reſentment. Married but two days, and ſhew his airs!—Were I in fault, my dear, (which, upon my honour, I am not) for the man to loſe his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days!—What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerleſs creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother—*If* he has! But what if he has?—Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myſelf.

We ſeem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both ſides—One ſtruggle for my dying liberty, my dear!—The ſucceſs of one pitched battle will determine which is to be the general, which the ſubaltern, for the reſt of the campaign. To *dare* to be ſullen already!—As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour with-in myſelf: and when he was *fooliſh*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earneſt. He worſhips you; ſo I ſhall rally him before you: but I charge you, as the man by his ſullenneſs has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my ſide, or be ſilent I ſhall take it very ill of my Harriet, if ſhe ſtrengthens his hands.

Well, but enough of this huſband—HUSBAND! What a word!—Who do you think is arrived from abroad?—You cannot gueſs for your life—Lady OLIVIA!

OLIVIA!—True as you are alive! accompanied, it seems, by an aunt of her's; a widow, whose years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excursion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe; and England was not to be left out of the scheme. My brother is exceſſively diſturbed at her arrival. She came to town but laſt night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to viſit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As ſhe is come, Sir Charles ſays he muſt bring her acquainted with his ſiſters, and their lords, in order to be at liberty to purſue the meaſures he has unalterably reſolved upon: and this, Harriet, is my ſecond reaſon for urging you to dine with us.

Now I do wiſh we had known her hiſtory at large. Dr. Bartlett ſhall tell it us. Unwelcome as ſhe is to my brother, I long to ſee her. I hope I ſhall not hear ſomething in *her* ſtory, that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether ſhe ſpeaks Engliſh, or not. I don't think I can converſe in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuſe to come.

Lady L. and her good man will be here. We ſhall therefore, if you come, be our whole family together.

My brother has preſented this houſe to me till his return. He calls himſelf Lord G.'s gueſt and mine: ſo you can have no punctilio about it. Beſides Lord W. will ſet out to-morrow morning for Windſor. He doats upon you: and perhaps it is in your power to make a new married man penitent and polite.

So you muſt come.

Hang me, if I ſign by any other name, while this man is in his fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

I Send you incloſed a letter I received this morning from Lady G. I will ſuppoſe you have read it. Emily ſays, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the lady mentioned in it was very polite on both ſides; but more cold on his than on her's. She made ſome difficulty, however, of dining at his houſe; and her aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder ſiſter to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St. James's Square, Sir Charles and Lady L. were gone in his coach to bring the two ladies.

Lady G. met me on the ſtairs-head, leading into her dreſſing-room. 'Not 'a word,' ſaid ſhe, 'of the man's ſul-'lens; he repents: a fine figure, as 'I told him, of a bridegroom, would 'he make in the eyes of foreign ladies, 'at dinner, were he to retain his 'gloomy airs. He has begged my 'pardon; as good as promiſed amend-'ment; and I have forgiven him.'

'Poor Lord G.' ſaid I.

'Huſh, huſh! He is within; he 'will hear you: and then perhaps re-'pent of his repentance.'

She led me in: my lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled; and was but juſt recovering a ſmile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how ſaucily did her eyes look! 'Well, my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'I hope—but you ſay, I miſunder-'ſtood—'

'No more, Madam, no more, I be-'ſeech you—'

'Well, Sir, not a word more, ſince 'you are—'

'*Pray*, Madam—'

'Well, well, give me your hand—'You muſt leave Harriet and me toge-'ther.'

She humorouſly curtſied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herſelf. She nodded her head to him, as he turned his back when he was at the door; and when he was gone, 'If I can but make this man 'orderly,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhall not quar-'rel with my brother for hurrying me 'as he has done.'

'You are wrong, exceſſively wrong, 'Charlotte. You call my lord a ſilly 'man, but can have no proof that he 'is ſo, but by his bearing his treat-'ment from you.'

'None of your grave airs, my dear. 'The man is a good ſort of man, 'and will be ſo, if you and Lady L. 'don't

'don't ſpoil him. I have a vaſt deal
'of roguery, but no ill-nature in my
'heart. There is luxury in jeſting
'with a ſolemn man, who wants to
'aſſume airs of privilege, and thinks
'he has a right to be impertinent.
'I'll tell you how I will manage—I
'believe I ſhall often try his patience;
'and when I am conſcious that I have
'gone too far, I will be patient if he
'is angry with me; ſo we ſhall be
'quits. Then I'll begin again: he
'will reſent; and, if I find his aſpect
'very ſolemn—"Come, come, no
"glouting, friend," I will ſay, and
'perhaps ſmile in his face: "I'll play
"you a tune, or ſing you a ſong—
"Which, which! Speak in a mo-
"ment, or the humour will be off."
'If he was ready to cry before, he
'will laugh then, though againſt his
'will: and as he admires my finger,
'and my voice, ſhall we not be in-
'ſtantly friends?'

It ſignified nothing to rave at her: ſhe will have her way. Poor Lord G.! at my firſt knowledge of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that ſhe was indiſcreetly ſo.

Lord G.'s fondneſs for his ſaucy bride was, as I have reaſon to believe, his fault. I dared not to aſk for particulars of their quarrel; and if I had, and *found* it ſo, could not, with ſuch a raillying creature, have entered into his defence, or cenſured her.

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whiſpered me, that he ſhould be the happieſt man in the world, if I, who had ſuch an influence over her, would ſtand his friend.

'I hope, my lord,' ſaid I, 'that
'you will not want any influence but
'your own. She has a thouſand good
'qualities. She has charming ſpirits.
'You will have nothing to bear with
'but from them. They will not laſt
'always. Think only, that ſhe can
'mean nothing by the exertion of them,
'but innocent gaiety; and ſhe will
'every day love your lordſhip the bet-
'ter for bearing with her. You know
'ſhe is generous and noble.'

'I ſee, Madam,' ſaid he, 'ſhe has
'let you into—'

'She has not acquainted me with
'the particulars of the little miſunder-
'ſtanding; only has ſaid, that there
'had been a ſlight one; which was
'quite made up.'

'I am aſhamed,' replied he, 'to
'have it thought by Miſs Byron, that
'there *could* have been a miſunder-
'ſtanding between us, eſpecially ſo
'early. She knows her power over
'me. I am afraid, ſhe deſpiſes me.'

'Impoſſible, my lord: have you not
'obſerved that ſhe ſpares nobody when
'ſhe is in a lively humour?'

'True—But here ſhe comes!—Not
'a word, Madam!'—I bowed aſſenting
ſilence.—'Lord G.' ſaid ſhe, approach-
ing him, in a low voice, 'I ſhall be
'jealous of your converſations with
'Miſs Byron.'

'Would to Heaven, my deareſt
'life!' ſnatching at her withdrawn hand, 'that—'

'I were half as good as Miſs By-
'ron: I underſtand you—But time
'and patience, Sir—' nodding to him, and paſſing him.

'Admirable creature!' ſaid he,
'how I adore her!'

I hinted to her afterwards his fear of her deſpiſing him.—'Harriet,' anſwered ſhe, with a ſerious air, 'I will
'do my duty by him. I will abhor
'my own heart, if I ever find in it
'the ſhadow of a regard for any man
'in the world, inconſiſtent with that
'which he has a right to expect from
'me.'

I was pleaſed with her: and found an opportunity to communicate what ſhe ſaid, in confidence, to my lord; and had his bleſſings for it.

But now for ſome account of Lady Olivia. With which I will begin a new letter.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SIR Charles returned with the ladies. He preſented to Lady Olivia and her aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr. Bartlett.

Lady Olivia aſked for the doctor. He left *me* to pay his reſpects to *her*.

Sir Charles, being informed that I was in the houſe, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he ſhould have the honour of preſenting to her one of our Engliſh beauties; deſiring Lady G. to requeſt my company.

Lady G. came to me—'A lovely

'woman, I assure you, Harriet; let 'me lead you to her.'

Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: 'Excuse me, 'Madam,' said he, taking my hand, with profound respect, 'and allow me 'to introduce to you a very amiable 'Italian lady, one who does so much 'honour to Britain.—Miss Byron, 'Madam,' addressing himself to her, 'salutes you. The advantages of per-'son are her least perfection.'

Her face glowed.—'Miss Byron,' said she, in French, 'is all loveliness. 'A relation, Sir?' in Italian.

He bowed; but answered not her question.

'I would sooner forgive you *here*,' whispered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles, in Italian, looking at me, 'than at 'Bologna.

I heard her; and by my confusion shewed that I understood her. She was in confusion too.

'Mademoiselle,' said she in French, 'understands Italian.—I am ashamed, 'Monsieur.'

'Miss Byron does,' answered Sir Charles; 'and French too.'

'I must have the honour,' said she in French, 'to be better known to 'you, Mademoiselle.'

I answered her as politely as I could in the same language.

Lady Olivia is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never saw brighter black eyes in my life: if possible, they are brighter, and shine with more piercing lustre, than even Sir Charles Grandison's! But yet I give his the preference; for we see in them a benignity, that her's, though a woman's, have not; and a thoughtfulness, as if something lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that shews him to be equal to any thing that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eyes shew more fire and impetuosity than sweetness. Had I not been *told* it, I should have been sure that she has a violent spirit: but, on the whole, she is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talked of taking a house, and staying in England a year at least; and was determined, she said, to perfect herself in the language, and to become an English woman; but when Sir Charles, in the way of discourse, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Saturday morning, how did she and her aunt look upon each other! and how was the sun-shine that gilded her fine countenance, shut in! 'Sure-'ly, Sir,' said her aunt, 'you are not 'in earnest!'

After dinner, the two ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr. Bartlett, at Lady G.'s request, then gave us this short sketch of her history: he said, she had a vast fortune; she had had indiscretions; but none that had affected her character as to virtue; but her spirit could not bear controul. She had shewn herself to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bless me, my dear, the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that she always carries a poniard about her; and that once she used it. Had the person died, she would have been called to publick account for it. The man, it seems, was of rank, and offered some slight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor said, as he had reason to believe, with a resolution to sacrifice even her religion, if it were insisted upon, to the passion she had so long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he says, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina; and will not be able to govern her passion, he is sure, when Sir Charles shall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that lady, and her family: for he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad, but not said whither.

Lord W. praised the person of the lady, and her majestick air. Lord L. and Lord G. wished to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles; so did Lady G. And while they were thus wishing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow; 'Lady L.' said he, 'be so good as to 'attend Lady Olivia.'

She went to her. Sir Charles staid not with us: yet went not to the lady; but into his study. Dr. Bartlett attended him there: the doctor returned soon after to us. 'His noble heart is 'vexed,' said he: 'Lady Olivia has 'greatly disturbed him; he chuses to 'be alone.'

Lady L. afterwards told us, that she found the lady in violent anguish of spirit; her aunt endeavouring to calm

calm her; she, however, politely addressed herself to Lady L. and begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, she owned to her, in French, her passion for her brother: she was not, she said, ashamed to own it to his sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer her's: she had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned, that her chief motive for coming to England was, to cast her fortune at her brother's feet; and as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family Della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind, as she said, she presumed, and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centered in *her*, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but that she was resolved not to conceal any thing from Lady L. She left her to judge how much she must be affected when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especially when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to suspend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon so hated and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous, an errand: but he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was the most placable of her sex. 'What, Madam,' said she, 'can affect a woman, if 'slight, indignity, and repulse, from 'a favoured person, is not able to do 'it? A woman of my condition to 'come over to England, to solicit—'how can I support the thought—and 'to be refused the protection of the 'man she prefers to all men; and her 'request to see her safe back again, 'though but as the fool she came 'over!—You may blame me, Ma-'dam—but you must pity me, even 'were you to have a heart the fitter-'heart of your inflexible brother's.'

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable situation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his self-denial in an hundred instances, on the bare possibility of being an instrument to restore her: she could not bear to hear her speak highly of the unhappy lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which she attributed the deserved calamity, (*Deserved!* Cruel lady! how could her pitiless heart allow her lips to utter such a word?) and imputed meanness to the noblest of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, some of the principals of which, she said, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his spirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She seems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: and Lady L. speaks very favourably of her from the advice she gave, and her remonstrances to her kinswoman. Lady Maffei besought her to compose herself, and return to the company.

She could not bear, she said, to return to the company, the slighted, the contemned object, she must appear to be to every one in it. 'I am an in-'truder,' said she, haughtily; 'a 'beggar, with a fortune that would 'purchase a sovereignty in some coun-'tries. Make my excuses to your 'sister, to the rest of the company—'and to that fine young lady—whose 'eyes, by their officious withdrawing 'from his, and by the consciousness 'that glowed in her face whenever he 'addressed her, betrayed, at least to a 'jealous eye, more than she would wish 'to have seen—but tell her, that, all-'lovely and blooming as she is, she 'must have no hope, whilst Clemen-'tina lives.'

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is ſo diſcoverable!—I thank her for the caution. But I can ſay what ſhe cannot; that from my heart, coſt me what it may, I do ſubſcribe to a preference in favour of a lady who has acted in the moſt arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted in the ſame circumſtances. We ſee that her reaſon, but not her piety, deſerted her in the noble ſtruggle between her love and her religion. In the moſt affecting abſences of her reaſon, the ſoul of the man ſhe loved was the object of her paſſion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's ſelf, in ſuch a caſe as this, yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowledgment ſhall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, becauſe I purſue the dictates of that judgment, againſt the biaſſes of my more partial heart. Let that Heaven, which only *can*, reſtore Clementina, and diſpoſe as it pleaſes of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be ſo unhappy as the lady has been whom I rank among the firſt of women; and whoſe whole family deſerves almoſt equal compaſſion.

Lady Olivia aſked Lady L. if her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. anſwered; and told her, that he had reſcued me from a very great diſtreſs; and that mine was the moſt grateful of human hearts.

She called me ſweet young creature, (ſuppoſing me, I doubt not, younger than I am;) but ſaid, that the graces of my perſon and mind alarmed her not, as they would have done, had not his attachment to Clementina been what ſhe now ſaw, but never could have believed it was; having ſuppoſed that compaſſion only was the tie that bound him to her.

But compaſſion, Lucy, from ſuch a heart as his, the merit ſo great in the lady, muſt be love; a love of the nobler kind—And if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a paſſion that met not with a grateful return. She adviſed her to diſpoſe herſelf to ſtay in England ſome months, now ſhe was here. And as her friends in Italy would ſuppoſe what her view was in coming to England, their cenſures would be obviated by her continuing here for ſome time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: and that ſhe ſhould divert herſelf with viſiting the court, the publick places, and in ſeeing the principal curioſities of this kingdom, as ſhe had done thoſe of others; in order to give credit to an excurſion that might otherwiſe be freely ſpoken of, in her own country.

She ſeemed to liſten to this advice. She beſpoke, and was promiſed, the friendſhip of the two ſiſters; and included in her requeſt, through their intereſts, mine; and Lady G. was called in by her ſiſter to join in the promiſe.

She deſired that Sir Charles might be requeſted to walk in; but would not ſuffer the ſiſters to withdraw, as they would have done when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it ſeems, looked ſtill diſturbed. 'I 'beg you to excuſe, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'my 'behaviour to you; it was paſſionate; 'it was unbecoming. But, in com- 'pliment to your own conſequence, you 'ought to excuſe it. I have only to re- 'queſt one favour of you: that you 'will ſuſpend for *one* week, in regard 'to me, your propoſed journey, *but* 'for one week; and I will, now I am 'in England, ſtay ſome months; per- 'haps till your return.'

'Excuſe me, Madam.'

'I will *not* excuſe you—but *one* 'week, Sir. Give me ſo much im- 'portance with myſelf, as for one 'week's ſuſpenſion. You *will*. You 'muſt.'

'Indeed I cannot. My ſoul, I own 'to you, is in the diſtreſſes of the fa- 'mily of Porretta. Why ſhould I 'repeat what I ſaid to you before?'

'I have beſpoken, Sir, the civilities 'of your ſiſters, of your family: you 'forbid them not?'

'You expect not an anſwer, Madam, 'to that queſtion. My ſiſters will be 'glad, and ſo will their lords, to at- 'tend you wherever you pleaſe, with 'a hope to make England agreeable 'to you.'

'How long do you propoſe to ſtay 'in *Italy*, Sir?'

'It is impoſſible for me to deter- 'mine.'

'Are you not apprehenſive of danger 'to your perſon?'

'I am

'I am not.'

'You *ought* to be.'

'No danger shall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives justify me, I cannot fear.'

'Do you wish me, Sir, to stay in England till your return?'

A question so home put, disturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the lady? It must either subject her to a repulse; or him, by a polite answer, to give her hope, that her stay in England might not be fruitless as to the view she had in coming. He reddened. 'It is fit,' answered he, 'that your own pleasure should determine you. It did, pardon me, Madam, in your journey hither.'

She reddened to her very ears.—'Your brother, ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: bear witness to this instance of it. I am ashamed of myself!'

'If I am unpolite, Madam, my sincerity will be my excuse; at least to my own heart.'

'O that inflexible heart!—But, ladies, if the inhospitable Englishman refuse his protection in his own country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality; do not you, his sisters, despise her.'

'They, Madam, and their lords, will render you every chearful service.—Let me request you, my sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country: she will be of such wherever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect.'—Then addressing himself to them—'Ladies,' said he, 'encourage my sisters: they will think themselves honoured by your commands.'

The two sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had said; and both ladies acknowledged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship: but Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with their brother; and it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occasion of this lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great blessings, to *daughters* in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men, though their judgments are supposed to be less, into inconveniences. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: and, not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself happy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I should have been apt to pity *her*; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her love! A pitiable case!—I saw a starting tear now and then with difficulty dispersed. Once she rubbed her eye; and, being conscious of observation, said something had got into it. So it had. The something was a tear. Yet she looked with haughtiness, and her bosom swelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their best services: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windsor. Different parties of pleasure were talked of; but still the enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleased, but did not always succeed in the trial; an eye of love and anger mingled was often cast upon the man whom every body loved. Her bosom heaved, as it seemed sometimes, with indignation against herself: that was the construction which I made of some of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, seemed pleased with the parties of pleasure talked of. She often directed herself to me in Italian. I answered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: but as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it, (for it is a long time ago since I lost my grandpapa, who used to converse with me in it, and in French) I was not scrupulous to answer in it. To have forborne, because I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been false modesty, nearly bordering

dering upon pride. Were any lady to laugh at me for not speaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine, than I am in hers.' But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowledged it to be so. 'Signora,' said she, 'you shew us 'that a pretty mouth can give beauty 'to a defect. A *master* teaching you,' added she, 'would perhaps find some 'fault; but a *friend* conversing with 'you, must be in love with you for 'the very imperfection.'

Sir Charles was generously pleased with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her observation.

He attended the two ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr. Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her disgrace in coming to England just as he was quitting it; and wishing she had staid at Florence. She would have engaged him to correspond with her; he excused himself. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any request that was made to him, especially by a lady: but he thought he ought in conscience and honour to forbear giving the shadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he said, had, for laudable ends, implanted such a regard in the sexes towards each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumspect in relation to the friendships they were so ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his sisters, considering her views, her spirit, her perseverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his supposed neglect of her. And yet, as she *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England so soon after her arrival; he thought he could not do less: and he hoped his sisters, from whose example she might be benefited, would, while she behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is so unexpectedly come hither in person, he thinks it best to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her history at large; but will leave so much of it as may satisfy my curiosity, to be gathered from my own observation; and not only from the violence and haughtiness of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is sure, he said, that his patron will be best pleased, that a veil should be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not so to the lady: who, however, never was suspected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reason to tax her with a thought that was not strictly virtuous: and she had engaged his pity and esteem, for the sake of her other fine qualities, though she could not his love. Before she saw *him* (which, it seems, was at the opera at Florence for the first time, when he had an opportunity to pay her some slight civilities) she set all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfast with *me*. My cousins and I are to dine at Lord L.'s. The earl and Lady Gertrude are also to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to stay and be there also, as it is his nephew's last day in England.—'Last 'day in England!' O my Lucy! What words are those!—Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being so short) not disapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind summons. I will soon set my day: I will, my dear, soon set my day.

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY NOON, APRIL 14.

NOT five hours in bed: not one hour's rest for many uneasy nights before: I was stupid till Sir Charles came; I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health; as if he thought I did not look well.

We had some talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happiness. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he said, was a good-natured honest man. If he thought his sister would make him unhappy, he should himself be so.

I told

I told him that I dared to answer for her heart. 'My lord must bear with some innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the subject by asking me my opinion of her. I said she was a very fine woman in her person; and that she had an air of grandeur in her mien.

'And she has good qualities,' said he; 'but she is violent in her passions. 'I am frequently grieved for her. 'She is a fine creature, in danger of 'being lost, by being made too soon 'her own mistress.'

He said not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my spirits were not high! and I am afraid if that key had been touched, I should have been too visibly affected. My cousins forbore upon the same apprehension.

He was excessively tender and soothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily said; that his voice, when he spoke of me, was the voice of love. Dear flattering girl!—But *why* did she flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He spoke of her with the tenderness of a father. He besought me to love her. He praised her heart.

'Emily,' said I, 'venerates her 'guardian. She never will do any 'thing contrary to his advice.'

'She is very young,' replied he. 'She will be happy, Madam, in 'yours. She both loves and reverences 'you.'

'I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. 'She and I shall be always sisters.'

'How happy am I, in your good-'ness to her! Permit me, Madam, 'to enumerate to you my own felici-'ties in those of my dearest friends.

'Mr. Beauchamp is now in the 'agreeable situation I have long wished 'him to be. His prudence and oblig-'ing behaviour to his mother-in-law, 'have won her. His father grants 'him every thing through her; and 'she by this means finds that power 'enlarged, which she was afraid would 'be lessened if the son were allowed 'to come over. How just is this re-'ward of his filial duty!'

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was solely due to himself.

Lord W. he hoped would be soon one of the happiest men in England: and the whole Mansfield family had now fair prospects opening before them.

Emily [Not *he*, you see] had made it the interest of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleasure whenever he saw them, or thought of them.

'Dr. Bartlett was in Heaven, while 'on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandison Hall, and employ himself in distributing, as objects offered, at least a thousand pounds of the three thousand bequeathed to charitable uses by his late friend Mr. Danby. 'His sister's fortune was paid. His estates in both kingdoms were improving—'See, Madam,' said he, 'how like the friend of my soul I claim 'your attention to affairs that are of 'consequence to myself; and in some 'of which your generosity of heart has 'interested you.'

I bowed. Had I spoken, I had burst into tears. I had something arose in my throat, I know not what. 'Still,' thought I, 'excellent man, 'you are not yourself happy!—O 'pity! pity!' Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all these things, to take off from my mind that impression which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult situation.

'And now, Madam,' resumed he, 'how are all my dear and good friends, 'whom you more particularly call 'yours?—I hope to have the honour 'of a personal knowledge of them. 'When heard you from our good friend 'Mr. Deane? He is well, I hope.'

'Very well, Sir.'

'Your grandmamma Shirley, that 'ornament of advanced years?'

I bowed: I dared not trust to my voice.

'Your excellent aunt Selby?'

I bowed again.

'Your uncle, your Lucy, your 'Nancy: happy family! All harmony! 'all love! How do they?'

I wiped my eyes.

'Is there any service in my power 'to do them, or any of them? Com-'mand me, good Miss Byron, if there 'be:

'be: my Lord W. and I are one. 'Our influence is not ſmall.—Make 'me ſtill *more* happy, in the power of 'ſerving any one favoured by you.'

'You oppreſs me, Sir, by your 'goodneſs!—I cannot ſpeak my grate-'ful ſenſibilities.'

'Will you, my dear Mr. Reeves—'Will you, Madam,' (to my couſin) 'employ me in any way that I can 'be of uſe to you, either abroad or at 'home? Your acquaintance has given 'me great pleaſure. To what a fa-'mily of worthies has this excellent 'young lady introduced me!'

'O Sir!' ſaid Mrs. Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, 'that you 'were not to leave people whom you 'have made ſo happy in the know-'ledge of the beſt of men!'

'Indiſpenſible calls muſt be obeyed, 'my dear Mrs. Reeves. If we can-'not be as happy as we wiſh, we will 'rejoice in the happineſs we *can* have. 'We muſt not be our own carvers—'But I make you all ſerious. I was 'enumerating, as I told you, my pre-'ſent felicities! I was rejoicing in 'your friendſhips. I *have* joy; and, 'I preſume to ſay, I will have joy. 'There is a bright ſide in every event; 'I will not loſe ſight of it: and there 'is a dark one; but I will endeavour 'to ſee it only with the eye of pru-'dence, that I may not be involved 'by it unawares. Who that is not 'reproached by his own heart, and is 'bleſſed with health, can grieve for 'inevitable evils; evils that can be 'only evils as we make them ſo? 'Forgive my ſerioufneſs: my dear 'friends, you *make* me grave.—Fa-'vour me, I beſeech you, my good 'Miſs Byron, with one leſſon: we 'ſhall be too much engaged perhaps 'bye and bye.'

He led me (I thought it was with a *chearful* air; but my couſins both ſay, his eyes gliſtened) to the harpſichord: he ſung unaſked, but with a low voice; and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with ſuch a man? How can I take my leave of him?—But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the ſolemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 15.

O Lucy, Sir Charles Grandiſon is gone! Gone indeed! He ſet out at three this morning; on purpoſe, no doubt, to ſpare his ſiſters, and friends, as well as himſelf, concern.

We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour, which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon a hundred things, ſome of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yeſterday paſſed with tolerable chearfulneſs: every one tried to be chearful. O what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved! He muſt have pain as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the moſt thought-ful at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah, the poor Emily! ſhe went out four or five times to weep; though only *I* perceived it.

Nobody was chearful after dinner but Sir Charles. He ſeemed to exert himſelf to be ſo. He prevailed on me to give them a leſſon on the harpſichord. Lady L. played; Lady G. played: we *tried* to play, I ſhould rather ſay. He himſelf took the violin, and afterwards ſat down to the harpſichord, for one ſhort leſſon. He was not known to be ſuch a maſter: but he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia, indeed, knew him to be ſo. She was induced to play upon the harpſichord: ſhe ſurpaſſed every body. Italy is the land of har-mony.

About ſeven at night he ſingled me out, and ſurprized me greatly by what he ſaid. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a viſit. I was before low: I was then ready to ſink. 'She 'has aſked me queſtions, Madam.'

'Sir, Sir!' was all I could ſay.

He himſelf trembled as he ſpoke—Alas! my dear, he ſurely loves me! Hear how ſolemnly he ſpoke—'God 'Almighty be your director, my dear 'Miſs Byron! I wiſh not more happi-'neſs to my own ſoul, than I do to 'you.—

'you.—In discharge of a promise 'made I mention this visit to you: I 'might otherwise have spared you and 'myself—'

He stopped there—Then resumed; for I was silent, I could not speak—'Your friends will be entreated for a 'man that loves you; a very worthy 'young nobleman.—I give you emo-'tion, Madam.—Forgive me.—I have 'performed my promise.' He turned from me with a seeming chearful air. How *could* he appear to be chearful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks, as she played. O how she loves her guardian?—Emily I say—I don't know what I write!

At supper we were all very melancholy. Mr. Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the subject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian ladies to his best services.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wished to Lord L. to have seen Mr. Grandison!—unworthy as that man has made himself of his attention.

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be spoken to by him alone—So diligently?—He led her to the window—About one o'clock it was—He held both her hands. He called her, she says, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not speak; she could only sob; yet thought she had a thousand things to say to him.

He contradicted not the hope his sisters and their lords had of his breakfasting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go in expectation; but Lady G. when she found him gone, sent me and the Italian ladies, word, that he was. It would have been cruel if she had not. How *could* he steal away so! I find, that he intended that his morning visit to me (as indeed I half-suspected) should be a taking leave of my cousins, and your Harriet. How many things did he say then—How many questions ask—In tender woe—He wanted to do us all service—He seemed not to know what to say—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What struggles in his noble bosom!—But a man cannot complain: a man cannot ask for compassion as a woman can. But surely his is the gentlest of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my cousin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr. Reeves said, 'We 'see you again, Sir Charles, in the 'morning?' He bowed. At handing me in, he sighed—He pressed my hand—I think he did—That was all—He saluted nobody. He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr. Bartlett was in the secret.

* *

He was. He has just been here. He found my eyes swelled. I had had no rest; yet knew not, till seven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come; his visit soothed me: yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Reeves's eyes were swelled, as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his sisters, their lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever—And who knows—But I will not torment myself with supposing the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction, that he *would* have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction?—And therefore did he vouchsafe to give it?—But, vanity, be quiet—Lie down, hope—Hopelessness, take place!—Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D.'s visit—O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw *my* emotion, and acknowledged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? I *am*. I *will be* satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! if I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come to England—to come just time enough to take leave of

him; hastening on the wings of love and compassion to a dearer, a *deservedly* dearer object, in the country she had quitted, on purpose to visit him in his.—Is not hers a more grievous situation than mine?—It is. Why, then, do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint, what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr. Bartlett, though as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a lady's passion for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have scrupled, great, haughty, and noble, as she is, by birth and fortune, to have been his without conditions, if she could not have been so with: the Italian world is of the same opinion, at least. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

O that I could hope, for the honour of the sex, and of the lady, who is so fine a woman, that the Italian world is mistaken!—I will presume that it is.

My good Dr. Bartlett, will you allow me to accuse you of a virtue too rigorous? That is sometimes the fault of very good people. You own, that Sir Charles has not, even to *you*, revealed a secret so disgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: yet how patiently, for one of such a temper, has she taken his departure, almost on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a confession so criminal: *she* could not if he had, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the less credit shall you have with me, Italian world, as I have *seen* the lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Olivia is only too intrepid. Prosperity, as Sir Charles observed, has been a snare to her, and set her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Merciless world! I do not love you.—Dear Dr. Bartlett, you are not yet absolutely perfect! These hints of yours against Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the first indeed that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuse me, Lucy: how have I run on! Disappointment has mortified me, and made me good-natured.—I will welcome adversity, if it enlarge my charity.

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-broken heart, will be here presently. If I can be of comfort to her—But I want it myself, from the same cause. We shall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his setting out so early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr. Bartlett!—Yet I see by his eyes, that this parting cost him some paternal tears.

Never father better loved a son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles, it seems, had settled all his affairs three days before. His servants were appointed. Richard Saunders is one of the three he has taken with him. Happy servants! to be every day in the presence of such a master.

The doctor tells me, that he had last week presented the elder Mr. Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchased for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he says, is preparing for Windsor; Mr. Beauchamp for Hampshire, for a few days; and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians.

Lady Olivia will soon have her equipage ready.

She will make a great appearance.—But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a disturbed heart?

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are setting out for Hertfordshire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring, for a few weeks, to Colnebrook: the doctor is preparing for Grandison Hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonshire.—Bless me, my dear, what a dispersion!—But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect some of them together at Windsor.

* *

EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is just come. She is with my cousin. She expects my permission for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, blessing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a scene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16.

O What a blank, my dear!—But I need not say what I was going to say. Poor Emily!—But to mention her grief, is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windsor yesterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr. Beauchamp went yesterday, and offered to attend her to any of the publick places, at her pleasure; in pursuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: and she thought fit to tell him before her aunt, that she thanked him for his civility; but she should not trouble him during her stay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train; and one of them had been in England before—

He left her in disgust.

Lady L. making her a visit in the evening, she told her of Mr. Beauchamp's offer, and of her answer. 'The gentleman,' said she, 'is a polite and very agreeable man; and 'this made me treat his kind offer 'with abruptness: for I can hardly 'doubt your brother's view in it. I '*scorn* his view: and if I were sure of 'it, perhaps I should find a way to 'make him repent of the indignity.' Lady L. was sure, she said, that neither her brother, nor Mr. Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as possible.

'Be this as it may, Madam,' said she, 'I have no service for Mr. Beau-'champ: but if your ladyship, your 'sister, and your two lords, will al-'low me to cultivate your friendship, 'you will do me honour. Dr. Bart-'lett's company will be very agree-'able to me likewise, as often as he 'will give it me. To Miss Jervois I 'lay some little claim. I would have 'had her for my companion in Italy; 'but your cruel brother—No more, 'however, of him. Your English 'beauty, too, I admire her: but, poor 'young creature, I admire her the 'more, because I can pity *her*. I 'should think myself very happy to 'be better acquainted with her.'

Lady L. made her a very polite answer for herself and her sister, and their lords. But told her, that I was very soon to set out for my own abode in Northamptonshire; and that Dr. Bartlett had some commissions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's seat in the country. She herself offered to attend her to Windsor, and to every other place, at her command.

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LADY L. took notice of her wrist being bound round with a broad black ribband, and asked, if it were hurt? 'A kind of sprain,' said she. 'But 'you little imagine how it came; and 'must not ask.'

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requesting that Emily might be allowed to breakfast with her as this morning; she has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came if it fell in her way: for Olivia reddened and looked up, with a kind of consciousness, to Lady L. when she told her that she must not ask questions about it.

Lady G. is very earnest with me to give into the town-diversions for a month to come: but I have now no desire in my heart so strong, as to return to all my dear Northamptonshire friends.

I am only afraid of my uncle. He will railly his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: but my jesting days are over; my situation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert him, let him railly.

I shall be so much importuned to stay longer than I ought, or *will* stay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent friends, allow me to set out for Selby House on Friday next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams advises, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different school. Sir Charles Grandison, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in pursuit of works of mercy or necessity, to travel in time of divine service. And this rule he observed last Sunday, though he reached us here in the evening. O my grandmamma! how much is he, what you all are, and ever have been!—But he is now pursuing a work of mercy. God succeed to him the end of his pursuit!

But why *tacit?* you will ask. Is

Sir Charles Grandiſon aſhamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his chriſtian duties? He is not. For inſtance; I have never ſeen him ſit down at his own table, in the abſence of Dr. Bartlett, or ſome other clergyman, but he himſelf ſays grace; and that with ſuch an eaſy dignity, as commands every one's reverence; and which is ſucceeded by a chearfulneſs that looks as if he were the better pleaſed for having ſhewn a thankful heart.

Dr. Bartlett has alſo told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his chamber, or in his ſtudy, in a manner worthy of one who is in earneſt in his chriſtian profeſſion. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember one day, Mr. Grandiſon aſked him, in his abſurd way, why he did not *preach* to his company now and then? 'Faith, Sir 'Charles,' ſaid he, 'if you did, you 'would reform many a poor ignorant 'ſinner of us; ſince you could do it 'with more weight, and more cer'tainty of attention, than any parſon 'in Chriſtendom.'

'It would be an affront,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'to the underſtanding, as 'well as education, of a man who took 'rank above a peaſant, in ſuch a coun'try as this, to ſeem to queſtion whe'ther he *knew* his general duties, or 'not, and the neceſſity of practiſing 'what he knew of them. If he ſhould 'be at a loſs, he *may* once a week be 'reminded, and his heart kept warm. 'Let you and me, couſin Everard, 'ſhew our conviction by our practice; 'and not invade the clergyman's pro'vince.'

I remember, that Mr. Grandiſon ſhewed his conviction by his bluſhes; and by repeating the three little words, 'You and me! Sir Charles.'

SUNDAY EVENING.

O MY dear friends! I have a ſtrange, a ſhocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has juſt been with me in tears: ſhe begged to ſpeak with me in private. When we were alone, ſhe threw her arms about my neck: 'Ah, 'Madam!' ſaid ſhe, 'I am come to tell 'you, that there is a perſon in the 'world that I hate, and muſt and will 'hate, as long as I live. It is Lady 'Olivia—Take me down with you 'into Northamptonſhire, and let me 'never ſee her more.'

I was ſurprized.

'O Madam! I have found out, that 'ſhe would, on Thurſday laſt, have 'killed my guardian.'

I was aſtoniſhed, Lucy.

'They retired together, you know, 'Madam: my guardian came from 'her, his face in a glow; and he ſent 'in his ſiſter to her, and went not in 'himſelf till afterwards. She would 'have had him put off his journey. 'She was enraged becauſe he would 'not; and they were high together; 'and at laſt ſhe pulled out of her ſtays, 'in fury, a poniard, and vowed to 'plunge it into his heart. He ſhould 'never, ſhe ſaid, ſee his Clementina 'more. He went to her. Her heart 'failed her. Well it might, you 'know, Madam. He ſeized her hand. 'He took it from her. She ſtruggled, 'and in ſtruggling her wriſt was hurt; 'that's the meaning of the broad black 'ribband!—Wicked creature! to have 'ſuch a thought in her heart!—He 'only ſaid, when he had got it from 'her, "Unhappy, violent woman! I "return not this inſtrument of miſ"chief! You will have no uſe for it "in England."—And would not let 'her have it again.'

I ſhuddered. 'O my dear,' ſaid I, 'he has been a ſufferer, we are told, 'by good women; but this is *not* a 'good woman. But can it be true? 'Who informed you of it?'

'Lady Maffei herſelf. She thought 'that Sir Charles muſt have ſpoken of 'it: and when ſhe found *he* had not, 'ſhe was ſorry *ſhe* had, and begged I 'would not tell any-body: but I could 'not keep it from you. And ſhe ſays, 'that Lady Olivia is grieved on the 'remembrance of it; and arraigns her'ſelf and her wicked paſſion; and the 'more, for his noble forgiveneſs of 'her on the ſpot, and recommending 'her afterwards to the civilities of his 'ſiſters, and their lords. But I hate 'her, for all that.'

'Poor unhappy Olivia!' ſaid I. 'But what, my Emily, are we wo'men, who ſhould be the meekeſt and 'tendereſt of the whole animal crea'tion, when we give way to paſſion! 'But if ſhe is ſo penitent, let not the 'ſhocking attempt be known to his 'ſiſters, or their lords. I may take

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Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Nov. 23, 1782.

'the liberty of mentioning it, in *ſtrict* '*confidence*,' [Obſerve that, Lucy] 'to 'thoſe from whom I keep not any ſe- 'cret: but let it not be divulged to 'any of the relations of Sir Charles. 'Their deteſtation of her, which muſt 'follow, would not be concealed: and 'the unhappy creature, made deſpe- 'rate, might——Who knows what 'ſhe might do?'

The dear girl ran on upon what might have been the conſequence, and what a loſs the world would have had, if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, ſhe might have done him miſchief; for he was too raſh in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as ſoon as he had wreſted the poniard from her. 'I forgive, and pity you, Ma- 'dam!' ſaid he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her aunt have recollected ſince, both majeſty and compaſſion in it: but againſt her entreaty, he would withdraw. Yet, at her requeſt, ſent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his ſtudy, told not even Dr. Bartlett of it, though he went to him there immediately.

From the conſciouſneſs of this violence, perhaps, the lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

* *

LORD bleſs me, what ſhall I do? Lady D. has ſent a card to let me know, that ſhe will wait upon Mrs. Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfaſt. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of ſucceeding with her: and perhaps her ladyſhip will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and intereſt in Lord D.'s favour. But ſhould this plea be made, good Heaven give me patience! I am afraid I ſhall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

THE counteſs is juſt gone.

Mr. Reeves was engaged before to breakfaſt with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs. Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart ached at her entrance; and every moment ſtill more, as we were at breakfaſt. Her looks, I thought, had ſuch a particular kindneſs and meaning in them, as ſeemed to expreſs, 'You have no hopes, Miſs Byron, 'any-where elſe; and I will have you 'to be mine.'

But my ſuſpenſe was over the moment the tea-table was removed. 'I 'ſee your confuſion, my dear,' ſaid the counteſs, ['Mrs. Reeves, you muſt 'not leave us;] and I have ſat in pain 'for you, as I ſaw it increaſe. By this 'I know that Sir Charles Grandiſon 'has been as good as his word. In- 'deed I doubted not but he would. I 'do not wonder, my dear, that you 'love him. He is the fineſt man in 'his manners, as well as perſon, that 'I ever ſaw. A woman of virtue and 'honour cannot *but* love him. But I 'need not praiſe him to you—nor to '*you*, neither Mrs. Reeves; I ſee that. 'Now you muſt know,' proceeded ſhe, 'that there is an alliance propoſed for 'my ſon, of which I think very well; 'but ſtill ſhould have thought better, 'had I never ſeen you, my dear. I 'have talked to my lord about it: 'you know I am very deſirous to have 'him married. His anſwer was; "I "never can think of any propoſal of "this nature, while I have any hope "that I can make myſelf acceptable "to Miſs Byron."

"What think you, my lord," ſaid 'I, "if I ſhould directly apply to Sir "Charles Grandiſon, to know his in- "tentions; and whether he has any "hopes of obtaining her favour? He "is ſaid to be the moſt unreſerved of "men. He knows our characters to "be as unexceptionable as his own; "and that our alliance cannot be "thought a diſcredit to the firſt family "in the kingdom. It is a free queſ- "tion, I own; as I am unacquainted "with him by perſon: but he is ſuch "a man, that methinks I can take "pleaſure in addreſſing myſelf to him "on *any* ſubject."

'My lord ſmiled at the freedom of 'my motion; but not diſapproving it, 'I directly went to Sir Charles, and, 'after due compliments, told him my 'buſineſs.'

The

The countess stopped. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

'Well, Madam,' said my cousin, with an air of curiosity—'Pray, your 'ladyship—'

I could not speak for very impatience—

'I never heard in my life,' said the countess, 'such a fine character of any 'mortal, as he gave of you. He told 'me of his engagements to go abroad 'as the very next day. He highly 'extolled the lady for whose sake, 'principally, he was obliged to go 'abroad; and he spoke as highly of a 'brother of hers, whom he loved as 'if he were his own brother; and 'mentioned very affectionately the 'young lady's whole family.

"God only knows," said he, "what may be *my* destiny!—As ge- "nerosity, as justice, or rather as "Providence leads, I will follow."

'After he had generously opened his 'heart,' proceeded the countess, 'I 'asked him if he had any hope, should 'the foreign lady recover her *health*, 'of her being his.'

"I can promise myself nothing," 'said he. "I go over without one "selfish hope. If the lady recover *her* "health, and her brother can be "amended in *his*, by the assistance I "shall carry over with me, I shall "have joy inexpressible: to Provi- "dence I leave the rest. The result "cannot be in my *own* power."

'Then, Sir,' proceeded the countess, 'you cannot in honour be un- 'der any engagements to Miss Byron?'

I arose from my seat. 'Whither, 'my dear?—I have *done*, if I oppress 'you.' I moved my chair behind her, but so close to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She stood up. 'Sit down again, Madam,' said I, 'and proceed—Pray proceed. You 'have excited my curiosity. Only let 'me sit here, *unheeded*, behind you.'

'Pray, Madam,' said Mrs. Reeves, (burning also with curiosity, as she since has owned) 'go on; and in- 'dulge my cousin in her present seat. 'What answer did Sir Charles return?'

'My dear love,' said the countess (sitting down, as I had requested) 'let me first be answered one question. 'I would not do mischief.'

'You cannot do mischief, Madam,' replied I. 'What is your ladyship's 'question?'

'Has Sir Charles Grandison ever 'directly made his addresses to you, 'my dear?'

'Never, Madam.'

'It is not for want of love, I dare 'aver, that he has not. But thus he 'answered my question: "I should "have thought myself the unworthiest "of men, knowing the difficulties of "my own situation, how great soever "were the temptation from Miss By- "ron's merit, if I had sought to en- "gage her affections."

[O Lucy! how nobly is his whole conduct towards me justified!]

"She has, Madam," (proceeded the countess in his words) "a prudence "that I never knew equalled in a wo- "man so young. With a frankness "of mind, to which hardly ever young "lady before her had pretensions, she "has such a command of her affec- "tions, that no man, I dare say, will "ever have a share in them, till he "has courted her favour by assiduities "which shall convince her that he has "no heart but for *her*."

O my Lucy! what an honour to me would these sentiments be, if I deserved them!—And *can* Sir Charles Grandison think I *do*?—I hope so. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion! Who knows but I have reason to re- joice, rather than to regret, as I used to do, his frequent absences from Colnebrook?

The countess proceeded.

"Then, Sir, you will not take "amiss, if my son, by *his* assiduities, "can prevail upon Miss Byron to "think that he *has* merit, and that his "heart is *wholly* devoted to her."

"Amiss, Madam!—No!—In jus- "tice, in honour, I cannot. May "Miss Byron be, as she deserves to "be, one of the happiest women on "earth in her nuptials. I have heard "a great character of Lord D. He "has a very large estate. He may "boast of his mother.—God forbid, "that *I*, a man *divided in myself*, not "knowing what *I can* do, hardly "sometimes what *I ought* to do, should "seek to involve in my own uncer- "tainties the friend I revere; the wo-

"man

" man I so greatly admire: her beauty " so attracting; so proper for her " therefore to engage a generous pro- " tector in the married state."

' Generous man!' thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the countess's chair!

" But will you allow me, Sir," proceeded the countess, " to ask you, " Were you freed from all your un- " certainties—"

" Permit me, Madam," interrupted ' he, " to spare you the question you " were going to put. As I know not " what will be the result of my jour- " ney abroad, I should think myself " a very *selfish* man, and a very dishо- " nourable one to *two* ladies of equal " delicacy and worthiness, if I fought " to involve, as I hinted before, in " my own uncertainties, a young lady " whose prudence and great qualities " must make herself and *any* man " happy, whom she shall favour with " her hand.

" To be still more explicit," pro- ' ceeded he. " With what face could I " look up to a woman of honour and " delicacy, such a one as the lady be- " fore whom I now stand, if I could " own a wish, that while my honour " has laid me under obligation to *one* " *lady*, if she should be permitted to " accept of me, I should presume to " hope, that *another*, no less worthy, " would hold her favour for me sus- " pended, till she saw what would be " the issue of the first obligation? " No, Madam; I could sooner die, " than offer such indignity to BOTH! " *I* am fettered," added he; " but " Miss Byron is free: and so is the " lady abroad. My attendance on her " at this time is indispensible; but I " make not any conditions for my- " self—my reward will be in the con- " sciousness of having discharged the " obligations that I think myself un- " der, as a man of honour."

The countess's voice changed in repeating this speech of his: and she stopped to praise him; and then went on.

" You are *THE* man, indeed, Sir!— " But then give me leave to ask you, " As I think it very likely that you " will be married before your return " to England, whether, now that you " have been so good as to speak fa- " vourably of my son, and that you " call Miss Byron sister, you will " oblige him with a recommendation " to that sister?"

" The countess of D. shews, by " this request, her value for a young " lady who deserves it; and the *more*, " for it's being, I think, (excuse me, " Madam) a pretty extraordinary one. " But what a presumption would it be " in me, to suppose that I had SUCH " an interest with Miss Byron, when " she has relations as worthy of *her*, " as she is of *them?*"

' You may guess, my dear,' said the countess, ' that I should not have put ' this question, but as a trial of his ' heart. However, I asked his pardon; ' and told him, that I would not be- ' lieve he gave it me, except he would ' promise to mention to Miss Byron, ' that I had made him a visit on this ' subject.' [Methinks, Lucy, I should have been glad that he had not let *me* know that he was so forgiving!]

' And now, my dear,' said the lady, ' let me turn about.' She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kissed my cheek; and when she saw me a little recovered, she addressed me as follows—

' Now, my good young creature, ' [O that you would let me call you ' daughter in my way! for I think I ' must always call you so, whether you ' do, or not] let me ask you, as if I ' were your real mother, Have you any ' expectation that Sir Charles Grandi- ' son will be yours?'

' Dear Madam, is not this as hard ' a question to be put to me, as that ' which you put to him?'

' Yes, my dear—full as hard. And ' I am as ready to ask your pardon, as ' I was his, if you are really displeased ' with me for putting it.—Are you, ' Miss Byron?—Excuse me, Mrs. ' Reeves, for thus urging your lovely ' cousin; I am at least entitled to the ' excuse Sir Charles Grandison made ' for me, that it is a demonstration of ' my value for her.'

' I have declared, Madam,' return- ed I, ' and it is from my heart, that I ' think he ought to be the husband of ' the lady abroad: and though I pre- ' fer him to all the men I ever saw, ' yet I have resolved, if possible, to ' conquer the particular regard I have ' for him. He has in a very noble

' manner

'manner offered me his friendſhip, ſo 'long as it may be accepted without 'interfering with any other attach-'ments on my part: and I will be 'ſatisfied with that.'

'A friendſhip ſo pure,' replied the counteſs, 'as that of ſuch a man, is 'conſiſtent with *any other* attachments. 'My Lord D. will, with his whole 'ſoul, contribute all in his power to 'ſtrengthen it: he admires Sir Charles 'Grandiſon; he would think it a dou-'ble honour to be acquainted with him 'through you.—Deareſt Miſs Byron, 'take another worthy young man into 'your friendſhip, but with a tenderer 'name; I ſhall then claim a fourth 'place in it for myſelf. O my dear! 'what a quadruple knot will you tie!'

'Your ladyſhip does me too much 'honour,' was all I could juſt then reply.

'I *muſt* have an anſwer, my dear: I 'will not take up with a compliment.'

'This, then, Madam, is my an-'ſwer—I hope I am an honeſt crea-'ture; I have *not* a heart to give.'

'Then you have expectations, my 'dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, 'if I *can*. Never did I think that I 'could have made the propoſal that I 'am going to make you: but in my 'eyes, as well as in my lord's, you are 'an incomparable young woman.—'This is it—We will not think of the 'alliance propoſed to us, (It is yet *but* 'a propoſal, and to which we have not 'returned any anſwer) till we ſee what 'turn the affair Sir Charles is gone 'upon, takes. You once ſaid, you 'could prefer my ſon to any of the 'men that had hitherto applied to you 'for your favour. Your affections to 'Sir Charles were engaged before you 'knew us. Will you allow my ſon 'this preference, which will be the 'firſt preference, if Sir Charles en-'gages himſelf abroad?'

'Your ladyſhip ſurprizes me: ſhall 'I not improve by the example you 'have juſt now ſet before me? Who 'was it that ſaid (and a *man* too) "With what face could I look up to "a woman of honour and delicacy, "ſuch a one as the lady before whom "I now ſtand, if I could own a wiſh, "that, while my heart leaned to one "perſon, I ſhould think of keeping "another in ſuſpenſe till I ſaw whe-"ther I could or could not be the "other's?"—No, Madam, I would 'ſooner die, (as Sir Charles ſaid) than 'offer ſuch an indignity to *both*. But 'I know, Madam, that you only made 'this propoſal, as you did another to 'Sir Charles Grandiſon, as a *trial of* 'my heart.'

'Upon my word, my dear, I ſhould, 'I think, be glad to be entitled to ſuch 'an excuſe: but I was really in ear-'neſt; and now take a little ſhame to 'myſelf.'

What charming ingenuouſneſs in this lady!

She claſped her arms about me, and kiſſed my cheek again. 'I have but 'one plea,' ſaid ſhe, 'to make for my-'ſelf; I could not have fallen into 'ſuch an error, (the example ſo re-'cently given to the contrary) had I 'not wiſhed you to be, before any wo-'man in the world, counteſs of D.— 'Noble creature!—No title can give 'you dignity. May your own wiſhes 'be granted!'

The counteſs aſked, When I returned to Northamptonſhire? I told her my intention. She charged me to ſee her firſt. 'But I can tell you,' ſaid ſhe, 'my lord ſhall not be preſent when 'you come: not once more will I truſt 'him in your company;—and if he 'ſhould ſteal a viſit, unknown to me, 'let not your couſin ſee him, Mrs. 'Reeves.—He does *indeed* admire you, 'love.'

I acknowledged, with a grateful heart, her goodneſs to me. She engaged me to correſpond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me that I could not refuſe myſelf. Her ſon, ſhe ſmilingly told me, ſhould no more ſee my letters, than my perſon.

At her going away—'I will tell you 'one thing,' ſaid ſhe: "I never be-'fore, in a buſineſs which my heart 'was ſet upon, was ſo effectually 'ſilenced by a precedent produced by 'myſelf in the ſame converſation. I 'came with an aſſurance of ſucceſs. 'When our *hearts* are engaged in a 'hope, we are apt to think every ſtep 'we take for the promoting it, rea-'ſonable: our paſſions, my dear, will 'evermore run away with our judg-'ment. But now I think of it, I 'muſt, when I ſay *our*, make two 'exceptions; one for you, and one 'for Sir Charles Grandiſon.'

But,

But, Lucy, tell me—May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH uſed by Sir Charles in the concluſion of the library-conference at Colnebrook (and which puzzled me then to make out) by his diſclaiming of *ſelfiſhneſs* in the converſation with the counteſs above-recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *honour* checked him when his *love* would have prompted him to wiſh me to preſerve my heart diſengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be ſaid that it was diſhonourable in him to have ſuch a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was ſucceeded by ſuch an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me.—Let me repeat the words—You may not have my letter at hand which relates that affecting addreſs to me; and it is impoſſible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had juſt concluded his brief hiſtory of Clementina—'And 'now, Madam, what can I ſay?—Ho-'nour forbids me!—Yet honour bids 'me—Yet I cannot be unjuſt, ungene-'rous, *ſelfiſh!*'—If I may flatter myſelf, Lucy, that he did love me when he ſaid this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the love on one ſide ſo *hopeleſs*, (for I could not forgive him, if he did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina) and on the other *not ſo* hopeleſs, were there to have been no bar between.—Shall we not pity him for the arduous ſtruggle? Shall we not ſee that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeleſs* againſt the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How ſhall we call virtue by it's name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no conteſt with inclination?

If I am a vain ſelf-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the ſame time, this praiſe, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conqueſt of my paſſion is at leaſt as glorious for me, as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever ſo well; ſince I can moſt ſincerely, however painfully, ſubſcribe to the preference which honour, love, compaſſion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY NIGHT.

MY couſins and I, by invitation, ſupped with Lady G. this evening. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia alſo, and Lady Maffei.

I have ſet them all into a conſternation, as they expreſſed themſelves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to paſs the whole ſummer here, I muſt be peremptory at laſt. The two ſiſters vow that I ſhall not go ſo ſoon. They ſay, that I have ſeen ſo few of the town-diverſions — Town diverſions, Lucy!—I have had diverſions enough, of one ſort!—But in your arms, my dear friends, I ſhall have conſolation—And I want it.

I have great regrets, and ſhall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of ſuch dear and obliging friends: but I am determined.

My couſin's coach will convey me to Dunſtable; and there, I know, I ſhall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publickly known, becauſe of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Bartlett intended to ſet out for Grandiſon Hall to-morrow: but from the natural kindneſs of his heart he has ſuſpended his journey to Thurſday next. No conſideration, therefore, ſhall detain me, if I am well.

My couſins are grieved: they did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phraſe it.

Lady Olivia expreſſed herſelf concerned, that ſhe, in particular, was to loſe me. She had propoſed great pleaſure, ſhe ſaid, in the parties ſhe ſhould make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, ſhe appears to me as a Meduſa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reaſon to be afraid of the potion, as the man ſhe loves of the poniard. Emily has kept the ſecret

from every-body but me. And I rely on the inviolable ſecrefy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had deſigned to go to Colnebrook to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: but now, they ſay, they will ſtay in town till they can ſee whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia enquired after the diſtance of Northamptonſhire. She will make the tour of England, ſhe ſays, and viſit me there. I was obliged to ſay I ſhould take her viſit as an honour.

Wicked politeneſs! Of how many falſhoods doſt thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unqueſtionably polite. He cenſures not others for complying with faſhions eſtabliſhed by cuſtom: but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for inſtance, ſuffers his ſervants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is buſy, he juſt finds time to ſay he is, to unexpected viſitors; and if they will ſtay, he turns them over to his ſiſters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has always done ſo. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the eaſe and chearfulneſs that attend his leiſure: they then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his buſineſs.

Sir Charles might the better do ſo, as he came over ſo few months ago, after ſo long an abſence; and his reputation for politeneſs was ſo well eſtabliſhed, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (though ſhe was but juſt arrived in his native country, where ſhe never was before) with the ſuſpending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—Who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to haſten away, for the ſake of Clementina and his Jeronymo: and that it would have been wrong to ſhew Olivia, even for her *own* ſake, that in *ſuch* a competition ſhe had conſequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the deteſted poniard in her hand, could not ſhake his ſteady ſoul, and make him delay his well-ſettled purpoſe.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 18.

THIS naughty Lady G.—She is exceſſively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily ſays, ſhe loves her dearly; but ſhe does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cauſe of quarrel ſuppoſed to be not great: but trifles, inſiſted upon, make frequently the wideſt breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themſelves; and neither cares to tell: but Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which ſhe treats him.

The miſunderſtanding happened after my couſin and I left them laſt night. I was not in ſpirits, and declined ſtaying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the ſame time. Whiſt was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett and Emily, were caſt in. In the midſt of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down ſtairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much diſturbed. 'Madam, I 'muſt tell you,' ſaid he—'Why 'MUST, my lord? I don't bid you.'

'Sit ſtill, child,' ſaid ſhe to Emily: —and took her ſeat behind her—'Who 'wins? Who loſes?'

Lord G. walked about the room—Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelineſſes on her ſide at dinner-time, though all was ſerene at ſupper.

Dr. Bartlett offered her his cards. She refuſed them—'No, doctor,' ſaid ſhe, 'I will play my own cards: I 'ſhall have enough to do to play *them* 'well.'

'As you manage it, ſo you will, 'Madam,' ſaid Lord G.

'Don't expoſe yourſelf, my lord: 'we are before company.—Lady L. 'you

'you have nothing but trumps in your 'hands.'

'Let me say a word or two to you, 'Madam,' said Lord G. to her.

'I am all obedience, my lord.'

She arose. He would have taken her hand: she put it behind her.

'Not your *hand*, Madam?'

'I can't spare it.'

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

'Lord bless me,' said she, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, 'what strange-passionate creatures are these men!'

'Charlotte,' said Lady L. 'I *wonder* at you.'

'Then I give you joy.'

'What do you mean, sister?'—

'We women love wonder and the wonder-ful!'

'Surely, Lady G,' said Lord L. 'you are wrong!'

'I give your lordship joy, too.'

'On what?'

'That my sister is always right.'

'Indeed, Madam, were I Lord G. 'I should have no patience.'

'A good hint for you, Lady L. 'I hope you will take this for a warning, and continue.'

'When I behave as you do, Charlotte—'

'I understand you, Lady L. you need not speak out—Every one in their way.'

'You would not behave thus, were my brother—'

'Perhaps not.'

'Dear Charlotte, you are excessively wrong.'

'So I think,' returned she.

'Why then do you not—'

'Mend, Lady L.? All in good time.'

Her woman came in with a message, expressing her lord's desire to see her—'The deuce is in these men: they will neither be satisfied with us, nor without us. But I am all obedience: no *vow* will I break.'—And out she went.

Lord G. not returning presently, and Lord and Lady L.'s chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to shew their displeasure, to go away without taking leave of their sister. Dr. Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down, she was surprized, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G, came in at another door—'Upon my 'word, my lord, this is strange behaviour in you: you fright away, with your husband-like airs, all one's company.'

'Good God!—I am astonished at you, Madam.'

'What *signifies* your astonishment? '—when you have scared every-body 'out of the house.'

'I, Madam!'

'You, Sir! Yes, you!—Did you not lord it over me in my dressing-room?—To be easy and quiet, did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—very pretty looks for a new-married man, I assure you! Then did you not want to take me aside—Would not any-body have supposed it was to express your sorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience? Did you not, with very *mannish* airs, slight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witness the calmness with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me: nor think our misunderstanding a deep one. Well; then, when your stomach came down, as I supposed, you sent for me out: "No doubt," thought I, "to express "his concern now."—I was all obedience again.'

'And did I not beseech you, Madam—'

'*Beseech* me, my lord!—Yes—but with such looks—I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face—See, see, Emily—He is gone again!'

My lord flew out of the room in a rage—'O these men, my dear!' said she to Emily.

'I know,' said Emily, 'what I could have answered, if I dared; but it is ill meddling, as I have heard say, between man and wife.'

Emily says, the quarrel was not made up; but was carried higher still in the morning.

She had but just finished her tale, when the following billet was brought me from Lady G.

'HARRIET,

'TUESDAY MORNING,

'IF you love me, if you pity me, 'come hither this inſtant: I have 'great need of your counſel. I am 'reſolved to be unmarried; and there-'fore ſubſcribe myſelf by the beloved 'name of

'CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.'

I inſtantly diſpatched the following—

'I Know no ſuch perſon as Char-'lotte Grandiſon. I love Lady 'G. but can pity only her lord. I 'will not come near you. I have no 'counſel to give you: but that you 'will not jeſt away your own happi-'neſs.

'HARRIET BYRON.'

Soon after came a ſervant from Lady G. with the following letter.

'SO, then, I have made a bleſſed hand 'of wedlock! My brother gone; 'my man exceſſive unruly; Lord 'and Lady L. on his ſide, without in-'quiring into merits, or demerits; 'lectured by Dr. Bartlett's grave 'face; Emily ſtanding aloof, her 'finger in her eye; and now my Har-'riet renouncing me: and all in one 'week!

'What can I do?—War ſeems to 'be declared: and will you not turn 'mediatrix?—You won't, you ſay. 'Let it alone. Nevertheleſs, I will 'lay the whole matter before you.

'It was laſt night, the week from 'the wedding-day not compleated, that 'Lord G. thought fit to break into 'my retirement without my leave—By 'the way, he was a little impertinent 'at dinner-time; but that I paſſed 'over.

"What boldneſs is this," ſaid I? "—Pray, Sir, be gone!—Why leave "you your company below?"

"I come, my deareſt life, to make "a requeſt to you."

'The man began with civility 'enough, had he had a little leſs of 'his odious rapture; for he flung his 'arms about me, Jenny in preſence. 'A huſband's fondneſs is enough to 'ruin theſe girls. Don't you think, 'Harriet, that there is an immora-'lity in it, before them?

"I refuſe your requeſt, be it what "it will. How dare you invade me "in my retirement!—You may be-"lieve, that I intended not to ſtay "long above, my ſiſter below. Does "the ceremony, ſo lately paſt, autho-"rize want of breeding?"

"Want of breeding, Madam!"—'and he did *ſo* ſtare!

"Leave me this inſtant."—I looked 'good-natured, I ſuppoſe in my anger; 'for he declared he would not; and 'again throwing his arms about me as 'I ſat, joined his ſharp face to mine, 'and preſumed to kiſs me; Jenny 'ſtill in the room.

'Now, Harriet, you will never de-'ſert me in a point of delicacy, I am 'ſure. You cannot defend theſe odi-'ous freedoms in a matrimony ſo 'young, unleſs you would be willing 'to be ſerved ſo yourſelf.

'You may ſuppoſe, that then I let 'looſe my indignation upon him. 'And he ſtole out, daring to mutter 'and be diſpleaſed. The word "*de-"vil*," was in his mouth.

"Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?"

"No, indeed, Madam," ſaid the 'wench—And, Harriet, ſee the ill 'example of ſuch a free behaviour 'before her: ſhe preſumed to prate in 'favour of the man's fit of fondneſs; 'yet, at other times, is a prude of a 'girl.

'Before my anger was gone down, 'in again [It is truth, Harriet] came 'the bold wretch. "I will not," 'ſaid he, "as you are not *particularly* "employed, leave you—Upon my ſoul, "Madam, you don't uſe me well. "But if you will oblige me with your "company to-morrow morning—"

"No where, Sir—"

"Only to breakfaſt with Miſs By-"ron, my *dear*—As a mark of your "obligingneſs, I requeſt it."

'His dear!—Now I hate a hypo-'crite of all things. I knew that he 'had a deſign to make a ſhew of his 'bride, as his property, at another 'place; and ſeeing me angry, thought 'he would name a viſit agreeable to 'me, and which at the ſame time 'would give him a merit with you, 'and preſerve to himſelf the conſe-'quence of being obliged by his obe-'dient wife, at the word of autho-'rity.

'From this fooliſh beginning aroſe

'our

'our mighty quarrel. What vexed me 'was, the *art* of the man, and the evi-'dent design he had to get you of his 'side. He, in the course of it, threat-'ened me with appealing to you—To 'intend to ruin me in the love of my 'dearest friend! Who, that valued 'that friend, could forgive it? You 'may believe, that if *he* had not pro-'posed it, and after such accumu-'lated offences, it was the very visit 'that I should have been delighted 'with.

"Indeed, Sir!—Upon my word, my "lord!—I do assure you, Sir!" with a 'moderate degree of haughtiness—was 'what the quarrel arose to, on my side. 'And at last, to a declaration of re-'bellion—"I *won't!*"

'On his side—"Upon my soul, Ma-"dam!—Let me perish, if—" and then 'hesitating—"You use me ill, Ma-"dam. I have not deserved—And "give me leave to say—I *insist* upon "being obliged, Madam!"

'There was no bearing of this, Har-'riet—It was a cool evening; but I 'took up my fan—"Hey-day!" said I, "what language is this?—You *insist* "*upon it*, my lord!—I think I am "married; am I not?"—And I took 'my watch, "Half an hour after ten "on Monday night—the—What day "of the month is this?—Please the "Lord, I will note down this begin-"ning moment of your authoritative "demeanour."

"My dear Lady G." [The wretch 'called me by his own name, perhaps 'farther to insult me] "if I could bear "this treatment, it is impossible for "me to love you as I do."

"So it is in *love* to me, that you "are to put on already all the hus-"band!—Jenny!—[Do you see, my "lord," affecting a whisper, "how you "dash the poor wench: how like a "fool she looks at our folly!]—Re-"member, Jenny, that to-morrow "morning you carry my wedding "suits to Mrs. Arnold; and tell her, "she has forgot the hanging-sleeves "to the gowns. Let her put them on "out of hand."

'I was proceeding—But he rudely, 'gravely, and even with an air of 'scorn, [There was no bearing *that*, 'you know] admonished me: "A "little less wit, Madam, and a little "more discretion, would perhaps bet-"ter become you."

'This was too *true* to be forgiven. '*You'll* say it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to 'come from a man that was not over-'burdened with either—But I had too 'great command of myself to say so. "My dependence, my lord," [This 'I did say] "is upon your *judg-"ment:* that will always be a balance "to my *wit*; and with the assistance "of your *reproving love*, will in time "teach me *discretion*."

'Now, my dear, was not this a high 'compliment to him? Ought he not 'to have taken it as such? Especially 'as I looked grave, and dropped him 'a very fine curtsey. But either his 'conscience or ill-nature (perhaps 'you'll say both) made him take it 'as a reflection. [True as you are 'alive, Harriet!] He bit his lip. "Jenny, be gone," said he—"Jenny, "don't go," said I.—Jenny knew not 'which to obey. Upon my word, 'Harriet, I began to think the man 'would have cuffed me.—And while 'he was in his airs of mock-majesty, 'I stept to the door, and whipt down 'to my company.

'As married people are not to ex-'pose themselves to their friends, '(who, I once heard you sagely re-'mark, would remember disagreeable 'things when the honest pair had for-'got them) I was determined to be 'prudent. You would have been 'charmed with me, my dear, for my 'discretion. "I will cheat by-"standers," thought I; "I will "make my Lord and Lady L. Dr. "Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had "before set in at cards, think we are "egregiously happy."—And down I 'sat, intending, with a lamb-like 'peaceableness, to make observations 'on the play. But soon after, in 'whipt my indiscreet lord, his colour 'heightened, his features working: 'and though I *cautioned* him not to 'expose himself, yet he assumed airs 'that were the occasion, as you shall 'hear, of frightening away my com-'pany. He withdrew *in consequence* '*of those airs*; and after a little while '(repenting, as I hoped) he sent for me 'out. Some wives would have played 'the Queen Vashti on their tyrant, 'and refused to go: but I, all obe-

'dience,

'dience, (my vow, so recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very first word: yet you must think that, I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expostulated with.—There was, "I tell you, Madam!" and, "I won't be told, Sir!" and when I broke from the passionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone: None but Emily left. And thus was poor Lady L. sent home, weeping, perhaps, for such an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek sister.

'Well, and don't you think we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we saw ourselves left alone, as I may say, to fight it out?—I *did* expostulate with him as mildly as I could: he would have made it up with me afterwards; but, no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, exposed us both before so many witnesses. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: and now our misunderstanding blazes; and is at such a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by design. We have already made two breakfast-tables; yet I am meek; he is sullen, I make curtsies, he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a rustick!—I go to my harpsichord; melody enrages him. He is worse than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleased with the musick even of the man he hated.

'I would have got *you* to come to us: that I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condescending *too much*, as he is so *very* perverse, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half-raillied him out of his purpose. I sent to you. What an answer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requested mediation in a difference that has risen between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it spares the house, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

'Cross creature, adieu!—If you know not such a woman as *Grandison*, Heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wishes may be answered as 'to the *person*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.'

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I Am just returned from St. James's Square.

But, first, I should tell you, that I had a visit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our conversation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's discourse in private: you may guess at our subject. She is not without that tenderness of heart, which is the indispensible characteristick of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner so affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, though at the instant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me shudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonshire so soon. I have promised to return her visit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She sets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wished I could accompany her. She resolves to see all that is worth seeing in the western circuit, as I may call it. She observes, she says, that Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and their lords, are very particularly engaged at present; and are in expectation of a call to Windsor to attend Lord W.'s nuptials: she will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of consideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take cursory tours over the kingdom; having a taste for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her spirits. And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more disengaged, will review the seats and places which she shall think worthy of a second visit, in their company.

She professed to like the people here and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the religion of it: but, poor woman! she likes all those the better, I doubt not, for the sake of one

one Engliſhman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the perſon beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excurſion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a perſon that thought it too much in her *power* to gratify the perſon blaming her, to pay much regard to what ſhe ſaid.

I took a chair to Lady G.'s. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me; 'I rejoice you 'are come,' ſaid ſhe. 'Did you 'not meet the houſe in the ſquare?' '—What means my Emily?'—'Why, 'it has been flung out of windows, 'as the ſaying is. Ah, Madam! we 'are all to pieces. One *ſo* careleſs, 'the other *ſo* paſſionate!—But, huſh! 'Here comes Lady G.'—

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

LADY G. 'Then you are come, at 'laſt, Harriet. You wrote that you 'would not come near me.'

HARRIET. 'I did; but I could 'not ſtay away. Ah, Lady G. you 'will deſtroy your own happineſs!'

LADY G. 'So you wrote. Not 'one word on the ſubject you hint at, 'that you have ever ſaid or written be'fore. I hate repetitions, child.'

HARRIET. 'Then I muſt be ſi'lent upon it.'

LADY G. 'Not of neceſſity. You 'can ſay new things upon old ſub'jects.—But huſh! Here comes the 'man.'—She ran to her harpſichord. '—Is this it, Harriet?' and touched the keys—repeating—

'Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
'Soon ſhe ſooth'd——'

ENTER LORD G.

LORD G. 'Miſs Byron, I am your 'moſt obedient ſervant. The ſight of 'you rejoices my ſoul.—Madam,' (to his lady) 'you have not been long 'enough together to begin a tune. I 'know what this is for.'—

LADY G. 'Harmony! Harmony! 'is a charming thing! But I, poor I! 'know not any but what this ſimple 'inſtrument affords me.'

LORD G. *Lifting up his hands.* 'Harmony, Madam! God is my witneſs! '—But I will lay every thing before 'Miſs Byron.'

LADY G. 'You need not, my 'lord: ſhe knows as much as ſhe can 'know, already; except the fineco'lourings be added to the woeful tale, 'that your unbridled ſpirit can give 'it.—Have you my long letter about 'you, Harriet?'

LORD G. 'And could you, Ma'dam, have the *heart* to write—'

LADY G. 'Why, my lord, do you 'miſtake the matter? For *heart*, ſay 'courage. You may ſpeak as plain 'in Miſs Byron's preſence, as you did 'before ſhe came: I know what you 'mean.'

LORD G. 'Let it be *courage*, then.'

HARRIET. 'Fie, fie, Lord G.— 'Fie, fie, Lady G.—What lengths do 'you run? If I underſtand the matter 'right, you have both, like children, 'been at play, till you have fallen out.'

LORD G. 'If, Miſs Byron, you 'know the truth, and can blame me—'

HARRIET. 'I blame you only, my 'lord, for being in a paſſion. You 'ſee, my lady is ſerene; ſhe keeps her 'temper: ſhe looks as if ſhe wanted 'to be friends with you.'

LORD G. 'O that curſed ſere'nity!—When my ſoul is torn by a 'whirlwind—'

LADY G. 'A good tragedy rant! '—But, Harriet, you are miſtaken: 'my Lord G. is a very paſſionate man. 'So humble, ſo—what ſhall I call it? 'before marriage.—Did not the man 'ſee what a creature I was?—To 'bear with me, when he had no obli'gation to me; and not now, when 'he has the higheſt—A miſerable 'ſinking!—O Harriet! Harriet! Ne'ver, never marry!'

HARRIET. 'Dear Lady G. you 'know in your own heart you are 'wrong—*Indeed*, you are wrong.'—

LORD G. 'God for ever reward 'you, Madam!—I will tell you how 'it began.'—

LADY G. "Began!" She knows 'that already, I tell you, my lord. 'But what has paſſed within theſe 'four hours, ſhe knows not; you may 'entertain her with *that*, if you pleaſe. '—It was juſt about the time, this 'day is a week, that we were all to'gether, mighty comfortably, at St. 'George's, Hanover Square.'

LORD

LORD G. 'Every tittle of what 'you promiſed there, Madam—'

LADY G. 'And I, my lord, could 'be your echo in this, were I not re- 'ſolved to keep my temper; as you 'cannot but ſay I have done all 'along.'

LORD G. 'You could not, Ma- 'dam, if you did not deſpiſe me.'

LADY G. 'You are wrong, my 'lord, to think ſo: but you don't be- 'lieve yourſelf; if you *did*, the pride 'of your heart ought not to permit 'you to own it.'

LORD G. 'Miſs Byron, give me 'leave—'

LADY G. 'Lord bleſs me! that 'people are ſo fond of expoſing them- 'ſelves! Had you taken my advice, 'when you purſued me out of my dreſ- 'ſing-room into company—"My "lord," ſaid I, as mildly as I now 'ſpeak, "*Don't* expoſe yourſelf." 'But he was not at all the wiſer for 'my advice.'

LORD G. 'Miſs Byron, you ſee— 'But I had not come down, but to 'make my compliments to you.' He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the ſleeve—'My lord, 'you muſt not go.—Lady G. if your 'own heart juſtifies you for your part 'in this miſunderſtanding, ſay ſo; I 'challenge you to ſay ſo.'—She was ſilent.

HARRIET. 'If otherwiſe, own 'your fault, promiſe amendment— 'Aſk excuſe.'

LADY G. 'Hey-day!'

HARRIET. 'And my lord will 'aſk yours, for miſtaking you—For 'being too eaſily provoked—'

LORD G. 'Too eaſily, Madam—'

HARRIET. 'What generous man 'would not ſmile at the foibles of a 'woman, whoſe heart is only gay with 'proſperity and lively youth; but has 'not the leaſt malice in it? Has not 'ſhe made choice of your lordſhip 'in preference of any other man? 'She raillies every one; ſhe cannot 'help it: ſhe is to blame.—Indeed, 'Lady G. you are. Your *brother* felt 'your edge; he once ſmarted by it, 'and was angry with you.—But af- 'terwards, obſerving that it was her 'way, my lord; that it was a kind 'of conſtitutional gaiety of heart, 'and exerciſed on thoſe ſhe loved 'beſt; he forgave, raillied her again, 'and turned her own weapons up- 'on her; and every one in company 'was delighted with the ſpirit of *both*. '—You love her, my lord—'

LORD G. 'Never man more loved 'a woman. I am not an ill-natured 'man—'

LADY G. 'But a captious, a paſ- 'ſionate one, Lord G.—Who'd have 'thought it?'

LORD G. 'Never was there, my 'dear Miſs Byron, ſuch a ſtrangely- 'aggravating creature! She *could* not 'be ſo, if ſhe did not deſpiſe me.'

LADY G. 'Fiddle-faddle, ſilly 'man! And ſo you ſaid before. If 'you thought ſo, you take the way '(don't you?) to mend the matter, 'by dancing and capering about, and 'putting yourſelf into all manner of 'diſagreeable attitudes; and even 'ſometimes being ready to foam at the 'mouth?—I told him, Miſs Byron, 'there he ſtands, let him deny it, if 'he can; that I married a man with 'another face. Would not any other 'man have taken this for a compli- 'ment to his natural undiſtorted face, 'and inſtantly have pulled off the 'ugly maſk of paſſion, and ſhewn his 'own?'—

LORD G. 'You ſee, you ſee, 'the air, Miſs Byron!—How ludi- 'crouſly does ſhe now, even now—'

LADY G. 'See, Miſs Byron!— 'How captious!—Lord G. ought 'to have a termagant wife: one who 'could return rage for rage. Meekneſs 'is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of 'temper.—Meekneſs was never before 'attributed to woman as a fault.'

LORD G. 'Good God!—Meek- 'neſs!—Good God!'

LADY G. 'But, Harriet, do you 'judge on which ſide the grievance 'lies.—Lord G. preſents me with a 'face for his, that I never ſaw him 'wear before marriage; he has cheat- 'ed me, therefore: I ſhew him the 'ſame face that I ever wore, and 'treat him pretty much in the ſame 'manner (or I am miſtaken) that I 'ever did: and what reaſon can he 'give, that will not demonſtrate him 'to be the moſt ungrateful of men, 'for the airs he gives himſelf? Airs 'that he would not have preſumed 'to put on eight days ago. Who 'then, Harriet, has reaſon to com- 'plain of grievance; my lord, or I?'

LORD G. 'You *ſee*, Miſs Byron '—Can there be any arguing with a

'woman

'woman who knows herself to be in 'jest, in all she says?'

HARRIET. 'Why then, my lord, 'make a jest of it. What will not 'bear an argument, will not be worth 'one's anger.'

LORD G. 'I leave it to Miss Byron, Lady G. to decide between us 'as she pleases.'

LADY G. 'You'd better leave it 'to me, Sir.'

HARRIET. 'Do, my lord.'

LORD G. 'Well, Madam!—And what is your decree?'

LADY G. 'You, Miss Byron, 'had best be Lady Chancellor, after 'all. I should not bear to have my 'decree disputed after it is pro-'nounced.'

HARRIET. 'If I must, my decree 'is this—You, Lady G. shall own 'yourself in fault, and promise 'amendment. My lord shall forgive 'you; and promise that he will, for 'the future, endeavour to distinguish 'between your good and your ill-na-'ture: that he will sit down to jest 'with your jest, and never be disturb-'ed at what you say, when he sees it 'accompanied with that archness of 'eye and lip which you put on to 'your brother, and to every one whom 'you best love, when you are disposed 'to be teazingly facetious.'

LADY G. 'Why, Harriet, you 'have given Lord G. a clue to find 'me out, and spoil all my sport.'

HARRIET. 'What say *you*, my 'lord?'

LORD G. 'Will Lady G. own her-'self in fault, as you propose?'

LADY G. 'Odious recrimination! '—I leave you together. I never was 'in fault in my life. Am I not a 'woman? If my lord will ask par-'don for his foppishness, as we say of 'children—'

She stopped, and pretended to be going—

HARRIET. 'That my lord shall '*not* do, Charlotte. You have car-'ried the jest too far already. My 'lord shall preserve his dignity for his '*wife's* sake.—My lord, you will not 'permit Lady G. to leave us, how-'ever?'

He took her hand, and pressed it with his lips: 'For God's sake, Ma-'dam, let us be happy: it is in your 'power to make us both so; it ever 'shall be in your power. If I have 'been in fault, impute it to my love. 'I cannot bear your contempt: and 'I never will deserve it.'

LADY G. 'Why could not this 'have been said some hours ago?—'Why, slighting my early caution, 'would you *expose* yourself?'

I took her aside. 'Be generous, 'Lady G. Let not your *husband* be 'the only person to whom you are not 'so.'

LADY G. (*Whispering.*) 'Our quar-'rel has not run half it's length. If 'we make up here, we shall make up 'clumsily. One of the silliest things 'in the world is, a quarrel that ends 'not, as a coachman after a journey 'comes in, with a spirit. We shall 'certainly renew it.'

HARRIET. 'Take the caution you 'gave to my lord: don't *expose* your-'self. And another; that you can-'not more effectually do so, than by 'exposing your husband. I am more 'than half-ashamed of you. You are 'not the Charlotte I once thought you 'were. Let me see, if you have any 'regard to *my* good opinion of you, 'that you can own an error with some 'grace.'

LADY G. 'I am a meek, humble, 'docible creature.' She turned to me, and made me a rustick curtsey, her hands before her: 'I'll try for it; 'tell me, if I am right.' Then step-ping towards my lord, who was with his back to us looking out of the window—and he turning about to her bowing—'My lord,' said she, 'Miss 'Byron has been telling me more 'than I knew before of my duty. She 'proposes herself one day to make a 'won-der-ful obedient wife. It would 'have been well for you, perhaps, had 'I had *her* example to walk by. She 'seems to say, that, now I am mar-'ried, I must be grave, sage, and pas-'sive; that *smiles* will hardly become 'me: that I must be prim and formal, 'and reverence my husband. If you 'think this behaviour will become a 'married woman, and expect it from 'me, pray, my lord, put me right by 'your *frowns*, whenever I shall be 'wrong. For the future, if I ever 'find myself disposed to be very light-'hearted, I will ask your leave before 'I give way to it. And now, what is 'next to be done?' humorously curt-seying, her hands before her.

He clasped her in his arms, 'Dear

'provoking creature! This, this is 'next to be done—I ask you but to 'love me half as much as I love you, 'and I shall be the happiest man on 'earth.'

'My lord,' said I, 'you ruin all by 'this condescension on a speech and 'air so ungracious. If this is all 'you get by it, never, never, my lord, 'fall out again.—O Charlotte! If you 'are not generous, you come off much, '*much* too easily.'

'Well, now, my lord,' said she, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, 'let you and me, man and 'wife like, join against the interposer 'in our quarrels—Harriet, I will not 'forgive you for this last part of your 'lecture.'

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occasion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my lord's part. His honest heart so overflowed with joy at his lips, that the naughty creature, by her arch leers, every now and then, shewed, that she was sensible of her consequence to his happiness. But, Lucy, don't let her sink *too* low in your esteem: she has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to stay supper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: her heart was, as I may say, visible in her joy. *Can* I love her better than I do? If I *could*, she would, every time I see her, give me reason for it.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY NOON, APRIL 19.

IT would puzzle you to guess at a visitor I had this morning.—Honest Mr. Fowler. I was very glad to see him. He brought me a letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I should not have had while I stayed in London, on it's being put into my hand, though the contents gave me sensible pain. I inclose it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleased to read it here.

'CAERMARTHEN, APRIL 11.

'HOW shall I, in fit manner, inscribe my letter to the loveliest 'of women! I don't mean *because* of 'your loveliness; but whether as '*daughter* or not, as you did me the 'honour to call yourself. Really, and truly, I must say, that I had rather 'call you by *another* name, though a 'little more remote as to consanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, 'how have I talked of you! How 'many of our fine Caermarthen girls 'have I filled with envy of your peerless perfections!

'Here am I settled to my heart's 'content, could I but obtain—You 'know whom I mean—A town of 'gentry: a fine country round us—A 'fine estate of our own. Esteemed, 'nay, for that matter, *beloved* by all 'our neighbours and tenants. Who 'so happy as Rowland Meredith, if 'his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, 'Madam!—And can't it be so? I 'am *afraid* of asking. Yet I understand, that, notwithstanding all the 'Jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you 'were when I left town. Some whispers have gone out of a fine gentleman indeed, who had a great kindness for you; but yet that something 'was in the way between you. The 'Lord bless and prosper my dear *daughter*, as I must then call you, and not '*niece*, if you have any kindness for 'him. And if as how you have, it 'would be wonderfully gracious if 'you would but give half a hint of it 'to my nephew, or if so be you will not 'to him, to me, your *father* you know, 'under your own precious hand. The 'Lord be good unto me! But I shall 'never see the She that will strike my 'fancy as you have done. But what 'a dreadful thing would it be, if 'you, who are so much courted and 'admired by many fine gallants, 'should at last be taken with a man 'who could not be yours! God forbid that such a disastrous thing should 'happen! I profess to you, Madam, 'that a tear or two have strayed down 'my cheeks at the thought of it. For 'why! Because you played no tricks 'with any man: you never were a 'coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt 'plainly, sincerely, and tenderly too; 'to all men; of which my nephew 'and I can bear witness.

'Well, but what now is the end of 'my writing?—Lord love you, cannot; 'cannot you at last give comfort to two

'honest

'honeſt hearts? Honeſter you never 'knew! And yet, if you could, I dare 'ſay you would. Well, then, and if 'you cannot, we muſt ſit down as con-'tented as we can; that is all we have 'for it.—But, poor young man! Look 'at him, if you read this before him. '*Strangely* altered! Poor young man! '—And if as how you cannot, why 'then, God bleſs my *daughter*; that's 'all. And I do aſſure you, that you 'have our prayers every Lord's day, 'from the bottom of our hearts.

'And now, if you will keep a ſecret, 'I will tell it you; and yet, when I be-'gan, I did not intend it: the poor 'youth muſt not know I do. It is done 'in the ſingleneſs of our hearts; and if 'you think we mean to gain your love 'for us by it, I do aſſure you, that you 'wrong us.—My nephew declares, that 'he never will marry, if it be not *Some-'body*: and he has made his will, and 'ſo have I his uncle; and, let me tell 'you, that if as how I cannot have a '*niece*, my *daughter* ſhall be the better 'for having known, and treated as 'kindly as power was lent her, *her 'true friend, loving father, and obe-'dient ſervant*,

'ROWLAND MEREDITH.

'Love and ſervice to Mr. and 'Mrs. Reeves, and all friends 'who enquire after me. Fare-'wel. God bleſs you! Amen.'

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honeſt man! I read but half way before Mr. Fowler. Glad I was that I read no farther. I ſhould not have been able to have kept his uncle's ſecret, if I had; had it been but to diſclaim the acceptance of the generous purpoſe. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly diſtreſs me, *beſides* the pain the demiſe of the honeſt man would give me; and the more, as I beſpoke the fatherly relation from him myſelf. If ſuch a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandiſon's behaviour to the Danbys ſhould be my example.

'Do you know, Mr. Fowler,' ſaid I, 'the contents of the letter you 'have put into my hand?'

'No farther than that my uncle told 'me, it contained profeſſions of fa-'therly love; and with *wiſhes* only—'But without ſo much as expreſſing 'his *hopes*.'

'Sir Rowland is a good man,' ſaid I: 'I have not read above half his 'letter. There ſeems to be too much 'of the *father* in it for me to read far-'ther, before my *brother*. God bleſs 'my *brother* Fowler, and reward the '*fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his '*daughter* Byron!—I muſt write to 'him.'

Mr. Fowler, poor man! profound-ly ſighed; bowed; with *ſuch* a look of reſpectful acquieſcence—Bleſs me, my dear, how am I to be diſtreſſed on all ſides! by *good* men too; as Sir Charles could ſay he was by good women.

Is there nothing leſs than giving my-ſelf to either, that I can do to ſhew Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr. Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well. —Such a modeſt, ſuch an humble, ſuch a ſilent lover!—He coſt me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praiſes and good wiſhes upon me, and hurried away at laſt, to hide his emotion, with a ſentence un-finiſhed—'God preſerve you, dear and 'worthy Sir!' was all I could *try* to ſay. The laſt words ſtuck in my throat, till he was out of hearing; and then I prayed for bleſſings upon him and his uncle: and repeated them with freſh tears, on reading the reſt of the affecting letter.

Mr. Fowler told Mr. Reeves, be-fore I ſaw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air, in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and di-verſion about the country, ever ſince his uncle went; and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wiſh Mr. Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *ſiſter*: it would have been ſuch a *kind* acquieſcence, as would have given me ſome little pleaſure on recollection. Methinks I do not know how to have done writing of Sir Row-land and Mr. Fowler.

I ſat down, however, while the un-cle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have in-cloſed the copy of my letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON, TO SIR ROWLAND MEREDITH.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.

IT was with great pleaſure that I received, this day, the kindeſt letter that ever was written by a real father to his deareſt child. I was reſolved that I would not go to reſt till I had acknowledged the favour.

How ſweet is the name of *father* to a young perſon who, out of near one and twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was alſo one of the beſt of men!

You gave me an additional pleaſure in cauſing this remembrance of your promiſed paternal goodneſs to be given me by Mr. Fowler in perſon. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehenſions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has caſt her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the ſame diſtinction—O that I had been near you when you wrote that ſweetly compaſſionating, that indulgent paſſage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myſelf, and reverenced you as my true father.

You demand of me, *as* my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or, if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not father *nominally* only: I will, irkſome as the ſubject is, own without reſerve, the truth to *you*, (in tenderneſs to my brother, how could I to *him?*)—There *is* a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her huſband. He is the beſt of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourſelf, and own him for your ſon. I will not conceal his name from my father: Sir Charles Grandiſon is the man. Enquire about him. His character will riſe upon you from every mouth. He engaged firſt all your daughter's gratitude, by reſcuing her from a great danger and oppreſſion; for he is as brave as he is good: and how could ſhe help ſuffering a tenderneſs to ſpring up from her gratitude, of which ſhe was never before ſenſible to any man in the world? There *is* ſomething in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his ſlights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were ſo. A glorious creature is in the way! who has ſuffered for him, who *does* ſuffer for him: he ought to be hers, and only hers; and if ſhe can be recovered from a fearful malady that has ſeized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will reſtore her!

But yet, my dear Sir, my friend, my father! my eſteem for this nobleſt of men is of ſuch a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: my father Meredith would not wiſh me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the caſe. Let it, I beſeech you, reſt within your own breaſt, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to ſee circumſtances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland, not that the way may be ſmoothed to what once would have crowned my wiſhes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandiſon may be happy with the lady that is, and ought to be, deareſt to his heart; and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this ſpan of life, that a paſſenger through it ſhould ſeek to overturn the intereſts of others to eſtabliſh her own? And can the ſingle life be a grievance? Can it be deſtitute of the nobleſt tenderneſſes? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, ſurrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew, as the moſt indulgent father could be to the worthieſt of ſons, can teſtify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word—I diſclaim, but yet in all thankfulneſs, the acceptance of the favour ſignified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your ſide, that I could not encourage. As I could not, ſhall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could only have been intitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you?—No, Sir! I will not, in this caſe, be benefited, when I cannot

benefit.

benefit. Put me not, therefore, I beſeech you, Sir, if ſuch an event (deplored by me, as it would be!) ſhould happen, upon the neceſſity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my father, and Mr. Fowler my brother, are all to me of the family they diſtinguiſh by their relation, that I know at preſent. Let me not be made known to the reſt by a diſtinction that would be unjuſt to them, and to yourſelf, as it muſt deprive you of the grace of obliging thoſe who have more than a ſtranger's claim; and muſt, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that ſtranger for doing them common juſtice.

I uſe the word *ſtranger* with reference to thoſe of your family and friends to whom I muſt really appear in that light. But laying theſe conſiderations aſide, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tendereſt regard, dear and good Sir, *your ever-dutiful and affectionate daughter*,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.

I Shall diſpatch this by your Gibſon early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call in his way down; for now I ſhall be almoſt ſure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows, but my Lucy herſelf, at Dunſtable? Where, barring accidents, I ſhall be on Friday night.

You will ſee ſome of the worthieſt people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunſtable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they ſay; but they will ſee me ſafe in the protection of ſomebody I love, and whom they muſt love for my ſake.

I do not wonder that Sir Charles Grandiſon loves Mr. Beauchamp: he is a very worthy and ſenſible man. He, as every body elſe, idolizes Sir Charles. It is ſome pleaſure to me, Lucy, that I ſtand high in his eſteem. To be reſpected by the worthy, is one of the greateſt felicities in this life; ſince it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his lady are come to town. All, it ſeems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr. Beauchamp's abſence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are ſo gentle; his temper ſo even; ſo deſirous to oblige; ſo genteel in his perſon; ſo pleaſing in his addreſs; he muſt undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! ſees only Sir Charles Grandiſon with eyes of love. Mr. Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleaſed with Emily. He told Lady G. that he thought her a fine young creature; and that her mind was ſtill more amiable than her perſon. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He ſays finer things *of* her, than *to* her: yet ſurely I am miſtaken if he meditates not in her, his future wife.

Mr. Beauchamp will be one of my eſcorte.

Emily has made it her requeſt to go to Colnebrook with Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr. Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will alſo oblige me with their company on horſeback.

Mrs. Reeves is forbidden to venture; but Lady L. and Lady G. will not be denied coming with me.

I ſhall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning; when they will ſet out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandiſon family are to dine together at Lord L.'s, for the laſt time. It will be a mournful dining-time, on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miſs Clements, ſupped with us this night, and took leave of me in the tendereſt manner. They greatly regret my going down ſo ſoon, as they call it.

As to the publick diverſions, which they wiſh me to ſtay and give into, to be ſure I ſhould have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that muſician, and the like: but frighted by the vile plot upon me at the maſquerade, I was thrown

thrown out of that courſe of diverſion, and indeed into more affecting, more intereſting engagements; into the knowledge of a family that had no need to look out of itſelf for entertainments: and, beſides, are not all the company we ſee, as viſitors or gueſts, full of theſe things! I have ſeen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, though I have not troubled you with ſuch common things as revolve every ſeaſon.

You know I am far from ſlighting the innocent pleaſures in which others delight—It would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leiſure to attend thoſe amuſements, than I have found. Yet I am not ſure, neither: for, methinks, with all the pangs that my ſuſpenſes have coſt me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandiſon, his ſiſters, his Emily, and Dr. Bartlett.

I could only have wiſhed to have been ſpared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others; my gratitude had not been engaged ſo deeply.

Well—but what ſignify If's—What has been, has; what muſt be, muſt. Only love me, my dear friend, as you *uſed* to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now that I am returning to you. My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town; I have a little more experience than I had; and if I have ſeverely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if nobody has benefited by me, ſince I have been in town, that no one has ſuffered by me. Poor Mr. Fowler!—I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little ſnares, follies, coquetries, ſought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would, with reaſon, be more the ſubject of my ſolicitude, than it is now *neceſſary* it ſhould be: though, indeed, I cannot *help* making it a good deal ſo.

THURSDAY MORNING.

DR. Bartlett has juſt now taken leave of me, in my own dreſſing-room. The parting ſcene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miſs Williams. Had I ſeen her at my firſt coming to town, I ſhould have taken as much notice of her, in my letters to you, as I did of the two Miſs Brambers, Miſs Darlington, Miſs Cantillon, Miſs Alleſtree, and others of my own ſex; and of Mr. Somner, Mr. Barnet, Mr. Walden, of the other; who took my firſt notice, as they fell early in my way, and with whom it is poſſible, as well as with the town-diverſions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which of neceſſity, as well as choice, entirely engroſſed my attention. But *now* how inſipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like caſt with thoſe I have mentioned, were I to make *ſuch* the ſubjects of my pen, and had I time before me, which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my ever-dear and indulgent friends!

I will only ſay, that Miſs Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the *better* ſort of modern women of condition; and that ſhe is to be claſſed ſo *high*, will be more owing to Miſs Clement's leſſons, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and diſcernment now, or leſs charity and good-nature, than when I firſt came to town? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But though ſhe is a good-natured, obliging woman; ſhe is ſo immerſed in the love of publick diverſions! ſo fond of routs, drums, hurricanes—Bleſs me, my dear! how learned ſhould I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life; what a fine lady, poſſibly; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) ſcenes; and had I followed the lead of this lady, as ſhe (kindly, as to her intention) had deſigned I ſhould!

In the afternoon Mr. Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their firſt viſit to the two ſiſters.

I had

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that my couſins and I are to attend the good Counteſs of D. for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I ſhut up my correſpondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by all you, my deareſt friends, as I uſed to be after a ſhorter abſence: for I am, and ever will be, *the grateful, dutiful, and affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELBY HOUSE, MONDAY, APRIL 24.

THOUGH the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunſtable were pleaſed, one and all, to allow that the correſpondence which is to paſs between my dear Lady G. and their Harriet, ſhould anſwer the juſt expectations of each upon her, in the writing way; and though (at *your* motion, remember, not at mine) they promiſed to be contented with hearing read to them ſuch parts of my letters as you ſhall think proper to communicate; yet cannot I diſpenſe with my duty to Lady L. my Emily, my couſin Reeves, and Dr. Bartlett. Accordingly, I write to them by this poſt; and I charge *you*, my dear, with my ſincere and thankful compliments to your lord, and to Mr. Beauchamp, for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night! Had we not been to ſeparate next morning, it would have been an agreeable one indeed!

Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you another time, what ſhe ſaid of *you*, my dear, in particular.

My couſin Lucy, too—*is* ſhe not an amiable creature?—Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleaſure in recollecting your approbations of one I ſo dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and now our Nancy is ſo well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You ſaid you would provide a good huſband for her: do not forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is ſuch another good girl: but ſo I told you.

Well, and pray, did you ever meet with ſo pleaſant a man as my uncle Selby? What ſhould we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now and then, when he returned your ſmartneſs upon him, as if you thought I had let him know ſome of your perverſeneſſes to Lord G.—And do you think I did not? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, ſhould conceal yours! But what a particular character is yours! Every body blames you, that knows of your overlivelineſſes; yet every body loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been ſo, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teazing occaſion?—My uncle doats upon you!

But do not tell Emily that my couſin James Selby is in love with her. That he may not, on the ſcore of the dear girl's fortune, be thought preſumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almoſt of age; and, when he is, comes into poſſeſſion of an handſome eſtate. He has many good qualities. I have, in ſhort, a very great value for him: but not enough, though he is my relation, to wiſh him my ſtill more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I ſtill feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the letters I write to you, as I uſed to be to my friends here: and you promiſe to be as circumſtantial in yours. I will ſet you the example: do you be ſure to follow it.

We baited at Stoney Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: there were the two bold creatures, Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handſome collation, as at our ſetting out, ſo now, beſpoke by them, was ſet on the table. How they came by their intelligence, nobody knows: we were all concerned to ſee them. They ſeemed half mad for joy. My couſin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr. Greville was ſo earneſt to offer his hand, that though my couſin

couſin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny, to his ſolicitude for the poor favour, ſuch a mark of civility. Beſides, if I had, it would have been diſtinguiſhing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr. Fenwick took the other hand, when I had ſtepped out of the coach, and then (with ſo much pride, as made me aſhamed of myſelf) they hurried me between them, through the inn-yard, and into the room they had engaged for us; bleſſing themſelves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about, as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunſtable. 'This is not,' thought I, 'ſo delightful an inn as they made that—Now 'they,' thought I, 'are purſuing their 'road to London, as we are ours 'to Northampton. But, ah! where, 'where is Sir Charles Grandiſon at 'this time?' And I ſighed! But do not read this, and ſuch ſtrokes as this, to any body but Lord and Lady L.—You won't, you ſay—Thank you, Charlotte.—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunſtable, was eaſy, ſerene, deep, full, as I may ſay; it was the joy of ſenſible people: but the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noiſy. They hardly were able to contain themſelves; and my uncle, and couſin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr. Orme, good Mr. Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway ſide, perhaps near the very ſpot where he ſtood to ſee me paſs to London ſo many weeks ago—Poor man! —When I firſt ſaw him, (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark the place where I laſt beheld him) he looked with ſo *diſconſolate* an air, and ſo fixed, that I compaſſionately ſaid to myſelf, 'Surely the worthy man has 'not been there ever ſince!'

I twitched the ſtring juſt in time: the coach ſtopped. 'Mr. Orme,' ſaid I, 'How do you? Well, I hope?— 'How does Miſs Orme?'

I had my hand on the coach door. He ſnatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He preſſed it with his lips. 'God be praiſed,' ſaid he, (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) 'for permitting me once more 'to behold that face—that *angelick* 'face!' he ſaid.

'God bleſs you, Mr. Orme!' ſaid I: 'I am glad to ſee you. Adieu.'

The coach drove on. 'Poor Mr. 'Orme!' ſaid my aunt.

'Mr. Orme, Lucy,' ſaid I, 'don't 'look ſo ill as you wrote he was.'

'His joy to ſee you,' returned ſhe: —'But Mr. Orme is in a declining 'way.'

Mr. Greville, on the coach ſtopping, rode back juſt as it was going on again —And with a loud laugh—'How 'the d—l came Orme to know of 'your coming, Madam!—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to ſtop 'your coach to ſpeak to the ſtatue.' And he laughed again.—Nonſenſical! at what?

My grandmamma Shirley, deareſt of parents! her youth, as ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, renewed by the expectation of ſo ſoon ſeeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thurſday night to Selby Houſe, to charge her and Lucy with her bleſſing to me; and reſolving to ſtay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was alſo to be there; ſo were two other couſins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my abſence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I alſo found here.

When we came within ſight of this houſe, 'Now Harriet,' ſaid Lucy, 'I 'ſee the ſame kind of emotions beginning to ariſe in your face and boſom, as Lady G. told us you ſhewed when you firſt ſaw your aunt at 'Dunſtable.'—'My grandmamma!' ſaid I, 'I am in ſight of the dear houſe 'that holds her: I hope ſhe is here. 'But I will not ſurprize her with my 'joy to ſee her. Lie ſtill, throbbing, 'impatient heart.'

But when the coach ſet us down at the inner gate, *there*, in the outward-hall, ſat my bleſſed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forſook me; I ſprang by my aunt, and before the foot-ſtep could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myſelf at her feet, wrapping my arms about her: 'Bleſs, bleſs,' ſaid I, 'your Harriet!' I could not, at the moment, ſay another word.

'Great God!' ſaid the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, 'Great 'God

'God, I thank thee!' Then folding her arms about my neck, she kissed my forehead, my cheek, my lips—'God 'bless my love! Pride of my life! the 'most precious of a hundred daugh-'ters! How does my child—My Har-'riet—O my love!—After such dan-'gers, such trials, such harassings—'Once more, God be praised that I 'clasp to my fond heart my Harriet!'

'Separate them, separate them,' said my facetious uncle, (yet he had tears in his eyes) 'before they grow toge-'ther?—Madam,' to my grandmamma, 'she is *our* Harriet as well as *yours*: 'let us welcome the *saucy* girl on her 're-entrance into these doors!—Sau-'cy, I suppose, I shall soon find her.'

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms, 'Take her, take her,' said she, 'each in turn: but I think I never can 'part with her again.'

My uncle saluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home—So did every one.

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough; since *that* one ought to be for one's own sake. Yet how can I be even grateful to them with half a heart. Ah, Lady G. Do not you think I look silly to myself? You bid me be free in my confessions. You promise to look my letters over, before you read them to any body; and to mark passages proper to be kept to yourself—Pray do.

Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick were here separately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciously*, as Mr. Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he said, without hopes, yet; since I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr. Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility; and by that means sinks, in the narrower lover, the claim he might otherwise make to the title of the generous neighbour.

* *

Miss Orme has just been here. She could not help throwing in a word for her brother.

You will guess, my dear Lady G. at the subject of our conversations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two past. The health of people in years *can* mend but slowly; and they are slow to acknowledge it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that she is better between these few days past; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bless, revere, extol, your noble brother!—How do they wish—And how do they regret—You know what—Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if she can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happiness of Clementina to her own!—My grandmamma and aunt are of opinion, that I *should*; and they praise me for the generosity of my effort, whether the superior merits of the man will or will not allow me to succeed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and *but* a little, narrower; and believing it will go hard with me, say, it *is* hard. My uncle, in particular, says, the very pretension is flight and nonsense: 'But, however, if the girl,' added he, 'can *parade* away her passion for an 'object so worthy; with all my heart: 'it will be but just, that the roman-'cing elevations, which so often drive 'headstrong girls into difficulties, 'should now and then help a more 'discreet one out of them.'

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks, to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr. Bartlett, to Mr. Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beseech you be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends against you; for those of them who met you at Dunstable find but one fault in my lord: it is, that he seems too fond of a wife, who by her archness of looks, and half-saucy turns upon him, even before them, evidently shewed—Shall I say what?

But I stand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generosity, your honour, I say, (and why should I not add your *duty?*) will certainly make you one of the most obliging of wives, to the most affectionate of husbands.

My uncle says, he hopes so: but though he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour; yet he does not know but his *Dame* Selby is *still* the woman whom a man should

prefer for a wife: 'And she,' said he, 'is full as saucy as a wife need to be; 'though I think, Harriet, that she 'has not been the less dutiful of late 'for *your* absence.'

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

EVERY one of the Dunstable party says, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody else of our sex: I believe in my conscience he is in love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women, wherever you come, must hate you. Were you never by surprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring in the small-pox in the infectious stage of it?—O, but I think you once said you had had that distemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even such a face to such a heart, may be turned over to the class of insignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you ask, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her, but I am very angry with you for deferring to another time acquainting me with what she said of *me*. When we are taken with any body, we love they should be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curiosity I have. Never serve me so again!

I am in love with your cousin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—But they are not. I think she shall have Mr. Orme. Nancy, you say, is such another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is she not your cousin, and Lucy's sister? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants a husband. I wish I had seen Lucy a fortnight ago: then Nancy might have had Mr. Orme, and Lucy should have had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man, who at that time professed for me so much love and service, and all that, would have scrupled to oblige me, had I (as I easily should) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with Somebody else?

Your uncle is a pleasant man: but tell him I say, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *Dame* Selby, as he calls her. Tell him also, if you please, in return for his plain dealing, that I say, he *studies* too much for his pleasantries: he is continually hunting for occasions to be smart. I have heard my father say, that this was the fault of some wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myself affronted) that were I at liberty, which, God help me, I am not! I would sooner chuse for a husband the man I *have* (poor soul) as I now and then think him) than such a teazing creature as himself, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I should have this good reason for my preference: your uncle and I should have been too much alike, and so been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honest Lord G. look about him and admire me strangely whenever I please.

But I am, it seems, a person of a particular character. Every one, you say, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters shine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it said, that all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contrast. You, I am sure, ought. You are an ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-liveliness, as you call 'em, you don't drop a curtsey, and say, you are obliged to me.

But still the attack made upon you in your dressing-room at Colnebrook, by my sister and me, sticks in your stomach—And why so? We were willing to shew you, that we were *not* the silly people you must have thought us, had we not been able to distinguish light from darkness. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the ease and dignity given you by that frankness, were growing awkward,

nay

nay diſhoneſt. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the duſt you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not ſee that you were governed by a ſtronger motive. You called us your friends, your ſiſters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuſe; and why? No reaſon given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe juſt what you ſaid, and no more; nay, not ſo much as you ſaid. But we were not ſo implicit. Nor would *you*, in our caſe, have been ſo.

But you, perhaps, would not have violently broken in upon a poor thing, who thought we were blind, becauſe ſhe was not willing we ſhould ſee.—May be not: but then, in that caſe, we were honeſter than you would have been; that's all. 'Here,' ſaid I, 'Lady L. is this poor girl 'aukwardly ſtruggling to conceal 'what every body ſees; and, ſeeing, 'applauds her for, the man conſidered.' [Yes, Harriet, the man conſidered; be pleaſed to take that in:] 'Let us, 'in pity, relieve her. She is thought 'to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, ſhe paſſes herſelf upon 'us in thoſe characters: ſhe ſees we 'keep nothing from her. She has 'been acquainted with *your* love before wedlock; with *my* folly, in relation to Anderſon: ſhe had carried 'her head above a ſcore or two of men 'not contemptible. She ſits enthroned 'among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her footſtool: ſhe 'calls us ſiſters, friends, and twenty 'pretty names. Let us acquaint her, 'that we ſee into her heart; and why 'Lord D. and others are ſo indifferent 'with her. If ſhe is ingenuous, let us 'ſpare her; if not, leave *me* to puniſh 'her—Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother; we will leave 'him to make his own diſcoveries. 'She may confide in his politeneſs; 'and the reſult will be happier for 'her; becauſe ſhe will then be under 'no reſtraint to us, and her native 'freedom of heart may again take it's 'courſe.'

'Agreed, agreed,' ſaid Lady L.—And arm in arm, we entered your dreſſing-room, diſmiſſed the maid, and began the attack—And, O Harriet! how you heſitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to confeſſion! Indeed you deſerved not the mercy we ſhewed you—So, child, you had better to have let this part of your ſtory ſleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily, that your couſin is in love with her: but I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to ſtay her ſtomach, to find out one for her, than that ſhe ſhould find out one for herſelf: eſpecially when the man is among ourſelves, as I may ſay, and both are in our own management, and at diſtance from each other. Emily is a good girl; but ſhe has ſuſceptibilities already: and though I would not encourage her, as yet, to look out of herſelf for happineſs, yet I would give her conſequence with herſelf, and at the ſame time let her ſee, that there could be no mention made of any thing that related to *her*, but what ſhe ſhould be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you, and I pity her too: for ſhe, as well as Somebody elſe, will have difficulties to contend with, which ſhe will not know eaſily how to get over; though ſhe can in a flame ſo young, generouſly prefer the intereſt of a more excellent woman to her own.—There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph; you'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me, ſo particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but ſaying, 'See, Charlotte! I am a much 'more complaiſant creature to the 'men, no one of which I intend to 'have, than you are to your huſband!'

What a pious woman, indeed, muſt be your grandmamma, that ſhe could ſuſpend her joy, her long abſent darling at her feet, till ſhe had firſt thanked God for reſtoring her to her arms! But in this inſtance we ſee the force of habitual piety. Though not ſo good as I ſhould be myſelf, I revere thoſe who are ſo; and that I hope you will own is no bad ſign.

Well, but now for ourſelves, and thoſe about us.

Lady Olivia has written a letter from Windſor to Lady L. It is in French; extremely polite. She promiſes to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a viſit this morning. She was more concerned than I wiſhed to ſee her, on my confirming the report ſhe had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I trailli-

ed her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for she took out her pencil, and on the cover of a letter wrote these lines from Shakespeare, and slid them into my hand—

'And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
'To join with *men* in scorning your poor friend?
'It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:
'Our *sex*, as well as I, may chide you for it,
'Tho' I alone do feel the injury.'

I never, my dear, told you how freely this lady and I have talked of love: but, freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay so deep in her heart. I knew not how to tell her that my brother had said, *It could not be*. I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myself by a whisper justly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man see this; particularly not either of those present: and do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourself.

My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it seems, had acquainted her with Lord G.'s day [not my day, Harriet! that is not the phrase, I hope!] as soon as he knew it himself; and as she writes, supposing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on these occasions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's sister with every matter of consequence to the family; and now, she says, that both her nieces are so well disposed of, she will come to town very quickly to see her new relations and us; and desires we will make room for her. And yet she owns, that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and she supposes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder she thinks of making this visit now he is absent: but we shall all be glad to see my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, though an old maid; I hope the old lady has not utterly lost either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I shall be entertained with a great number of love-stories of the last age, and perhaps of some dangers and escapes, which may serve as warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longest letter that ever I wrote in my life: yet it is prating, and to you, to whom I love to prate. I have not *near* done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: but I have such an unaccountable bias for roguery, or what shall I call it? that I believe it is impossible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myself. What the deuce is the matter with me, that I cannot see my honest man in the same advantageous light in which he appears to every body else? Yet I do not, in my heart, dislike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wished to have called mine, rather than him. But he is so important about trifles; so nimble, yet so slow: he is so sensible of his own *intention* to please, and has so many antick motions in his obligingness; that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought, perhaps, to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I must fool on a little while longer, I believe: permit me, Harriet, so to do, as occasions arise.

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An instance, an instance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—'What do you laugh 'at, Charlotte?'—Why this poor man, or, as I should rather say, this lord and master of mine, has just left me. He has been making me both a compliment and a present. And what do you think the compliment is? Why, if I please, he will give away to a virtuoso friend, his collection of moths and butterflies: I once, he remembered, raillied him upon them. 'And 'by what study,' thought I, 'wilt 'thou, honest man, supply their place? 'If thou hast a talent this way, pur-'sue it; since perhaps thou wilt not 'shine in any other.' And the *best* any-thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would also part with his collection of shells, if I had no objection.

'To whom, my lord?'—He had not resolved.—'Why then, only as 'Emily is too little of a child, or you 'might give them to her.'—'Too

'little

'little of a child, Madam!' and a great deal of buſtle and importance took poſſeſſion of his features—'Let 'me tell you, Madam—' 'I *won't* 'let you, my lord!' and I laughed.

'Well, Madam, I hope here is 'ſomething coming up that you will 'not diſdain to accept of yourſelf.'

Up came, groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care* of two ſervants with baſkets, a fine ſet of old japan china with brown edges, believe me. They ſat down their baſkets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to ſee my lord buſying himſelf in taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and ſaucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and ſhewing his connoiſſeurſhip to his motionleſs admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And when he had done, taking the *liberty*, as he phraſed it, half fearful, half reſolute, to ſalute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards ſeveral ſteps, with ſuch a ſtrut and a crow—I ſee him yet?—Indulge me, Harriet!—I burſt into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: and he, reddening, looked round himſelf, and round himſelf, to ſee if any thing was amiſs in his garb. 'The *man*, the *man!* honeſt friend,' I *could* have ſaid, but had too much reverence for my huſband, 'is the od-'dity! Nothing amiſs in the garb.' I quickly recollected myſelf, however, and put him into good humour, by proper marks of my gracious acceptance. On reflection, I could not bear myſelf for vexing the honeſt man when he had meant to oblige me.

How ſoon I may relapſe again, I know not.—O Harriet! Why did you beſeech me to be good? I think in my heart I have the ſtronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverſe:* if you think me ſo, bid me be ſaucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary courſe for the ſake of dear contradiction.

Shew not, however, (I in turn beſeech *you*) to your grandmamma and aunt, ſuch parts of this letter as would make them deſpiſe me. You ſay, you ſtand up for me; I have need of your advocateſhip: never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good man, when I can ſo heartily laugh in the wedded ſtate, than if I were to ſit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and preſented my ſiſter with my half of the jewels. I deſired her to accept them, as they were my mother's, and for her ſake. This gave them a value with her, more than equal to their worth; but Lord L. is uneaſy, and declares he will not ſuffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and diſintereſted as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the iſland would be compleat.

* *

LORD help this poor obliging man! I wiſh I don't love him, at laſt. He has taken my hint, and has preſented his collection of ſhells (a very fine one, he ſays, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually buſied (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one ſtrutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the preſent; the other curtſeying ten times in a minute, to ſhew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoſo friend has got his butterflies and moths, I am afraid he muſt ſet up a turner's ſhop for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our viſiting hurries are over, ſet him to read to me the new things that come out, while I knot or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the letters which paſs between you and me, and thoſe for you which I expect with ſo much impatience from my brother by means of Dr. Bartlett. I think he ſpells pretty well, for a lord.

I have no more to ſay, at preſent, but compliments, without number or meaſure, to all you ſo deſervedly love and honour; as well thoſe I have not ſeen, as thoſe I have.

Only one thing: reveal to me all the ſecrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatneſs of mind in a love-caſe, that you ſhew in all others. We will all allow you to love Sir Charles Grandiſon. Thoſe who do, give honour to themſelves, if their eyes ſtop not at perſon, *his* having ſo many advantages. For the ſame reaſon, I make no apologies, and never did,

did, for praising my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the use of power that I would have done in your situation. I was half-sorry when my hurrying brother made me dismiss Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two danglers after one, are poor doings for a fine lady. Poorer still, to have but one!

Here is a letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: but defer it ever so long, I must subscribe, at last,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS JERVOIS, TO MISS BYRON*.

MONDAY, MAY 1.

O My dearest, my honoured Miss Byron, how you have shamed your Emily by sending a letter to her; such a sweet letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a letter of thanks for all your love to me, and all your kind instructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not please myself: you, Madam, are *such* a writer, and I am such a *poor thing* at my pen!—But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very diffidence shews pride; since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: and yet this very letter I foresee will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better: for I don't like this beginning, neither—But come, it shall go. Am I not used to your goodness? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my letters, as I used to do in your dressing-room? O what sweet advice have you, and do you return for my silly prate? And so I will begin.

And *was* you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am sure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. shed tears as well as I; and so did Lady L. several times; and said, you were the loveliest, best young lady in the world. And we all praised likewise your aunt, your cousin Lucy, and young Mr. Selby; how good are all your relations! They must be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for men, were as much concerned as we, at parting with you. Mr. Reeves was *so* dull all the way!—Poor Mr. Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr. Beauchamp, *he* praised you to the very skies; and in such a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr. Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fancy these noble sisters, if the truth were known, don't like him so well as their brother does: perhaps *that* may be the reason out of jealousy, as I may say, if there be any thing in my observation. But they are vastly civil to him, nevertheless; yet they never praise him when his back is turned; and they do others who can't say half the good things that he says.

Well, but enough of Mr. Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind and indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praise any body else?

O Madam! where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, wherever he goes! This is my prayer first and last, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have seen him in; [And pray tell me, Madam, did not *you* do so when he had left us?] and when I can't find him, I do *so* sigh!—What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is there in sighing, when I think of him! Yet I know I am an innocent girl. And this I am sure of, that I wish him to be the husband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you: but then my next wish is—You know what—Ah, my Miss Byron! you must let me live with you and my guardian, if you should ever be Lady Grandison.

But here, Madam, are sad doings sometimes between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help laughing now and then at her out of the way sayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more such young wives? I could not do as she does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every body

* The letter to which this is an answer, as well as those written by Miss Byron to her cousin Reeves, Lady L. &c. and theirs in return, are omitted.

blames

Stothard del. Walker sculp.

Plate XXVIII. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co May 12, 1783.

blames her. She will make my lord not love her, at last. Don't you think so? And then what will she get by her wit?

* *

Just this moment she came into my closet—'Writing, Emily?' said she: 'To whom?'—I told her.—'Don't tell tales out of school, Emily.'—I was *so* afraid that she would have asked to see what I had written: but she did not. To be sure she is very polite, and knows what belongs to herself and every body else: to be ungenerous, as you once said, to her husband only, that is a very sad thing to think of.

Well, but I would give any thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: but I will go on this way, since I cannot do better. Bad is my best; but you shall have quantity, I warrant, since you bid me write long letters.

But I have seen my mother: it was but yesterday. She was in a mercer's shop in Covent Garden. I was in Lord L.'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne saw her first; I alighted, and asked her blessing in the shop: I am sure I did right. She blessed me, and called me dear love. I staid till she had bought what she wanted, and then I slid down the money, as if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had so much about me: it came but to four guineas. I begged her, speaking low, to forgive me for so doing: and finding she was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney-coach called, I gave Anne money for a coach for herself, and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L.'s chariot, she was so good as to dispense with my alighting.

She blessed my guardian all the way, and blessed me. She said, she would not ask me to come and see her, because it might not be thought proper, as my guardian was abroad: but she hoped, she might be allowed to come and see me sometimes.——Was she not very good, Madam? But my guardian's goodness makes every body good.—O that my mamma had been always the same! I should have been but too happy.

God bless my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handsomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, people must live accordingly, or be discredited, instead of credited, by it; or I should hope the additional two hundred a year might afford her one. Yet one does not know but Mr. O'Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fancy he has people who hang upon him. But, if it pleases God, I will not when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, suffer my mother to walk on foot. What a blessing is it, to have a guardian that will second every good purpose of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I suppose she will wait here in England till Sir Charles's return: but I am sure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poniards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poniard. And a woman to leave her own country, to seek for a husband! I could die before I could do so! though to such a man as my guardian. Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She has some good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well esteemed in her own country; every body knew she loved my guardian: but I don't know how it is; nobody blamed her for it, vast as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man: to love him is a credit, instead of a shame. O Madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends sakes, if they loved their friends, and wished them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very desirous to hasten his wedding.

Mr. Beauchamp says, that all the Mansfields (he knows them) bless my guardian every day of their lives; and their enemies tremble. He has commissions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cause, that no time may be lost to do them service against his return.

We have had another visit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleased with us: you see I say *us*. Indeed my two dear ladies are very good to me; but I have no merit; it is all for their brother's sake.

Mr. Beauchamp tells us, just now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at their own motion, to set-

tle

tle 1000l. a year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart: are not you? he is all gratitude upon it. He says, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her; and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmost regard for her.

Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Harry himself, and my lady, are continually blessing my guardian: every body, in short, blesses him.—But, ah! Madam, where is he, at this moment? O that I were a bird! that I might hover over his head and sometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would often flap my wings, dear Miss Byron, at your chamber-window, as a signal of his welfare, and then fly back again and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I said before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G.; but I never shall be so happy, as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miss you and my guardian: O how I miss you both! But, dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, though now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves; as I have done, in this long piece of scribble. But accept it, nevertheless, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any bosom, to any one the most dearly beloved than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonsense, because I knew not how to express half the love that is in the heart of *your ever-obliged and affectionate*

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXXV.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

TUESDAY, MAY 2.

I Have no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerously playful. Thank Heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what signifies expostulating with one who knows herself to be faulty, and will not amend? How many *stripes*, Charlotte, do you deserve?—But you never spared any body, not even your brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haste; and since you will lay in stores for repentance, fill up the measure as fast as you can.

'Reveal to you the state of my heart!'—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. 'Greatness of mind!'—I don't know what it is.—All his excellences, his greatness, his goodness, his modesty, his chearfulness under such afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compassion in it with which his overflows—Must not all other men appear little, and, less than little, nothing, in my eyes?—It is an instance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I should be better enabled, by their prudent counsels, to attain the desirable frame of mind which I had promised myself: but I find myself mistaken. My grandmamma and aunt are such admirers of him, take such a share in the disappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually reminding me of his excellences, by calling upon me to tell them something of Sir Charles Grandison; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle raillies me, laughs at me, sometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped that, respecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I should never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with, does not satisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr. Bartlett, my Emily, with me. To lose you all at once!—is hard!—There seems to be a strange void in my heart—And so much, at present, for the state of that heart.

I always had reason to think myself greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after these few months absence, knew how much. So many kind

kind viſitors; ſuch unaffected expreſſions of joy on my return; that had I not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley-manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: but ſhe would have it that I ſhould be melancholy if I ſtaid with her. And ſhe is *ſo* ſelf-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *ſolitary* moments, as my uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? becauſe ſhe then diveſts herſelf of all that is either painful or pleaſurable to her in this life: for ſhe ſays, that her cares for her Harriet, and eſpecially *now*, are at leaſt a balance for the delight ſhe takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what paſſes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your ſtile, *my fellows*.

Mr. Fenwick invited himſelf to breakfaſt with my aunt Selby yeſterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: you know well enough what men will ſay on the ſubject upon which you will ſuppoſe he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earneſt. I beſought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me as all the return I could make him for it; and this in ſo very ſerious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth, his determined perſeverance.

Mr. Greville made us a tea-viſit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to railly us poor women, as uſual. I left the defence of the ſex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every converſation now with theſe men!—'But hold, ſaucy 'Harriet, was not your uncle Selby one 'of the railliers?'—But he does not believe all he ſays; and therefore cannot wiſh to be much regarded, on this topick, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr. Greville made exceptions favourable to the women preſent, he applied to every one for their intereſt with me, and to me, to countenance his addreſs. He ſet forth his pretenſions very pompouſly, and mentioned a conſiderable increaſe of his fortune; which before was a handſome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his love for me above all women, and made his happineſs in the next world as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was eaſy to anſwer all he ſaid; and is equally ſo for you to gueſs in what manner I anſwered him: and he, finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he *knew* what had made me ſo very reſolute. He threw out threatnings againſt the man, be he who he would, that ſhould ſtand in the way of his ſucceſs with me; at the ſame time intimating ſaucily, as I may ſay, (for his manner had inſult in it) that it was impoſſible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him; ſo was my aunt: Lucy was ſtill more angry than they; but I, ſtanding up, ſaid, 'Pray, my dear friends, take 'nothing amiſs that Mr. Greville has 'ſaid.—He once told me, that he 'would ſet ſpies upon my conduct in 'town.—If, Sir, your ſpies have been 'juſt, I fear nothing they can ſay. 'But the hints you have thrown out, 'ſhew ſuch a total want of all delicacy 'of mind, that you muſt not wonder 'if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am 'not angry; I reproach you not: 'every one has his peculiar way. All 'that is left me to ſay or to do, is to 'thank you for your favourable opi-'nion of me, as I have thanked Mr. 'Fenwick; and to deſire that you will 'allow me to look upon you as my 'neighbour, and *only* as my neigh-'bour.'

I curtſied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr. Orme.

His ſiſter had deſired that I would ſee her brother. He and ſhe were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tueſday. They came. Poor man! He is not well! I am ſorry for it. Poor Mr. Orme is not well! He made me ſuch *honeſt* compliments, as I may ſay: his *heart* was too much in his civilities to raiſe them above the civilities that juſtice and truth might warrant in favour of a perſon highly eſteemed. Mine was filled with compaſſion for him; and that compaſſion would have ſhewed itſelf in tokens of

tenderneſs, more than once, had I not reſtrained myſelf for *his* ſake.

How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honeſt heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could; and ſo would your noble brother. Is he not croſſing dangerous ſeas, and aſcending through almoſt perpetual ſnows thoſe dangerous Alps which I have heard deſcribed with ſuch terror, for the generous end of relieving diſtreſs?

I made Mr. Orme ſit next me. I was aſſiduous to help him; and do him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleaſure in his modeſt countenance; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his ſiſter, and to all my friends, to ſee him ſmile, and look happy.

I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr. Orme looks pleaſant, and at eaſe, he reſembles a little the good-natured Lord G.—O that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr. Orme!—*Half the pains*, did I ſay? That you would not take pains to *diſ*-oblige him; and he would be, of courſe, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that in ſuch a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneaſy without your ſtudying for them.

Excuſe my ſeriouſneſs. I am, indeed, *too* ſerious at times.

But when Mr. Orme requeſted a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar-parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too tranſient pleaſure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I muſt give?

His ſiſter and I had afterwards a conference. I was greatly affected by it; and at laſt beſought her, if ſhe valued my friendſhip as I did hers, never more to mention to me a ſubject which gave me a pain too ſenſible for my peace.

She requeſted me to aſſure her that neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, ſhe ſaid, to ridicule her brother for the profound reſpect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with conſequences. For that her brother, mild and gentle as was his paſſion for me, had courage to reſent any indignities that might be caſt upon him by ſpirits boiſterous as were thoſe of the two gentlemen ſhe had named. She never, therefore, told her brother of their ſcoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them ſhould ſucceed, or have reaſon but for a diſtant hope.

I made her heart eaſy on that ſcore.

I have juſt now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is ſo low-minded, ſo malicious a man, and I have ſuffered ſo much from him—What can be the meaning of this ſudden return? I am told, that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourſelf about him, and whether he thinks of coming into theſe parts.

Mr. Greville, when he met us at Stoney-Stratford, threw out menaces againſt Sir Hargrave, on my account; and ſaid it was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no buſineſs, even were Sir Hargrave preſent, to engage himſelf in my quarrels.

Mr. Greville is an impetuous man, a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his ſpies about me; for he ſeems to know every thing that has befallen me in my abſence from Selby Houſe.

He has dared alſo to threaten Somebody elſe. Inſolent wretch! But he hinted to me yeſterday, that he was exceedingly pleaſed with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, 'in order to proſecute a *former* '*amour*,' was the light wretch's as light expreſſion. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my foot.

Let the conſtant and true reſpects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always for the future conſidered as very affectionately expreſſed, whether the variety of other ſubjects leave room for a particular expreſſion of them, or not, by deareſt Lady G. *Your faithful, and ever-obliged*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

SATURDAY, MAY 6.

I Thank you, Harriet, for yours. What muſt your fellows think of you? In this groſs age, your delicacy muſt aſtoniſh them. There uſed to be more of it formerly. But how ſhould men know any thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, ſince we have been admitted into ſo conſtant a ſhare of the publick diverſions, want not courage. We can give the men ſtare for ſtare wherever we meet them. The next age, nay, the riſing generation, muſt ſurely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me! Me who, it ſeems, have faults to be corrected for, of another ſort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But to other ſubjects. I could write a vaſt deal of ſtuff about my lord and ſelf, and Lord and Lady L. who aſſume parts which I know not how to allow them; and ſometimes they threaten me with my brother's reſentments, ſometimes with my Harriet's; ſo that I muſt really have leading-ſtrings faſtened to my ſhoulders. O my dear! a fond huſband is a ſurfeiting thing; and yet, I believe, moſt women love to be made monkeys of.

* *

BUT all other ſubjects muſt now give way. We have heard *of*, though not *from*, my brother. A particular friend of Mr. Lowther was here with a letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when Mr. Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart eaſy, in the firſt place, about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town; but very ill. He was frighted into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability, he owes it to my brother that he exiſts.

Mr. Beauchamp went directly to Cavendiſh Square, and informed himſelf there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very ſervant who was preſent, and acting in it; and from thoſe particulars, and Mr. Lowther's letter, wrote one for Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Beauchamp obliged me with a peruſal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: for his letter is long and circumſtantial; and I did not aſk his leave to take a copy, as he ſeemed deſirous to haſten it to the doctor.

ON Wedneſday, the $\frac{19}{20}$ of April, in the evening, as my brother was purſuing his journey to Paris, and was within two miles of that capital, a ſervant-man rode up, in viſible terror, to his poſt-chaiſe, in which were Mr. Lowther and himſelf, and beſought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen ſtopped, and he told them, that his maſter, who was an Engliſhman, and his friend of the ſame nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their poſt-chaiſe, as he doubted not to be murdered, by no leſs than ſeven armed horſemen; and he pointed to a hill, at a diſtance, called Mont Martre, behind which they were, at that moment, perpetrating their bloody purpoſe. He had juſt before, he ſaid, addreſſed himſelf to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faſter for it.

The ſervant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles obſerving his livery, aſked him if he were not a ſervant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was anſwered in the affirmative.

There are, it ſeems, trees planted on each ſide the road from St. Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open uninclоſed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the ſeeing, a great way off, the ſcuffling of ſo many men on horſeback. There is alſo a ditch on either hand, but places left for owners to come at their grounds, with their carts, and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the poſt-boy to drive to one of thoſe paſſages; ſaying he could not forgive himſelf, if he did not endeavour to ſave Sir Hargrave, and his friend, whoſe name the man told him was Merceda.

His own ſervants were three in number, beſides one of Mr. Lowther. My brother made Mr. Lowther's ſervant diſmount; and, getting himſelf

on his horſe, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr. Lowther to continue in the chaiſe, bidding the diſmounted ſervant ſtay and attend his maſter, and gallopped away towards the hill. His ears were ſoon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and preſently he ſaw two men on horſeback holding the horſes of four others, who had under them the two gentlemen, ſtruggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his ſervants, calling out to ſpare the gentlemen, and bending his courſe to relieve the proſtrate ſufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horſemen, and advanced to meet him with a ſhew of ſupporting the two men on foot in their violence; who continued laying on the wretches, with the butt ends of their whips, unmercifully.

As the aſſailants offered not to fly, and as they had time enough to execute their purpoſe, had it been robbery and murder, Sir Charles concluded it was likely that theſe men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this ſurmiſe, when the four men on horſeback, though each had his piſtol ready drawn, as Sir Charles alſo had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles how he provoked his fate by his raſhneſs; and declaring that he was a dead man if he fired.

'Forbear, then,' ſaid Sir Charles, 'all farther violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to ſay.'

He then put his piſtol into the holſter; and one of the ſervants being come up, and the two others at hand, (to whom he called out, not to fire till they had his orders) he gave him his horſe's reins; bidding him have an eye to the holſters of both, and leaped down; and drawing his ſword, made towards the two men who were ſo cruelly exerciſing their whips, and who, on his approach, retired to ſome little diſtance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horſeback joined the two on foot, juſt as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them ſaid, 'Forbear, for the preſent, farther violence, brother; the gentleman ſhall be told the cauſe of all this.—Murder, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is not intended: nor are we robbers. The men, whom you are ſolicitous to ſave from our vengeance, are villains.'

'Be the cauſe what it will,' anſwered Sir Charles, 'you are in a country noted for doing *ſpeedy* juſtice upon proper application to the magiſtrates.' In the ſame inſtant he raiſed firſt one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were ſo much bruiſed, they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them; nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horſes, and all ſix ſtood upon their defence; but one of them was ſo furious, crying out, that his vengeance ſhould be yet more compleat, that two of the others could hardly reſtrain him.

Sir Charles aſked Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda, whether they had reaſon to look upon themſelves as injured men, or injurers? One of the aſſailants anſwered, that they both knew themſelves to be villains.

Either from conſcience, or terror, perhaps from both, they could not ſpeak for themſelves, but by groans; nor could either of them ſtand or ſit upright.

Juſt then came up in the chaiſe, Mr. Lowther and his ſervant, each a piſtol in his hand. He quitted the chaiſe, when he came near the ſuffering men; and Sir Charles deſired him inſtantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerouſly hurt, or not.

The moſt enraged of the aſſailants having ſlipped by the two who were earneſt to reſtrain him, would again have attacked Mr. Merceda, offering a ſtroke at him with his hanger; but Sir Charles (his drawn ſword ſtill in his hand) caught hold of his bridle, and turning his horſe's head aſide, diverted a ſtroke, which, in all probability, would otherwiſe have been a finiſhing one.

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him, at his peril, uſe his ſword upon their friend; and Sir Charles's ſervants were coming up to their maſter's ſupport, had there been occaſion. At that inſtant Mr. Lowther, aſſiſted by his own ſervant, was examining the wounds and bruiſes of the

the two terrified men, who had yet no reason to think themselves safe from farther violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his servants not to fire, nor approach nearer without his orders. 'The persons,' said he, to the assailants, 'whom 'you have so cruelly used, are English gentlemen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what 'it will, you *must* know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; 'and if my friend last come up, who 'is a very skilful surgeon, shall pronounce them in danger, you shall 'find it so.'

Still he held the horse of the furious one; and three of them who seemed to be principals, were beginning to express some resentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr. Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death; and then Sir Charles, quitting the man's bridle, and putting himself between the assailants and sufferers, said, that as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himself, his friend, or servants, he was afraid they had some reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not suppose they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the persons of those who were entitled to the protection of that country, he should expect, that they would hold themselves to be personally answerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

'The villains,' said one of the men, 'know who we are, and the provocation, which merits a worse treatment than they have hitherto met 'with. You, Sir,' proceeded he, 'seem to be a man of honour and temper: we are men of honour, as well as 'you. Our design, as we told you, was 'not to kill the miscreants; but to give 'them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived; and to 'put it out of their power ever to be 'guilty of the like. They have made 'a vile attempt,' continued he, 'on a 'lady's honour at Abbeville; and, 'finding themselves detected, and in 'danger, took round-about ways, and 'shifted from one vehicle to another, 'to escape the vengeance of her friends. 'The gentleman whose horse you held, 'and who has reason to be in a passion, 'is the husband of the lady.' [A Spanish husband, surely, Harriet; not a French one, according to our notions.] 'That gentleman, and *that*, are her 'brothers. We have been in pursuit 'of them two days; for they gave out, 'in order, no doubt, to put us on a 'wrong scent, that they were to go to 'Antwerp.'

And it seems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his colleague had actually sent some of his servants that way; which was the reason that they were themselves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he said, that he would not escape the close pursuit of a manufacturer of Abbeville, whose daughter, a lovely young creature, he had seduced, under promises of marriage. Their government, he observed, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville, and he would have reason, if he were laid hold of, to think himself happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promises.

This third wretch must be Mr. Bagenhall. The Lord grant, say I, that he may be laid hold of, and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honest woman*, as they phrase it in LANCASHIRE, Don't *you* wish so, my dear? And let me add, that had the relations of the injured lady compleated their intended vengeance on those two libertines, (a very proper punishment, I ween, for all libertines) it might have helped them to pass the rest of their lives with great tranquillity; and honest girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have passed to and from *masquerades* without molestation.

Sir Hargrave and his companions intended, it seems, at first, to make some resistance; four only, of the seven, stopping the chaise: but when the other three came up, and they saw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The seventh man was set over the post-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the spot they had chosen as a convenient one for their purpose.

Sir Hargrave's servant was secured by them at their first attack; but after they had disarmed him and his masters, he found an opportunity to slip from them,

them, and made the beſt of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring aſſiſtance for them.

While Sir Charles was buſy in helping the bruiſed wretches on their feet, the ſeventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaiſe. The aſſailants had retired to ſome diſtance, and, after a conſultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, bidding his ſervants be on their guard, leaped on his horſe, with that agility and preſence of mind, for which, Mr. Beauchamp ſays, he excels moſt men; and leading towards them, 'Do you advance, gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'as friends, or otherwiſe?'—Mr. Lowther took a piſtol in each hand, and held himſelf ready to ſupport him; and the ſervants diſpoſed themſelves to obey their maſter's orders.

'Our enmity,' anſwered one of them, 'is only to theſe two *inhoſpitable* villains; murder, as we told 'you, was not our deſign. They 'know where we are to be found, and 'that they are the vileſt of men, and 'have not been puniſhed equal to their 'demerits. Let them on their knees 'aſk this gentleman's pardon;' pointing to the huſband of the inſulted lady. We inſiſt upon this ſatisfaction; and upon their promiſe, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville, we will leave them in your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that theſe women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promiſe.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, ſaid, 'If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to ſcruple 'aſking pardon. If you know your'ſelves to be innocent, though I ſhould 'be loth to riſque the lives of my 'friend and ſervants, yet ſhall not my 'countrymen make ſo undue a ſubmiſſion.'

The wretches kneeled; and the ſeven men, civilly ſaluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth bleſſings upon the man whoſe life, ſo lately, one of them fought; and whoſe preſervation he had now ſo much reaſon to rejoice in, for the ſake of his own ſafety.

My brother himſelf could not but be well pleaſed that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both ſides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's poſt-chaiſe was come up. He and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr. Lowther went into theirs; and being but a ſmall diſtance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches bleſſing them all the way; and at Paris found their other ſervants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther ſaw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were ſo ſtiff with the baſtinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themſelves. Mr. Merceda had been more ſeverely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it ſeems, was the greateſt malefactor in the attempt made upon the lady: and he had, beſides, two or three gaſhes; which, but for his ſtruggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *maſquerade* is mentioned; ſo, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to theſe wretches, as long as they live.

Their enemies, it ſeems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true ſpirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as ſo many trophies, at the feet of the inſulted lady.

Mr. Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the hotel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr. Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely buſy in relation to the executorſhip; and having not a moment to ſpare, deſired Mr. Lowther to engage his friend to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was haſtening every thing for his journey onwards.

Mr. Beauchamp's narrative of this affair is, as I told you, very circumſtantial. I thought to have ſhortened it more than I have done. I wiſh I have not made my abſtract confuſed, in ſeveral material places: but I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

SUNDAY, MAY 7.

I Believe I shall become as arrant a scribbler as Somebody else. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I assure you. I see one may bring one's mind to any thing.—I thought I must have had recourse, when you and my brother left us, and when I was married, to the publick amusements, to fill up my leisure: and as I have seen every thing worth seeing of those, many times over, (masquerades excepted, and them I despise;) time, you know, in that case, would have passed a little heavily, after having shewn myself, and, by seeing who and who were together, laid in a little store of the right sort of conversation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the raree-shew. Pretty enough! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the honest fellows, who have nothing to do, but to project schemes to get us together.

I do not know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be considered as such a doll, such a toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the house without me, were it but to purvey for me news and scandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for else? You know, that with all my faults, I have a domestick and managing turn. A man should encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teazing her for her company abroad, unless he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our sex do not love to be prescribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averse: and for *this* very reason, perhaps, because it *becomes* us to submit to prescription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverse thing. I believe, if my good man wished me to stay at home, I should torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yesterday, that in, order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without considering who was likely to be a sufferer by it: and he, getting up, in his usual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *so* much apprehension—Hands folded, bag in motion from shoulder to shoulder. I was vexed too much to make the use of the trick which I had designed, and huffed him. He made excuses, and looked pitifully; bringing in his soul, to testify that he knew not how it could be.—'How it could 'be! Wretch! When you are always 'squatting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop, or distance.'

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he so carelessly rent. Who could be angry with him? —I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—As if I were not to be trusted to buy my own cloaths; but he looked at me with so good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciousness, his present; only calling him an odd creature—and that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimsically, in the main: not above four quarrels, however, and as many other chidings, in a day. What does this man stay at home for, then, so much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent absences, may have a chance for a little happiness. How many debatings, if not direct quarrels, are saved by the good man's and his meek wife's seeing each other but once or twice a week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themselves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making up? Especially if they both chance to marry for love; (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my case;) for then both honest souls, having promised more happiness to each other than they can possibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at least tacitly, for their disappointment—A great deal of free-masonry in love, my dear, believe me! The secret, like *that*, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

'Well, but what silly rattle is this, 'Charlotte!' methinks you say, and put on one of your wisest looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be some wisdom in much folly. Every one speaks not out so plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquisition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquisition what it will, the principal pleasure is over, and

and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from ſtagnating.

This is a *ſerious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praiſe me for it. You are very ſparing of your praiſe to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word than any woman's in the world: or man's either, I was going to ſay; but I ſhould then have forgot my *brother*. As for Lord G. were I to accuſtom him to obligingneſs, I ſhould deſtroy my own conſequence; for then it would be no novelty—and he would be hunting after a new folly. —Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good ſerious falling out; and it ſtill ſubſiſts. It began on Friday night; *preſent*, Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no diſcretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our *appearance at court*, forſooth.

A very confident thing, this ſame appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels, at the expence of modeſty.

Lord G. pleads decorum—decorum againſt modeſty, my dear!—But if by decorum is meant faſhion, I have in a hundred inſtances found decorum beat modeſty out of the houſe. And as my brother, who would have been our principal honour on ſuch an occaſion, is gone abroad; and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may ſay, [Our *ſweries* were not ready, you know, before my brother went.] I was fervent againſt it.

I was the only woman of condition, in England, who would be againſt it.

I told my lord, that was a reflection on my ſex: but Lord and Lady L. who had been ſpoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his ſide. [I ſhall have this man utterly ruined for a huſband among you.]—When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being propoſed for Sunday, and that being at a little diſtance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night paſſed off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mutteration*. [Allow me that word, or find me a better.] The entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no!—I was aſhamed of him, he ſaid. I aſked him, if he really thought ſo?—He *ſhould* think ſo, if I refuſed him. 'Heaven forbid, my lord, that I, who 'contend for the liberty of acting, 'ſhould hinder you from the liberty 'of thinking! Only one piece of 'advice, honeſt friend,' ſaid I: 'do 'not imagine the worſt againſt your-'ſelf; and another, if you have a 'mind to carry a point with me, do 'not bring on the cauſe before any 'body elſe; for that would be to 'doubt either my duty, or your own 'reaſonableneſs.'

As ſure as you are alive, Harriet, the man made an exception againſt being called '*honeſt friend*;' as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppiſh as a child, on my calling him '*the man*:' a higher diſtinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. 'THE MAN!'—Strange creature! To except to a diſtinction that implies, that he is the man of men!—You ſee what a captious mortal I have been forced to call *my* lord. But *lord* and *maſter* do not always go together; though they do *too* often, for the happineſs of many a meek ſoul of our ſex.

Well, this debate ſeemed ſuſpended, by my telling him, that if I were preſented at court, I would not have either the earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who were moſt deſirous to be there.—But I *might* not think of that, at the time, you know.—I would not be thought *very* perverſe; only a little whimſical, or ſo. And I wanted not an excellent reaſon for excluding them—'Are their *conſents* to 'our paſt affair *doubted*, my lord,' ſaid I, 'that you think it neceſſary for 'them to appear to juſtify us?'

He could ſay nothing to this, you know. And I ſhould never forgive the huſband, as I told him, on another occaſion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to ſay.

Then (for the baby will be always craving ſomething) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—But to ſome place that he ſuppoſed (poor man!) I ſhould *like* to viſit. I told him, I dared to ſay, he wiſhed to be thought a *modern* huſband, and a *faſhionable* man; and he would

would get a bad name, if he could never ſtir out without his wife. *Neither* could he anſwer *that*, you know.

Well, he went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a diſtance; a little impatience now and then, however, portending, that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, 'Pray, my dear, oblige 'me!' and—'Pray, my lord, excuſe 'me!' till this morning, when he had the aſſurance to be pretty peremptory; hinting, that the lord in waiting had been ſpoken to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if ſhe were not at liberty to dreſs herſelf as ſhe pleaſes. Were I to chuſe again, I do aſſure you, my dear, it ſhould not be a man, who by his taſte for moths and butterflies, ſhells, china, and ſuch like trifles, would give me warning, that he would preſume to dreſs his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than her perſon. I believe, my Harriet, I ſhall make you afraid of matrimony: but I will purſue my ſubject, for all that.

When the inſolent ſaw that I did not dreſs as he would have had me, he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was ſilent. Soon after Lady L. ſending to know whether her lord and ſhe were to attend us to the drawing-room, and I returning for anſwer, that I ſhould be glad of their company at dinner, he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dreſſing himſelf in a great hurry, left the houſe, without ſaying, 'By 'your leave—with your leave!' or whether he would return to dinner, or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind; and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: for then, it was all 'elder ſiſter,' and 'inſolent bro-'ther-in-law,' I do aſſure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happieſt creature in the world, if—and there was ſo good as to ſtop.—'*One* of the happieſt only, Lady L.! 'Who can be happier than you?'

'But I,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſhould neither 'be ſo, nor *deſerve* to be ſo, *if*—' Good of her again, to ſtop at *if*.

'We cannot be all of one mind,' replied I. 'I ſhall be wiſer in time.'

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

'*Poor* Lord G. is gone to ſeek his 'fortune, I believe.'

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himſelf; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had ſerved me right, *ab*-ſolutely right, Lord L. ſaid.

I believed ſo myſelf. Lord G. was a very good ſort of man, and ought not to bear with me ſo much as he had done: but it would be kind in them, not to tell him what I had owned.

The earl lifted up one hand, the counteſs both. They had not come to dine with me, they ſaid, after the anſwer I had returned, but as they were afraid ſomething was wrong between us.

'Mediators are not to be of one ſide 'only,' I ſaid: and as they had been ſo kindly free in blaming *me*, I hoped they would be as free with *him*, when they ſaw him.

And then it was, 'For *God's* ſake, 'Charlotte!'—and, 'Let me *entreat* 'you, Lady G.'—'And let *me*, too, '*beſeech* you, Madam!' ſaid Emily, with tears ſtealing down her cheeks.

'You are both very good.—You are 'a ſweet girl, Emily. I have a too-'playful heart. It will give me ſome 'pain, and ſome pleaſure; but if I 'had not more pleaſure than pain from 'my play, I ſhould not be ſo ſilly.'

My lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be ſerved.—'Won't you wait a little 'longer for Lord G.?'—'No. I hope 'he is ſafe, and well. He is his own 'maſter, as well as mine;' (I ſighed, I believe!) 'and, no doubt, has a pa-'ramount pleaſure in purſuing his own 'choice.'

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe ſhould get a ſupper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another ſchooling-bout: Emily was even ſaucy. But I took it all; yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G.'s perverſeneſs.

At laſt, in came the *honeſt* man. He does not read this, and ſo cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honeſt*.

So lordly! so ſtiff! ſo ſolemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpſichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but, like a good-natured fool, ſmiled. He ſtalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were diſpoſed to crow; yet had not won the battle.—One hand in his boſom; the other under the ſkirt of his waiſtcoat, and his poſture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart ſo devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

'We hoped to have found your 'lordſhip at home,' ſaid Lord L. 'or 'we ſhould not have dined here.'

'If Lord G. is as polite a *huſband* 'as a *man*,' ſaid I, 'he will not thank 'your lordſhip for this compliment to 'his wife.'

Lord G. ſwelled, and reared himſelf up. His complexion, which before was in a glow, was heightened.

'*Poor man!*' thought I.—But why ſhould my tender heart pity obſtinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful.—'Have you dined, my lord?' ſaid I, with a ſweet ſmile, and very courteous.

He ſtalked to the window, and never a word anſwered he.

'Pray, Lady L. be ſo good as to 'aſk my Lord G. if he has dined?' Was not this very condeſcending, on ſuch a behaviour?

Lady L. *aſked* him; and as gently-voiced as if ſhe were aſking the ſame queſtion of her own lord. Lady L. is a kind-hearted ſoul, Harriet. She is *my* ſiſter.

'I have *not*, Madam,' to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and, not very civilly, from her. 'Ah!' thought I, 'theſe men! The more they are court-'ed—Wretches! to find their conſe-'quence in a woman's meekneſs.'—Yet, I could not forbear ſhewing mine.—Nature, Harriet!—Who can reſiſt conſtitution?

'What ſtiff airs are theſe!' approaching him.—'I do aſſure you, my 'lord, I ſhall not take this behaviour 'well;' and put my hand on his arm.

I was ſerved right. Would you believe it? The man ſhook off my condeſcending hand, by raiſing his elbow ſcornfully. He really did!

'Nay, then!'—I left him, and retired to my former ſeat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L. both blamed me, by their looks; and my lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I ſhewed a little reluctance: and, would you have thought it? out of the drawing-room whipt my nimble lord, as if on purpoſe to avoid being moved by my conceſſion.

I took my place again.

'I beg of you, Charlotte,' ſaid Lady L. 'go to my lord. You have 'uſed him ill.'

'When I think ſo, I will follow 'your advice, Lady L.'

'And *don't* you think ſo, Lady G.?' ſaid Lord L.

'*What!* for taking my own option 'how I would be dreſſed to-day?—'*What!* for deferring—' That moment in came my bluff lord—'Have I 'not,' proceeded I, 'been forced to 'dine without him to-day? Did he let 'me know what account I could give 'of his abſence? Or when he would 'return?—And ſee, *now*, how angry 'he looks!'

He traverſed the room—I went on—'Did he not ſhake off my hand, when 'I laid it, ſmiling, on his arm? Would 'he anſwer me a queſtion, which I 'kindly put to him, fearing he had 'not dined, and might be ſick for want 'of eating? Was I not forced to ap-'ply to Lady L. for an anſwer to my '*careful* queſtion, on his ſcornfully 'turning from me in ſilence?—Might 'we not, if he had not gone out ſo 'abruptly, nobody knows where, have 'made the *appearance* his heart is ſo 'ſet upon—But now, indeed, it is too 'late.'

'*Oons*, Madam!' ſaid he, and he kemboed his arms, and ſtrutted up to me. 'Now for a cuff,' thought I; I was half afraid of it: but out of the room again capered he.

'Lord bleſs me,' ſaid I, 'what a 'paſſionate creature is this!'

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indignation. But no wonder if *one*, that they *both* did. They are a ſilly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But

But Emily affected me. She sat before in one corner of the room, weeping; and just then ran to me, and wrapping her arms about me, 'Dear, 'dear Lady G.' said she, 'for Hea-'ven's sake, think of what our Miss 'Byron said; "Don't jest away your "own happiness." I don't say who 'is in fault: but, my dear lady, do '*you* condescend. It looks pretty in 'a woman to condescend. Forgive me; 'I will run to my lord, and I will beg 'of him—'

Away she ran, without waiting for an answer—and bringing in the passionate wretch, hanging on his arm—'You must not, my lord, *indeed* you 'must not be so passionate. Why, my 'lord, you frighted *me*; indeed you 'did. Such a word I never heard 'from your lordship's mouth—'

'Ah, my lord,' said I, 'you give 'yourself pretty airs! Don't you? and 'use pretty words; that a child shall 'be terrified at them! But come, 'come, ask my pardon, for leaving 'me to *dine without* you.'

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be sure they did right, if they withdrew, in hopes these kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in displeasure with *me*, as I am half afraid they did: for their good-nature (worthy souls!) does sometimes lead them into misapprehensions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—'Nay, my lord, don't once more re-'ject me with disdain—If you do—' I then smiled most courteously. 'Carry 'not your absurdities, my lord, too 'far:' and I took his hand. [There, Harriet, was condescension!]—'I pro-'test, Sir, if you give yourself any 'more of these airs, you will not find 'me so condescending.—Come, come, 'tell me you are sorry, and I will 'forgive you.'

'*Sorry!* Madam; *sorry!*—I am in-'deed sorry for your provoking airs.'

'Why, that is not ill said—But 'kemboed arms, my lord! are you 'not sorry for such an air? And "*Oons!*" are you not sorry for such 'a word? And such looks too? and 'for quarrelling with your dinner?—'I protest, my lord, you make one of 'us look like a child who flings away 'his bread and butter because it has 'not glass windows upon it.'

'Not for one moment forbear, Ma-'dam!'—

'Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—' [I profess I had like to have said, *honest friend.*] 'No more of these airs: and, I tell 'you, I will forgive you.'

'But, Madam, I cannot, I will not—'

'Hush, hush; no more in that strain, 'and so loud, as if we had lost each 'other in a wood.—If you will let us 'be friends, say so—in an instant—If '*not*, I am gone—gone this moment—' casting off from him, as I may say, intending to mount up stairs.

'Angel, or demon, shall I call you?' said he.—'Yet I receive your hand, as 'offered. But, for God's sake, Ma-'dam, let us be happy!' And he kissed my hand, but not so cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my seat next my own man, with an air of officiousness, hoping to oblige him by it. He *was* obliged; and another day, not quite yet agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows but, before the day is absolutely resolved upon, we may have half a score more? Four, five, six days, as it may happen, is a great space of time for people to agree, who are so much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But these kembo and oons airs, Harriet, stick a little in my stomach; and the man seems not to be quite come to neither. He is sullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he used to do, when we have made up before.

But I will sing him a song to-morrow: I will please the *honest* man, if I can. But he really should not have had for a wife a woman of so sweet a temper as *your*

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

MONDAY, MAY 8.

MY lord and I have had another little—*tiff*, shall I call it? it came not up to a quarrel. Married

people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they misunderstood one another. And now a word or two of other people: not always scribbling of ourselves.

We have just heard, that our cousin Everard has added another fool of our sex to the number of the weak ones who disgrace it: a sorry fellow! He has been seen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's Gardens, dressed like a sea-officer, and skulking like a thief, into the privatest walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promises of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are despicable creatures. You will the more clearly see this, when I assure you, from those who know, that this silly creature, our cousin, is looked upon, among his brother libertines and smarts, as a man of *first* consideration!

He has also been seen, in a gayer habit, at a certain gaming-table, near Covent Garden: where he did not content himself with being an idle spectator. Colonel Winwood, our informant, shook his head, but made no other answer to some of our enquiries. May he suffer! say I.—A sorry fellow!

Preparations are going on, all *so fast*, at Windsor. We are all invited. God grant that Miss Mansfield may be as happy as Lady W. as we all conclude she will be! but I never was fond of matches between sober young women and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title!—Poor things!—But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever foolish girls think, will hold out it's comforts, while a gratified love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is entrusted by my brother, in his absence, with the management of the law-affairs. He hopes, he says, to give a good account of them. The base steward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a husband with the woman who had been forced upon his superannuated master in a doating fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr. Calvert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the posthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cause between them and the Keelings is granted; and great things are expected from it in their favour, from some new lights thrown in upon that suit. The Keelings are frighted out of their wits, it seems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a disinterested neighbour, to offer himself as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will so soon be related to us, that I make no apology for interesting you with their affairs.

Be sure you chide me for my whimsical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my *heart*: my head only is wrong.

* *

A LITTLE more, from fresh informations, of this sorry varlet Everard. I wished him to suffer; but I wished him not to be so very great a sufferer as it seems he is. Sharpers have bit his head off, quite close to his shoulders: they have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honest patron of France did his. They lend it him, however, now and then, to repent with and curse himself. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, instead of a country innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a cast mistress, experienced in all the arts of such, and acting under the secret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, supports her in a prosecution commenced against him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He is extremely mortified, on finding my brother gone abroad: he intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry wretch! he boasted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his cousin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himself against the practices of the sons of that town, by his cousin's character and consequence.

A combination of sharpers, it seems, had long set him as a man of fortune: but on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over for a time their designs upon him, till he threw himself again in their way.

The worthless fellow had been often liberal of his promises of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this*; and thinks it very hard that he should be prosecuted for a crime which he had so frequently committed with

with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I assure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he scruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the law?—Yet there are women who can forgive such wretches, and herd with them.

My aunt Eleanor is arrived: a good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has chosen her apartment. At present we are most prodigiously civil to each other; but already I suspect she likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will, perhaps, if a party should be formed against your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a farther account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double sense of the word, were *overtaken* between St. Denis and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it seems, still keeps his chamber: he is thought not to be out of danger from some inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miserably oppressed by lowness of spirits; and when he is a little better in that respect, his impatience makes his friends apprehensive for his head. But has *he* intellects strong enough to give apprehensions of that nature? Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe fools seldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a still more dangerous way. Besides his bruises, and a fractured skull, he has, it seems, a wound in his thigh, which, in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his *valiant* struggles against the knife which gave the wound, was designed for a still greater mischief. His recovery is despaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be spared.

Bagenhall *was* the person who had seduced, by promises of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his pursuers at Douay. The incensed father, and friends of the young woman, would not be otherwise pacified than by his performing his promise; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally through the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceness and resolution; and who once made the sorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at present at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, cursing his fate, no doubt, in secret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father; the latter also being a sour man; a Gascon, always boasting of his family, and valuing himself upon a *De* affixed by *himself* to his name, and jealous of any indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is resolved to accompany his sister to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to secure to her good usage, and see her owned and visited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of these fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him, to think of those wretches and him at the same time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: yet every body but *she* sees his regard for her; nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as she really thinks it a glory to love him, because of his goodness. Every body, she says, has the *fame* admiration of him, that she has.

Mrs. Reeves desires me to acquaint you, that Miss Clements having, by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addressed to by a Yorkshire gentleman of easy circumstances, and is preparing to leave the town, having other connections in that county: but that she intends to write to you before she goes, and to beg you to favour her with now and then a letter.

I think Miss Clements is a good sort of young woman: but I imagined she would have been one of those nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them good honest souls! chaste, pious, and plain. It is a charming situation, when a woman is arrived at such a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents!

They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to say *pity!*—I think only of my two good aunts, at the present writing.

ing. Miſs Clements, you know, is a *youngiſh* woman, and I reſpect her much. One would not jeſt upon the unſightlineſs of perſon, or plainneſs of feature: but think you ſhe will not be one of thoſe who twenty years hence may put in her boaſt of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be aſhamed of myſelf.

'Very true, Charlotte.'

And ſo it is, Harriet. I have done.—Adieu!—Lord G. will be ſilly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wiſh he had half my patience.

'Be quiet, Lord G.! What a fool you are!'—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, ran his ſharp noſe in my eye. No bearing his fondneſs: it is worſe than inſolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—But I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOWTHER, TO JOHN ARNOLD, ESQ. (HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW) IN LONDON.

BOLOGNA, MAY 5-16.

I Will, now, my dear brother, give you a circumſtantial account of our ſhort, but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris and reached Lyons the 24th, at night.

Reſting but a few hours, we ſet out for Pont Beauvoiſin, where we arrived the following evening: there we bid adieu to France, and found ourſelves in Savoy, equally noted for it's poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the ſcene. We had left behind us a blooming ſpring, which enlivened with it's verdure the trees and hedges on the road we paſſed, and the meadows already ſmiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were buſy in adjuſting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: but when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I muſt own, that my ſpirits were great ſufferers by the change. Here we began to view, on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and ſnow, notwithſtanding the advanced ſeaſon, the rigid winter, in frozen majeſty, ſtill preſerving it's domains: and arriving at St. Jean Maurienne the night of the 26th, the ſnow ſeemed as if it would diſpute with us our paſſage; and horrible was the force of the boiſterous winds, which ſet full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unſeaſonable coldneſs of the weather, and the ſight of one of the worſt countries under Heaven, ſtill cloathed in ſnow, and deformed by continual hurricanes. I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my indiſpoſition, which was increaſed by a great lowneſs of ſpirits. He attended upon me in perſon; and never had a man a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we ſtaid two days; and then, my illneſs being principally owing to fatigue, I found myſelf enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we proſecuted our journey in palpable darkneſs, and diſmal weather, though the winds were ſomewhat laid, and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, ſo environed by high mountains, that for three months in the twelve, it is hardly viſited by the chearing rays of the ſun. Every object which here preſents itſelf is exceſſively miſerable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; ſome ſo monſtrous, eſpecially women, as quite diſfigure them.

Here it is uſual to unſcrew and take in pieces the chaiſes, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain; and to put them together on the other ſide: for the Savoy ſide of the mountain is much more difficult to paſs than the other. But Sir Charles choſe not to loſe time: and therefore left the chaiſe to the care of the inn-keeper; proceeding with all expedition to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried, was as follows—A kind of horſe, as it is called with you, with two poles like thoſe of chairmen, was the vehicle; on which is ſecured a ſort of elbow-chair, in which the traveller ſits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with ſo much ſwiftneſs, that they

they are continually running and ſkipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that aſcent. If a traveller was not prepoſſeſſed that theſe mountaineers are the ſureſt footed carriers in the univerſe, he would be in continual apprehenſions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, muſt own that I could not be ſo fearleſs, on this occaſion, as Sir Charles was, though he had very exactly deſcribed to me how every thing would be. Then, though the ſky was clear when we paſſed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen ſnow in our faces; inſomuch that it ſeemed to be juſt as if people were employed all the time we were paſſing, to wound us with the ſharpeſt needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this ſharp-pointed ſnow, *The Tormenta*.

An adventure, which any where elſe might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I may call them. I had flapped down my hat to ſcreen my eyes, from the fury of that deluge of ſharp-pointed frozen ſnow; and it was blown off my head, by a ſudden guſt, down the precipices: I gave it for loſt, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woollen cap, which thoſe people provide to tie under the chin; when one of the aſſiſting carriers (for they are always ſix in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impoſſible to be done; the paſſage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: however, I promiſed him a crown reward, if he did. Never could the leaps of the moſt dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to thoſe of this daring fellow: I ſaw him ſometimes jumping from rock to rock, ſometimes rolling down a declivity of ſnow like a ninepin, ſometimes running, ſometimes hopping, ſkipping; in ſhort, he deſcended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he found the hat. He came up almoſt as quick, and appeared as little fatigued as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours, from Lanebourg; and the ſun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut half buried in ſnow, came ſome mountaineers with two poor ſledges drawn by mules, to carry us through the *Plain of Mount Cenis*, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the deſcent of the Italian ſide of the mountain. Theſe ſledges are not much different from the chairs, or ſedans, or horſe, we then quitted; only the two under-poles are flat, and not ſo long as the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from ſticking faſt in the ſnow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round ſticks, about two feet and a half long, which ſerve for a ſupport and help to the man who guides the mule, who running on the ſnow between the mule and the ſledge, holds the ſticks with each hand.

It was diverting to ſee the two ſledgemen ſtriving to outrun each other.

Encouraged by Sir Charles's generoſity, we very ſoon arrived at the other end of the plain. The man who walked, or rather ran, between the ſledge and the mule, made a continual noiſe; hallowing and beating the ſtubborn beaſt with his fiſt, which otherwiſe would be very ſlow in his motion.

At the end of this plain we found ſuch another hut as that on the Lanebourg ſide. Here they took off the ſmoking mules from the ſledges, to give them reſt.

And now began the moſt extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The deſcent of the mountain from the top of this ſide, to a ſmall village called Novaleſa, is four Italian miles. When the ſnow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as ſmooth, and equal as a ſugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid deſcent that they put the ſledge. The man who is to guide it, ſits between the feet of the traveller, who is ſeated in the elbow-chair, with his legs at the outſide of the ſticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two ſticks with his hands; and when the ſledge has gained the declivity, it's own weight carries it down with ſurprizing celerity. But as the immenſe irregular rocks under the ſnow make now and then ſome edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the ſledge; the guide, who foreſees the danger, by putting his foot ſtrongly and dexterouſly in the ſnow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help

help of the above-mentioned sticks, the contrary way, and by of way zig-zag, goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we dispatched these four miles in less than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novalesa, hearing that the snow was very deep most of the way to Susa, and being pleased with our way of travelling, we had some mules put again to the sledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is seven miles distant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a cursory view of the impregnable fortress of Brunetta, the greatest part of which is cut out of the solid rock, and commands that important pass.

We rested all night at Susa; and, having bought a very commodious post-chaise, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purposely avoided the high road through Milan, as it would have cost us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles observed to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that had not the winter been particularly long and severe, we should have had, instead of this terrible appearance of snow there, flowers starting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with any where else. One of the greatest dangers, he told me, in passing this mount in winter, arises from a ball of snow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in it's descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious bigness, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down; but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the Bishop of Nocera, and a very reverend father, Maresciotti by name, who expressed the utmost joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandison, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeness which seems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman; intrepidity, bravery, discretion, as well as generosity, are conspicuous parts of his character. He is studious to avoid danger; but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very servants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me; the patient's case, (a very unhappy one!) and a description of this noble city, and the fine country about it; shall be the subject of my next. Assure all my friends of my health, and good wishes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be *ever yours*, &c.

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10-21.

I Told you, my dear and reverend friend, that I should hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorship obliged me to stay a day longer at Paris than I intended; but I have put every thing relating to that trust in such a way, as to answer all my wishes.

Mr. Lowther wrote to Mr. Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St. Denis and Paris; with desire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to stop two days at St. Jean de Maurienne: the expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr. Lowther; and I expected, and was not disappointed, from the unusual backwardness of the season, to find the passage over Mount Cenis less agreeable than it usually is in the beginning of May.

The Bishop of Nocera had offered to meet me any where on his side of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to see him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was so fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and Father Maresciotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the count, expressed great joy to see me; and when

when I presented Mr. Lowther to them, with the praises due to his skill, and let them know the consultations I had had with eminent physicians of my own country on Lady Clementina's case, they invoked blessings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager questions after the health and state of mind of the two dearest persons of their family—'Unhappy! *very* unhappy!' said the bishop. 'Let us give you some refreshment, before we come to particulars.'

To my repeated enquiries, 'Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo!' said the bishop, 'is living, and that is all we can say. The sight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You desired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel slowly. She will rest at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has she not suffered from the cruelty of her cousin Laurana, as well as from her malady! The general has been, and is, indulgent to her. He is married to a lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has, at length, consented that we shall try this last experiment, as the hearts of my mother, and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His lady would not be denied accompanying my sister; and as my brother could not bear being absent from her, he travels with them. I wish he had staid at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready, as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this visit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourself on our account.

'As to my sister's bodily health,' proceeded he, 'it is greatly impaired. We are almost hopeless, with regard to the state of her mind. She speaks not; she answers not any questions. Camilla is with her. She seems regardless of any body else. She has been told, that the general is married. His lady makes great court to her: but she heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was so ill as to forget her duty, either to God, or her parents. Sometimes Camilla think she pays some little attention to your name; but then she instantly starts, as in terror; looks round her with fear; puts her finger to her lips, as if she dreaded her cruel cousin Laurana should be told of her having heard it mentioned.'

The bishop and father both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview. They were now, they said, convinced, that if that had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, a happy issue might have been hoped for: 'But *now*—said the bishop.—Then sighed, and was silent.

I dispatched Saunders, early the next morning, to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me and Mr. Lowther.

In the afternoon we set out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithstanding her malady; having been advised, he said, by proper persons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental disorder, it might be, in time, curable. He accompanied us about half way on our journey; and, at parting, 'Remember, chevalier,' whispered he, 'that Clementina is the soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.'

I heard him in silence: I admired him for his attachment; I pitied him. He said, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our conversation on the road turned chiefly on the case of Signor Jeronymo. The bishop and father were highly pleased with the skill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr. Lowther said on the subject: and the bishop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy should be made the most beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr. Lowther replied, that as he was neither a necessitous nor a mean-spirited man, and had reason to be entirely satisfied with the terms I had already secured to him; he should take it unkindly, if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr. Bartlett, what emotions I must have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, though Clementina was not there.

I hastened up to my Jeronymo, who had been apprized of my arrival. The moment he saw me, 'Do I once more, said he, 'behold my friend, my 'Grandison? Let me embrace the 'dearest of men. Now, now, have I 'lived long enough.' He bowed his head upon his pillow, and meditated me, his countenance shining with pleasure, in defiance of pain.

The bishop entered: he could not be present at our first interview.

'My lord,' said Jeronymo, 'make 'it your care that my dear friend be 'treated, by every soul of our family, 'with the gratitude and respect which 'are due to his goodness. Methinks 'I am easier and happier, this mo-'ment, than I have been for the te-'dious space of time since I last saw 'him.' He named that space of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The marquis and marchioness signifying their pleasure to see me, the bishop led me to them. My reception from the marquis was kind; from his lady it was that of a mother to a long-absent son. I had ever been, she was pleased to say, a fourth son in her eye; and now, that she had been informed that I had brought over with me a surgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent physicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the success, were unreturnable.

I asked leave to introduce Mr. Lowther to them. They received him with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. Mr. Lowther's honest heart was engaged by a reception so kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld so much pleasure and pain struggling in the same countenance, as in that of the lady; so fixed a melancholy, as in that of the marquis.

Mr. Lowther is a man of spirit, though a modest man. He is, as on every *proper* occasion I found, a man of piety, and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profession which is the most useful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of sense and learning *out* of his profession, and happy in his address.

The two surgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo, are both of this country. They were sent for. With the approbation, and at the request of the family, I presented Mr. Lowther to them; but first gave them his character, as a modest man, as a man of skill and experience; and told them, that he had quitted business, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the case, and their methods of proceeding. Mr. Lowther assisted in the dressings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be present. Mr. Lowther suggested an alteration in their method, but in so easy and gentle a manner, (as if he doubted not, but *such* was their intention when the state of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment) that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods pursued; and he proposed, if the patient's strength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound, in order to discharge the matter downward; and he suggested the dressing with hollow tents and bandage, and to dismiss the large tents, with which they had been accustomed to distend the wound, to the extreme anguish of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to assist the discharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief history of my Jeronymo's case, and of the circumstances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in such a space of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common destiny.

In lingering cases, patients or their friends are sometimes too apt to blame their physicians, and to listen to new recommendations. The surgeons attending this unhappy case, had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it seems, was unskilfully treated by the young surgeon of Cremona, who was first engaged: he neglected the most dangerous wound; and, when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He was therefore very properly dismissed.

The unhappy man had at first three wounds: one in his breast, which had been

been for some time healed; one in his shoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too suddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again: the other, which is the most dangerous, in the hip-joint.

A surgeon of this place, and another at Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a surgeon of eminence, from Paris, was sent for.

Mr. Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the most eligible; but that he undertook too much; since, from the first, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without sticks or crutches; and of this opinion were the other two surgeons: but the French gentleman was so very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reasons for what he did; regarding them only as his assistants. They could not long bear this usage, and gave up to him in disgust.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this science, in cases of difficulty and danger!

The present operators, when the two others had given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in. He valuing himself on his practice in the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Paris, looked upon them as *theorists* only, and treated them with as little ceremony as he had shewn the others: so that at last, from their frequent differences, it became necessary to part with either him or them. His pride, when he knew that this question was a subject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: it was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the disparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo suspected their skill; and from a hint of this suspicion, as soon as I knew I should be welcome myself, I procured the favour of Mr. Lowther's attendance.

All Mr. Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the several operators; and that he will sink under the necessary process, through weakness of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requisite to confine him to a strict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, against the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaisant to his appetite.

An operation somewhat severe was performed on his shoulder yesterday morning. The Italian surgeons complimented Mr. Lowther with the lancet. They both praised his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be consulted on every thing that he is to suffer, blessed his gentle hand.

At Mr. Lowther's request, a physician was yesterday consulted; who advised some gentle aperitives, as his strength will bear it; and some balsamicks, to sweeten the blood and juices.

Mr. Lowther told me just now, that the fault of the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of skill, but of *critical* courage, and a too great solicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego several opportunities which had offered to assist nature. 'In short, Sir,' said he, 'your 'friend knows too much of his own 'case to be ruled, and too little to 'qualify him to direct what is to be 'done, especially as symptoms must 'have been frequently changing.'

Mr. Lowther doubts not, he says, but he shall soon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in so doing, shall not only give weight to his own endeavours to serve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarrassments which have often given them diffidences, when resolution was necessary.

In the mean time the family here are delighted with Mr. Lowther. They *will* flatter themselves, they say, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery; which however Mr. Lowther, for fear of disappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himself owns, that his spirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's case, as I understand it from Mr. Lowther's *as* general representation of it.

He has been prevailed on to accept an apartment adjoining to that of his

patient. Jeronymo said, that when he knows he has so skilful a friend near him, he shall go to rest with confidence; and good rest is of the highest consequence to him.

What a happiness, my dear Dr. Bartlett, will fall to my share, if I may be an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, to heal this brother; and if his recovery shall lead the way to the restoration of his sister; each so known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his misfortunes and danger, than to any other cause! But how early days are these, on which my love and my compassion for persons so meritorious, emboldened me to build such forward hopes!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The general and his lady are with her. His haughty spirit cannot bear to think she should see me, or that my attendance on her should be thought of so much importance to her.

The marchioness, in a conversation that I have just now had with her, hinted this to me; and besought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour should carry him out of his usual politeness.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this conversation.

She began with saying, that she did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved daughter, whom once she believed hardly any private man could deserve, was worthy of me, even were she to recover her reason.

I could not but guess the meaning of so high a compliment. What answer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being supposed *interested*, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that some of the family still think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be displeased with a lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only said, (and it was with truth) that the calamity of the noble lady had endeared her to me, more than it was possible the most prosperous fortune could have done.

'I, my good chevalier, may say 'any thing to you. We are undetermined about every thing. We know 'not what to propose, what to consent 'to. Your journey, on the first motion, though but from some of us; 'the dear creature continuing ill; you 'in possession of a considerable estate, 'exercising yourself in doing good in 'your native country; [You must 'think we took all opportunities of 'enquiring after the man once so likely to be one of us.] the first fortune 'in Italy, Olivia, though she is not a 'Clementina, pursuing you in hopes 'of calling herself yours, (for to England we hear she went, and there you 'own she is!) What obligations have 'you laid upon us!—What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wish?*'

'Providence, and you, Madam, shall direct my steps. I am in yours and 'your lord's power. The same uncertainty, from the same unhappy 'cause, leaves me not the *thought*, because not the *power*, of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother, without a 'view to my own interest, fills up at 'present all the wishes of my heart.'

'Let me ask,' said the lady, '(it is 'for my own private satisfaction) were 'such a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would 'you, think yourself bound by your 'former offers?'

'When I made those offers, Madam, the situation on your side was 'the same that it is now: Lady Clementina is unhappy in her mind. 'My fortune, it is true, is higher: 'it is, indeed, as high as I wish it to be. 'I then declared, that if you would 'give me your Clementina, without 'insisting on one hard, on one indispensible article, I would renounce 'her fortune, and trust to my father's 'goodness to me for a provision. Shall 'my accession to the estate of my ancestors alter me?—No, Madam; I 'never yet made an offer, that I receded from, the circumstances continuing the same. If, in the article 'of residence, the marquis, and you, 'and Clementina, would relax, I would 'acknowledge myself indebted to your 'goodness, but without conditioning 'for it.'

'I told you,' said she, 'that I put 'this question only for my own private 'satisfaction: and told you truth. I 'never will deceive or mislead you. 'Whenever I speak to you, it shall be

'as if, even in your own concerns, I 'spoke to a third perſon; and I ſhall 'not doubt but you will have the ge- 'neroſity to adviſe, as *ſuch*, though 'againſt yourſelf.'

'May I be enabled to act worthy of 'your good opinion! I, Madam, look 'upon myſelf as bound; you and 'yours are free.'

What a pleaſure is it, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I could ſay this!—Had I ſo be, in purſuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miſs Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy ſtate of mind of their Clementina ſo deeply affected me; I might have involved myſelf, and that loveliеſt of women, in difficulties which would have made ſuch a heart as mine ſtill more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that Miſs Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own deſtiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Counteſs of D. is a worthy woman: the earl, her ſon, is a good young man; Miſs Byron merits ſuch a mother; the counteſs ſuch a daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me?—You know your Grandiſon, my good Dr. Bartlett. Her friendſhip I preſumed to aſk: I dared not to wiſh to correſpond with her. I rejoice for her ſake, that I truſted not my heart with ſuch a propoſal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with!—God be praiſed, that I have nothing, with regard to theſe two incomparable women, to reproach myſelf with. I am perſuaded, that our prudence, if raſhly we throw not ourſelves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper aſſiſtance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I aſked the marchioneſs after Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

'You have heard, no doubt,' anſwered ſhe, 'the cruel treatment that 'my poor child met with from her 'couſin Laurana. Lady Sforza juſti- 'fies her in it. We are upon extreme 'bad terms, on that account. They 'are both at Milan. The general has 'vowed, that he never will ſee them 'more, if he can avoid it. The 'biſhop, only as a Chriſtian, can for- 'give them. You, chevalier, know 'the reaſon why we cannot allow our 'Clementina to take the veil.'

'The particular reaſons I have not, 'Madam, been inquiſitive about! but 'have always underſtood them to be 'family ones, grounded on the dying 'requeſt of one of her grandfathers.'

'Our daughter, Sir, is entitled to a 'conſiderable eſtate which joins to our 'own domains. It was purchaſed for 'her by her two grandfathers; who 'vied with each other in demonſtrat- 'ing their love of her by ſolid effects. 'One of them (*my* father) was, in 'his youth, deeply in love with a 'young lady of great merit; and ſhe 'was thought to love him: but in a 'fit of *pious bravery*, as he uſed to 'call it, when every thing between 'themſelves, and between the friends 'on both ſides was concluded on, ſhe 'threw herſelf into a convent; and 'paſſing regularly through the proba- 'tionary forms, took the veil; but af- 'terwards repented, and took pains to 'let it be known that ſhe was unhap- 'py. This gave him a diſguſt againſt 'the ſequeſtered life, though he was 'in other reſpects a zealous catholick. 'And Clementina having always a ſe- 'rious turn; in order to deter her 'from embracing it, (both grandfa- 'thers being deſirous of ſtrengthening 'their houſe, as well in the female as 'male line) they inſerted a clauſe in 'each of their wills, by which they 'gave the eſtate deſigned for her, in 'caſe ſhe took the veil, to Laurana, 'and her deſcendants: Laurana to 'enter into poſſeſſion of it on the day 'that Clementina ſhould be profeſſed. 'But if Clementina married, Laurana 'was then to be entitled only to a hand- 'ſome legacy, that ſhe might not en- 'tirely be diſappointed: for the re- 'verſion, in caſe Clementina had no 'children, was to go to our eldeſt ſon; 'who, however, has been always ge- 'neroufly ſolicitous to have his ſiſter 'marry.

'Both grandfathers were rich. Our 'ſon Giacomo, on my father's death, 'as he had willed, entered upon a con- 'ſiderable eſtate in the kingdom of 'Naples, which had for ages been in 'my family: he is, therefore, and will 'be, greatly provided for. Our ſe- 'cond ſon has great proſpects before 'him,

'him, in the church: but you know 'he cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! 'We had not, *before* his misfortune, 'any great hopes of ſtrengthening the 'family by his means: he, alas! (as 'you well know, who took ſuch laudable pains to reclaim him, before 'we knew you) with great qualities, 'imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himſelf a deſpiſer 'of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored: 'for Jeronymo and Clementina were 'equally their favourites. To him 'and the biſhop they bequeathed great 'legacies.

'We ſuſpected not till very lately, 'that Laurana was deeply in love 'with the Count of Belvedere; and 'that her mother and ſhe had views 'to drive our ſweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the 'eſtate; which they hoped would be 'an inducement to the count to marry 'her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady 'Sforza! So much love as they both 'pretended to our child; and, I believe, *bad*, till the temptation, ſtrengthened by power, became *too* ſtrong for 'them. Unhappy the day that we put 'her into their hands!

'Beſides the eſtate ſo bequeathed to 'Clementina, we can do great things 'for her: few Italian families are ſo 'rich as ours. Her brothers forget 'their own intereſts, when it comes 'into competition with hers: ſhe is as 'generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention 'was, but who ſhould give up an advantage to the other. This child, 'this ſweet child, was ever the delight 'of us all, and likewiſe of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What 'joy would her recovery and nuptials 'give us!——Dear creature! We have 'ſometimes thought, that ſhe is the 'fonder of the ſequeſtered life, as it 'is that which we wiſh her not to embrace—But can Clementina be perverſe? She cannot. Yet *that* was 'the life of her *choice*, when ſhe had 'a *choice*, her grandfathers wiſhes 'notwithſtanding.

'Will you now wonder, chevalier, 'that neither our ſons nor we can allow 'Clementina to take the veil? Can 'we ſo reward Laurana for her cruelty? Eſpecially now, that we ſuſpect 'the motives for her barbarity? Could 'I have thought that my ſiſter Sforza '——But what will not love and avarice do, their powers united, to compaſs the ſame end; the one reigning 'in the boſom of the mother, the other 'in that of the daughter? Alas! alas! 'they have, between them, broken the 'ſpirit of my Clementina. The *very* 'name of Laurana gives her terror—'*So* far is ſhe ſenſible. But, O Sir, 'her ſenſibility appears only when ſhe 'is harſhly treated! To tenderneſs ſhe 'had been too much accuſtomed, to 'make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unuſual.'

I dread, my dear Dr. Bartlett, yet am impatient, to ſee the unhappy lady. I wiſh the general were not to accompany her. I am afraid I ſhall want temper, if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me, that I have not deſerved ill uſage, (from my equals and ſuperiors in rank, eſpecially) bids me not bear it. I am aſhamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of ſpirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have ſubdued.

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If ſhe is not, it muſt be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow, when my love to both ſiſters is equal, that ſhe ſhall give me cauſe to ſay that Lady L. is my beſt ſiſter.

Lady Olivia gives me uneaſineſs. I am aſhamed, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that a woman of a rank ſo conſiderable, and who has ſome great qualities, ſhould lay herſelf under obligation to the compaſſion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the teſt or bulwark, as I may ſay, of modeſty—Modeſty itſelf may ſoon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that ſhe is never out of my mind; and that among the other excellent examples ſhe has before her, Miſs Byron's muſt never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full poſſeſſion of my brotherly love.

I ſhall not at preſent write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this or my future letters, any thing ſhall fall from my pen, that would poſſibly

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in your opinion affect or give uneasiness to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated; I depend upon your known and unquestionable discretion to keep it to yourself.

I shall be glad you will enable yourself to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruised, to be soon carried over to England. Men! Englishmen! thus to disgrace themselves, and their country.—I am concerned for them!

I expect large pacquets by the next mails from my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half so dear as *now*, to *your ever affectionate*

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, MAY 11-22.

THE bishop set out yesterday for Urbino, in order to inform himself of his sister's state of health, and perhaps to qualify the general to meet me with temper and politeness. Were I sure the good prelate thought this necessary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yesterday. He made it his first business to see me. He acquainted me, but in confidence, that proposals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: to which he had returned answer, that his heart, however hopelessly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no scruple, he said, of returning so short an answer, because he had been apprized of the cruelty with which one of the noblest young women in Italy had been treated, by the proposers; and with their motives for it.

'You see, chevalier,' said he, 'that 'I am open and unreserved to you. 'You will oblige me, if you will let 'me know what it is you propose to 'your *self* in the present situation!— 'But, first, I should be glad to hear 'from your own mouth, what passed 'between you and Clementina, and 'the family, before you quitted Italy 'the last time. I have had *their* account.'

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleased with it. 'Exactly as it has been represented to 'me?' said he. 'Were Clementina 'and you of one religion, there could 'have been no hope for any other man. 'I adore her for her piety, and for 'her attachment to *hers*; and am not 'so narrow-minded a man, but I can 'admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would 'think of any other woman, could 'I flatter myself that she would not, 'if restored, be unhappy with me. 'But now tell me; I am earnest to 'know: are you come over to us (I '*know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in case 'of her recovery?'

I answered him as I had done the marchioness.

He seemed as much pleased with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

FRIDAY, MAY 12-23.

THE bishop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: a fever. How has she been hurried about! He tells me, that the general and his lady, and also the Conte della Porretta, acknowledge themselves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to serve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, she will set out in a day or two. The count and Signor Sebastiano, as well as the general and his lady, will attend her. I am impatient to see her. Yet how greatly will the sight of her afflict me! The bishop says, she is the picture of silent woe: yet, though greatly emaciated, '*looks herself*,' were his words. They told her, that Jeronymo was better than he had been. 'Your dear Jeronymo!' said the general to her. The sweet echo repeated —'Jeronymo,—' and was again silent.

They afterwards proposed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for somebody. Laura, her maid, was occasionally called upon. She started, and threw her arms about Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not,

but,

but, by the name Laura, she apprehended the savage Laurana to be at hand.

How must she have suffered from her barbarity!—Sweet innocent! She who, even in her reveries, thought not but of good to the *soul* of the man whom she honoured with her regard—She who bore offence without resentment; and by meekness only sought to calm the violence for which she had not given the least cause.

But when Camilla and she had retired, she spoke to her. The bishop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla.

'Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandison?' said she.

'They did, Madam.'

'See! see!' said she, 'before I name him again, if my cruel cousin hearken not at the door.'

'Your cruel cousin, Madam, is at many miles distance.'

'She may hear what I say, for all that.'

'My dear Lady Clementina, she cannot hear. She shall never more come near you.'

'So you say.'

'Did I ever deceive you, Madam?'

'I cannot remember: my memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.'

She then looked earnestly at Camilla, and screamed.

'What ails you, my dearest young lady?'

Recovering herself—'Ah, my own Camilla! it is you. I thought, by the cast of your eye, you were become Laurana.—Do not, do not give me such another look!'

Camilla was not sensible of any particularity in her looks.

'Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: but how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel cousin?'

'You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, Madam.'

'Is my mother there?'

'She is.'

'Who else?'

'The chevalier, Madam.'

'What chevalier?'

'Grandison.'

'Impossible! Is he not in proud England?'

'He is come over, Madam.'

'What for?'

'With a skilful English surgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo.'

'Poor Jeronymo!'

'And to pay his compliments to *you*, Madam.'

'Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told so?'

'Should you wish to see him, Madam?'

'See whom?'

'The Chevalier Grandison.'

'Once I should!' and sighed.

'And not now, Madam?'

'No: I have lost all I had to say to him. Yet I wish I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not suffered to go any whither; while men—'

There she stopped: and Camilla could not make her say any more.

The bishop was fond of repeating these particulars; as she had not, for some time, talked so much, and so sensibly.

FRIDAY EVENING.

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo; but (that I may not fatigue his spirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian surgeons and Mr. Lowther happily agree in all their measures: they applaud him when his back is turned; and he speaks well of them in their absence. This mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he has not for months been so easy as now. Every body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent visits. To-morrow it is proposed to make an opening below the most difficult wound. Mr. Lowther says he will not flatter us, till he sees the success of this operation.

The marquis and his lady are inexpressibly obliging to me. I had yesterday a visit from both, on an indisposition that confined me to my chamber; occasioned, I believe, by a hurry of spirits; by fatigue; by my apprehensions for Jeronymo; my concern for Clementina; and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had so lately left in England.

You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a heart too susceptible for my own peace, though I endeavour to *conceal* from *others* those painful sensibilities, which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my disturbance.

Miss

Miss Byron must be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that she will not be able to resist the warm instances of the Countess of D. in favour of her son, who is certainly one of the best young men among the nobility. She will be the happiest woman in the world, as she is one of the most deserving, if she be as happy as I wish her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know must be happy: so must my Lord W. my sisters, and their lords.—Why then shall I not think myself so? God restore Jeronymo, and his sister, and I must, I *will*; for you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, are so: and then I will subscribe myself a partaker of the happiness of all my friends; and particularly *your ever affectionate*

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, MONDAY, MAY 15-26.

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the general, his lady, the count, and Signor Sebastiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr. Lowther. He would have me present.

The operation was happily performed: but, through weakness of body, he was several times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably chearful in the evening, and rejoicing in expectation of his sister's arrival; and, as the bishop had assured him of the general's grateful disposition, he longed, he said, to see that affectionate brother and his lady once more. He had never but once seen her before, and then was so ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour she had done their family.

The bishop sent to tell me, that his sister was arrived; but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla should acquaint me in the morning with the way in which she should then be.

I slept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will easily account for my restlessness.

I sent, as usual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo rested. The answer was favourable; returned by Mr. Lowther, who sat up with him that night, at his own motion: he knew not but something critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was so full of her own joy to see me once more in Italy, that I could not presently get a word from her, of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know.

At last, 'You will,' said she 'have 'the general and the bishop with you. '—Ah, Sir, my poor young lady! 'What has she suffered since you left 'us! You will not know her. We 'are not sure she will know you. Who 'shall be able to bear the first interview? She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confusion 'with her. She cares not to speak to 'any body. Every stranger she sees, 'terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile 'Lady Laurana!'

In this manner ran on Camilla: nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. 'Alas!' thought I, 'the calamities of Clemen-'tina have affected the head of the poor 'Camilla!' She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and left the general should find her with me.

The two brothers came soon after. The general took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: 'We are all 'obliged to you, Sir,' said he, 'for 'your Mr. Lowther. Are the surgeons 'of England so famous? But the people of your nation have been accustomed to *give* wounds: they should 'therefore furnish operators to *heal* 'them. We are obliged to you also, 'for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. 'Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it: God grant they may 'not subside! But, alas! our sister!—'Poor Clementina!—*She* is lost!'

'Would to God,' said the bishop, 'we had left her to the care of Mrs. 'Beaumont!'

The general himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken.

'But Laurana is a daughter of the 'devil,' said he; 'and Lady Sforza 'ought to be detested for upholding 'her.'

The general expressed himself with coldness on my coming over; but said, that now I *was* on the spot, and as his sister had been *formerly* desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept; especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions: but otherwise he had no opinion—There he stopped.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: and directing myself to the bishop, 'You remember, 'my lord,' said I, 'the story of Naa-'man the Syrian*.'

'What is that, my lord?' said he to the bishop.

'Far be it from me,' continued I, still directing myself to the bishop, 'to presume upon my own conse-'quence in the application of the sto-'ry: but your lordship will judge 'how far the comparison will hold. 'Would to God it might *throughout!*'

'A happy allusion,' said the bishop. 'I say, Amen.'

'I know not who this Naaman is,' said the general, 'nor what is meant 'by your allusion, chevalier: but by 'your looks I should imagine, that 'you mean *me* contempt.'

'My looks, my lord, generally in-'dicate my heart. You may make 'light of my intention; and so will I 'of the trouble I have been at, if your 'lordship make not light of *me*. But 'were I not, my lord, in my own 'lodgings, I would tell you, that you 'seem not to know, in my case, what 'graciousness is. Yet I ask not for 'favour from you, but as much for 'your own sake as mine.'

'Dear Grandison!' said the bishop. —'My lord!' to his brother—'Did 'not you promise me—Why did you 'mention Olivia to the chevalier?'

'Does that disturb you, Sir?' said the general to me. 'I cannot make 'light of a man of your consequence; 'especially with ladies, Sir—' in a scornful manner.

'The general, you see, my lord,' said I, turning to the bishop, 'has an 'insuperable ill-will to me. I found, 'when I attended him at Naples, that 'he had harboured surmises that were 'as injurious to his sister, as to me. 'I was in hopes that I had obviated 'them: but a rooted malevolence will 'recur. However, satisfied as I am 'in my own innocence, he shall, for '*many sakes*, find it very difficult to 'provoke me.'

'For *my own* sake, among the rest, 'chevalier?' with an air of drollery.

'You are at liberty,' returned I, 'to make your own constructions. 'Allow me, my lords, to attend you 'to Signor Jeronymo.'

'Not till you are cordial friends,' said the bishop—'Brother, give me 'your hand,' offering to take it—'Chevalier, yours.'—

'Dispose of mine as you please, my 'lord,' said I, holding it out.

He took it, and the general's at the same time, and would have joined them.

'Come, my lord,' said I, to the general, and snatched his reluctant hand, 'accept of a friendly offer from 'a heart as friendly. Let me honour 'you, from my *own knowledge*, for 'those great qualities which the world 'gives you. I demand your favour, 'from a consciousness that I deserve 'it; and *that* I could not, were I to 'submit to be treated with indignity 'by any man. I should be sorry to 'look little in *your* eyes; but I will 'not in *my own*.'

'Who can bear the superiority this 'man assumes, brother?'

'You *oblige* me, my lord, to assert 'myself.'

'The chevalier speaks nobly, my 'lord; his character is well known. 'Let me lead you both friends to our 'Jeronymo. But say, brother—Say, 'chevalier—that you are so.'

'I cannot bear,' said the general, 'that the Chevalier Grandison should 'imagine himself of so much conse-'quence to my sister as some of you 'seem to think him.'

'You know me not, my lord. I 'have at present no wish but for the 'recovery of your sister and Signor

* 2 Kings, v.

† Jeronymo.

'Jeronymo. Were I able to be of 'ſervice to them, that ſervice would be 'my reward. But, my lord, if it 'will make you eaſy, and induce you 'to treat me, as my own heart tells 'me I *ought* to be treated; I will give 'you my honour, and let me ſay, that 'it never yet was forfeited, that what-'ever turn your ſiſter's malady may 'take, I will not accept of the high-'eſt favour that can be done me, but 'with the joint conſent of the three 'brothers, as well as of your father 'and mother. Permit me to add, 'that I will not enter into any family 'that ſhall think meanly of me; nor 'ſubject the woman I love to the con-'tempt of her own relations.'

'This, indeed, is nobly ſaid,' replied the general. 'Give me your hand 'upon it, and I am your friend for 'ever.'

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a ſimple Engliſh gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, ſhould ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy lady ſhould ever recover her reaſon: but he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deſerving nobleman.

The biſhop rejoiced to find us at laſt in a better way of underſtanding each other, than we had hitherto been in; and it was eaſier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs. Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: and, indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehenſive of it; it will therefore be a pleaſure to them, that I have ſo eaſily overcome his prejudices.

They both adviſed me to ſuſpend my viſit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to conſult with one another, and to prepare and diſpoſe their ſiſter to ſee me.

At taking leave, the general ſnatched my hand, and with an air of pleaſantry, ſaid, 'I have a wife, Gran-'diſon.' I wiſhed him joy. 'You 'need not,' ſaid he; 'for I *have* it: 'one of the beſt of women. She longs 'to ſee you. I think I need not be 'apprehenſive, becauſe *ſhe* is generous, 'and *I* ever muſt be grateful: but take 'care, take care, Grandiſon! I ſhall 'watch every turn of your eye. Ad-'mire her, if you will: you will not 'be able to help it. But I am glad 'ſhe ſaw you not before ſhe was mine.'

'I rejoice,' ſaid the biſhop, 'that 'at a meeting, which, notwithſtand-'ing your *promiſes*, brother, gave me 'apprehenſions as we came, is fol-'lowed by ſo pleaſant a parting: 'henceforth we are four brothers 'again.'

'Aye, and remember, chevalier, 'that my *ſiſter* has alſo *four* brothers.'

May the number four not be leſſened by the death of my Jeronymo; and may Clementina be reſtored; and Providence diſpoſe as it pleaſes of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta; with what agitations of mind, you, Dr. Bartlett, can better imagine, than I deſcribe.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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The Novelist's magazine

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